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The Spirit of the Classics

ROMAN LITERATURE IN TRANSLATION

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HARPER & BROTHERS PUBLISHERS

NEW YORK AND LONDON

MCMXXIV

870.8
H856

PA 6163
H6

ROMAN LITERATURE
IN TRANSLATION

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By Harper & Brothers
Printed in the U. S. A.

First Edition

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PREFACE

THIS book of selections from Latin authors is designed as a brief presentation of literature through the medium of English translation. Its plan embraces three ms: an outline, a body of selections, and explanatory notes.

The outline, serving also as a table of contents, gives in briefest possible compass urvey of the development of the literature through its successive stages, interpreting headings the main currents of thought, and indicating the forms in which the ought was given expression. It seeks also to suggest the essential meaning of each ection and the relation of the selection to the whole.

In the body of selections the best pieces of the literature are represented by mplete units, whenever space permits, or by extended passages carefully chosen. ie principle governing the selection, however, has not been that of reproducing sterpieces merely, for the book is meant to be more than an anthology. It seeks to erpret the thought of the Romans in the logical order of their experience of life. answers the questions: What did the Romans think about in the several periods their growth and development? How did they think about it? In what forms d they give their thinking expression? Since their experience was of course a owth and development in time, the chronological order is followed in the main, hough within periods the arrangement is not allowed to become a slave to chronol-y. While, as a result of the principle of selection, the emphasis is placed upon mas-pieces of thinking, yet masterpieces of form too are as fully illustrated as can be ne in translation, since it is eminently true of the classics that the criteria of clear inking and of form coincide.

The explanatory notes are of two sorts. At the beginning of each main division ve been inserted short essays with the purpose of giving the social and political ckground against which the literature is to be viewed. In such brief compass it was course impossible to sketch even in outline the political or literary history of the rious periods; but the attempt has been made to supply at least the most important cts and to suggest the relation of the literature at any given moment to the broader rrents of life. The second sort of notes is concerned with the identification and gnificance of individual authors and selections. These seek merely to point out the storical and literary position of each writer and of each passage quoted, in order that e main thought may be followed the more easily, and in order that that lack of satisfactory explanation of the relations existing between passages which is charac-ristic of any book of selections may be reduced to a minimum.

The editors are indebted to many colleagues for valuable suggestions in the eparation of the manuscript. To every selection the translator's name has been pended. Grateful acknowledgment is made to Mr. James Loeb for permission to ake wide use of The Loeb Classical Library, and to the following for permission reprint copyright material: T. F. Unwin, London, for translations from Ennius *A Literary History of Rome* by J. W. Duff, and for the translation of the Monu-

mentum Ancyranum in *Augustus* by E. S. Shuckburgh; The Macmillan Compan New York, for the translation from Cato in *Roman Farm Management* by Fairf Harrison; Parke Austin & Lipscomb, New York, for the translation of Cicer Tusculan Disputations by W. H. Main in *The Greek and Latin Classics;* The Un versity of Chicago Press and Professor F. J. Miller for his translation of Octav in *The Tragedies of Seneca;* Professor Paul Nixon for his translations from Ma tial in *A Roman Wit;* Miss Georgiana W. Sargent for translations from Hora in *Horatian Echoes* by J. O. Sargent.

ROMAN LITERATURE IN TRANSLATION

ROMAN PURITANISM AND GREEK CULTURE

THIRD AND SECOND CENTURIES B.C.

The Roman people had already won an important place in the progress of civiliza- before their literature reached a stage worthy of consideration. Not until they ne in contact with the Greek life in southern Italy and in Sicily did they lend mselves seriously to the cultivation of the fine arts. Before that time they had n busy making a state, fighting for a place in the sun, organizing, building. There evidences of the beginnings of a native literature before the Greek contact—such ballad songs of heroes, hymns to the gods, treaties, calendar records, etc.—but se were fostered more as necessary accompaniments of the business of life than as stic expression, and were no doubt exceedingly crude. What direction the further elopment of these beginnings would have assumed, what progress would have been de, are matters of pure speculation. The determining factor for Roman literature, well as for the other fine arts, was the Greek influence. The Greek achievements d reached and passed their zenith and stood at the disposal of all who were to ow. Not until Rome had made herself mistress of all southern Italy in the middle the third century B.C., indeed not until the pressure of Carthage had been removed f a century later, did she find time to turn her attention to this great heritage. nen she did, she found the forms ready-made, the methods and principles thor- ghly established, the values fixed. The practical Roman began by translating, then ssed on to adaptation to his own life, and came only gradually to the full appreciа- n of the possibilities of self-expression.

This transplanting of a foreign culture brought problems in its wake. Greek e was not Roman life, Greek standards differed from Roman standards, Greek ns and ambitions and enterprises did not satisfy Roman aspirations. There veloped counter-currents in art, some running freely with the stream of Greek ture, some fighting against it. In general this struggle was a wholesome thing, it enabled the Roman artist to take the benefit of the foreign culture without at e same time sacrificing his own ideas and needs. Roman literature is at all times itative of Greek in one respect or another, but it is also a very different thing om the Greek.

I. THE TRANSPLANTING OF GREEK CULTURE

Prophetic Dream of Rhea Sylvia [1]

ENNIUS

[From the *Annals,* Book I]

Quintus Ennius was born in 239 B.C. at Rudiæ in Calabria. He was brought to Rome by Cato, the opponent of Greek culture, was later granted citizenship, and died there in 169 B.C. By the versatility of his genius, by his feeling for beauty, by his technical mastery of poetical forms in a period characterized by crudeness, by his successful efforts in shaping a literary language, as well as by his happy choice of subjects to satisfy the Roman national taste, Ennius won for himself the name of "Father of Latin Poetry." He continued the practice, begun by his predecessor Andronicus, of translating Greek tragedies, and attempted also original tragedies on Roman subjects. He was the first to experiment with certain lyrical forms derived from the Greek. His chief contribution was the *Annals,* an epic poem narrating the history of Rome from the beginning down to his own day. Only meager fragments of his works are extant.

The prophecy in the following passage foretells the birth of Romulus and Remus.

My body hath no vital vigour left—
Methought a being fair thro' willows sweet
Haled me, by streams and places strange; and then
Alone, O sister mine, I seemed to stray,
Track my slow path, in quest of thee, nor yet
Held thee in heart: I found no footing sure.
Thereat meseemed my father's voice to call:
"O daughter, thou hast tribulation first
To bear: the river shall restore thy weal!"
So spake our sire, O sister, and was gone,
Nor let me look upon him though I longe
And oft upheld my hands to heaven's bl vault
In tears, and called him in the tones love.
At length sleep left me with my pain heart.

—J. W. Duff.

A Chivalrous Foe [1]

ENNIUS

[From the *Annals,* Book VI]

The words of the following fragme are spoken by Pyrrhus, the Greek gener who invaded Italy in 280 B.C. It was f such generous acts on his part that t Romans esteemed him so much mo highly than they usually esteemed enemy.

I claim no gold: bid me no ransom pric
Not hucksterers in war, but warriors,
On steel, not gold, we each must stake o life.
Find we in fight if Lady Fortune wills
That you or I be master. Hear my wo
Withal. Since luck of battle spared t men,
Their freedom 'tis my fixed resolve spare.
Take grant and gift: the mighty go approve.

—J. W. Duff.

A Soothsayer [1]

ENNIUS

[From the *Telamo*]

The early Romans were extreme superstitious. Here Ennius is probab

[1] From *A Literary History of Rome,* J. W. Duff. Copyright by T. Fisher Unwi Ltd. Reprinted by permission.

slating from Greek tragedy, so that ideas expressed are not necessarily an.

your superstitious wizards, fortune-tellers unabashed,
nt lunatics or loafers, or with wits by beggary lashed,
t the path out to another which themselves they cannot see,
for promise of a fortune fix a drachma as the fee.

—J. W. Duff.

Menæchmi[1]

plautus

he New Comedy of Menander and his ool transplanted to Rome was known *abula palliata,* so called because the ers appeared dressed in the Greek ium. The subject matter, the setting, characters, the form were Greek. The ians probably began by merely trans-g. But the Greek plays as a rule were lively enough for Roman audiences, the playwrights soon discovered that could enrich them by combining erial taken from two or more Greek inals. This practice was known as amination.

he greatest representative of the *ata* was Titus Maccius Plautus (about to 184 B.C.). He was a native of sina in Umbria, but came early to ie. Because of his poverty he was er the necessity of doing manual r as a stage-carpenter, but somehow able to educate himself and to find to write. He is thought to have ten more than a hundred plays; nt are twenty more or less complete fragments of another. His tendency to depart more and more freely from literary models in the direction of a edy drawn from Roman life.

he Menæchmi is typical of the care-rollicking, fun-loving playwright.

[1] From the Loeb Classical Library, by permission.

The interest depends upon situation rather than upon character. The play is the basis of Shakespeare's *Comedy of Errors.*

dramatis personæ

Peniculus, *a parasite.*
Menæchmus, *a young gentleman living in Epidamnus.*
Menæchmus (Sosicles), *a young gentleman of Syracuse.*
Erotium, *a courtesan.*
Cylindrus, *her cook.*
Messenio, *a slave of Menæchmus (Sosicles).*
Maid, *in the service of Erotium.*
Wife *of Menæchmus.*
Father-in-law *of Menæchmus.*
A Doctor.

Scene:—*Epidamnus. A street in which stand the houses of* Menæchmus *and* Erotium.

prologue

First and foremost, spectators, I am the bearer of the very best wishes for—myself and—you. I bring you Plautus, orally, not corporally, and I pray you receive him with amiable ears. Lend me your attention and learn our argument now; I will frame it in the fewest possible words.

Now writers of comedy have this habit: they always allege that the scene of action is Athens, their object being to give the play a more Grecian air. As for me, I will report the scene as being nowhere, save where, by report, the events occurred. And though this argument is à la Greek, yet it is not à l'Attic but rather à la Sicilian. So much by way of antelude to this argument; now I will give you your rations of the argument itself, not by the peck or three peck measure, but by the very granary—such is my generosity in giving arguments!

There was a certain old merchant in Syracuse who had twin sons born to him, so much alike that their foster mother who suckled them could not distinguish

them, nor even their real mother who gave them birth—so I was told, at least, by a man who had seen the boys; I myself have not seen them, and none of you is to suppose I have. When the boys were now seven years old, their father loaded a large ship with many articles of merchandise; one twin he put aboard and took away with himself to Tarentum, his place of trade, the other being left with his mother at home. At Tarentum it happened they were having a festival when he arrived. Many people had congregated, as they do at festivals; the boy strayed from his father in the crowd. A certain merchant of Epidamnus was there; this merchant picked the boy up and took him off to Epidamnus. As for the father, after he lost his son he was broken-hearted and died of grief at Tarentum a few days later.

When news of all this—how the boy was stolen and his father dead at Tarentum—got back to Syracuse to the boys' grandfather—he changed the name of this other twin. See what a deep affection he had for that other boy, the stolen one! He gave that boy's name to the one at home, calling him Menæchmus, the name of his lost brother. This was the name of the grandfather himself, too—(*confidentially*) I remember his name the more easily for having seen him vociferously dunned. To keep you from going astray later, I herewith forewarn you—both twins have the same name.

Now I must (*chuckling*) foot it back to Epidamnus so as to clarify this situation for you perfectly. If any one of you should want any business transacted for him in Epidamnus, command me freely and speak out—that is, in case you furnish the wherewithal for the transaction. For if a man has not furnished the necessary funds, it will come to nothing; if he has furnished them, it will come to—less than nothing. However, I return to the place I left, yes, and without stirring a step.

That Epidamnian I mentioned son time ago, who stole that other twin, h no children at all except his money. I adopted that kidnapped boy and ga him a wife with a dowry, and made hi his heir by his own demise. For he ha pened one day to be going to the count after a heavy rain, and while he was tr ing to ford a rapid stream quite near t city, the rapids rapt the feet of the boy abductor from beneath him and swe him off to perdition. His enormous fo tune fell to his adopted son. And the it is (*pointing to house*) that this stol twin lives.

Now that twin whose home is in Syr cuse will come to-day to Epidamnus, wi his servant, in search of this twin broth of his. This city (*with a wave toward t houses on the stage*) is Epidamnus, du ing the presentation of this play; wh another play is presented it will becon another town. It is quite like the way which families, too, are wont to chan their homes: now a pimp lives here, no a young gentleman, now an old one, no a poor man, a beggar, a king, a parasit a seer.

Act I

Enter Peniculus, *looking dejected*

Pen. The young fellows have giv me the name of Brush, the reason bei that when I eat I sweep the table clea (*With fervour*) Men that bind prisone of war with chains and fasten shackles runaway slaves are awful fools, at lea in my opinion. Why, if the poor de has this extra trouble on his shoulde too, he's all the keener for escape an mischief. Why, they get out of the chains somehow. As for those in shackl they file away the ring, or knock the riv off with a stone. Nonsensical measure The man you really want to keep fro running off ought to be bound wi (*sighing*) food and drink. A load table—(*smacking his lips*) tie his sno

at! Just you deal him out meat and
to suit his pleasure and his appetite
day, and he'll never run—Lord, no!
matter if he's done a deed for hang-
You'll keep him easily so long as
ind him with these bonds. They're
extraordinarily tenacious bonds,
belly-bands: the more you stretch
he closer they cling. Here's my case
n going to Menæchmus here (*point-
o house*), whose bond servant I've
for many a day, going of my own
d to let him bind me. Why (*enthu-
cally*), that man doesn't merely feed
he nurtures them and re-creates
; a better doctor can't be found.
s the sort of young fellow he is: a
did trencherman himself, he gives
linners fit for the festival of Ceres;
up the courses so, erects such heaps
vely panny things, you must stand
ur couch if you want anything from
e top. (*Pauses, then sadly*) But for
these many days there has been a
n my invitations; and all this time
kept fast at home with my (*linger-*
) dear ones. For not a thing do I
r buy that isn't, oh, so dear! And
another point is—these dears I've
alled are deserting me. (*Looking
ds* MENÆCHMUS's *house*) So here's
call on him. But the door's open-
Aha! I see Menæchmus himself!
coming out! (*Steps back.*)

SCENE 2

MENÆCHMUS, *followed to the doorway by his wife*

N. (*angrily*). If you weren't mean,
u weren't stupid, if you weren't a
t virago, what you see displeases
husband would be displeasing to
too. Now mark my words, if you
ke this toward me after to-day, you
hie yourself home to your father as
orcee. Why, whenever I want to
t, you catch hold of me, call me
back, cross-question me as to where I'm going, what I'm doing, what business I have in hand, what I'm after, what I've got, what I did when I was out. I've married a custom-house officer, judging from the way everything—all I've done and am doing—must be declared. I've pampered you too much; now then, I'll state my future policy. Inasmuch as I keep you well provided with maids, food, woollen cloth, jewellery, coverlets, purple dresses, and you lack for nothing, you (*with emphasis*) will look out for trouble if you're wise, and cease spying on your husband. (*In lower tone as his wife goes back inside*) And furthermore, that you may not watch me for nothing, I'll reward your diligence by taking a wench to dinner and inviting myself out somewhere.

PEN. (*aside, mournfully*). The fellow pretends to be abusing his wife, when he is abusing me; for if he dines out, it's certainly me, not his wife, he punishes.

MEN. (*elated*). Hurrah! By Jove, at last my lecture has driven her away from the door! Where are your married gallants? Why don't they all hurry up with gifts and congratulations for my valiant fight? (*Showing a woman's mantle worn underneath his cloak*) This mantle I just now stole from my wife inside there and (*gleefully*) it's going to a wench. This is the way to do—to cheat a cunning gaoler in such clever style! Ah, this is a beautiful job, a handsome job, a neat job, a workmanlike job! I've done the wretch out of this—(*dryly*) and done myself, too!—and it's on the road to (*glancing at* EROTIUM'S *house*) ruin. (*Pauses, then cheerfully*) I have taken booty from the enemy without loss to my allies.

PEN. (*loudly, from his retreat*). Hi, sir! Is there some share in that booty for me?

MEN. (*startled and covering mantle again*). Good Lord! Detected!

PEN. Oh no, protected! Never fear!

MEN. Who goes there?

PEN. (*stepping forward*). I.

MEN. (*vastly relieved*). Ah there, old Timeliness! Ah there, old Opportunity! Good day! (*Extends his hand.*)

PEN. (*taking it*). Good day, sir.

MEN. And what are you doing with yourself?

PEN. Shaking hands with my guardian angel.

MEN. You couldn't have arrived at a more fitting time for me.

PEN. A habit of mine; I know every juncture of timeliness.

MEN. Do you want to set your eyes on a rich treat?

PEN. What cook cooked it? I shall know if there has been a culinary slip as soon as I see the leavings.

MEN. Tell me, have you ever seen a wall painting showing the eagle making off with Catameitus, or Venus with Adonis?

PEN. Often. But what have such pictures got to do with me?

MEN. (*revealing the mantle*). Come, cast your eye on me. Do I look at all like them?

PEN. What sort of a get-up is that?

MEN. Say that I'm a splendid fellow.

PEN. (*suspiciously*). Where are we going to eat?

MEN. Just you say what I command.

PEN. (*listlessly*). I do—splendid fellow.

MEN. Won't you add something of your own?

PEN. (*with a sigh*). The jolliest sort of fellow, too.

MEN. Go on, go on!

PEN. (*indignant*). By gad, I will not go on, without knowing what good it does me. You and your wife are at odds, so I am on my guard against you all the more guardedly.

MEN. (*reassuringly*). But there's a place she's unaware of, where we can have a beautiful time and fairly burn up this day.

PEN. (*eagerly*). Come, come, t by all means! fairly spoken! Now soon shall I kindle the pyre? Why, day is half dead already, dead dow its navel.

MEN. You delay yourself by in rupting me.

PEN. Knock my eye clean throug socket, Menæchmus, if I utter a si word—without your orders.

MEN. (*edging away from his hou* Come over here away from the door.

PEN. (*obeying*). All right.

MEN. (*elaborately cautious*). H still farther.

PEN. Very well.

MEN. (*still retreating*). Be a ma come still farther from that lioness's

PEN. (*laughing*). Bravo! Gad, certainly would make a fine charioteer do believe.

MEN. Why so?

PEN. You look back so often to m sure your wife is not catching up you.

MEN. But what do you say——

PEN. I? Why, whatever you wan that's what I say and unsay.

MEN. If you happened to smell so thing, would the odour enable you conjecture?

PEN. . . . The Board of Aug should be consulted.

MEN. (*holding out the lower e of the mantle*). Come on now, test odour of this mantle I have. What it smell of? (*As* PENICULUS *draws ba* Holding off?

PEN. The upper part of a wom gown is the part to sniff; why, that there taints the nose with an odour th indetergible.

MEN. (*holding out another pa* Sniff here, then, Peniculus. What da airs you give yourself!

PEN. So I should. (*Sniffs warily*

MEN. Well now? What does it s of? Answer.

PEN. A raid! a jade! a meal! I hope
h have. . . .
MEN. Right you are! Yes, I'll take
o my mistress Erotium, the courtesan
e (*pointing*) at once. I'll order lunch-
h to be prepared for us immediately,
me and you and her.
PEN. Capital!
MEN. Then we'll drink and keep
nking till the morrow's star of morn
pears.
PEN. Capital! You talk to the point.
yeing EROTIUM's *door anxiously*) Shall
knock now?
MEN. Knock away. (*Maliciously, as*
NICULUS *hurries to the door*) Or,
ther, wait a bit.
PEN. (*gloomily*). You've put the tank-
d back a mile.
MEN. Knock gently.
PEN. I dare say you fear the door is
ade of Samian crockery. (*About to*
ock lustily when the door moves.)
MEN. (*rapturously*). Wait, wait, for
eaven's sake, wait! Look! she's com-
g out herself! Ah, you see the sun—
it not positively bedimmed in compari-
n with the brilliance of her body?

SCENE 3

Enter EROTIUM

EROT. (*fondly*). My darling Menæch-
us! Good day!
PEN. What about me?
EROT. (*disdainfully*). You don't count.
PEN. (*cheerfully*). A statement that
plies in the army, too—it has its super-
meraries.
MEN. I should like to have a (*with a*
d at PENICULUS) battle prepared for
e at your house there to-day.
EROT. (*puzzled, then with a smile*).
-day you shall have one.
MEN. In this battle we'll both (*in-*
cating parasite) drink; whichever
oves himself the better tankard fighter
your army: you be the judge as to—
which you're to spend the night with.
(*Gazing at her amorously*) Oh, how I do
hate my wife when I look at you,
precious!
EROT. (*spying the fringe of the man-*
tle). Meanwhile you can't keep from
wearing part of her wardrobe! (*Examin-*
ing it) What is this?
MEN. (*lifting his cloak*). You're ar-
rayed and my wife's raided, rosey.
EROT. (*pleased*). Oh, of all my lovers
you make me love you most, easily!
PEN. (*aside*). A courtesan is all ca-
jolery as long as she sees something to
seize upon. (*To* EROTIUM) Why, if you
really loved him, you ought to have bit-
ten his nose off by now.
MEN. (*removing his cloak*). Hold
this, Peniculus; I want to make the of-
fering I vowed.
PEN. Give it here; (*grinning at him*)
but do, for heaven's sake, dance just as
you are, with the mantle on, afterwards.
(*Takes cloak.*)
MEN. (*irritably*) Dance? I? Lord,
man, you're crazy!
PEN. Which is more so, you or I? If
you won't dance, take it off, then.
MEN. (*removing mantle*). It was an
awful risk I ran stealing this to-day. It's
my opinion Hercules never ran such a
tremendous risk when he got away with
the girdle of Hippolyta. (*Handing it to*
Erotium) Take it for your own, seeing
you are the only living soul that likes to
do what I like.
EROT. (*petting him*). That's the spirit
that should inspire nice lovers.
PEN. (*aside, dryly*). At least such as
are over-eager to plunge themselves into
beggary.
MEN. I bought that mantle last year
for my wife, and it stood me in sixteen
pounds.
PEN. (*aside*). Sixteen pounds indubi-
tably done for, according to account ren-
dered!
MEN. Do you know what I want you
to see to?

EROT. I know, I'll see to what you want.

MEN. Well, then, have luncheon prepared for the three of us at your house, and have some real delicacies purchased at the forum—(*looking amused at the intent* PENICULUS) savoury kernelets of pork, dried hammylets, half a pig's head, or something of the sort—things that make me hungry as a kite when served up to me well-done. And quickly, too!

EROT. Oh yes, by all means.

MEN. We'll go over to the forum. Soon we'll be back here; while things are cooking we'll employ the time in drinking.

EROT. Come when you wish; we'll get ready for you.

MEN. Only do hurry. (*To* PENICULUS, *unceremoniously*) Follow me, you. (*Going.*)

PEN. (*at his heels*). That I will, by Jove! Watch you and follow you, both! I wouldn't take the treasures of heaven on condition of losing you this day.

(*Exeunt.*)

EROT. (*going to her door and speaking to the maids within*). Call my cook Cylindrus out here at once.

SCENE 4

Enter CYLINDRUS

EROT. Take a basket and some money. (*Counting out some coins*) There! That's six shillings for you.

CYL. Right, ma'am.

EROT. Go and get some provisions; see you get enough for three—neither too little nor too much.

CYL. What sort of folks will they be?

EROT. I and Menæchmus and his parasite.

CYL. That makes ten already, ma'am; for a parasite easily does the duty of eight men.

EROT. I have told you about the guests; attend to the rest.

CYL. (*bustling off importantly*). O course, ma'am. The meal is cooke tell 'em to go in and take their places.

EROT. Come back quickly.

CYL. I'll be here directly. (*Exeunt*

ACT II

Half an hour has elapsed. Ent MENÆCHMUS SOSICLES *and* MESSENI *followed at distance by slaves with lu gage.*

MEN. S. There is no pleasure sailo have, in my opinion, Messenio, greate than sighting from the deep the distar land.

MES. (*sulky*). It's a greater one, t put it plainly, if the land you see, as yo near the shore, was once your own. Bu look here, sir, why have we come now t Epidamnus? Or are we, like the sea to go around all the islands?

MEN. S. To hunt for my own twi brother.

MES. Well, what's to be the limit t hunting for him? This is the sixth yea we've been at the job. Istrians, Spaniard Massilians, Illyrians, the entire Adriati and foreign Greece and the whole coast Italy—every section the sea washes we've visited in our travels. If you wer hunting for a needle you'd have foun it long ago, I do believe, if it existe It's a dead man we keep hunting f amongst the living; why, we should hav found him long ago if he were alive.

MEN. S. Well, then, I'm hunting f someone who can prove that to me, wh can say he knows my brother is dead I'll never take up again the task of hun ing for him after that. But failing tha I'll never abandon it so long as I'm aliv I alone know how dear he is to me.

MES. (*impatiently*). You're huntin for a knot in a bulrush. Why don't w go back home—that is, unless we're g ing to write a book of travels?

MEN. S. (*sharply*). Do what you're
l, eat what you're given, and beware
trouble. Don't annoy me—this busi-
s will not be conducted to suit you.
MES. (*aside, peevishly*). There you
! Talk like that shows me I'm a slave.
couldn't make the case clear more con-
ly. But just the same I can't keep
m speaking out. (*Aloud*) Listen to
, sir, will you? By gad, when I inspect
wallet, our touring fund looks precious
nmerly. Unless you return home, by
l, I warrant you when your cash gives
while you're hunting for your twin,
'll certainly have a twinge. I tell you
at, the sort of people you find here is
s: in Epidamnus are the very worst
rakes and drinkers. And then the
indlers and sharpers that live in this
y, no end to 'em! And then the harlot
nches—nowhere on earth are they
re alluring, people say! This city got
name of Epidamnus for just this rea-
n—because almost everyone that stops
e gets damaged.
MEN. (*dryly*). I shall look out for
t. Come, hand the wallet over to me.
MES. What do you want with it?
MEN. S. I have my fears of you now,
m what you say.
MES. Fears of what?
MEN. S. Of your doing me some dam-
e in Epidamnus. You, Messenio, are
great lover of the ladies, while I am a
oleric man, of ungovernable temper;
long as I hold the money I'll guard
inst both dangers—a slip on your part,
d resultant choler on my own.
MES. (*handing him the wallet, ag-
eved*). Take it and keep it, do. De-
ted that you should.

SCENE 2

Enter CYLINDRUS *with provisions*

CYL. (*stopping and examining the con-
ts of his basket approvingly*). Good
marketing, this, and just to my taste, too. I'll set a good lunch before the lunchers. (*Looking about*) Hullo, though! There's Menæchmus! Oh, my poor back! The guests are strolling about in front of the door before I'm back with the provisions! I'll up and speak to him. (*Approaches*) Good day, Menæchmus.

MEN. S. (*surprised*). The Lord love you, my man, whoever you are!

CYL. (*surprised in turn*). Whoever? Who I am?

MEN. S. Gad! Indeed I don't know!

CYL. (*deciding he jokes*). Where are the other guests?

MEN. S. What guests are you looking for?

CYL. (*grinning*). Your parasite.

MEN. S. My parasite? (*To* MESSENIO) The fellow is certainly insane.

MES. Didn't I tell you there was no end of swindlers here?

MEN. S. What parasite of mine are you looking for, young man?

CYL. Brush.

MES. Brush? I've got that safe in the knapsack. Look!

CYL. (*paying no attention to him*). You've come here to lunch too soon, Menæchmus. I'm just getting back with the provisions.

MEN. S. (*gravely*). Answer me this, young man: how much do pigs cost here, sound pigs, for sacrifice?

CYL. (*mystified*). Two shillings.

MEN. S. Take two shillings from me; get yourself purified at my expense. For really it's quite clear you are insane—to bother an unknown man like me, whoever you are.

CYL. But I'm Cylindrus. Don't you know my name?

MEN. S. (*bored*). Whether you are Cylindrus or Pistonus, be hanged to you! I don't know you, and more than that, I have no wish to know you.

CYL. Your name is Menæchmus, at least as far as I know.

MEN. S. You talk rationally when you

call me by name. But where did you know me?

CYL. Where did I know you, when my mistress is your sweetheart Erotium here? (*Indicating house.*)

MEN. S. Not mine, by gad! And as for you, I don't know who you are.

CYL. Don't know who I am, I, who serve you your wine so often when you are drinking there?

MES. (*hotly*). Oh, blast it! Not to have a thing to smash in the fellow's head with!

MEN. S. You accustomed to serve me my wine, when I never saw or set foot in Epidamnus before this day?

CYL. You deny it?

MEN. S. Gad! Indeed I do deny it!

CYL. Don't you live in that house yonder?

MEN. S. (*wrathful*). Heaven's curse light on those that do live there!

CYL. (*aside*). He's the insane one, to be cursing his own self! (*Aloud*) Listen here, Menæchmus.

MEN. S. What is it?

CYL. If you asked my advice, sir, you'd take that two shillings you recently promised me—for, by gad, it's certainly you that are lacking in sanity, to curse your own self a moment ago—and order a porker to be brought to you, if you have any sense.

MES. Hear that! By gad, what a windy chap! He makes me tired.

CYL. (*to audience*). He often likes to joke with me this way. He's ever so humorous—when his wife's not by. (*To* MENÆCHMUS) I say, sir.

MEN. S. Well, what do you want?

CYL. (*pointing to basket*). Are these provisions you see enough for the three of you, or shall I get more, for you and the parasite and the lady?

MEN. S. What ladies, what parasites, are you talking about, man?

MES. What possesses you, to bother this gentleman?

CYL. (to MESSENIO, *irately*). WI have you to do with me? I don't kn you! I'm talking with this gentlema do know.

MES. Lord, man, you're not sane; know that for sure.

CYL. (*to* MENÆCHMUS). Well, s these things shall be cooked directly, promise you, without delay. So do wander too far from the house. (*Abo to go*) Anything more I can do for yo

MEN. S. Yes, go straight to the dev (*Turns away.*)

CYL. (*vehemently*). By gad, you better go, meanwhile, yourself—to t couch, while I (*superbly, with a wa toward the basket*) expose these thin to Vulcan's violence. I'll go inside a tell Erotium you're here, so that she m bring you in rather than leave you stan ing here outside. (*Exit.*)

MEN. S. Gone now, has he? By Jov I perceive those statements of yours we no lies.

MES. Just you keep your eyes ope for I do believe some harlot wench liv there, precisely as that madman, w just now left us, said.

MEN. S. But I wonder how he kne my name?

MES. (*with an air of vastly superi wisdom*). Lord, sir, nothing wonderf in that! This is a custom harlots hav they send their artful slaves and mai down to the port; if any foreign sh comes in, they inquire where she ha from and what her owner's name is, a then they immediately affix themselve glue themselves fast to him. Once h seduced, they send him home a wrec Now in that port there (*pointing Erotium's house*) lies a pirate bark th I surely think we'd better beware of.

MEN. S. Gad, that's certainly go advice you give.

MES. (*dissatisfied*). I'll know it's go advice when you take good care, and n before.

MEN. S. (*listening*). Sh-h! Keep st

ment! The door creaked—let's see is coming out.

ES. (*dropping the knapsack*). Mean- I'll put this down. (*To the sailors, ciliously, pointing to luggage*) ly watch this stuff, ye ship pro- rs.

SCENE 3

Enter EROTIUM *into the doorway*

ROT. (*to maids within*). Leave the so; go along, I don't want it shut. ready inside, look out for things, see ings, do what's necessary. (*To other s*) Cover the couches, burn some per- s; daintiness is what lures lovers' ts. Attractive surroundings mean lovers' loss and our gain. (*Look- about*) But where is that man ook said was in front of the house? es. I see him—it's the friend I find seful, so uncommonly helpful. And dingly I let him quite lord it in my e as he deserves. I'll step up to him ce and give him a welcome. (*Ap- ching* MENÆCHMUS) Why, you dar- boy, it surprises me that you should l here outdoors when my doors are to you and this house is more yours your own house is. Everything is y as you ordered and wished, and ll meet with no delay inside. Our heon here has been seen to, as you red; you may go in and take your e when you like.

EN. S. (*to* MESSENIO, *mystified*). To m is this little woman talking?

ROT. (*surprised*). To you, of course.

EN. S. What have you had to do me, now or ever?

ROT. (*gaily, thinking he jests*). Why, your heart, it has pleased Venus that uld prize you as the one man of men d not without your deserving it. For, y me! you alone, with all your rosity, make me prosper.

EN. S. (*aside to* MESSENIO). This woman is certainly either insane or drunk, Messenio, to address a stranger like me so familiarly.

MES. Didn't I tell you that was the way they did here? These are mere falling leaves compared with what'll happen if we stay here the next three days; then trees will fall on you. Yes, sir, harlots are like that here—they're all silver seductresses. But you just let me have a word with her. (*To Erotium, who has been looking in at her door*) Hey there, madam! I am speaking to you.

EROT. What is it?

MES. Where did you know this gentleman?

EROT. In the same place where he has long known me, in Epidamnus.

MES. Epidamnus? When he's never set foot in this town except to-day?

EROT. Tut, tut, my smart sir! Menæchmus mine, come inside, why don't you, there's a dear. You'll find it nicer in here.

MEN. S. (*aside to Messenio*). Good Lord! Now here's this woman calling me by my right name! I certainly do wonder what in the world it all means.

MES. She's scented the wallet you have.

MEN. S. By Jove, yes, you have warned me wisely! Here, you take it. (*Hands wallet to Messenio*) Now I'll know whether it's me or my wallet she's in love with.

EROT. (*taking his arm*). Let's go in and have luncheon.

MEN. S. (*puzzled*). Very kind of you; no, thanks.

EROT. Then why did you order me to cook luncheon for you a while ago?

MEN. S. I ordered you to cook it?

EROT. Certainly, for you and your parasite.

MEN. S. What parasite, confound it? (*Aside to* MESSENIO) There's certainly something wrong with the woman's wits.

EROT. Brush, I mean.

MEN. S. What brush is that? One you clean your shoes with?

EROT. Why, the one, of course, that came with you a while ago when you brought me the mantle you stole from your wife.

MEN. S. What's this? I gave you a mantle I stole from my wife? Are you sane? (*To* MESSENIO) At any rate, this woman dreams standing up, horse fashion.

EROT. (*a little irritated*). Why is it you like to make a laughing-stock of me and deny what you did?

MEN. S. Tell me what it is I did and deny.

EROT. Giving me your wife's mantle to-day.

MEN. S. I deny it still. Why, I never had a wife, and have none now, and never from the day I was born have I put a foot within your city gate here. I lunched on board ship, then came ashore here, and met you.

EROT. (*aside, alarmed about him*). Look at that! Oh dear, this is dreadful! (*To* MENÆCHMUS) What is this ship you're telling me of?

MEN. S. (*flippantly*). A wooden affair, often battered about, often nailed, often pounded with a hammer; it's like a furrier's furniture, peg close to peg.

EROT. (*relieved by his jocularity and drawing him toward her door*). Now, now, do stop joking, there's a dear, and come along this way with me.

MEN. S. (*releasing himself*). It is some other man you are looking for, madam, not me.

EROT. I do not know you—(*playfully, as if repeating a lesson*) Menæchmus, the son of Moschus, born, so they say, in Syracuse in Sicily, where King Agathocles reigned, and after him Phintia, and thirdly Liparo, who at his death left his kingdom to Hiero, the present ruler?

MEN. S. (*more perplexed*). You are quite correct, madam.

MES. (*aside, to* MENÆCHMUS). Great Jupiter! The woman doesn't come fi there, does she, to have your histor pat?

MEN. S. By gad, I fancy I can't on refusing her. (*Moves toward door.*)

MES. (*alarmed*). Don't do th You're lost, if you cross that thresh

MEN. S. See here now, you shut Things are going well. I'll assent whatever the wench says, if I can c in for entertainment here. (*Confi tially to* EROTIUM, *motioning* MESSE *back*) I kept contradicting you a w ago purposely, my girl; I was afraid this fellow (*indicating* MESSENIO)—t he might inform my wife of the ma and the luncheon. Now when you w let's go inside.

EROT. Shall you wait any longer the parasite?

MEN. S. Not I—I neither wait him nor care a straw for him, nor w him admitted if he does come.

EROT. Goodness me, I'll see to t without reluctance! (*Fondling h* But do you know what I should love to do?

MEN. S. Whatever you wish—y have only to command me.

EROT. Take that mantle you gave a while ago to the embroiderer, so as have it repaired and have some trimmi I want added.

MEN. S. Right you are, by Jo That will make it look different, too, my wife won't recognize it on you, if notices it on the street.

EROT. Well then, take it with later when you leave me.

MEN. S. By all means.

EROT. Let's go in.

MEN. S. I'll follow you directly. want another word with this fellow *dicating* MESSENIO). (*Exit* EROTIU Hullo! Messenio! Step up here.

MES. (*morose*). What's all this?

MEN. S. (*elated*). Dance a jig!

MES. What's the need of that?

EN. S. There is need. (*Rather* ogetic) I know what you'll call me.
ES. So much the worse of you.
EN. S. The booty's mine! Such works as I've begun! Be off as fast ou can; take those fellows (*pointing* ilors) to an inn at once. Then see come to meet me before sunset.
ES. You don't know those harlots, er.
EN S. Hold your tongue, I tell you. ll hurt me, not you, if I play the fool. woman is a fool, and a silly one; what I've just observed, there's y for us here. (*Exit into the house.*)
ES. (*as if to call him back*). Oh ! You're gone already? Lord help The pirate bark is towing our t to perdition. But I'm a silly one expect to manage my master; he ght me to obey his orders, not to be ommander-in-chief. (*To the sailors*) ow me, so that I can come to meet in season as he commanded.

(*Exeunt.*)

Act III

(*Several hours have elapsed*)

Enter Peniculus

EN. (*in high dudgeon*). More than y years I've lived, and never in all time have I done a worse or more rsed deed than to-day when I im- ed myself, poor fool, in the middle hat public meeting. While I was ng there, Menæchmus gave me the and made off to his mistress, I sup- , without caring to take me along. all the powers above consume the w that first devised the holding of ic meetings, to busy busy men! ldn't they choose men with nothing o for that sort of thing, and fine 'em with if they fail to appear at the call? There's a plenty of men that edibles to eat only once a day, men with no business on hand, men that are neither invited out nor invite anyone in to eat: they're the ones that ought to devote themselves to public meetings and assemblies. If this had been the rule, I shouldn't have lost my lunch to-day—for sure as I'm alive I believe he was willing to give me one. I'll join him; even now I have my sweet hopes of the leavings. (*Goes toward* Erotium's *house as* Menæchmus Sosicles *comes into the doorway, wreathed and carrying the mantle*) But what do I see? Menæchmus coming out with a garland on! (*Grimly*) The banquet's cleared away, and, by gad, I've come just in time to see him home! (*Withdrawing*) I'll observe what the fellow's up to. Then I'll up and have a word with him.

Scene 2

Men. S. (*to* Erotium *within*). Can't you rest easy? I'll bring this back to you to-day in good season, all put in trim nicely and prettily. (*Chuckling to himself*) You'll say you haven't got this one, I warrant,—it will look so unfamiliar.

Pen. (*aside, angrily*). He's carrying the mantle to the embroiderer's, now the lunch is finished and the wine drunk, while the parasite's been shut out of doors! By heaven, I'm not the man I am if I don't avenge this injury and myself in beautiful style! You watch what I'll give you!

Men. S. (*leaving the doorway, jubilant*). Ye immortal gods! Did ye ever in a single day bestow more blessings on any man who hoped for less? I've lunched, drunk, enjoyed the wench, and made off with this mantle whose owner will never see it more.

Pen. (*aside*). I can't quite catch what he's talking about from this hiding-place; is it about me and the part I played, now that he's stuffed himself?

Men. S. She said I gave this to her,

yes, and stole it from my wife! Seeing she was making a mistake, I at once began to agree with her, as if I had had dealings with her; whatever she said, I'd say the same. In short, I never had a good time anywhere at less expense.

PEN. (*aside, his anger rising*). I'll up to the fellow! Oh, I'm aching for a row! (*Steps forward.*)

MEN. S. (*aside*). Who's this advancing on me?

PEN. See here, you rascal lighter than a feather, you base, villainous scoundrel, you outrage of a man, you tricky good-for-nothing! What have I ever done to you that you should spoil my life? How you sneaked off from me at the forum a while ago! You've interred the luncheon, and I not there! How did you dare do it, when I was as much its heir as you?

MEN. S. (*with dignity*). Sir, what have you to do with me, pray, that I, a perfect stranger, should meet with your abuse? (*Dangerously*) Or do you want to be given a bad time in return for this bad language?

PEN. (*groaning*). Oh Lord! You've given me that already, I perceive, good Lord, yes!

MEN. S. Pray answer me, sir, what is your name?

PEN. What? Making fun of me, as if you didn't know my name?

MEN. S. Good Lord, man, I have never seen you or known you before this day, so far as I know; but—whoever you are, this much is sure—if you want to do the decent thing, don't annoy me.

PEN. Wake up, Menæchmus!

MEN. S. Gad! why, I am awake, so far as I know.

PEN. You don't know me?

MEN. S. I should not deny it, if I did know you.

PEN. Not know you own parasite?

MEN. S. Sir, your headpiece is out of order, I perceive.

PEN. Answer me—didn't you steal that mantle from your wife to-day give it to Erotium?

MEN. S. Lord, Lord! I neither h a wife, nor gave the mantle to Erotiu nor stole it.

PEN. Really, are you sane? (*As in despair*) My business is done (*Aloud*) Didn't I see you come outdo wearing the mantle?

MEN. S. Curse you! Do you th all of us follow the women, just beca you do? You declare that I was wear the mantle?

PEN. Gad, yes, of course.

MEN. S. Go to—where you belo will you! Or else get yourself purif you utter idiot!

PEN. (*incensed*). By the Lord, no shall ever induce me not to tell your w everything, just as it happened! All abuse of yours shall fall back on yo self; you shall suffer for devouring t lunch, I promise you.

Exit PENICULUS *into house of* MENÆCHMUS

MEN. S. (*bewildered*). What d this mean? So everyone I set eyes tries to make a fool of me, eh? (*Listing*) But the door creaked!

SCENE 3

Enter MAID *from* EROTIUM'S *hous*

MAID. Menæchmus, Erotium says would very much like you to take bracelet (*showing it*) to the jewell at the same time and add an ounce gold to it and have it made over new.

MEN. S. (*taking it with alacrity*). her I'll take care of that and whate else she wants taken care of—anyth she likes.

MAID. Do you know what brac this is?

MEN. S. No, only that it's gold.

MAID. It's the one you said you s long ago on the sly from your wife's ch

MEN. S. Good Lord, I never did!

ID. For heaven's sake, you don't nber? Give me back the bracelet, if you don't remember.

N. S. (*thinking hard*). Wait! Yes, I do remember, to be sure! Of , this is the one I gave her.

ID. The very one.

N. S. (*interestedly*). Where are armlets I gave her along with it?

ID. You never gave her any.

N. S. That's right, by gad; this ll I gave her.

ID. Shall I say you'll take care

N. S. (*hiding a smile*). Do. It be taken care of. I'll see she gets racelet back at the same time she he mantle.

ID (*coaxingly*). Menæchmus dear, ave some earrings made for me— 's a nice man!—the pendant kind, four shillings' worth of gold in them, at I'll be glad to see you when you us.

N. S. (*heartily*). Surely. Give me old; I'll pay for the making, myself.

ID. You furnish the gold, please do; ay you back later.

N. S. No, no, you give me the gold; ay you back later, twice over.

ID. I haven't it.

N. S. Well, you give it to me when lo have it.

ID (*turning to go*). Is there any- else, sir?

N. S. Say I'll take care of these s—(*aside, as maid leaves*) take care re sold as soon as possible for what ll bring. (*Exit* MAID.) (*Looking af- er*) Gone now, has she? Gone! shut the door. (*Jubilant*) Well, all the gods do aid, augment, and ne! But I must hurry up and leave harlot haunts while time and cir- tance permit. Quick, Menæchmus! rd, march! I'll take off this garland hrow it away to the left (*does so*) so f anyone follows me, they may think 'e gone this way. (*Going in the opposite direction*) I'll go meet my servant, if I can, and let him know how bountiful the gods have been to me. (*Exit.*)

ACT IV

Enter MENÆCHMUS'S WIFE *from the house, followed by* PENICULUS

WIFE (*tempestuous*). Shall I let myself be made a fool of in such a married life as this, where my husband slyly sneaks off with everything in the house and carries it to his mistress?

PEN. Hush, hush, won't you? You shall catch him in the act now, I warrant you. Just you follow me this way. Drunk and garlanded, he was carrying to the embroiderer's the mantle he stole from you and carried from the house to-day. (*Seeing the garland*) But look here! Here is the garland he had! Now am I a liar? There! he went this way, if you want to track him. (*Looking down the street*) Yes, and by Jove, look! Splendid! He is coming back! But without the mantle!

WIFE. How shall I act toward him now?

PEN. (*dryly*). The same as always—make him miserable; that is my advice. Let's step aside here; (*drawing her back between the houses*) catch him from ambush.

SCENE 2

Enter MENÆCHMUS *in a bad temper*

MEN. What slaves we are to this consummately crazy, confoundedly chafing custom! Yes, and it's the very best men amongst us that are its worst slaves. A long train of clients—that's what they all want; whether good men or bad is immaterial; it's the wealth of the clients they consider, rather than their reputa-

tion for probity. If a man's poor and not a bad sort, he's held to be worthless; but if he's rich and is a bad sort, he's held to be an admirable client. But clients that have absolutely no regard for law, or for what is just and fair, do keep their patrons worried. They deny honest debts, are for ever at law, they're rapacious, fraudulent fellows whose money was made by usury or perjury and whose souls are centred in their lawsuits. When the day of trial is set for them, it's set for (*with increased bitterness*) their patrons, too. Up comes the case before the people, or the court, or the ædile. That's the way a certain client of mine has kept me confoundedly worried to-day, and I haven't been able to do what I wanted or have the company I wanted, he has so delayed and detained me. Before the ædiles I spoke in defence of his countless atrocities, and proposed provisos that were intricate and difficult; I had put the case more or less as was necessary to have a settlement made. But what did he do? (*Hotly*) What? Named a surety! And never have I seen any man more manifestly caught; every one of his crimes was sworn to by three witnesses of the stoutest sort. (*Pausing*) Heaven curse the man, with the way he's spoiled this day for me; yes, and curse me, too, for ever taking a look at the forum to-day! Such a splendid day as I have spoiled! A luncheon ordered, and a mistress no doubt waiting for me! At the earliest possible moment I hurried away from the forum. She's angry with me now, I suppose; (*hopefully*) my gift will mollify her—that mantle I took from my wife and brought to Erotium here.

PEN. (*triumphantly to* WIFE, *aside*). What do you say?

WIFE (*indignant*). That he's a wretch who has me for his wretched wife!

PEN. You quite hear what he says?

WIFE. Quite.

MEN. If I had any sense, I should move on and go inside where I'll have a good time. (*Passes his own house and goes towards* EROTIUM'S *door.*)

PEN. (*stepping forward*). You ·
It will be a bad time, instead.

WIFE (*stepping forward on the other side*). You shall certainly pay int on that theft, I swear you shall!

PEN. (*gleefully*). Take that!

WIFE. Did you think you could mit such outrages on the sly?

MEN. (*guileless*). What do you m by that, my dear?

WIFE. You ask me?

MEN. Do you want me to ask I (*Pointing to* PENICULUS.)

WIFE (*as he tries to fondle her*). N of your caresses!

PEN. (*to* WIFE). Keep at him, at him!

MEN. Why are you cross at me?

WIFE. You ought to know!

PEN. He does know, but he's pret ing, the rascal.

MEN. What does this mean?

WIFE. A mantle——

MEN. (*worried*). A mantle?

WIFE. A mantle someone——

PEN. (*to* MENÆCHMUS). What you frightened at?

MEN. (*trying to appear unconcern* Frightened? I? Not in the least.

PEN. (*triumphantly, pointing to* NÆCHMUS'S *face, which has turned p* Barring this: the mantle unmans Now none of your eating up the lunch hind my back! (*To* WIFE) Keep at fellow!

MEN. (*aside to* PENICULUS). I still, won't you? (*Shakes his hea him.*)

PEN. (*loudly*). Indeed I will not still, by Jove! (*To* WIFE) He's sha his head at me not to speak.

MEN. Not I, not a bit of it, by J I'm not shaking my head at all, or v ing at you, either.

PEN. Well, of all the cheek! To flatly what you see with your own e

MEN. My dear, I swear by He

all that's holy—is that strong enough you?—I did not shake my head at

EN. Oh, she takes your word for that hwith! Get back to the point.

EN. Back to what point?

EN. Why, to the embroiderer's shop, ould say. Go, bring back the mantle.

EN. Mantle? What mantle?

EN. (*disgusted at* WIFE's *tearful fu-*). I say no more, seeing she doesn't mber her own affairs.

IFE (*in tears*). Oh Heavens! I ly am an unhappy woman!

EN. (*solicitously*). How are you un-y? Tell me all about it. (*To* WIFE, *erly*) Has any one of the slaves been ault? Do the maids or menservants back to you? Do speak out. They l pay for it.

IFE. Nonsense!

EN. You're awfully cross. I don't e like that.

IFE. Nonsense!

EN. It must be some one of the ants you're angry with.

IFE. Nonsense!

EN. You're not angry at me, any-, are you?

IFE. There now! That's sense.

EN. Good Lord! I haven't been ault!

IFE. Aha! back to your nonsense!

EN. (*patting her*). Do tell me what bles you, my dear.

EN. (*scornfully*). He's soft-soaping the sweet thing!

EN. (*to* PENICULUS). Can't you stop ying me? I'm not addressing you, ? (*Tries to caress his* WIFE.)

IFE. Take your hand away! (*Slaps*)

EN. Take that! Now be in a hurry at up the lunch in my absence, now drunk and appear in front of the e with a garland on and give me the h!

EN. Good heavens! I haven't eaten lunch, and I've never set foot inside this house to-day.

PEN. You deny it?

MEN. Indeed I do, gad, yes.

PEN. Well, of all the brazenness! Didn't I just now see you in front of the house wearing a garland of flowers? When you told me that my headpiece was out of order and that you didn't know me, and said you were arriving from abroad?

MEN. Why, I'm only this moment getting home after parting company with you a while ago.

PEN. (*angrily*). I know you! You didn't count on my having a way to get even with you. By gad, I've told your wife everything!

MEN. What have you told her?

PEN. Oh, I don't know; ask her yourself.

MEN. (*to his* WIFE, *bravely*). What's all this, my dear? What sort of a tale has he been relating to you? What is it? Why are you silent? Why don't you tell me what it is?

WIFE. As if you didn't know! Asking me!

MEN. Bless my soul! I shouldn't ask you if I did know.

PEN. Oh, the villain! How he plays the innocent! (*To* MENÆCHMUS) You can't conceal it; she understands the matter beautifully. I have told her the whole story, by Jove!

MEN. What does this mean?

WIFE (*with acerbity*). Since you have no sense of shame and no wish to confess of your own free will, listen, and listen closely. I'll soon let you know why I'm cross and what he told me. A mantle has been stolen from me at home.

MEN. (*indignant*). A mantle stolen from me?

PEN. See how the rascal is trying to catch you? (*To* MENÆCHMUS) It was stolen from her, not from you. Why, if it was stolen from you, it would certainly be—lost.

MEN. (*to* PENICULUS). I have nothing to do with you. (*To* WIFE) But you, what are you saying?

WIFE. A mantle, I tell you, has disappeared from the house.

MEN. Who stole it?

WIFE. Goodness me! The man who took it knows that.

MEN. Who is this man?

WIFE. A certain Menæchmus.

MEN. It's a scurvy trick, by Jove! Who is this Menæchmus?

WIFE. You yourself, I tell you.

MEN. I?

WIFE. You.

MEN. Who's my accuser?

WIFE. I am.

PEN. Yes, and I. And you took it to your mistress Erotium here, too.

MEN. I gave it away—I?

WIFE. You, you yourself, I tell you.

PEN. D'ye want us to bring on an owl, to keep saying "yoo, yoo" to you? For we've got tired of saying it by now.

MEN. (*meekly*). But I didn't give it to her out and out; I only—it's like this—I only lent it.

WIFE. Good gracious, sir! I certainly do not lend out your mantle or cloak to anyone. A woman is the proper person to give out women's clothes, a man men's. You bring that mantle back home, will you?

MEN. I'll see it's brought back.

WIFE. You will be seeing to your own comfort, I fancy; for never shall you enter the house unless you bring the mantle with you. (*Turning away abruptly*) I am going home.

PEN. (*anxiously*). What do I get for helping you in this?

WIFE (*with a sour smile*). I'll help you in return when something is stolen from your house. (*Exit into the house.*)

PEN. Oh Lord! That means never, for I have nothing in my house to lose. (*Heartily*) Be damned to you, husband and wife both! I'll hurry to the forum, for I perceive I've plainly fallen ou the good graces of this family. (*E*

MEN. (*comfortably*). My wife th she has pained me by shutting me Just as if there wasn't another plac and a better one—where I'll be admit If you don't like me, I must bear Erotium here will like me anyway. won't shut me out; oh no, she'll shut in with her! Now I'll go and beg he give me back the mantle I gave he while ago; I'll buy her another, a be one. (*Knocking at her door*) Hu Anyone minding the door here? Open and call Erotium out, someone!

SCENE 3

EROT. (*within*). Who is inquiring me?

MEN. A man who is more his foe than yours, dear.

Enter EROTIUM *into the doorway*

EROT. Menæchmus, love, why are standing out here? (*Taking his a* Do come in.

MEN. Wait. Do you know why come to see you?

EROT. I know—so that we may h a nice time together.

MEN. No, you're wrong, confound Do gave me back that mantle I gave a while ago, there's a dear. My wife found out about the whole business, f beginning to end. I'll buy you a ma twice as expensive—any you choose.

EROT. (*surprised*). But I gave i you to take to the embroiderer's jus few minutes ago, along with that brac you were to carry to the jeweller's to h made over.

MEN. You gave me the mantle an bracelet—me? You'll find you never so. Why, after giving you that ma a while ago and going to the forum just getting back; this is the first t I've seen you since then.

EROT. (*aroused*). But I see what are up to. Just because I've put t

your hands you're attempting to do
to cheat me.

EN. No, heavens, no! it's not to
t you, I ask for it—really, my wife
found out, I tell you——

ROT. (*passing over what she thinks
usual lie*). No, and I didn't beg you
ive it to me in the first place; you
ght it to me yourself of your own
rd, made me a present of it; and
you ask it back. Very well. Take it,
y it off, wear it yourself or let your
wear it, or for that matter lock it up
coffer. You shall not set foot in this
e after to-day, don't fool yourself.
that you've held a good friend like
in contempt, you can bring along
y money, or else you can't lead me
g like a fool. After this you just
somebody else to fool. (*Turns to
n.*)

EN. Oh gad, now, really you're too
! Here, here! I say! Wait! Come
! What? You won't stop? What?
aren't willing to return for my sake?
t EROTIUM, *slamming the door.*)
s gone inside! She's closed the door!
, if I'm not getting the most exclu-
reception! Neither at home nor at
mistress's, either, do they believe a
I say! I'll go and consult my
ds about this and see what they think
ld be done.

ACT V

Enter MENÆCHMUS SOSICLES

EN. S. What an idiot I was a while
when I entrusted my wallet and
ey to Messenio! He's immersed him-
in a pothouse somewhere, I suppose.

r the WIFE *of* MENÆCHMUS *into
the doorway*

IFE. I'll go out and see if my hus-
won't soon be back home. (*Seeing*
MENÆCHMUS SOSICLES) Oh, why there he is! I'm saved! He is bringing back the mantle.

MEN. S. I wonder where Messenio is promenading now.

WIFE. I'll step up and welcome him with the words he deserves. (*Advancing*) Aren't you ashamed to appear in my sight with that costume, you monster?

MEN. S. (*startled*). Eh, what is it that excites you, madam?

WIFE. What! Do you dare breathe a word, do you dare speak to me, you shameless creature?

MEN. S. What, pray, is my offence, that I should not dare to speak?

WIFE. You ask me? Oh, such brazen shamelessness!

MEN. S. (*still polite*). Madam, do you not know why the ancient Greeks used to declare that Hecuba was a bitch?

WIFE (*sharply*). No, indeed, I don't.

MEN. S. Because Hecuba used to do precisely what you are doing now: she used to pour every kind of abuse on everyone she saw. So they began to call her bitch, and quite properly, too.

WIFE (*incensed*). I cannot endure this outrageous conduct of yours. Why, I'd rather live without a husband all my life than put up with the outrageous things you do.

MEN. S. And how does it concern me whether you can endure your married life, or leave your husband? Or is this the fashion here—to prattle to arriving strangers?

WIFE. Prattle? I will not put up with it any longer, I tell you. I'll get a divorce rather than tolerate your goings-on.

MEN. S. Lord, Lord! get divorced, for all I care—and stay so as long as Jove reigns!

WIFE (*examining mantle*). See here, you denied stealing this a while ago, and now you hold it, the very same one, right before my eyes. Aren't you ashamed?

MEN. S. Bravo, madam! By Jove! You are a bold, bad one with a ven-

geance! Do you dare tell me this was stolen from you, when another woman gave it to me so that I might get it renovated?

WIFE. Good heavens, that is—I'll send for my father this moment and I'll give him an account of your outrageous actions! (*Calling at door*) Deceo! Go look for my father—bring him here to me; say it's absolutely necessary. (*To* MENÆCHMUS SOSICLES) I'll soon lay bare your outrageous conduct!

MEN. S. Are you sane? What is this outrageous conduct of mine?

WIFE. You filched my mantle and jewellery from the house—from your own wife—and carried them off to your mistress. Isn't this perfectly true (*bitterly*) prattle?

MEN. S. Good Lord, madam, if you know of any drug I can take to enable me to endure that temper of yours, for heaven's sake name it. Who you think I am is a mystery to me; as for me, I knew you when I knew Hercules' wife's grandfather.

WIFE. You may laugh at me, but I vow you can't laugh at that man (*pointing down the street*), my father, who's coming this way. Look back there. Do you know him?

MEN. S. (*looking*). Oh yes, I knew him when I knew Calchas. I saw him on the same day I first saw you.

WIFE. You deny knowing me, you deny knowing my father?

MEN. S. Oh Lord! I'll say the same thing if you bring on your grandfather. (*Walks away.*)

WIFE. Oh dear me! that's just the way you are always acting!

SCENE 2

Enter MENÆCHMUS'S FATHER-IN-LAW *slowly and laboriously*

FATHER (*sighing wearily*). Yes, I'll step out, I'll step along as . . . fast as my age permits and the occasion mands. (*Halting*) But I know enough how . . . easy it is for me. I've lost my nimbleness . . . the y have taken hold of me . . . it's a he body I carry . . . my strength has me. Ah, old age is a bad thing—a piece of freight! Yes, yes, it bri along untold tribulations when it con if I were to specify them all, it wo be a . . . long, long story. But thi the thing that weighs on my mind heart—what in the world has happe to make my daughter ask me, all sudden this way, to come to her. a word am I told as to what is wr what she wants, why she summons However, I have a pretty fair no already what it's all about. She's some squabble with her husband, I fa That's the way with women that try keep their husbands under their thun arrogant just because they've brough good dowry. (*Pauses*) And the husba often aren't blameless, either. (*Refl ing*) However, there's a limit, just same, to what a wife should put up w and, by Jove, a daughter never summ her father unless there's something a or some just cause for complaint. B shall soon know about it, whatever i (*Advancing and looking about*) there she is herself in front of the hous and her husband, looking sour! just as I suspected. I'll have a w with her.

WIFE (*aside*). I'll go meet him. (*vancing*) I hope you're well, father —very well.

FATHER. And you. Do I find all here? Is all well, that you have me s moned? Why are you so gloomy? and why is he (*pointing to* MENÆCH SOSICLES) standing aloof there, an You've been bickering over somethin other, you two. Out with it—which blame? Be brief; no long words.

WIFE. I haven't been at fault at indeed I haven't; I'll relieve you on

first, father. But I can't live here, ply cannot stand it. So you must ne away from this house.

THER (*peevishly*). But what is the e?

FE. I'm made a laughing-stock, !

THER. By whom?

FE. By the man you entrusted me y husband.

THER. Now look at that! A ble! See here, how many times I given you notice to guard against g to me with grievances, either of

FE (*tearfully*). How can I guard st that, father dear?

THER (*severely*). You ask me?

FE. If you please.

THER. How many times have I ex- y told you to humour your hus- and not keep watching what he where he goes, and what he is ?

FE. Well, but he makes love to trumpet, the very next door!

THER. He shows excellent judge- and he will make love to her all nore, I warrant you, to reward this nce of yours.

FE. And he drinks there, too.

THER. Just because of you, will he the less there or anywhere else he es. Such confounded impudence! might as well expect to keep him accepting an invitation to dinner, or having company at his own home. ou expect your husbands to be your s? You do, and bid him sit with naids and card wool.

FE (*resentfully*). I see I have ht you here, father, to defend my nd, not myself. Retained by me, lead his case.

THER. If he has done anything out e way, I shall be a great deal more e with him than I have been with But inasmuch as he keeps you well ied with jewellery and clothes, furnishes you with plenty of maidservants and provisions, you had better be sensible about things, my girl.

WIFE. But he filches my jewellery and mantles from my chests at home, he robs me, and carries my nicest things to strumpets on the sly!

FATHER. He does wrong, if he does that; if he doesn't, you are doing wrong to accuse an innocent man.

WIFE. Why, he has a mantle this very moment, father, and a bracelet he'd taken to her he is just now bringing back, because I found him out.

FATHER. I'll find out about this from him at once. I'll go and have a talk with the man. (*Approaching* MENÆCHMUS SOSICLES) Speak up, Menæchmus, and let me know what you two are at odds over. Why are you so gloomy? And why is she standing aloof there, angry?

MEN. S. (*vehemently*). Whoever you are, whatever your name is, old gentleman, I call Heaven and God on high to witness——

FATHER (*surprised*). What about, concerning what conceivable thing?

MEN. S. That I have done no wrong to that woman who accuses me of having raided her house and stolen this mantle, and of having carried it off——

WIFE. He swears to that?

MEN. S. If I ever set foot inside this house, where she lives, I pray Heaven to make me the most wretched wretch on earth.

FATHER (*horrified*). Are you sane, to pray for a thing like that, or to deny that you ever put foot in this house, where you live, you utter idiot?

MEN. S. Do you, too, say I live in that house, old gentleman?

FATHER. And do you deny it?

MEN. S. By gad I do, truly!

FATHER. No, by gad, you do untruly —unless you moved away somewhere last night. (*Turning to his* WIFE) Daughter, come over here. (*She obeys.*)

Tell me—you have not moved away from here, have you?

WIFE. Where to, or why, for mercy's sake?

FATHER. Bless my soul, I don't know.

WIFE. He's making fun of you, of course. Can't you see that?

FATHER. Really now, Menæchmus, you have joked enough. Come, now, stick to the point.

MEN. S. See here, what have I got to do with you? Who are you, and where do you come from? What do I owe you, or that woman either, who is pestering me in every conceivable way?

WIFE (*to her* FATHER, *frightened*). Do you see how green his eyes are? And that greenish colour coming over his temples and forehead? How his eyes glitter! Look!

MEN. S. (*aside*). Seeing they declare I'm insane, what's better for me than to pretend I am insane, so as to frighten them off? (*Develops alarming symptoms.*)

WIFE (*more frightened*). How he stretches and gapes! Father, father dear, what shall I do now?

FATHER (*retreating*). Come over here, my child, as far as you can from him!

MEN. S. (*having worked himself up properly*). Euhoe! Bacchus! Bromius! Whither dost thou summon me a-hunting in the woods? I hear, but I cannot quit these regions, with that rabid bitch on watch there at my left, aye, and there behind a bald-headed goat who many a time in his life has ruined a guiltless fellow-citizen by his perjury!

FATHER (*in helpless rage*). Ugh! Curse you!

MEN. S. Lo! Apollo from his oracle doth bid me burn her eyes out with blazing brands!

WIFE. He'll murder me, father dear! He threatens to burn my eyes out!

FATHER (*in low tone*). Hey! daughter!

WIFE. What is it? What sha
do?

FATHER. How about my callin
servants here? I'll go and fetch
one to carry him away from here a
him up at home before he make
more trouble.

MEN. S. (*aside*). Now then,
stuck! Unless I get the start of
with some scheme, they'll be takin
off to their home. (*Intercepting th
man and glaring at* WIFE) Thou do
me, Apollo, to spare my fists in no
upon her face, unless she doth leav
sight and—get to the devil out of
I will do as thou biddest, Apollo!
vancing upon her.)

FATHER. Run, run home as fa
you can before he batters you to bi

WIFE (*rushing for the door*).
I'm running. Do, please, keep wat
him, father dear, and don't let him
this place! Oh, miserable woman
I am, to have to hear such w
(*I*

MEN. S. Not badly, oh Apollo,
remove that female! Now for
beastly, bewhiskered, doddering
onus, who calls himself the son of Cy
—these be thy commands, that I
his limbs and bones and joints wit
same staff which he doth carry!
vances.)

FATHER (*retreating and raising
staff*). You'll get hurt if you touc
I tell you, or if you come any n
to me!

MEN. S. I will do as thou biddes
will take a double-edged axe, and
old man—I'll hew away his flesh, g
by gobbet, to the very bone!

FATHER (*aside, timorously, sti
treating*). I must be on my guard
look out for myself, indeed I
Really, I'm afraid he'll do me som
jury, from the way he threatens m

MEN. S. Many are thy comm
Apollo. Now thou dost bid me
yoked steeds, unbroken, fiery, and n

riot that I may dash to earth this stinking, toothless lion. (*Mounts hariot.*) Now am I in my car! do I hold the reins! Now have I in hand! On, steeds, on! Let the of your hoof-beats be heard! Let fleetness of foot rush you rapidly (*Gallops about.*)

THER (*clutching his staff*). You ten me with yoked steeds—me?

EN. S. Lo, Apollo! Anew thou st me charge upon this man who s here and lay him low! (*Charges; d man raises his staff; the charioteer short.*) But who is this who by air doth tear me from the car? He es thy command and the edict of o! (*Falls to the ground, appar- senseless.*)

THER. Well! Good heavens, what ute, severe attack! Lord save us! this man who's gone insane—how hy he was a little while ago! For to have such an attack so suddenly! o and summon a doctor as soon as sibly can. (*Exit.*)

Scene 3

EN. S. (*getting up and looking t*). For Heaven's sake, are they out y sight now, those two that abso- compelled me, sound though I am, insane? I'd better hurry off to the while I can do so safely. (*To audi- I beg you, all of you, if the old comes back, don't tell him which I bolted. (*Exit.*)

Enter Father-in-law

THER. My loins ache me from g and my eyes from watching, while ited for the doctor to come back his calls. Finally he did manage t away from his patients, the bore! ays he set a broken leg for Æscula- and put Apollo's arm in a splint, es! So now I am wondering whether to say I'm bringing a sawbones or a stonecutter. (*Glancing down the street.*) Just look at him mince along! (*Calling*) Quicken that ant's pace of yours!

Scene 4

Enter a Doctor

Doctor (*ponderously*). What was the nature of his attack, did you say? State the symptoms, old gentleman. Is it a demoniacal visitation or paranoia? Inform me. Does he suffer from a lethargical habit or intercutaneous fluid?

Father (*sharply*). Why, I brought you just to tell me that and cure him.

Doctor (*lightly*). Oh, that is easy, quite easy. He shall be cured—I promise you that upon my honour.

Father (*distrustfully*). I want him to be cared for very carefully indeed.

Doctor (*reassuringly waggish*). Why, I will sigh more than six hundred times a day; that shows how I will care for him very carefully indeed for you.

Father (*looking down street*). Ah, there is our man himself! Let's watch what he does. (*They step back.*)

Scene 5

Enter Menæchmus

Men. Good Lord! This has certainly proved a perverse and adverse day for me! Everything I thought I was doing on the sly has got out, thanks to that parasite who's overwhelmed me with infamy and fear—that Ulysses of mine who's brewed such a mess for his lord and master! Sure as I'm alive, I'll shuffle off that fellow's mortal coil! His? I'm a fool to call it his, when it's mine; it's my food and my money he's been reared on. I'll cut that worthy off from the breath of life! But as for the harlot, she was true to style, did only what her class always do! Because I ask her to

let me carry the mantle back to my wife again, she says she has given it to me. Well! By Jove, I certainly do lead a miserable life!

FATHER (*to* DOCTOR). Do you catch what he says?

DOCTOR. He declares that he is miserable.

FATHER. I should like you to go up to him.

DOCTOR (*advancing*). Good day, Menæchmus. But, my dear man, why do you expose your arm? Are you not aware how injurious that is to one suffering from your present complaint?

MEN. (*violently*). You be hanged! (*The* DOCTOR *jumps.*)

FATHER (*aside to* DOCTOR). Do you notice anything?

DOCTOR. I should say I do. This case is beyond the powers of a wagon-load of hellebore. But see here, Menæchmus.

MEN. What d'ye want?

DOCTOR. Answer me this question: do you drink white or red wine?

MEN. Oh, go to the devil!

DOCTOR (*to* FATHER). Ah yes, now he begins to manifest the first symptoms of insanity.

MEN. Why don't you inquire whether the bread I generally eat is blood red, rose red, or saffron yellow? Whether I generally eat birds with scales, fish with feathers?

FATHER (*to* DOCTOR). Dear, dear! Do you hear how wildly he talks? Why don't you hurry up and give him a dose of something before he goes insane entirely?

DOCTOR (*to* FATHER). Now, now, one moment! I will question him still further.

FATHER. You're killing me with your talk!

DOCTOR (*to patient*). Tell me this: do you ever experience a sensation of hardness in the eyes?

MEN. What? You good-for-nothing, do you take me for a lobster?

DOCTOR. Tell me: do you ever a rumbling of the bowels, as far as observe?

MEN. Not after I've had a sc meal; when I'm hungry, then ther rumbling.

DOCTOR (*to* FATHER). Well, There's no indication of insanity in reply. (*To* MENÆCHMUS) Do you entirely through the night? Do you asleep readily on retiring?

MEN. I sleep through if I've paid bills—(*angrily*) may all the powers a consume you, you inquisitive ass!

DOCTOR (*backing away*). Now man does begin to manifest insan You hear him—look out for yoursel

FATHER. Oh no, to hear him you'd think him a perfect Nestor c pared with what he was a while Why, a while ago he called his wi rabid bitch.

MEN. Eh? I?

FATHER. Yes, while you were ra

MEN. I?

FATHER. Yes, you, and you threatening me, too—that you w dash me to the earth with a yoked f in-hand. I myself saw you do all I myself accuse you of it.

MEN. (*incensed*). Yes, and you the sacred crown from Jupiter's sta I know that; and you were put in pr for it, I know that; and after get out, you were put in the stocks whipped, I know that; and then murdered your father and sold mother, that's something more I k Do I pay you back your abuse enough for a sane man, eh?

FATHER. For God's sake, do whatever you're going to do, hurry and do it! Don't you see the man i sane?

DOCTOR (*aside to* FATHER). Do know what you had best do? Have conveyed to my house.

FATHER. You advise that?

DOCTOR. By all means. There I

ble to care for him as I deem ex-
ent.
ATHER. Do as you please.
OCTOR (*to* MENÆCHMUS). You shall
k hellebore, I promise you, for some
ty days.
EN. But I'll string you up and jab
s into you for thirty days.
OCTOR (*aside to* FATHER). Go, sum-
men to convey him to my house.
ATHER. How many are needed?
OCTOR. Considering the degree of
nity I note, four, no less.
ATHER. They shall be here soon.
p watch of him, doctor.
OCTOR (*clearly reluctant*). No, no!
all go home so as to make the neces-
preparations. You order the serv-
to bring him to my house.
ATHER. He'll be there soon, I prom-
you.
OCTOR. I am going.
ATHER. Good-bye. (*Exeunt.*)
EN. (*looking after them*). Father-
w's gone. Doctor's gone. All alone!
l save us! What is it makes these
declare I'm insane? Why, as a
ter of fact, I've never had a sick day
e I was born. I'm neither insane,
looking for fights, nor starting dis-
s, not I. I'm perfectly sound and
rd others as sound; I recognize peo-
talk to them. Can it be they're
ne themselves with their absurd
ements that I'm insane? (*Pauses.*)
at shall I do now? I long to go home,
my wife won't let me. And as for
place (*glaring at* EROTIUM'S *house*)
ne will let me in. Oh, what damnable
! (*Pauses.*) Here's where I'll stay,
finitely; I fancy I'll be let into the
se at nightfall, anyhow.

SCENE 6

Enter MESSENIO

ES. (*self-righteous and smug*). This
ur proof of a good servant who looks after his master's business, sees to it, gives it his care and consideration—when he watches over his master's business in his master's absence just as diligently as if he was present, or even more so. The chap that's got his wits in the proper place ought to think more of his back than his gullet, more of his shanks than his belly. He'd better recollect how good-for-nothings, lazy, rascally fellows, are rewarded by their masters: whippings, shackles, work in the mill, fag, famine, freezing stiff—these are the rewards of laziness. I'm badly afraid of such bad things, personally; that's why I've made up my mind to lead a good life rather than a bad one. I can stand chiding a great deal more easily—but a hiding I can't abide, myself, and I'd very much rather eat the meal than turn the mill. That's why I follow out my master's orders, attend to 'em properly and sedately; yes, indeed, I find it pays. Others can act as they think good for 'em; I'm going to be the sort of chap I should be—I must have a sense of fear, I must keep straight, so as to be on hand for master anywhere. I shan't have much to fear. The day's near when master will reward me for my service. I do my work on the principle that I think is good for my back. Here I come to meet master just as he told me, now that I've left the luggage and slaves at the inn. Now I'll knock at the door, so as to let him know I'm here, and lead him safely out of this ravine of ruination. But I'm afraid I'll be too late and find the battle over. (*Goes to* EROTIUM'S *doorway.*)

SCENE 7

Enter FATHER-IN-LAW *with slaves*

FATHER, (*to* SLAVES, *sternly*). By heaven and earth, I charge you to be wise and heed my orders, past and present. Pick up that man (*indicating*

MENÆCHMUS) and carry him at once to the doctor's office—that is, unless you have no regard at all for your legs or flanks. See that none of you cares a straw for his threats. Why are you standing still? Why are you hesitating? He ought to have been hoisted up and carried off already. I'll go to the doctor's; I'll be at hand when you arrive. (*Exit.*)

MEN. (*as the* SLAVES *dash at him*). Murder! What does this mean? What are these fellows rushing at me for, in the name of heaven? What do you want? Where are you pulling me? Where are you carrying me? (*Struggling on their shoulders*) Murder! Help, help, Epidamnians, I beg you! Save me, fellow-citizens! Let me go, I tell you!

MES. Ye immortal gods! In heaven's name, what is this my eyes behold! My master being carried off by some gang of rowdies in most outrageous fashion!

MEN. Doesn't anyone dare come to my rescue?

MES. (*running up*). I do, master,—like a regular dare-devil! (*Yelling lustily*) Oh, what an outrage, what a shame, Epidamnians! My master, a free-born visitor amongst you, to be abducted here in time of peace, in broad daylight, in your city streets! Let go of him!

MEN. For Heaven's sake, whoever you are, stand by me and don't let me be maltreated in such atrocious fashion!

MES. Not I! Stand by you I will, and defend and help you with all my heart! I won't let you be murdered, never! Better myself than you. For heaven's sake, master, pull out the eye of that chap that has you by the shoulder! (*Swinging vigorously at the nearest* SLAVES). As for these fellows here, I'm going to seed down their faces for them directly and plant my fists. By gad, you'll pay dear this day for carrying him off! Let go!

MEN. I've got this one by the eye!

MES. Leave the socket showing in his head! (*Warming up to his work*) rascals! You robbers! You bandit

SLAVES. Murder! Oh, for God's s let up!

MES. Let go, then! (*They* MENÆCHMUS.)

MEN. (*assisting* MESSENIO). Wha you mean by touching me? (*To M* SENIO) Comb them down with your fi (*The* SLAVES *scatter.*)

MES. Come, clear out! Get the c out of here! (*With a parting kick laggard*) There's another for you— it as a prize for being the last to le (*Exeunt* SLAVES.) (*Smirking*) Oh measured their faces in fine style quite to my taste. By Jove, maste certainly did come to your aid in nick of time just now!

MEN. Well, heaven bless you ever and ever, young man, whoever are. For if it hadn't been for yo should never have lived to see the su down this day.

MES. Then, by Jove, master, if did the right thing you'd set me free

MEN. I set you free?

MES. Yes indeed, seeing I saved y life, master.

MEN. What's this? You're mal a mistake, young man.

MES. Eh? A mistake?

MEN. Why, I swear by Father Jup I'm not your master.

MES. (*protestingly*). Oh, none of t sir!

MEN. I'm not lying; no slave of m ever did such a thing as you did for

MES. Very well, then, sir, if you I'm not yours, let me go free.

MEN. Lord, man, be free so fa I am concerned, and go where you

MES. (*wild with joy*). Hail, pa mine! "Messenio, I congratulate yo your freedom!" By gad, I take y word for it! But, patron, I beseech don't order me about any less than w I was your slave. I intend to live

and when you go home I'll go with

N (*aside*). Oh no you won't.

S. Now I'll go to the inn and fetch ggage and cash for you. The wallet the travelling money is duly under n the bag; I'll bring it here to you ly.

N. (*interested*). Be quick about it.

S. I'll give it back to you intact, ist as you gave it to me. Wait for re. (*Exit.*)

N. Well, well, how strangely ge things have happened to me to- Here are people saying I'm not lf and shutting me out of doors, here's that fellow who just now said as going to fetch me some money hat he was my slave—that saviour ine, whom I just now set free. He he'll bring me a wallet with money ; if he does, I'll tell him to leave nd enjoy his freedom wherever he so that he won't be coming to me is money when he regains his sanity. *ses.*) My father-in-law and the doc- aid I was insane. It's a marvel to what all this means! It seems just a dream. (*Reflects.*) Now I will to this harlot's house, no matter if s in a rage with me, and see if I induce her to give me back the le to carry back home.

(*Exit into* EROTIUM'S *house.*)

SCENE 8

nter MENÆCHMUS SOSICLES *and* MESSENIO

EN. S. You cheeky rascal, you have cheek to tell me you have encoun- me anywhere to-day since the time lered you to come here and meet

ES. (*much aggrieved*). Why, sir, I now rescued you when four men carrying you off on their shoulders in front of this very house. You were yelling for all heaven and earth to help you, when I ran up and rescued you by good hard fighting, in spite of 'em. And for this, because I'd saved you, you've set me free. Then the moment I said I was going to get the money and luggage, you ran ahead as fast as you could to meet me, so as to deny what you had done!

MEN. S. So I ordered you to go free, eh?

MES. (*hopefully*). Certainly, sir.

MEN. S. (*emphatically*). Well, the most certain thing in the world is this—I had rather become a slave myself than ever free you.

SCENE 9

Enter MENÆCHMUS *from* EROTIUM'S *house*

MEN. (*to those within*). Swear it by the eyes in your head if you like, but, by the Lord, that won't make it any more true that I took the mantle and bracelet to-day, you sluts!

MES. (*gazing at him*). Ye immortal gods, what do I see?

MEN. S. What do you see?

MES. Your mirror!

MEN. S. What do you mean?

MES. (*pointing to* MENÆCHMUS). He's the very image of you! He's as like you as can be!

MEN. S. (*comparing himself with the stranger*). By Jove! He certainly is not unlike me, now that I look myself over.

MEN. (*seeing* MESSENIO). Ah there, sir, bless you—you that saved me, whoever you are!

MES. Sir, for the love of heaven, do tell me your name, if you don't object.

MEN. Gad, man, your services to me haven't been such that I should grudge meeting your wishes. My name is Menæchmus.

MEN. S. (*startled*). Good Lord, no; it's mine!

MEN. I'm a Sicilian—a Syracusan.

MEN. S. That's my city and my country, too.

MEN. What's that you tell me?

MES. (*half to himself, as he scans* MENÆCHMUS). This is the man I know, of course; this is my master. I'm really his slave, but I fancied (*glancing at* MENÆCHMUS SOSICLES) I was his. (*To* MENÆCHMUS) I thought he was you, sir, and what's more, I made myself a nuisance to him, too. (*To* MENÆCHMUS) I beg your pardon, sir, if I said anything silly to you without realising it.

MEN. S. (*sharply*). You talk like an idiot. Do you not remember coming ashore along with me to-day?

MES. (*hurriedly*). To be sure, you're right. It's you who are my master. (*To* MENÆCHMUS) You seek another slave. (*To* MENÆCHMUS SOSICLES) Good day to you, sir. (*To* MENÆCHMUS) Good-bye to you, sir. I say this gentleman (*indicating his master*) is Menæchmus.

MEN. But I say I am.

MEN. S. (*irritated*). What yarn is this? You are Menæchmus?

MEN. So I say—the son of Moschus.

MEN. S. You are the son of my father?

MEN. No indeed, sir,—of my own: your father I have no desire to pre-empt or steal from you.

MES. (*aside, after apparently profound thought*). Ye immortal gods! Fulfil the unhoped-for hope I think I see before me! Yes, unless my mind deceives me, these two are the twin brothers! Yes, what they say about their country and father tallies exactly. I'll call my master aside. Menæchmus, sir!

MEN.
MEN. S. } What do you want?

MES. I don't want both of you, but the one that travelled on board ship with me.

MEN. I did not.

MEN. S. But I did.

MES. You're the one I want, t (*Withdrawing*) Come over here, sir.

MEN. S. (*doing so*). Here I am. W is it?

MES. (*very sagacious and importa* That man over there is either a swin sir, or else he's your own twin bro For I never did see two men more a No drop of water, no drop of mil more like another, believe me, than like you, yes, and you like him, sir. then he says his country and his fat name are the same as yours. We'd b go up and question him.

MEN. S. By Jove, you have give good advice! Thanks! Go on hel me, for God's sake! You are a free if you find that he is my brother.

MES. I hope so.

MEN. S. And I—I hope so, too!

MES. (*stepping up to* MENÆCHM Pardon me, sir. You said your name Menæchmus, I believe.

MEN. I did indeed.

MES. This (*pointing to* MENÆCH SOSICLES) gentleman's name is Men mus, too. You said you were bor Syracuse, in Sicily; he also was there. You said your father's name Moschus; so was his. Now both of can do me a good turn, and yours as well.

MEN. You have earned my co to any request you choose to make. though I am, I'll serve you quite you had bought and paid for me.

MES. I have hopes, sir, of fin that you two are twin brothers, bo one mother and one father on one d

MEN. A strange statement! I you could bring to pass what you pro

MES. I can. (*Tremendously ea and subtle.*) But come now, both of and answer my questions.

MEN. Ask them when you like answer. Nothing that I know w keep back.

S. Is your name Menæchmus?
N. It is.
S. (*to his master*). And yours

N. S. Yes.
S. (*to* MENÆCHMUS). Your father Moschus, you say?
N. I do indeed.
N. S. And mine too! (MESSENIO *at him.*)
S. (*to* MENÆCHMUS). Are you a usan?
N. Certainly.
S. (*to his master*). How about

N. S. Of course I am.
S. Everything tallies perfectly so Your attention further, gentlemen. MENÆCHMUS) What is the earliest you remember, tell me, in your country?
N. Going with my father to Tarenhis place of trade, and then straying my father in the crowd and being d off.
N. S. Lord above, preserve me!
S. (*with asperity*). What are you ng out for? Keep still, won't you! MENÆCHMUS) How old were you your father took you away from ?
N. Seven; you see, I was just beng to lose my first teeth. And I saw my father after that.
S. What? And how many sons our father have then?
N. So far as I can remember—

S. Which was the older, you or brother?
N. We were both of the same age.
S. How can that be?
N. We were twins.
N. S. (*unable to contain himself*). Oh, God has been good to me!
S. (*with finality*). If you interrupt, er to keep still myself.
N. S. (*contritely*). I'll keep still.

MES. (*to* MENÆCHMUS). Tell me, did you both have the same name?

MEN. Oh no. Why, I had the same name as now, Menæchmus; he was called Sosicles then.

MEN. S. (*disregarding* MESSENIO's *protests*). The proof's complete! I can't hold back—I must give him a hug! (*Embracing* MENÆCHMUS) God bless you, brother, my own twin brother! I am Sosicles!

MEN. (*doubtful*). How is it then, you came to be called Menæchmus?

MEN. S. After word reached us that you . . . and that our father was dead, our grandfather changed my name; he gave me yours.

MEN. (*still doubtful*). No doubt this was the case. But answer me this question.

MEN. S. (*eagerly*). Ask it.

MEN. What was our mother's name?

MEN. S. Teuximarcha.

MEN. (*returning his embrace heartily*). Right! To see you, so unhoped for, after all these years! Oh, God bless you!

MEN. S. And you, too brother! I've searched and searched for you till this moment—and a sad, weary search it's been—and now you're found, I'm happy.

MES. (*to his master*). This is how the wench here came to call you by his name; she mistook you for him, I suppose, when she invited you to lunch.

MEN. (*reflecting, then frankly*). Well, well! The fact is, I did tell them to prepare lunch for me here to-day, unbeknown to my wife, whose mantle I stole from the house a while ago and gave to the wench here.

MEN S. Is this mantle I have the one you speak of, brother? (*Showing it.*)

MEN. That's the one! How did it come into your hands?

MEN. S. The wench took me in here to luncheon, and said I had given it to her. Lunch I did, deuced well, and drank, and enjoyed the girl, and carried off the

mantle and this piece of jewellery. (*Showing bracelet.*)

MEN. (*laughing*). By Jove! I'm glad if you're my debtor for a bit of amusement. For when she invited you in, she took you for me.

MES. (*to* MENÆCHMUS). You have no objection to my being free, as you ordered, have you, sir?

MEN. A perfectly just and reasonable request, brother. Grant it, for my sake.

MEN. S. (*to* MESSENIO). Be free.

MEN. Messenio, I congratulate you on your freedom!

MES. (*ingratiatingly*). But I need better auspices to be free for good, sirs. (*Waits for some hint of further benefits.*)

MEN. S. Now that things have turned out to our satisfaction, brother, let's both go back to our own country.

MEN. As you please, brother. I'll hold an auction here and sell all I have. In the meantime let's go inside for the present, brother.

MEN. S. By all means.

MES. Do you know what I want of you, sirs?

MEN. What?

MES. To let me be auctioneer.

MEN. You shall be.

MES. Well, then, do you want it announced at once that there'll be an auction.

MEN. Yes, a week from to-day.

MES. (*bawling*). Auction . . . of the effects of Menæchmus . . . one week from to-day in the morning, mind! . . . For sale . . . slaves, household goods, land, houses . . . everything! . . . For sale . . . your own price . . . cash down! For sale . . . even a wife, too, if any buyer appears! (*To spectators*) I don't believe the whole auction will bring him more than a mere—fifty thousand pounds. Now, spectators, fare ye well and give us your loud applause.

Exeunt omnes.

—PAUL NIXON.

PHORMIO

TERENCE

Publius Terentius Afer (about 1 159 B.C.) was the last of the great w of the Græco-Roman comedy. He brought as a slave from Africa to R where he became closely associated such men as Scipio the Younger and lius, who dominated the intellectual literary circles of the time. He r sents a reaction, possibly due to the fluence, towards closer adherence t Greek models. He shows little origi in plot, but is a much more careful w man than Plautus and possesses gr powers in the delineation of charact

The *Phormio* was produced in 161 The clear and logical development o plot, the carefully drawn characters quieter action and the more refined guage, compared with Plautus, are acteristic of the author.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

DEMIPHO, *an old gentleman of Athe*
CHREMES, *his brother.*
HEGIO, *friend to Demipho.*
CRATINUS, *friend to Demipho.*
CRITO, *friend to Demipho.*
ANTIPHO, *son to Demipho.*
PHÆDRIA, *son to Chremes.*
PHORMIO, *an adventurer.*
DORIO, *a slave-dealer.*
GETA, *slave to Chremes.*
DAVUS, *a slave.*
NAUSISTRATA, *wife to Chremes.*
SOPHRONA, *nurse to Chremes' daught*

PROLOGUE

The Old Bard finding it impossible
To draw our Poet from the love of
And bury him in indolence, attemp
By calumny to scare him from the s
Pretending, that in all his former
The characters are low, and mea
style;
Because he ne'er describ'd a mad-b
youth,

in his fits of phrenzy thought he saw
lind, the dogs in full cry after her;
too imploring and beseeching him
ive her aid.—But did he understand,
t when the piece was first produc'd,
ow'd,
e to the Actor, than himself, its
fety,
would not be thus bold to give of-
nce.—
if there's any one that says, or thinks,
at had not the Old Bard assail'd him
rst
Poet could not have devis'd a Pro-
ogue,
ing no matter for abuse";—let such
eive for answer, "that altho' the prize
all advent'rers is held out in common,
Veteran Poet meant to drive our
ard
m study into want: *He* therefore chose
answer, though he would not first of-
end.
l had his adversary but have prov'd
enerous rival, he had had due praise.
him then bear these censures, and
eflect,
his own slanders 'tis the due return!
henceforth I shall cease to speak of
im,
ho' he ceases not himself to rail."
now what I'd request of you, attend!
day I bring a new play, which the
Greeks
l Epidicazomenos; the Latins,
m the chief character, name Phormio;
rmio, whom you will find a Parasite,
l the chief engine of the plot.—And
ow,
o our Poet you are well inclin'd,
e ear; be favourable; and be silent!
us not meet the same ill fortune now,
t we before encounter'd, when our
roop
s by a tumult driven from their place;
which the Actor's merit, seconded
your good-will and candour, has re-
tor'd us.

SCENE:—*Athens. A place where four streets meet. The houses of* DEMIPHO, CHREMES, *and* DORIO *are on the stage.*

ACT I

Enter DAVUS *as from the Piazza*

DAVUS. Geta, my worthy friend and countryman,
Came to me yesterday: For some time past
I've ow'd him some small balance of account:
This, he desir'd, I would make up: I have;
And brought it with me: For his master's son,
I am inform'd, has lately got a wife:
So I suppose this sum is scrap'd together
For a Bride-Gift. Alack, how hard it is,
That he, who is already poor, should still
Throw in his mite, to swell the rich man's heap!
What He scarce, ounce by ounce, from short allowance,
Sorely defrauding his own appetite,
Has spar'd, poor wretch! shall She sweep all at once,
Unheeding with what labour it was got.
Geta, moreover, shall be struck for more;
Another gift, when Madam's brought to bed;—
Another too, when Master's Birth-day's kept,
And they initiate him.—All this Mamma
Shall carry off, the Bantling her excuse.
But is that Geta?

Enter GETA *from* DEMIPHO'S *house*

GETA. If a red-hair'd man
Enquire for me——
DAVUS. No more! he's here.
GETA. Oh, Davus!
The very man that I was going after.
DAVUS. Here, take this! (*gives a purse*)
'tis all told; you'll find it right;
The sum I ow'd you.

GETA. Honest, worthy Davus!
I thank you for your punctuality.
DAVUS. And well you may, as men and times go now:
Things by my troth, are come to such a pass,
If a man pays you what he owes, you're much
Beholden to him.—But, pray, why so sad?
GETA. I?—You can scarce imagine in what dread,
What danger I am in.
DAVUS. How so?
GETA. I'll tell you,
So you will keep it secret.
DAVUS. Away, fool!
The man whose faith in money you have tried,
D'ye fear to trust with words?—And to what end
Should I deceive you?
GETA. List then!
DAVUS. I'm all ear.
GETA. D'ye know our old man's elder brother, Chremes?
DAVUS. Know him? Ay, sure.
GETA. You do?—And his son Phædria?
DAVUS. As well as I know you.
GETA. It so fell out,
Both the old men were forc'd to journey forth
At the same season. He to Lemnos, our's
Into Cilicia, to an old acquaintance
Who had decoy'd the old curmudgeon thither
By wheedling letters, almost promising
Mountains of gold.
DAVUS. To one that had so much
More than enough already?
GETA. Prithee, peace!
Money's his passion.
DAVUS. Oh, would I had been
A man of fortune, I!
GETA. At their departure,
The two old gentlemen appointed me
A kind of governor to both their sons.
DAVUS. A hard task, Geta!
GETA. Troth, I found it
My angry Genius for my sins ordain'd
At first I took upon me to oppose:
In short, while I was trusty to th' man,
The young one made my shoulders swer for it.
DAVUS. So I suppose: for what a fo ish task
To kick against the pricks!
GETA. I then resol
To give them their own way in ev thing.
DAVUS. Ay, then you made your m ket.
GETA. Our young spa
Play'd no mad pranks at first: Phædria
Got him immediately a Musick-Girl:
Fond of her to distraction! She long'd
To a most avaricious sordid pimp;
Nor had we aught to give;—th' old g tleman
Had taken care of That. Nought e remain'd,
Except to feed his eyes, to follow her,
To lead her out to school, and hand home.
We too, for lack of other business, ga
Our time to Phædria. Opposite school,
Whither she went to take her lesso stood
A Barber's shop, wherein most commo
We waited her return. Hither one d
Came a young man in tears: we w amaz'd,
And ask'd the cause. Never (said and wept)
Did I suppose the weight of poverty
A load so sad, so insupportable,
As it appear'd but now.—I saw but n
Not far from hence, a miserable virgin
Lamenting her dead mother. Near corpse
She sat: nor friend, nor kindred, acquaintance,

pt one poor old woman, was there
ar
id the funeral. I pitied her:
beauty too was exquisite.—In short,
nov'd us all: And Antipho at once
l, "Shall we go and visit her?"—
Vhy, ay,
nk so," said the other, "let us go!"
duct us, if you please."—We went,
riv'd
saw her.—Beautiful she was indeed!
e justly to be reckoned so, for she
no additions to set off her beauty.
hair dishevell'd, barefoot, woe-be-
ne,
ears, and miserably clad: that if
life and soul of beauty had not
velt
in her very form, all these together
t have extinguish'd it.—The spark,
ssess'd
ady with the Musick-Girl, just cried,
's well enough."—But our young
ntleman——
us. Fell, I suppose, in love?
A. In love indeed.
mark the end! Next day, away he
es
the old woman straight, beseeching
r
et him have the girl:—"Not she in-
ed!
was it like a gentleman," she said,
him to think on't: She's a citizen,
nonest girl, and born of honest par-
ts:—
e would marry her indeed, by law
night do *that;* on no account, aught
se."
spark, distracted, knew not what
do:
nce he long'd to marry her, at once
ded his absent father.
us. Would not He,
he returned, have giv'n consent?
. To wed
rl of neither family nor fortune?
r.
us. What then?

GETA. What then! There is a Parasite,
One Phormio, a bold enterprising fellow,
Who—all the Gods confound him!—
DAVUS. What did He?
GETA. Gave us the following counsel.—
"There's a law
That Orphan Girls should wed their next of kin,
Which law obliges too their next of kin
To marry them.—I'll say, that you're her kinsman,
And sue a writ against you. I'll pretend
To be her father's friend, and bring the cause
Before the judges. Who her father was,
Her mother who, and how she's your relation,
All this sham evidence I'll forge; by which
The cause will turn entirely in my favour.
You shall disprove no tittle of the charge;
So I succeed.—Your father will return;
Prosecute me;—what then?—the Girl's our own."
DAVUS. A pleasant piece of impudence!
GETA. It pleas'd
Our spark at least: He put it into practice;
Came into court; and he was cast; and married.
DAVUS. How say you?
GETA. Just as you have heard.
DAVUS. Oh Geta,
What will become of you?
GETA. I don't know, faith.
But only this I know, what'er chance brings,
I'll patiently endure.
DAVUS. Why, that's well said,
And like a man.
GETA. All my dependance is
Upon myself.
DAVUS. And that's the best.
GETA. I might
Beg one indeed to intercede for me,
Who may plead thus—"Nay, pardon him this once!
But if he fails again, I've not a word

To say for him."—And well if he don't add,
"When I go hence, e'en hang him!"
DAVUS. What of him,
Gentleman-Usher to the Musick-Girl?
How goes He on?
GETA. So, so!
DAVUS. He has not much
To give perhaps.
GETA. Just nothing, but mere hope.
DAVUS. His father too, is he return'd?
GETA. Not yet.
DAVUS. And your old man, when do you look for Him?
GETA. I don't know certainly; but I have heard
That there's a letter from him come to port,
Which I am going for.
DAVUS. Would you aught else
With me, good Geta?
GETA. Nothing, but Farewell!
(*Exit* DAVUS.)
Ho, Boy! what, nobody at home! (*Enter* BOY.) Take this,
And give it Dorcium. (*Gives the purse. Exeunt severally.*)

Enter ANTIPHO *and* PHÆDRIA *from the house*

ANT. Is it come to this?
My father, Phædria!—my best friend!—That I
Should tremble, when I think of his return!
When, had I not been inconsiderate,
I, as 'tis meet, might have expected him.
PHÆ. What now?
ANT. Is that a question? And from You,
Who know th' atrocious fault I have committed?
Oh, that it ne'er had enter'd Phormio's mind
To give such counsel! nor to urge me on,
In the extravagance of blind desire,
To this rash act, the source of my fortunes!
I should not have possest her: that deed
Had made me wretched some few d But then
This constant anguish had not torn mind,—
PHÆ. I hear you.
ANT. —while each moment I ex
His coming to divorce me.
PHÆ. Other
For lack of what they love, are m able;
Abundance is your grievance. You're rich
A lover, Antipho! For your conditio
Is to be wish'd and pray'd for. Now heaven,
Might I, so long as you have done, e
My love, it were bought cheaply my life.
How hard my lot, unsatisfied, unble
How happy yours, in full possession! One
Of lib'ral birth, ingenuous dispositio
And honest fame, without expence, yo got:
The wife, whom you desir'd!—in things blest,
But want the disposition to believe s
Had you, like me, a scoundrel pimp deal with,
Then you'd perceive—But sure 'tis our nature,
Never to be contented.
ANT. Now to M
Phædria, 'tis You appear the happy
Still quite at large, free to consider
To keep, pursue, or quit her: I, alas,
Have so entangled and perplext my
That I can neither keep, nor let go.—
What now? isn't that our Geta, who see
Running this way?—'Tis he himse Ah me!
How do I fear what news he brings!

Enter GETA *running*

Confusion!
lick thought, Geta, or you're quite
done,
any evils take you unprepar'd;
h I know neither how to shun, nor
w
xtricate myself: for this bold stroke
rs can't long be hid.
What's this confusion?
. Then I have scarce a moment's
e to think.
naster has arriv'd.
What mischief's that?
. Who, when he shall have heard
by what art
I appease his anger?—Shall I
ak?
l irritate him.—Hold my peace?—
age him.—
nd myself? — Impossible! — Oh,
etch!
for myself in pain, now Antipho
acts my mind.—But *him* I pity
st;
im I fear; 'tis *he* retains me here:
were it not for *him*, I'd soon pro-
le
ny own safety—ay, and be reveng'd
he old greybeard—carry something
,
shew my master a light pair of heels.
. What scheme to rob and run
ay is this?
. But where shall I find Antipho?
ere seek him?
. He mentions you.
I know not what, but doubt
he's the messenger of some ill news.
. Have you your wits?
. I'll home: he's chiefly there.
. Let's call him back!
Holo, you! stop!
Heyday!
ority enough, be who you will.
Geta.
. The very man I wish'd to meet!

ANT. Tell us, what news?—in one word, if you can.
GETA. I'll do it.
ANT. Speak!
GETA. This moment at the Port——
ANT. My father?
GETA. Even so.
ANT. Undone!
PHÆ. Heyday!
ANT. What shall I do?
PHÆ. What say you?
GETA. That I've seen
His father, Sir,—your Uncle.
ANT. How shall I,
Wretch that I am! oppose this sudden evil?
Should I be so unhappy, to be torn
From thee, my Phanium, life's not worth my care.
GETA. Since that's the case then, Antipho, you ought
To be the more upon your guard.
ANT. Alas!
I'm not myself.
GETA. But now you should be most so, Antipho.
For if your father should discern your fear,
He'll think you conscious of a fault.
PHÆ. That's true.
ANT. I cannot help it, nor seem otherwise.
GETA. How would you manage in worse difficulties?
ANT. Since I'm not equal to bear this, to those
I should be more unequal.
GETA. This is nothing.
Pooh, Phædria, let him go! why waste our time?
I will be gone. (*Going.*)
PHÆ. And I. (*Going.*)
ANT. Nay, prithee, stay!
What if I should dissemble?—will that do? (*Endeavouring to assume another air.*)
GETA. Ridiculous!
ANT. Nay, look at me! Will that Suffice?

GETA. Not it.
ANT. Or this?
GETA. Almost.
ANT. Or this?
GETA. Ay, now you've hit it. Do but stick to that;
Answer him boldly; give him hit for dash,
Nor let him bear you down with angry words.
ANT. I understand you.
GETA. "Forc'd"—"against your will"—"By law"—"by sentence of the court"—d'ye take me?—
But what old gentleman is that, I see
Turning the corner of the street?
ANT. 'Tis he.
I dare not face him. (*Going.*)
GETA. Ah, what is't you do?
Where d'ye run, Antipho! Stay, stay, I say.
ANT. I know myself and my offence too well:
To you then I commend my life and love. (*Exit.*)
PHÆ. Geta, what now?
GETA. You shall be roundly chid;
I soundly drubb'd; or I am much deceiv'd.
But what e'en now we counsell'd Antipho.
It now behoves ourselves to practise, Phædria.
PHÆ. Talk not of what behoves, but say at once
What you would have me do.
GETA. Do you remember
The plea, whereon you both agreed to rest,
At your first vent'ring on this enterprise?
"That Phormio's suit was just, sure, equitable?
Not to be controverted."—
PHÆ. I remember.
GETA. Now then that plea! or, if it's possible,
One better, and more plausible.
PHÆ. I'll do't.
GETA. Do you attack him first! I'll lie in ambush,
To re-inforce you, if you give groun
PHÆ. Well. (*They ret*

Enter DEMIPHO

DEM. How's this! A wife! what, tipho! and ne'er
Ask my consent?—nor my authority
Or, grant we pass authority, not drea
My wrath at least?—To have no s of shame?
Oh, impudence!—Oh, Geta, rare adv
GETA (*aside*). At last.
DEM. What will they say to me,
Or what excuse they will devise, I wo
GETA (*aside*). Oh, we have settled already: Think
Of something else.
DEM. Will he say this to m
"Against my will I did it"—"Forc'd law"—
I hear you: I confess it.
GETA (*aside*). Very we
DEM. But conscious of the fraud, v out a word
In answer or defence, to yield the c
Tamely to your opponents—did the
Force you to *that* too?
PHÆ. (*aside*). That's home.
GETA (*aside*). Give me le
I'll manage it.
DEM. I know not what to
This stroke has come so unawares u me,
Beyond all expectation, past belief.—
I'm so enrag'd, I can't compose my r
To think upon it.—Wherefore ev'ry r
When his affairs go on most sw mingly,
E'en then it most behoves to arm self
Against the coming storm: loss, da exile,
Returning ever let him look to meet
His son in fault, wife dead, or daug sick—
All common accidents, and may happen'd;

nothing should seem new or strange.
ıt if
ıt has fall'n out beyond his hopes,
that
him account clear gain.
\ (*aside to* PHÆDRIA). Oh, Phæ-
ia,
wonderful how much a wiser man
ı than my old master. My misfor-
nes
ve consider'd well.—At his return
n'd to grind ever in the mill, beat,
ain'd,
et to labour in the fields;—of these
ing will happen new. If aught falls
t
nd my hopes, all that I'll count clear
in.
why delay t'accost th' old gentle-
an,
speak him fair at first?

(PHÆDRIA *goes forward*)

. Methinks I see
nephew Phædria.
.. My good Uncle, welcome!
. Your servant!—But where's An-
ho?
. I'm glad
ee you safe——
. Well, well!—But answer me.
. He's well, hard by.—But have af-
irs turn'd out
rding to your wishes?
.. Would they had!
. Why, what's the matter?
. What's the matter, Phædria?
ve clapp'd up a fine marriage in my
sence.
.. What! are you angry with him
out That?
\ (*aside*). Well conterfeited!
. Should I not be angry?
ne but set eyes on him, he shall know
his offences have converted me
ı a mild father to a most severe one.
.. He has done nothing, Uncle, to
end you.

DEM. See, all alike! the whole gang
hangs together:
Know one, and you know all.
PHÆ. Nay, 'tis not so.
DEM. One does a fault, the other's hand
at hand
To bear him out; when t'other slips, *he's*
ready:
Each in their turn!
GETA (*aside*). I' faith th' old gentle-
man
Has blunder'd on their humours to a hair.
DEM. For, were't not so, you'd not de-
fend him, Phædria.
PHÆ. If, Uncle, Antipho has done a
wrong
Or to his interest, or reputation,
I am content he suffer, as he may:
But if another, with malicious fraud,
Has laid a snare for inexperienced youth,
And triumph'd o'er it; can you lay the
blame
On us, or on the judges, who oft take
Thro' envy from the rich, or from com-
passion
Add to the poor?
GETA (*aside*). Unless I knew the cause,
I should imagine this was the truth he
spoke.
DEM. What judge can know the merits
on your side,
When you put in no plea; as he has
done?
PHÆ. He has behav'd like an ingenu-
ous youth.
When he came into court, he wanted
pow'r
To utter what he had prepar'd, so much
He was abash'd by fear and modesty.
GETA (*aside*). Oh brave!—But why,
without more loss of time,
Don't I accost th' old man? (*Going up*)
My master, welcome!
I am rejoiced to see you safe return'd.
DEM. What! my good master Governor!
your slave!
The prop! the pillar of our family!
To whom, at my departure hence, I gave
My son in charge.

GETA. I've heard you for some time
Accuse us all quite undeservedly,
And me, of all, most undeservedly.
For what could I have done in this affair?
A slave the laws will not allow to plead;
Nor can he be an evidence.
DEM. I grant it.
Nay more—the boy was bashful—I allow it.—
You but a slave.—But if she had been prov'd
Ever so plainly a relation, why
Needed he marry her? and why not rather
Give her, according to the law, a portion,
And let her seek some other for a husband?
Why did he rather bring a beggar home?
GETA. 'Twas not the thought, but money that was wanting.
DEM. He might have borrow'd it.
GETA. Have borrow'd it!
Easily said.
DEM. If not to be had else,
On interest.
GETA. Nay, now indeed you've hit it.
Who would advance him money in your life?
DEM. Well, well, it shall not, and it cannot be,
That I should suffer her to live with him
As wife a single day. There is no cause.—
Would I might see that fellow, or could tell
Where he resides!
GETA. What, Phormio!
DEM. The girl's Patron!
GETA. He shall be with you straight.
DEM. Where's Antipho?
PHÆ. Abroad.
DEM. Go, Phædria; find him, bring him here.
PHÆ. I'll go directly. (*Exit.*)
GETA (*aside*). Ay, to Pamphila. (*Exit.*)

ACT II

Enter PHORMIO *and* GETA

PHOR. And Antipho, you say, has sl
away,
Fearing his father's presence?
GETA. Very t
PHOR. Poor Phanium left alone ?
GETA. 'Tis ever
PHOR. And the old gentleman enra
GETA. Ind
PHOR. The sum of all then, Phor
rests on You:
On you, and you alone. You've b
this cake,
E'en eat it for your pains. Abou
then!
GETA. I do beseech you.
PHOR. (*to himself*). What if he
quire?—
GETA. Our only hope's in You.
PHOR. (*to himself*). I have it!—T
Suppose he offer to return the girl?
GETA. You urg'd us to it.
PHOR. Ay! it shall be
GETA. Assist us!
PHOR. Let him come, Old Gentlem
'Tis here: it is engender'd: I am ar
With all my counsels.
GETA. What d'ye mean to
PHOR. What would you have me
unless contrive
That Phanium may remain, that Anti
Be freed from blame, and all the
man's rage
Turn'd upon Me?
GETA. Brave fellow! friend ind
And yet I often tremble for you, Phor
Lest all this noble confidence of y
End in the stocks at last.
PHOR. Ah, 'tis no
I'm an old stager too, and know my r
How many men d'ye think I've bast
doed
Almost to death? Aliens, and Citiz
The oftener, still the safer.—Tell
then,
Didst ever hear of actions for assau

batt'ry brought against me?
. How comes that?
R. Because the net's not stretch'd
catch the hawk,
ite, who do us wrong; but laid for
ose,
do us none at all: In them there's
ofit,
ese mere labour lost. Thus other
en
be in danger, who have aught to
e;
e world knows, have nothing.—You
ll say,
'll seize my person.—No, they won't
aintain
llow of my stomach.—And they're
se,
y opinion, if for injuries
'll not return the highest benefit.
A. It is impossible for Antipho
give you thanks sufficient.
R. Rather say,
man sufficiently can thank his patron.
at free cost to come! anointed,
th'd,
and gay! while he's eat up with
re
charge, to cater for your entertain-
ent!
gnaws his heart, you laugh; eat first,
first,
see a Doubtful Banquet plac'd be-
re you!
A. Doubtful! what phrase is that?
R. Where you're in doubt,
t you shall rather chuse. Delights
e these,
n you but think how sweet, how
ar, they are;
that affords them must you not sup-
se
ry Deity?
A. The old man's here.
d what you do! the first attack's the
rcest:
ain but that, the rest will be mere
ay. (*They retire.*)

Enter DEMIPHO *with* HEGIO, CRATINUS, *and* CRITO

DEM. Was ever man so grossly treated, think ye?—
This way, Sirs, I beseech you.
GETA (*aside*). He's enrag'd!
PHOR. (*aside*). Hist! mind your cue: I'll work him. (*Aloud*) Oh, ye Gods!
Does he deny that Phanium's his relation?
What, Demipho! Does Demipho deny
That Phanium is his kinswoman?
GETA. He does.
PHOR. And who her father was he does not know?
GETA. No.
DEM. (*to his friends*). Here's the very fellow, I believe,
Of whom I have been speaking.—Follow me!
PHOR. And that he does not know, who Stilpho was?
GETA. No.
PHOR. Ah, because, poor thing, she's left in want,
Her father is unknown, and she despis'd.
What will not avarice do?
GETA. If you insinuate
My master's avaricious, woe be to you!
DEM. Oh impudence! he dares accuse me first.
PHOR. As to the youth I cannot take offence,
If *he* had not much knowledge of him; since
Now in the vale of years, in want, his work
His livelihood, he nearly altogether
Liv'd in the country; where he held a farm
Under my father. I have often heard
The poor old man complain, that this his kinsman
Neglected him.—But what a man! A man
Of most exceeding virtue.
GETA. Much at one:
Yourself and He you praise so much.

PHOR. Away!
Had I not thought him what I've spoken of him,
I would not for his daughter's sake have drawn
So many troubles on our family,
Whom this old cuff now treats so scandalously.
GETA. What, still abuse my absent master, Rascal!
PHOR. It is no more than he deserves.
GETA. How, villain!
DEM. (*calling*). Geta!
GETA (*pretending not to hear*). Rogue, Robber, Pettyfogger!
DEM. Geta!
PHOR. (*aside*). Answer.
GETA (*turning*). Who's that?—Oh!
DEM. Peace!
GETA. Behind your back
All day without cessation has this knave
Thrown scurvy terms upon you, such as none
But men, like him, can merit.
DEM. Well! have done
(*To* PHORMIO) Young man! permit me first to ask one question,
And, if you please, vouchsafe to answer me.—
Who was this friend of your's? Explain! and how
Might he pretend that I was his relation?
PHOR. So! you fish for't, as if you didn't know.
DEM. Know I!
PHOR. Ay; you.
DEM. Not I: You that maintain
I ought, instruct me how to recollect.
PHOR. What! not acquainted with your cousin.
DEM. Plague!
Tell me his name.
PHOR. His name? ay!
DEM. Well, why don't you?
PHOR. (*aside*). Confusion! I've forgot the name.
DEM. What say you?
PHOR. (*aside to* GETA). Geta, if you remember, prompt me. (*Ala*
Pshaw!
I will not tell. As if you didn't know
You're come to try me.
DEM. How! I try you
GETA (*whispering*). Stilp
PHOR. What is't to me?—Stilpho.
DEM. Whom say you
PHOR. Stilp
Did you know Stilpho, Sir?
DEM. I neither know h
Nor ever had I kinsman of that nam
PHOR. How! are you not asham'd
But if, poor man,
Stilpho had left behind him an estat
Of some Ten Talents——
DEM. Out upon you!
PHOR. T
You would have been the first to tr
your line
Quite from your Grandsire and Gr
Grandsire.
DEM. True.
Had I then come, I'd have explain'd
large
How she was my relation: So do Yo
Say, how is she my kinswoman?
GETA. Well sa
Master, you're right. (*Aside to* PH
MIO) Take heed!
PHOR. I have explain'd
All that most clearly, where I ought,
court.
If it were false, why did not then y
son
Refute it?
DEM. Do you tell me of my so
Whose folly can't be spoke of, as
ought?
PHOR. But You, who are so wise,
seek the judge:
Ask sentence in the self-same ca
again:
Because You're Lord alone; and h
alone
Pow'r to obtain the judgment of
court
Twice in one cause.
DEM. Although I have been wron

lather than engage in litigation,
father than hear You; as if she
e
l related to us, as the law
as, I'll pay her dowry: Take her
ce,
ith her take Five Minæ.
Ha! ha! ha!
asant gentleman!
Why, what's the matter?
I demanded anything unjust?
t I obtain this neither, which is
?
Is't even so, Sir?—Like a com-
h harlot
you've abus'd her, does the law
ain
you should pay her hire, and whis-
her off?
st a citizen thro' poverty
shame upon her honour, does it
er
she be given to her next of kin
ass her life with him? which you
id.
Ay; to her next of kin: But why
Us;
nerefore?
Oh! that matter is all settled:
on't no more.
Not think on't! I shall think
thing else, till there's an end of
.
Words, words!
I'll make them good.
But, after all,
You I have no business, Demipho!
Son is cast; not You: for at your
oupling-time is over.
Be assur'd
all I've said, He says: Or I'll forbid
nd this wife of his my house.
(*aside*). He's angry.
No; you'll think better on't.
Are you resolv'd,
h that you are, to thwart me ev'ry
?

PHOR. (*aside to* GETA). He fears, tho' he dissembles.
GETA (*aside to* PHORMIO). Well begun!
PHOR. Well; but what can't be cur'd must be endur'd:
'Twere well, and like yourself, that we were friends.
DEM. I! friend to you? or chuse to see, or hear you!
PHOR. Do but agree with her, you'll have a girl
To comfort your old age. Your years, consider!
DEM. Plague on your comfort! take her to yourself!
PHOR. Ah! don't be angry!
DEM. One word more, I've done.
See that you fetch away this wench, and soon,
Or I shall turn her headlong out o' doors.
So much for Phormio!
PHOR. Offer but to touch her,
In any other manner than beseems
A gentlewoman and a citizen,
And I shall bring a swinging writ against you.
So much for Demipho!—(*Aside to* GETA) If I am wanted,
I am at home, d'ye hear.
GETA (*aside to* PHORMIO). I understand.
(*Exit* PHORMIO.)
DEM. With how much care, and what solicitude,
My son affects me, with this wretched match
Having embroil'd himself and me! nor comes
Into my sight, that I might know at least
Or what he says, or thinks of this affair.
Go, you; and see if he's come home, or no.
GETA. I'm gone. (*Exit.*)
DEM. You see, Sirs, how this matter stands.
What shall I do? Say, Hegio!
HEGIO. Meaning me?
Cratinus, please you, should speak first.
DEM. Say then, Cratinus!
CRAT. Me d'ye question?

DEM. You.
CRAT. Then I,
Whatever steps are best I'd have you take.
Thus, it appears to Me. Whate'er your son
Has in your absence done, is null and void
In law and equity.—And so you'll find.
That's my opinion.
DEM. Say now, Hegio?
HEGIO. He has, I think, pronounc'd most learnedly.
But so 'tis: many men, and many minds!
Each has his fancy: Now, in my opinion,
Whate'er is done by law, can't be undone.
'Tis shameful to attempt it.
DEM. Say you, Crito!
CRITO. The case, I think, asks more deliberation.
'Tis a nice point.
HEGIO. Would you aught else with us?
DEM. You've utter'd Oracles. (*Exeunt friends.*) I'm more uncertain
Now than I was before.

Re-enter GETA

GETA. He's not return'd.
DEM. My Brother, as I hope, will soon arrive;
Whate'er advice he gives me, that I'll follow.
I'll to the Port, and ask when they expect him. (*Exit.*)
GETA. And I'll go find out Antipho, and tell him
All that has past.—But here he comes in time.

Enter ANTIPHO

ANT. (*to himself*). Indeed, indeed, my Antipho,
You're much to blame, to be so poor in spirit.
What! steal away so guilty-like? and trust
Your life and safety to the care of others?
Would They be touch'd more nearly than Yourself?
Come what come might of ev'ry beside,
Could you abandon the dear mai home?
Could you so far deceive her easy fa
And leave her to misfortune and dist
Her, who plac'd all hopes in you alo
GETA (*coming forward*). I'faith, we have thought you much to bla
For your long absence.
ANT. You're the very
That I was looking for.
GETA. But ne'erth
We've mist no opportunity.
ANT. Oh, spe
How go my fortunes, Geta? has my fa
Any suspicion that I was in league
With Phormio?
GETA. Not a jot.
ANT. And may I h
GETA. I don't know.
ANT. Ah!
GETA. Unless that Pha
Did all he could do for you.
ANT. Nothing
GETA. And Phormio, as on all occa else,
Prov'd himself a brave fellow.
ANT. What did
GETA. Out-swagger'd your hot fathe
ANT. Well said, Phor
GETA. I did the best I could, too.
ANT. Honest
I am much bounden to you all.
GETA. Thus,
Stand things at present. As yet a calm.
Your father means to wait your ur coming.
ANT. For what?
GETA. For his advic he propos'd;
By which he will be rul'd in this affa
ANT. How do I dread my uncle's co Geta,
Since by his sentence I must live o
GETA. But here comes Phædria.

Where?
From his old school.
(*They retire.*)

Enter DORIO *and* PHÆDRIA

Nay, hear me, Dorio!
Not I.
But a word!
Let me alone.
Pray, hear me!
I am tir'd
hearing the same thing a thousand
es.
But what I'd say, you would be
to hear.
Speak then! I hear.
Can't I prevail on you
ay but these three days?—Nay,
re d'ye go?
I should have wonder'd had you
aught new.
(*aside to* GETA). This Pimp, I fear,
work himself no good.
I fear so too.
Won't you believe

Guess.
Upon my honour.
Nonsense.
'Tis a kindness
be repaid with interest.
Words, words!
You'll be glad on't; you will, be-
e me.
Pshaw!
Try; 'tis not long.
You're in the same tune still.
My kinsman, parent, friend.—
Ay, talk away.
Can you be so inflexible, so cruel,
neither pity, nor entreaties touch
?
And can You be so inconsiderate,
o unconscionable, Phædria,
ink that you can *talk* me to your
ose,
wheedle me to give the girl for
ing?

ANT. (*aside*). Poor Phædria!
PHÆ. (*to himself*). Alas, he speaks the truth.
GETA (*aside to* ANTIPHO). How well they each support their characters!
PHÆ. (*to himself*). Then that this evil should have come upon me,
When Antipho was in the like distress!
ANT. (*coming forward*). Ha! what now, Phædria?
PHÆ. Happy, happy Antipho!—
ANT. I?
PHÆ. Who have her you love in your possession,
Nor e'er had plagues like these, to struggle with!
ANT. In my possession? yes, I have indeed,
As the old saying goes, a Wolf by the Ears:
For I can neither part with her, nor keep her.
DOR. 'Tis just my case with Him.
ANT. (*to* DORIO). Thou thorough Bawd!
(*To* PHÆDRIA). What has he done?
PHÆ. Done?—The inhuman wretch
Has sold my Pamphila.
GETA. What! Sold her?
ANT. Sold her?
PHÆ. Yes; sold her.
DOR. Sold her.—What a monstrous crime!
A wench he paid his ready money for.
PHÆ. I can't prevail upon him, to wait for me,
And to stave off his bargain but three days;
Till I obtain the money from my friends,
According to their promise.—If I do not
Pay it you then, don't wait a moment longer.
DOR. You stun me.
ANT. 'Tis a very little time,
For which he asks your patience, Dorio.
Let him prevail on you; your complaisance
Shall be requited doubly.
DOR. Words: mere words!

ANT. Can you then bear to see your Pamphila
Torn from this city, Phædria?—Can you, Dorio,
Divide their loves?
DOR. Nor I, nor you.
GETA. Plague on you!
DOR. I have, against my natural disposition,
Borne with you several months, still promising,
Whimpering, and ne'er performing anything:
Now, on the contrary, I've found a spark,
Who'll prove a ready-paymaster, no sniveler:
Give place then to your betters!
ANT. Surely, Phædria,
There was, if I remember, a day settled
That you should pay the money down.
PHÆ. There was.
DOR. Do I deny it?
ANT. Is the day past?
DOR. No.
But this has come before it.
ANT. Infamous!
Ar'n't you asham'd of such base treachery?
DOR. Not I, while I can get by't.
GETA. Scavenger!
PHÆ. Is this just dealing, Dorio?
DOR. 'Tis my way:
So, if you like me, use me.
ANT. Can you deceive him thus?
DOR. Nay, Antipho,
'Tis *he* deceives *me:* he was well aware
What kind of man I was, but I believ'd
Him diff'rent. He has disappointed me,
But I am still the same to him as ever.
However, thus much I can do for him;
The Captain promis'd to pay down the money
To-morrow morning. But now, Phædria,
If you come first, I'll follow my old rule,
"The first to pay, shall be first serv'd."
Farewell. (*Exit.*)
PHÆ. What shall I do? Unhappy that I am,
How shall I, who am almost worse nothing,
Raise such a sum so suddenly?—Al
Had I prevail'd on him to wait three
I had a promise of it.
ANT. Shall we, Ge
Suffer my Phædria to be miserable?
My best friend Phædria, who but you said,
Assisted me so heartily?—No.—F
Let us, since there's need, retur kindness!
GETA. It is but just, I must confess
ANT. Come
'Tis you alone can save him.
GETA. By what m
ANT. Procure the money.
GETA. Willingly: but wh
ANT. My father is arriv'd.
GETA. He is: what
ANT. A word to the wise, Geta!
GETA. Say yo
ANT. Ev'n so.
GETA. By Hercules, 'tis advice.
Are you there with me? will it n triumph,
So I but scape a scouring for your n
That you must urge me to run risk *him?*
ANT. He speaks the truth, I confess.
PHÆ. How's that?
Am I a stranger to you, Geta?
GETA. No:
Nor do I hold you such. But nothing,
That Demipho now rages at us all,
Unless we irritate him so much furt
As to preclude all hopes to pacify hi
PHÆ. Shall then another bear her h Ah me!
Now then, while I remain, speak t Antipho.
Behold me!
ANT. Wherefore? what is i mean?
PHÆ. Wherever she's convey'd, I' low her;

rish.
Heaven prosper your designs!—
, Sir, gently!
See, if you can help
.
Help him! but how?
Nay, think,
ent, devise;
ie do something we repent of, Geta!
I'm thinking. (*Pausing*) Well,
n, I believe he's safe.
'm afraid of mischief.
Never fear:
bear all good and evil fortune with
.
Tell me the sum you have occa-
n for.
But Thirty Minæ.
Thirty! monstrous,
edria!
very dear.
Dog-cheap.
Well, say no more.
t them for you.
O brave fellow!
Hence!
But I shall want it *now*.
You'll have it *now*.
'hormio must assist me in this busi-
s.
He's ready: lay what load you will
n him,
bear it all; for he's a friend indeed.
Let's to him quickly then!
D'ye want my help?
We've no occasion for you. Get
home
e poor girl, who's almost dead with
r;
see you comfort her.—Away! d'ye
er?
There's nothing I would do so
lingly. (*Exit.*)
But how will you effect this?
I'll explain
matter as we go along.—Away!
(*Exeunt.*)

Act III

Enter Demipho *and* Chremes

Dem. Well, Chremes? have you brought
your daughter with you,
On whose account you went to Lemnos?
Chr. No.
Dem. Why not?
Chr. Her mother grown, it
seems, impatient,
Perceiving that I tarried here so long,
And that the girl's age brook'd not my
delays,
Had journey'd here, they said, in search
of me,
With her whole family.
Dem. Appriz'd of this,
What kept you there so long then?
Chr. A disease.
Dem. How came it? what disease?
Chr. Is that a question?
Old age itself is a disease.—However,
The master of the ship, who brought them
over,
Inform'd me of their safe arrival hither.
Dem. Have you heard, Chremes, of my
son's misfortune
During my absence?
Chr. Ay; and it con-
founds me.
For to another should I tender her,
I must relate the girl's whole history,
And whence arises my connexion with her.
You I can trust as safely as myself:
But if a stranger courts alliance with me,
While we're new friends, he'll hold his
peace perhaps,
But if he cools, he'll know too much of
me.
Then I'm afraid my wife should know of
this;
Which if she does, I've nothing else to do,
But shake myself, and leave my house
directly:
For I've no friend at home, except my-
self.
Dem. I know it; and 'tis that which
touches me.

Nor are there any means I'll leave untried,
Till I have made my promise to you good.

Enter GETA

GETA (*to himself*). I never saw a more shrewd rogue than Phormio.
I came to let him know we wanted money,
With my device for getting it; and scarce
Had I related half, but he conceiv'd me.
He was o'erjoy'd; commended me; demanded
To meet with Demipho; and thank'd the Gods,
That it was now the time to shew himself
As truly Phædria's friend, as Antipho's.
I bad him wait us at the Forum; whither
I'd bring th' old gentleman.—And there he is!
But who's the furthermost? Ha! Phædria's father.
Yet what was I afraid of, Simpleton?
That I have got two dupes instead of one?
Is it not better that my hopes are doubled?
I'll attack him I first propos'd. If He
Answers my expectation, well: if not,
Why then have at you, Uncle!

Enter ANTIPHO

ANT. (*to himself*). I expect
Geta's arrival presently.—But see!
Yonder's my Uncle with my father.—Ah!
How do I dread his influence!
GETA (*aside*). I'll to them.
(*Aloud*) Oh, good Sir Chremes!
CHR. Save you, save you, Geta!
GETA. I'm glad to see you safe arriv'd.
CHR. I thank you.
GETA. How go affairs?
CHR. A world of changes here,
As usual at first coming home again.
GETA. True. Have you heard of Antipho's affair?
CHR. The whole.
GETA. You told him, Sir?—
'Tis monstrous, Chremes,
To be so shamefully impos'd upon!
DEM. 'Twas on that point I was talking with him.
GETA. And I too have turn'd it in thoughts,
Have found, I think, a remedy.
DEM. How, G
What remedy?
GETA. On leaving you, by ch
I met with Phormio.
CHR. Who is Phor
GETA. The girl's solicitor.
CHR. I unders
GETA. I thought within myself, "sup I sound him!"
And taking him aside, "Now pri Phormio,
Why don't you try to settle this affa
By fair means rather than by fo said I.
"My master is a generous gentleman
And hates to go to law. For I assure
His other friends advis'd him, to a
To turn this girl directly out o'doors
ANT. (*aside*). What does he mean where will all this end?
GETA. "The law, you think, will give damages,
If he attempts to turn her out.—Ala
He has had counsel upon that.—I'fa
You'll have hot work, if you engage Him;
He's such an Orator!—But ev'n sup
That you should gain your law-suit, all
The trial is not for his life, but mone
Perceiving him a little wrought upo
And soften'd by this style of talking him,
"Come now," continued I, "we're alone.
Tell me, what money would you tak hand
To drop your law-suit, take away girl,
And trouble us no farther?"
ANT. (*aside*) Is he m
GETA. "For I am well convinc'd, th your terms

ot extravagant and wild indeed,
aster's such a worthy gentleman,
ill not change three words between
."
Who
ission'd you to say all this?
Nay, nay,
ng could be more happy to effect
oint we labour at.
(*aside*). Undone!
Go on.
At first he rav'd.
Why, what did he demand?
Too much: as much as came into
head.
Well, but the sum?
He talk'd of a Great Talent.
Plague on the rascal! what! has he
shame?
The very thing I said to him.—
ppose
as to portion out an only daughter,
could he give her more?—He
fits little,
g no daughter of his own; since one
und, to carry off a fortune from
."
o be brief, and not to dwell upon
s impertinencies, he at last
me this final answer.—"From the
t,
h'd," said he, "as was indeed most

ed the daughter of my friend my-
:
was well aware of her misfortune;
being poor, she would be rather
en
very, than wedlock, to the rich.
was forc'd, to tell you the plain
h,
ke a woman with some little for-
e,
y my debts: and still, if Demipho
lling to advance so large a sum,
n to have with one I'm now en-
'd to,
is no wife I'd rather take than
."

Ant. (*aside*). Whether through malice
or stupidity,
He is rank knave or fool, I cannot tell.
Dem. What if he owes his soul?
Geta. "I have a farm,"
Continued he, "that's mortgag'd for Ten
Minæ."
Dem. Well, let him take her then: I'll
pay the money.
Geta. "A house for ten more."
Dem. Huy! huy! that's too much.
Chr. No noise! demand those ten of me.
Geta. "My wife
Must buy a maid; some little furniture
Is also requisite; and some expence
To keep our wedding: all these articles,"
Continues he, "we'll reckon at Ten
Minæ."
Dem. No; let him bring ten thousand
writs against me.
I'll give him nothing. What! afford the
villain
An opportunity to laugh at me?
Chr. Nay, but be pacified! I'll pay the
money.
Only do you prevail upon your son
To marry her, whom we desire.
Ant. (*aside*). Ah me!
Geta, your treachery has ruin'd me.
Chr. She's put away on my account:
'tis just
That I should pay the money.
Geta. "Let me know,"
Continues he, "as soon as possible,
Whether they mean to have me marry
her;
That I may part with t'other, and be
certain.
For t'other girl's relations have agreed
To pay the portion down immediately."
Chr. He shall be paid *this* too im-
mediately.
Let him break off with her, and take this
girl!
Dem. Ay, and the plague go with him!
Chr. Luckily
It happens I've some money here; the
rents

Of my wife's farms at Lemnos. I'll take that;
And tell my wife that you had need of it.
(*Exeunt.*)
ANT. (*coming forward*). Geta!
GETA. Ah, Antipho!
ANT. What have you done?
GETA. Trick'd the old bubbles of their money.
ANT. Well,
Is that sufficient, think ye?
GETA. I can't tell.
'Twas all my orders.
ANT. Knave, d'ye shuffle with me? (*Kicks him.*)
GETA. Plague! what d'ye mean?
ANT. What did I mean, sirrah!
You've driven me to absolute perdition.
All pow'rs of heav'n and hell confound you for't,
And make you an example to all villains!
Here! would you have your business duly manag'd,
Commit it to this fellow!—What could be
More tender than to touch upon this sore,
Or even name my wife? My father's filled
With hopes that she may be dismiss'd.—And then
If Phormio gets the money for the portion,
He to be sure must marry her.—And what
Becomes of me then?
GETA. He'll not marry her.
ANT. Oh, no: but when they re-demand the money,
On my account he'll rather go to jail!
GETA. Many a tale is spoilt in telling, Antipho.
You take out all the good and leave the bad.
Now hear the other side.—If he receives
The money, he must wed the girl: I grant it.
But then some little time must be allow'd
For wedding-preparation, invitation,
And sacrifices.—Meanwhile, Phædria's friends
Advance the money they have pr
him:
Which Phormio shall make use of
payment.
ANT. How so? what reason ca
give?
GETA. What reason?
A thousand.—"Since I made this
bargain,
Omens and prodigies have happe
me.
There came a strange black dog in
house!
A snake fell through the tiling!
crow'd!
The Soothsayer forbad it! The Di
Charg'd me to enter on no new affai
Before the winter.—All sufficient re
Thus it shall be.
ANT. Pray heav'n, it may
GETA. It
Depend on me:—But here's your f
—Go;
Tell Phædria that the money's s
(*Exit* ANTI

Re-enter DEMIPHO *and* CHREM

DEM. Nay,
I'll warrant he shall play no tricks
us:
I'll not part rashly with it, I assur
But pay it before witnesses, recitin
To whom 'tis paid, and why 'tis pai
GETA (*aside*). How ca
Where there is no occasion!
CHR. You had
But haste, dispatch it while the fit's
him:
For if the other party should be pr
Perhaps he'll break with us.
GETA. You've hit
DEM. Carry me to him then.
GETA. I wait your pl
CHR. When this is done, step over
wife,
That she may see the girl before she
And tell her, to prevent her being

we've agreed to marry her to
rmio,
d acquaintance, and a fitter match;
we have not been wanting in our
',
ven as large a portion as he ask'd."
Pshaw! what's all this to you?
A great deal, Brother.
Is't not sufficient to have done
r duty,
the world approves it?
I would chuse
ve the whole thing done by her
ent:
she pretend we turn'd her out
ors.
Well, I can say all this to her
elf.
A woman deals much better with
oman.
I'll ask your wife to do it then.
(*Exeunt* DEMIPHO *and* GETA.)
I'm thinking,
I shall find these women now.

Enter SOPHRONA

(*to herself*). Alas!
shall I do, unhappy as I am?
find a friend? to whom disclose
story?
om beseech assistance?—For I fear
istress will sustain some injury
following my counsel: the youth's
er,
, is so offended at this marriage.
Who's this old woman, coming
n my brother's,
ng so terrified?
(*to herself*). 'Twas poverty
ell'd me to this action: tho' I knew
natch would hardly hold together
',
advis'd her to it, that meanwhile
ight not want subsistence.
Surely, surely,
my mind deceives me, or eyes fail

t's my daughter's nurse.

SOPH. Nor can we find——
CHR. What shall I do?
SOPH. ——her father out.
CHR. Were't best
I should go up to her, or wait a little,
To gather something more from her discourse?
SOPH. Could *he* be found, my fears were at an end.
CHR. 'Tis she. I'll speak with her.
SOPH. Whose voice is that?
CHR. Sophrona!
SOPH. Ha! my name too?
CHR. Look this way.
SOPH. Good heav'n have mercy on us! Stilpho!
CHR. No.
SOPH. Deny your own name?
CHR. This way, Sophrona!—
A little further from that door!—this way!—
And never call me by that name, I charge you.
SOPH. What! ar'n't you then the man you said you were?
CHR. Hist! hist!
SOPH. What makes you fear those doors so much?
CHR. I have a fury of a wife within:
And formerly I went by that false name,
Lest ye should indiscreetly blab it out,
And so my wife might come to hear of this.
SOPH. Ah! thus it was, that we, alas, poor souls,
Could never find you out here.
CHR. Well, but tell me,
What business have you with that family?—
Where is your mistress and her daughter?
SOPH. Ah!
CHR. What now? are they alive?
SOPH. The daughter is:
The mother broke her heart with grief.
CHR. Alas!
SOPH. And I, a poor, unknown, distress'd old woman,
Endeavouring to manage for the best,
Contriv'd to match the virgin to a youth,

Son to the master of this house.
CHR. To Antipho?
SOPH. The very same.
CHR. What! has he two wives then?
SOPH. No, mercy on us! he has none but her.
CHR. What is the other then, who, they pretend,
Is a relation to him?
SOPH. This is she.
CHR. How say you?
SOPH. It was all a mere contrivance;
That he, who was in love, might marry her
Without a portion.
CHR. O ye pow'rs of heaven,
How often fortune blindly brings about
More than we dare to hope for! Coming home,
I've found my daughter, even to my wish,
Match'd to the very person I desir'd.
What we have both been labouring to effect,
Has this poor woman all alone accomplish'd.
SOPH. But now consider what is to be done!
The bridegroom's father is return'd: and He,
They say, is much offended at this marriage.
CHR. Be of good comfort: there's no danger there.
But, in the name of heav'n and earth, I charge you,
Let nobody discover she's my daughter.
SOPH. None shall discover it from me.
CHR. Come then!
Follow me in, and you shall hear the rest. (*Exeunt.*)

ACT IV

Enter DEMIPHO *and* GETA

DEM. 'Tis our own fault, that we encourage rogues,
By over-straining the due character
Of honesty and generosity.
"Shoot not beyond the mark," th
verb goes.
Was't not enough that he had dc
wrong,
But we must also throw him mone
To live till he devised some new
chief?
GETA. Very right!
DEM. Knavery's nc
own reward.
GETA. Very true!
DEM. How like fools
we behav'd!
GETA. So as he keeps his word, and
the girl,
'Tis well enough.
DEM. Is that a doubt at pr
GETA. A man, you know, may c
his mind.
DEM. How! change?
GETA. That I can't tell: but, *if pe*
I say.
DEM. I'll now perform my prom
my brother,
And bring his wife to talk to the
woman.
You, Geta, go before, and let her kr
Nausistrata will come and speak wit
(
GETA. The money's got for Phædri
is hush'd:
And Phanium is not to depart as y
What more then? where will all th
at last?—
Alas, you're sticking in the same
still:
You've only chang'd hands, Geta.
disaster,
That hung but now directly over yc
Delay perhaps will bring more hea
you.
You're quite beset, unless you look
Now then I'll home, to lesson Phan
That she mayn't stand in fe
Phormio,
Nor dread this conference with N
trata.
(

ter DEMIPHO *with* NAUSISTRATA

Come then, Nausistrata, afford us

e of your usual art, and try
this woman in good humour with

what is done she may do willingly.
I will.
And now assist us with your
nsel,
h your cash a little while ago.
With all my heart: and I am only
y
'tis my husband's fault I can't do
e.
How so?
Because he takes such
e care
e estate my father nurs'd so well:
om these very farms he never fail'd
aw Two Talents by the year. But

difference between man and man!
Two Talents?
Ay—in worse times than these—
yet Two Talents.
Huy!
What, are you surpriz'd?
Prodigiously.
Would I had been a man—I'd
w——
No doubt.
——By what means——
Nay, but spare yourself a little
ne encounter with the girl: lest she,
nt and young, may weary you too
h.
Well, I'll obey your orders: but I

usband coming forth.

Enter CHREMES

Ha! Demipho!
hormio had the money yet?
I paid him
diately.
I'm sorry for't.—(*Aside*)
wife!
I'd almost said too much.
DEM. Why sorry, Chremes?
CHR. Nothing.—No matter.
DEM. Well, but hark ye, Chremes.
Have you been talking with the girl, and
told her
Wherefore we bring your wife?
CHR. I've settled it.
DEM. Well, and what says she?
CHR. 'Tis impossible.
To send her hence.
DEM. And why impossible?
CHR. Because they're both so fond of
one another.
DEM. What's that to Us?
CHR. A great deal. And besides,
I have discover'd she's related to us.
DEM. Have you your wits?
CHR. 'Tis so. I'm very serious.
Nay, recollect a little!
DEM. Are you mad?
NAU. Good now, beware of wronging a
relation!
DEM. She's no relation to us.
CHR. Don't deny it.
Her father had assum'd another name,
And that deceiv'd you.
DEM. What! not know her father?
CHR. Perfectly.
DEM. Why did she misname him then?
CHR. Won't you be rul'd, nor under-
stand me then?
DEM. What can I understand from
nothing?
CHR. Still?
NAU. I can't imagine what this means.
DEM. Nor I.
CHR. Would you know all?—Why then,
so help me heaven,
She has no nearer kindred in the world,
Than you and I.
DEM. Oh, all ye pow'rs of heaven!
Let us go to her then immediately:
I would fain know, or not know, all at
once. (*Going.*)
CHR. (*stopping him*). Ah!
DEM. What's the matter?
CHR. Can't you trust me then?

DEM. Must I believe it? take it upon trust?
Well, be it so!—But what is to be done
With our friend's daughter?
CHR. Nothing.
DEM. Drop her?
CHR. Ay.
DEM. And keep this?
CHR. Ay.
DEM. Why then, Nausistrata,
You may return. We need not trouble you.
NAU. Indeed, I think, 'tis better on all sides,
That you should keep her here, than send her hence.
For she appear'd to me, when first I saw her,
Much of a gentlewoman. (*Exit.*)
DEM. What means this?
CHR. Is the door shut?
DEM. It is.
CHR. O Jupiter!
The Gods take care of us. I've found my daughter
Married to your son.
DEM. Ha! How could it be?
CHR. It is not safe to tell you here.
DEM. Step in then.
CHR. But hark ye, Demipho!—I would not have
Even our very sons inform'd of this.
(*Exeunt.*)

Enter ANTIPHO

ANT. I'm glad, however my affairs proceed,
That Phædria's have succeeded to his mind.
How wise, to foster such desires alone,
As, altho' cross'd, are easily supplied!
Money, once found, sets Phædria at his ease;
But my distress admits no remedy.
For, if the secret's kept, I live in fear;
And if reveal'd, I am expos'd to shame.
Nor would I now return, but in the hope
Of still possessing her,—But who
Geta?
That I may learn of him, the fittest
To meet my father.

Enter PHORMIO

PHOR. (*to himself*). I've receiv'd
money;
Paid the procurer; carried off the w
Who's free, and now in Phædria's
session.
One thing alone remains to be dispat
To get a respite from th' old gentlem
To tipple some few days, which I
spend
In mirth and jollity.
ANT. But yonder's Phorm
What now?
PHOR. Of what?
ANT. What's Phædria a
How does he mean to take his fill of
PHOR. By acting your part in his tu
ANT. What
PHOR. Flying his father's presen
And he begs
That you'd act his, and make excus
him:
For he intends a drinking-bout with
I shall pretend to the old gentleme
That I am going to the fair at Suniu
To buy the servant-maid, that Geta
tion'd:
Lest, finding I am absent, they susp
That I am squandering the sum they
me.
But your door opens.
ANT. Who comes he
PHOR. 'Tis

Enter GETA

GETA. O Fortune, O best Fortune,
high blessings,
What sudden, great, and unexpected
Hast thou show'r'd down on A
to-day!
ANT. (*aside*). What can this be, h
rejoic'd about!

And from what fears deliver'd Us, friends?
herefore do I loiter thus? and why not throw my cloak upon my lder,
aste to find him out, that he may v
t has happen'd?
(*to* PHORMIO). Do you compre-
e is talking of?
Do you?
Not I.
I'm just as wise as you.
I'll hurry hence
procurer's.—I shall find him there.
ing.)
Ho, Geta!
Look ye there!—Is't
or strange,
recall'd when one's in haste? (*Go-*
)
Here, Geta!
Again? Bawl on; I'll ne'er stop.
ing.)
Stay, I say!
Go, and be drubb'd!
You shall, I promise you,
you stop, you Rascal!
(*stopping*). Hold, hold, Geta!
intimate acquaintance this, be sure,
so free with you.—But is it he,
I am looking for, or not?—'Tis He.
Go up immediately.
What means all this?
O happy man! the happiest man
arth!
y happy, that, beyond all doubt,
re the Gods' chief fav'rite, Antipho.
Would I were! but your reason.
Isn't enough,
nge you over head and ears in joy?
You torture me.
No promises! but tell us.
are your news?
Oh, Phormio! are you here?
I am: but why d'ye trifle?
Mind me then!
ner had we paid you at the Forum,
But we return'd directly home again.
Arriv'd, my master sends me to your wife.
ANT. For what?
GETA. No matter now, good Antipho.
I was just entering the women's lodging,
When up runs little Mida; catches me
Hold by the cloak behind, and pulls me back.
I turn about, and ask why he detains me.
He told me, "Nobody must see his mistress:
For Sophrona," says he, "has just now brought
Demipho's brother, Chremes, here; and He
Is talking with the women now within."
When I heard this, I stole immediately
On tip-toe towards the door; came close; stood hush;
Drew in my breath; applied my ear; and thus,
Deep in attention, catch'd their whole discourse.
ANT. Excellent, Geta!
GETA. Here I overheard
The pleasantest adventure!—On my life,
I scarce refrain'd from crying out of joy.
ANT. What?
GETA. What d'ye think?
ANT. I can't tell.
GETA. Oh! it was
Most wonderful!—most exquisite!—your uncle
Is found to be the father of your wife.
ANT. How! what?
GETA. He had a sly intrigue, it seems,
With Phanium's mother formerly at Lemnos.
PHOR. Nonsense! as if she did not know her father!
GETA. Nay, there's some reason for it, Phormio,
You may be sure.—But was it possible
For me, who stood without, to comprehend
Each minute circumstance that past within?

ANT. I have heard something of this story too.
GETA. Then, Sir, to settle your belief the more,
At last comes forth your uncle; and soon after
Returns again, and carries in your father.
Then they both said, they gave their full consent,
That you should keep your Phanium.—In a word,
I'm sent to find you out, and bring you to them.
ANT. Away with me then instantly! D'ye linger?
GETA. Not I. Away!
ANT. My Phormio, fare you well!
PHOR. Fare you well, Antipho.
(*Exeunt* ANTIPHO *and* GETA.)
Well done, 'fore heaven!
I'm overjoy'd to see so much good fortune
Fallen thus unexpectedly upon them:
I've now an admirable opportunity
To bubble the old gentlemen, and ease
Phædria of all his cares about the money;
So that he need not be oblig'd to friends.
For this same money, tho' it will be given,
Will yet come from them much against the grain;
But I have found a way to force them to't.
Now then I must assume a grander air,
And put another face upon this business.
I'll hence awhile into the next bye-alley,
And pop upon them as they're coming forth.
As for the trip I talk'd of to the Fair,
I sha'n't pretend to take that journey now. (*Exit.*)

ACT V

Enter DEMIPHO *and* CHREMES

DEM. Well may we thank the gracious Gods, good brother,
That all things have succeeded to our wish.
But now let's find out Phormio w
speed,
Before he throws away our Thirty

Enter PHORMIO

PHOR. (*to himself*). I'll go and
Demipho's at home,
That I may——
DEM. We were coming to you, Ph
PHOR. On the old score, I warran
DEM. Ay.
PHOR. I thoug
Why should you go to Me?—Ridicu
Were you afraid I'd break my co
with you?
No, no! how great soe'er my povert
I've always shewn myself a ma
honour.
CHR. (*aside to* DEMIPHO). Has no
as I said, a liberal air?
DEM. She has.
PHOR. And therefore I
coming, Demipho,
To let you know, I'm ready to re
My wife whene'er you please.
postpon'd
All other business, as indeed I ou
Soon as I found ye were so bent o
DEM. Ay, but my brother has diss
me
From going any further in this bus
"For how will people talk of it?"
he:
"At first you might have done it
somely;
But then you'd not consent to it
now
After cohabitation with your son,
To think of a divorce is infamous."
In short, he urg'd almost the very t
That you so lately charg'd me with
self.
PHOR. You trifle with me, Gentl
DEM. Ho
PHOR. How so?—Because I
marry t'other,
With whom I told you I was fi
treaty.

ith what face can I return to Her,
I have held in such contempt?
Tell him,
o does not care to part with her.
And my son too don't care to part
her:
to the Forum then, and give an
er
he repayment of our money, Phor-
.
What! when I've paid it to my
litors?
What's to be done then?
Give me but the wife,
hom you have betroth'd me, and I'll
her.
you'd rather she should stay with
,
portion stays with me, good Demi-
.
is not just I should be bubbled by
;
, to retrieve your honour, I've re-
'd
her woman with an equal fortune.
A plague upon your idle vapour-
,
vagabond!—D'ye fancy we don't
w you?
and your fine proceedings?
You provoke me.
Why, would you marry her, if
ffer'd?
Try me.
What! that my son may keep
privately
our house?—That was your inten-
.
Ha!
say you, Sir?
Give me my money, sirrah!
Give *me* my *wife*, I say.
To justice with him!
To justice? Now, by heaven,
ntlemen,
I continue to be troublesome——
What will you do?
What will I do? Perhaps,
think that I can only patronize
Girls without portion; but be sure of
this,
I've some with portions too.
CHR. What's that to Us?
PHOR. Nothing.—I know a lady here,
whose husband——
CHR. Ha!
DEM. What's the matter?
PHOR. ——had another wife
At Lemnos.
CHR. (*aside*). I'm a dead man.
PHOR. ——by which other
He had a daughter; whom he now brings
up
In private.
CHR. (*aside*). Dead and buried!
PHOR. This I'll tell her. (*Going.*)
CHR. Don't I beseech you!
PHOR. Oh! are you the man?
DEM. Death! how insulting!
CHR. We discharge you.
PHOR. Nonsense!
CHR. What would you more? The
money you have got,
We will forgive you.
PHOR. Well; I hear you now.
But what a plague d'ye mean by fooling
thus,
Acting and talking like mere children
with me?
"I won't; I will:—I will; I won't
again:"—
Give, take; say, unsay: do, and then
undo?
CHR. Which way could he have learnt
this?
DEM. I don't know.
But I am sure I never mention'd it.
CHR. Good now! amazing!
PHOR. (*aside*). I have ruffled them.
DEM. What! shall he carry off so large
a sum,
And laugh at us so openly?—By heaven,
I'd rather die.—Be of good courage,
brother!
Pluck up the spirit of a man! You see
This slip of yours is got abroad; nor
can you

Keep it a secret from your wife. Now therefore
'Tis more conducive to your peace, good Chremes,
That we should fairly tell it her ourselves,
Than she should hear the story from another.
And then we shall be quite at liberty
To take our own revenge upon this rascal.
PHOR. (*aside*). Ha!—If I don't take care, I'm ruin'd still,
They're growing desperate, and making tow'rds me,
With a determin'd gladiatorial air.
CHR. I fear she'll ne'er forgive me.
DEM. Courage, Chremes!
I'll reconcile her to't; especially
The mother being dead and gone.
PHOR. Is this
Your dealing, Gentlemen? You come upon me
Extremely cunningly.—But, Demipho,
You have but ill consulted for your brother,
To urge me to extremities.—And you, Sir,
When you have play'd the whore-master abroad;
Having no reverence for your lady here,
A woman of condition; wronging her
After the grossest manner; come you now
To wash away your crimes with mean submission?
No.—I will kindle such a flame in her,
As, tho' you melt to tears, you sha'n't extinguish.
DEM. A plague upon him! was there ever man
So very impudent?—A knave! he ought
To be transported at the publick charge
Into some desert.
CHR. I am so confounded,
I know not what to do with him.
DEM. I know.
Bring him before a judge!
PHOR. Before a judge?
A *Lady*-judge; in here, Sirs, if you please.
DEM. Run you, and hold him, w
call the servants.
CHR. I cannot by myself: come u
help me.
PHOR. I have an action of a
against you.
CHR. Bring it!
PHOR. Another against you
Chremes!
DEM. Drag him away! (*Laying of him.*)
PHOR. (*struggling*). Is that your
with me!
Then I must raise my voice.—N
trata!
Come hither.
CHR. Stop his mouth!
DEM. (*struggling*). A sturdy r
How strong he is!
PHOR. Nausistrata,
Nausistrata!
CHR. Peace, sirrah!
PHOR. Peace, in
DEM. Unless he follows, strike h
the stomach!
PHOR. Ay, or put out an eye!-
here comes one
Will give me full revenge upon you

Enter NAUSISTRATA

NAU. Who calls for me?
CHR. Confusion
NAU. Pray, my
What's this disturbance?
PHOR. Dumb, old Truep
NAU. Who is this man?—Why
you answer me?
PHOR. He answer you! He's har
his senses.
CHR. Never believe him!
PHOR. Do but go, and touch
He's in a shivering fit, I'll lay my
CHR. Nay——
NAU. But what means he the
PHOR. I'll tell you, M
Do but attend!
CHR. *Will* you believe him

What is there to believe, when he
s nothing?
Poor man! his fear deprives him
is wits.
I'm sure, you're not so much
id for nothing.
What! I afraid?
Oh, not at all!—And since
e not afraid, and what I say means
hing,
yourself.
At your desire, you rascal?
Oh, you've done rarely for your
ther, Sir!
What! won't you tell me, hus-
d?
But——
But what?
There's no occasion for it.
Not for You:
or the Lady there is much occasion.
mnos——
Ha! what say you?
Hold your peace!
Without your knowledge——
Oh dear!
He has had
er wife.
My husband? Heaven forbid!
'Tis even so.
Ah me! I am undone.
And had a daughter by her there;
le You
left to sleep in ignorance alone.
Oh heavens!—Baseness!—Treach-
!
'Tis fact.
Was ever anything more infa-
us?
they're with Us, their wives for-
h, they're old.
ho, I appeal to You: for Him
not bear to speak to.—And were
e
equent journies, and long stay at
nos?
his the cheapness that reduc'd our
s?

Dem. That he has been to blame, Nausistrata,
I don't deny; but not beyond all pardon.
Phor. You're talking to the dead.
Dem. It was not done
Out of aversion, or contempt to You.
In liquor, almost fifteen years ago,
He met this woman, whence he had this daughter;
Nor e'er had commerce with her from that hour.
She's dead: your only grievance is remov'd.
Wherefore I beg you'd shew your wonted goodness,
And bear it patiently.
Nau. How! bear it patiently?
Alas, I wish his vices might end here.
But have I the least hope? Can I suppose
That years will cure these rank offences in him?
E'en at that time he was already old,
If age could make him modest.—Are my years,
And beauty, think ye, like to please him more
At present, Demipho, than formerly?
In short, what ground, what reason to expect
That he should not commit the same hereafter?
Phor. Whoever would attend the funeral
Of Chremes, now's the time!—See! That's my way.
Come on then! Provoke Phormio now, who dares!
Like Chremes, he shall fall a victim to me.
Let him get into favour, when he will!
I've had revenge sufficient. She has something
To ring into his ears his whole life long.
Nau. Have I deserv'd this?—Need I, Demipho,
Number up each particular; and say
How good a wife I've been?
Dem. I know it all.
Nau. Am I then justly treated?

DEM. Not at all.
But since reproaches can't undo what's done,
Forgive him! He begs pardon; owns his fault;
And promises to amend.—What would you more?
PHOR. But hold; before she ratifies his pardon,
I must secure myself and Phædria.—
Nausistrata, a word!—Before you give
Your answer rashly, hear me!
NAU. What's your pleasure?
PHOR. I trick'd your husband there of Thirty Minæ,
Which I have given your son; and he has paid them
To a procurer for a mistress.
CHR. How!
What say you?
NAU. Is it such a heinous crime,
For your young son, d'ye think, to have *one* mistress,
While *you* have *two* wives?—Are you not asham'd?
Have you the face to chide him? Answer me!
DEM. He shall do ev'rything you please.
NAU. Nay, nay,
To tell you plainly my whole mind at once,
I'll not forgive, nor promise anyth
Nor give an answer, till I see my
PHOR. Wisely resolv'd, Nausistra
NAU. Is
Sufficient satisfaction for you?
PHOR. Quit
I rest contented, well-pleas'd, pa
hopes.
NAU. What is your name, pray?
PHOR. My name? Phc
A faithful friend to all your family
Especially to Phædria.
NAU. Trust me, Phc
I'll do you all the service in my po
PHOR. I'm much oblig'd to you.
NAU. You're worthy
PHOR. Will you then even now,
sistrata,
Grant me one favour, that will ple
me,
And grieve your husband's sight?
NAU. With all my
PHOR. Ask me to supper!
NAU. I invite yo
DEM. In
NAU. We will: But where is Pha
our judge?
PHOR. He shall be with you.—
audience) Farewell; clap your h
—GEORGE COLM

II. OPPOSITION TO EASTERN INFLUENCE

The Roman never hesitated to adapt to his own needs any element whatever of a foreign civilization that appealed to him. The trait is one factor in Rome's success. In early days more or less unconsciously Etruscan influences had their effect on government, religion, the arts. Greek influence also began early. The Roman alphabet came from Cumæ, a Greek city not far from Naples. And in the fifth century it may be that Rome's first codification of her laws was a result of Greek practice. Rome used what Rome thought useful, for Rome was a city of matists.

That is not to say that the Romans always, like St. Paul's Athenians, in s of "some new thing"; far from it. were conservatives. To the introd of Greek literature in Latin dress had made no objection, seeing no ha it. The gradual growth of the iden tion of Roman with Greek deities ha gone on unopposed, perhaps becaus realized. But after the war with H bal, in the second century B.C., imm

t with Greece led to the invasion of by Greek cults, Greek philosophy, reek education. Many of the lead- omans began to benefit by Greek ; but many more began to see forces rk to undermine the Roman type, pposition to foreign ways began. demoralizing cult of Bacchus was ht to the notice of the Senate, and, se serious social and political effects feared, it was absolutely forbidden decree in 186 B.C. This decree set cedent. Less than fifty years later æan astrologers were banished from At times officials or the Senate pay their respects to Greek philoso- and teachers, and suppress them. here was no systematic policy of sion. Little by little the Greek, and Eastern elements, won their way, so y the time of Cicero in the middle first century B.C., and thereafter, ition practically ceased. Only for al reasons, or because the peace was bed, were any foreign elements sup- d. Eastern civilizations for good and veloped their influences unopposed.

E Reception of Magna Mater

LIVY

[From Book XXXIX]

cult of Magna Mater, or Cybele, riental in origin. Though unsuited practical unimaginative Roman of ne, it found ready acceptance under of war. (For Livy, see below p. Livy is used for this period because orks of contemporary authors are no extant.)

e state was at this time suddenly ied with a question of a religious e, in consequence of the discovery prediction in the Sibylline books, had been inspected on account of having been so many showers of this year. It ran thus: "When- a foreign enemy should bring war he land of Italy, he may be driven Italy and conquered, if the Idæan Mother should be brought from Pessinus to Rome." This prophecy, discovered by the decemviri, produced the greater impression upon the senate, because ambassadors also, who had carried a present to Delphi, had brought word back, that they had both obtained a favourable appearance in sacrificing to the Pythian Apollo, and that a response was delivered from the oracle, to the effect, that a much greater victory than that from the spoils of which they now brought presents, awaited the Roman people. They considered the presentiment which existed in the mind of Publius Scipio, with regard to the termination of the war, when he claimed Africa as his province, as corroborating the same anticipation. In order, therefore, that they might the more speedily put themselves in possession of victory, which was portended to them by the fates, omens, and oracles, they began to think what method could be adopted for conveying the goddess to Rome.

As yet the Roman people had none of the states of Asia in alliance with them. Recollecting, however, that formerly Æsculapius, on account of a sickness among the people, was fetched from Greece, which was not then united with them by any treaty; recollecting, also, that a friendship had already commenced between them and king Attalus, on account of the war which they waged in common against Philip, and that he would do whatever he could to oblige the Roman people, they resolved to send, as ambassadors to him, Marcus Valerius Lævinus, who had been twice consul, and had carried on operations in Greece; Marcus Cæcilius Metellus, who had been prætor; Servius Sulpicius Galba, who had been ædile; and two who had been quæstors, Caius Tremellius Flaccus and Marcus Valerius Falto. To these five quinqueremes were assigned, in order that, in a manner suitable to the dignity of the Roman people, they might visit those

lands where it was important to gain respect for the Roman name. The ambassadors, on their way to Asia, having landed at Delphi, immediately approached the oracle, inquiring what hopes the deity held out to themselves and the Roman people, of accomplishing the business for which they had been sent from home. It is said that the answer given was, "that they would obtain what they were seeking by means of king Attalus. When they had conveyed the goddess to Rome, they must take care that the best man at Rome should receive her to his hospitality." They came to Pergamus to the king, who received the ambassadors graciously, and conducted them to Pessinus in Phrygia, and putting into their hands a sacred stone, which the inhabitants said was the mother of the gods, bid them convey it to Rome. Marcus Valerius Falto, who was sent in advance, brought word that the goddess was on her way, and that the most virtuous man in the state must be sought out, who might in due form receive and entertain her. . . .

In addition to these cares, they had to deliberate about the reception of the Idæan Mother; for besides that Marcus Valerius, one of the ambassadors who had come before the rest, had brought word that she would be in Italy forthwith, a recent account had arrived that she was at Tarracina. The senate was occupied with the determination of a matter of no small importance, namely, who was the most virtuous man in the state. Every one doubtless would wish for himself the victory in this contest, rather than any office of command, or any honours, which could be conferred by the suffrages of the senate or the people. Publius Scipio, son of Cneius who had fallen in Spain, a youth not yet of the age to be quæstor, they adjudged to be the best of the good men in the whole state. Though I would willingly record it for the information of posterity, had the writers who lived in the times nearest to those events mentioned by wha tues of his they were induced to co this determination, yet I will not ob my own opinion, formed upon conje relative to a matter buried in th scurity of antiquity. Publius Cor was ordered to go to Ostia, attend all the matrons, to meet the goddes receive her from the ship himself, when landed, place her in the han the matrons to convey her away. the ship arrived at the mouth o Tiber, Scipio, according to the direc given him, sailed out into the oper and, receiving the goddess from priests, conveyed her to the land. chief matrons in the state received among whom the name of Claudia Q alone is worthy of remark. Her which, as it is recorded, was before time dubious, became, in consequen her having assisted in so solemn a ness, illustrious for chastity among terity. The matrons, passing her one to another in orderly succession, veyed the goddess into the temp Victory, in the Palatium, on the da fore the ides of April, which was m festival, while the whole city poure to meet her; and, placing censers b their doors, on the way by which sh conveyed in procession, kindled fra cense, and prayed that she would the city of Rome willingly and pitiously. The people in crowds ca presents to the goddess in the Pala a lectisternium was celebrated, games called the Megalesian.

—Cyrus Edmon

The Bacchanalian Revels

livy

[From Book XXXIX]

The establishment of the cult of Ba is a second example of the Roman's tativeness in the matter of religious tices. The mad orgies that resulted o

ès to his mistake, and set on foot the
ient to rid himself of objectionable
n gods.

making inquisition concerning
istine meetings was decreed to both
nsuls. A Greek of mean condition
first, into Etruria, not with one of
any trades which his nation, of all
the most skilful in the cultivation
e mind and body, has introduced
g us, but a low operator in sacri-
and a soothsayer; nor was he one
by open religious rites, and by pub-
rofessing his calling and teaching,
d the minds of his followers with
but a priest of secret and noc-
rites. These mysterious rites
at first, imparted to a few, but
ards communicated to great num-
both men and women. To their
us performances were added the
res of wine and feasting to allure
ater number of proselytes. When
lascivious discourse, night, and the
ourse of the sexes had extinguished
sentiment of modesty, then de-
eries of every kind began to be
sed, as every person found at hand
ort of enjoyment to which he was
ed by the passion predominant in
ature. Nor were they confined to
pecies of vice—the promiscuous
ourse of free-born men and women;
om this store-house of villany pro-
false witnesses, counterfeit seals,
vidences, and pretended discoveries.
the same place, too, proceeded
and secret murders, so that in
cases, even the bodies could not be
for burial. Many of their audacious
were brought about by treachery,
ost of them by force; it served to
l the violence, that, on account of
ud shouting, and the noise of drums
mbals, none of the cries uttered by
rsons suffering violation or murder
be heard abroad.
e infection of this mischief, like that from the contagion of disease, spread from Etruria to Rome; where, the size of the city affording greater room for such evils, and more means of concealment, cloaked it at first; but information of it was at length brought to the consul, Postumius, principally in the following manner. Publius Æbutius, whose father had held equestrian rank in the army, was left an orphan, and his guardians dying, he was educated under the eye of his mother Duronia, and his stepfather Titus Sempronius Rutilus. Duronia was entirely devoted to her husband; and Sempronius, having managed the guardianship in such a manner that he could not give an account of the property, wished that his ward should be either made away with, or bound to compliance with his will by some strong tie. The Baccchanalian rites were the only way to effect the ruin of the youth. His mother told him, that, "during his sickness, she had made a vow for him, that if he should recover, she would initiate him among the Bacchanalians; that being, through the kindness of the gods, bound by this vow, she wished now to fulfil it; that it was necessary he should preserve chastity for ten days, and on the tenth, after he should have supped and washed himself, she would conduct him into the place of worship." There was a freedwoman called Hispala Fecenia, a noted courtesan, but deserving of a better lot than the mode of life to which she had been accustomed when very young, and a slave, and by which she had maintained herself since her manumission. As they lived in the same neighbourhood, an intimacy subsisted between her and Æbutius, which was far from being injurious either to the young man's character or property; for he had been loved and wooed by her unsolicited; and as his friends supplied his wants illiberally, he was supported by the generosity of this woman; nay, to such a length did she go under the influence of her affection, that, on the death

of her patron, because she was under the protection of no one, having petitioned the tribunes and prætors for a guardian, when she was making her will, she constituted Æbutius her sole heir.

As such pledges of mutual love subsisted, and as neither kept any thing secret from the other, the young man, jokingly, bid her not be surprised if he separated himself from her for a few nights; as, "on account of a religious duty, to discharge a vow made for his health, he intended to be initiated among the Bacchanalians." On hearing this, the woman, greatly alarmed, cried out, "May the gods will more favourably!" affirming that "it would be better, both for him and her, to lose their lives than that he should do such a thing:" she then imprecated curses, vengeance, and destruction, on the head of those who advised him to such a step. The young man, surprised both at her expressions and at the violence of her alarm, bid her refrain from curses, for "it was his mother who ordered him to do so, with the approbation of his stepfather." "Then," said she, "your stepfather (for perhaps it is not allowable to censure your mother) is in haste to destroy, by that act, your chastity, your character, your hopes, and your life." To him, now surprised by such language, and inquiring what was the matter, she said (after imploring the favour and pardon of the gods and goddesses, if, compelled by her regard for him, she disclosed what ought not to be revealed), that "when in service, she had gone into that place of worship, as an attendant on her mistress; but that, since she had obtained her liberty, she had never once gone near it: that she knew it to be the receptacle of all kinds of debaucheries; that it was well known that, for two years past, no one older than twenty had been initiated there. When any person was introduced, he was delivered as a victim to the priests, who led him away to a place resounding with shouts, the sound of music, and the ing of cymbals and drums, lest his while suffering violation, should be abroad." She then entreated an sought him to put an end to that in some way or other; and not to himself into a situation, where he first suffer, and afterwards commit, thing that was abominable. Nor d quit him until the young man gav his promise to keep himself clear of rites.

When he came home, and his m made mention of such things perta to the ceremony as were to be perfo on that day, and on the several foll days, he told her that he would no form any of them, nor did he inte be initiated. His stepfather was p at this discourse. Immediately the w observed, that "he could not deprive self of the company of Hispala fo nights; that he was so fascinated b caresses and baneful influence of serpent, that he retained no respec his mother or stepfather, or even the themselves." His mother on one sid his stepfather on the other loading with reproaches, drove him out o house, assisted by four slaves. The on this repaired to his aunt Æbutia her the reason of his being turned o his mother, and the next day, b advice, gave information of the aff the consul Postumius, without any nesses of the interview. The consu missed him, with an order to come on the third day following. In the time, he inquired of his mother-i Sulpicia, a woman of respectable acter, "whether she knew an old m called Æbutia, who lived on the tine hill?" When she had answered "she knew her well, and that Æbuti a woman of virtue, and of the a purity of morals"; he said that h quired a conference with her, and t message should be sent for her to Æbutia, on receiving the message,

ulpicia's house, and the consul, soon
, coming in, as if by accident, intro-
d a conversation about Æbutius, her
her's son. The tears of the woman
t forth, and she began to lament the
ppy lot of the youth: "who, after
g robbed of his property by persons
n it least of all became, was then
ing with her, being driven out of
's by his mother, because, being a
youth (may the gods be propitious
im), he refused to be initiated in
monies devoted to lewdness, as re-
goes."

he consul, thinking that he had made
cient inquiries concerning Æbutius,
that his testimony was unquestion-
, having dismissed Æbutia, requested
mother-in-law to send again to the
ntine, and bring from that quarter
bala, a freedwoman, not unknown in
neighbourhood; for there were some
ies which he wished to make of her.
bala being alarmed because she was
for by a woman of such high rank
respectable character, and being
rant of the cause, after she saw the
rs in the porch, the multitude at-
ling on the consul and the consul him-
was very near fainting. The consul
her into a retired part of the house,
, in the presence of his mother-in-
told her, that "she need not be un-
, if she could resolve to speak the
h. She might receive a promise of
ection either from Sulpicia, a matron
uch dignified character, or from him-

That she ought to tell him, what
accustomed to be done at the Baccha-
a, in the nocturnal orgies in the grove
Stimula." When the woman heard
such terror and trembling of all her
s seized her, that for a long time she
unable to speak; but recovering, at
th she said, that "when she was very
g, and a slave, she had been initiated,
ther with her mistress; but for sev-
years past, since she had obtained
liberty, she knew nothing of what was
done there." The consul commended her so far, as not having denied that she was initiated, but charged her to explain all the rest with the same sincerity; and told her, affirming that she knew nothing further, that "there would not be the same tenderness or pardon extended to her, if she should be convicted by another person, and one who had made a voluntary confession; that there was such a person, who had heard the whole from her, and had given him a full account of it." The woman, now thinking without a doubt that it must certainly be Æbutius who had discovered the secret, threw herself at Sulpicia's feet, and at first began to beseech her, "not to let the private conversation of a freedwoman with her lover be turned not only into a serious business, but even capital charge;" declaring that "she had spoken of such things merely to frighten him, and not because she knew anything of the kind." On this Postumius, growing angry, said, "she seemed to imagine that then too she was wrangling with her gallant Æbutius, and not that she was speaking in the house of a most respectable matron, and to a consul." Sulpicia raised her, terrified, from the ground, and while she encouraged her to speak out, at the same time pacified her son-in-law's anger. At length she took courage, and, having censured severely the perfidy of Æbutius, because he had made such a return for the extraordinary kindness shown to him in that very instance, she declared that "she stood in great dread of the gods, whose secret mysteries she was to divulge; and in much greater dread of the men implicated, who would tear her asunder with their hands if she became an informer. Therefore she entreated the favour of Sulpicia, and likewise of the consul, that they would send her away to some place out of Italy, where she might pass the remainder of her life in safety." The consul desired her to be of good spirits, and said that it should be his

care that she might live securely in Rome.

Hispala then gave a full account of the origin of the mysteries. "At first," she said, "those rites were performed by women. No man used to be admitted. They had three stated days in the year on which persons were initiated among the Bacchanalians, in the day-time. The matrons used to be appointed priestesses, in rotation. Paculla Minia, a Campanian, when priestess, made an alteration in every particular, as if by the direction of the gods. For she first introduced men, who were her own sons, Minucius and Herennius, both surnamed Cerrinius; changed the time of celebration, from day to night; and, instead of three days in the year, appointed five days of initiation, in each month. From the time that the rites were thus made common, and men were intermixed with women, and the licentious freedom of the night was added, there was nothing wicked, nothing flagitious, that had not been practised among them. . . . The men, as if bereft of reason, uttered predictions, with frantic contortions of their bodies; the women, in the habit of Bacchantes, with their hair dishevelled, and carrying blazing torches, ran down to the Tiber; where, dipping their torches in the water, they drew them up again with the flame unextinguished, being composed of native sulphur and charcoal. They said that those men were carried off by the gods, whom the machines laid hold of and dragged from their view into secret caves. These were such as refused to take the oath of the society, or to associate in their crimes, or to submit to defilement. Their number was exceedingly great now, almost a second state in themselves, and among them were many men and women of noble families. During the last two years it had been a rule that no person above the age of twenty should be initiated; for they sought for people of such age as made them more liable to suffer deception and personal abuse." When she completed her information, she again at the consul's knees, and repeated same entreaties, that he might send out of the country. The consul requ his mother-in-law to clear some part the house, into which Hispala might move; accordingly, an apartment was signed her in the upper part of it, of w the stairs, opening into the street, v stopped up, and the entrance made f the inner court. Thither all Fecen effects were immediately removed, her domestics sent for. Æbutius, a was ordered to remove to the house one of the consul's clients.

When both the informers were by th means in his power, Postumius re sented the affair to the senate, laying fore them the whole circumstance, in order; the information given to him first, and the discoveries gained by inquiries afterwards. Great consterna seized on the senators; not only on public account, lest such conspiracies nightly meetings might be productive secret treachery and mischief, but, l wise, on account of their own partic families, lest some of their relat might be involved in this infamous af The senate voted, however, that tha should be given to the consul bec he had investigated the matter with sin lar diligence, and without exciting alarm. They then commit to the con the holding an inquiry, out of the c mon course, concerning the Baccha and their nocturnal orgies. They o them to take care that the inform Æbutius and Fecenia, might suffer no jury on that account; and to invite o informers in the matter, by offering wards. They ordered that the offi in those rites, whether men or wo should be sought for, not only at Ro but also throughout all the market to and places of assembly, and be deliv over to the power of the consuls; also that proclamation should be m

ne city of Rome, and published
gh all Italy, that "no persons
ted in the Bacchanalian rites should
me to come together or assemble
count of those rites, or to perform
such kind of worship;" and above
hat search should be made for those
had assembled or conspired for per-
abuse, or for any other flagitious
ices. The senate passed these de-
. The consuls directed the curule
s to make strict inquiry after all
priests of those mysteries, and to
such as they could apprehend, in
dy until their trial; they at the
time charged the plebeian ædiles
ke care that no religious ceremonies
ld be performed in private. To the
al triumvirs the task was assigned
ost watches in proper places of the
and to use vigilance in preventing
meetings by night. In order like-
to guard against fires, five assistants
joined to the triumvirs, so that
might have the charge of the build-
in his own separate district, on this
the Tiber.

fter despatching these officers to their
al employments, the consuls mounted
rostrum; and, having summoned an
nbly of the people, one of the con-
when he had finished the solemn
of prayer which the magistrates
accustomed to pronounce before they
ess the people, proceeded thus:
mans, to no former assembly was
solemn supplication to the gods more
ble or even more necessary; as it
s to remind you, that these are the
es whom your forefathers pointed
as the objects of your worship,
ration, and prayers: and not those
h infatuated men's minds with
pt and foreign modes of religion,
drove them, as if goaded by the
s, to every lust and every vice. I
t a loss to know what I should con-
or how far I ought to speak out;
dread lest, if I leave you ignorant
in any particular, I should give room for carelessness, or if I disclose the whole, that I should too much awaken your fears. Whatever I shall say, be assured that it is less than the magnitude and atrociousness of the affair would justify: exertions will be used by us that it may be sufficient to set us properly on our guard. . . .

"Each of you, therefore, ought to pray that his kindred may have behaved with wisdom and prudence; and if lust, if madness, has dragged any of them into that abyss, to consider such a person as the relation of those with whom he has conspired for every disgraceful and reckless act, and not as one of your own. I am not secure, lest some, even of yourself, may have erred through mistake; for nothing is more deceptive in appearance than false religion. When the authority of the gods is held out as a pretext to cover vice, fear enters our minds, lest, in punishing the crimes of men, we may violate some divine right connected therewith. Numberless decisions of the pontiffs, decrees of the senate, and even answers of the haruspices, free you from religious scruples of this character. How often in the ages of our fathers was it given in charge to the magistrates, to prohibit the performance of any foreign religious rites; to banish strolling sacrificers and soothsayers from the forum, the circus, and the city; to search for, and burn, books of divination; to abolish every mode of sacrificing that was not conformable to the Roman practice! For they, completely versed in every divine and human law, maintained, that nothing tended so strongly to the subversion of religion as sacrifice, when we offered it not after the institutions of our forefathers, but after foreign customs. This much I thought necessary to mention to you beforehand, that no vain scruple might disturb your minds when you should see us demolishing the places resorted to by the Bacchanalians,

and dispersing their impious assemblies. We shall do all these things with the favour and approbation of the gods; who, because they were indignant that their divinity was dishonoured by those people's lusts and crimes, have drawn forth their proceedings from hidden darkness into the open light; and who have directed them to be exposed, not that they may escape with impunity, but in order that they may be punished and suppressed. The senate have committed to me and my colleague, an inquisition extraordinary concerning this affair. What is requisite to be done by ourselves, in person, we will do with energy. The charge of posting watches through the city, during the night, we have committed to the inferior magistrates; and, for your parts, it is incumbent on you to execute vigorously whatever duties are assigned you, and in the several places where each will be placed, to perform whatever orders you shall receive, and to use your best endeavours that no danger or tumult may arise from the treachery of the party involved in the guilt."

They then ordered the decrees of the senate to be read, and published a reward for any discoverer who should bring any of the guilty before them, or give information against any of the absent, adding, that "if any person accused should fly, they would limit a certain day upon which, if he did not answer when summoned, he would be condemned in his absence; and if any one should be charged who was out of Italy, they would allow him a longer time, if he should wish to come and make his defence." They then issued an edict, that "no person whatever should presume to buy or sell any thing for the purpose of leaving the country; or to receive or conceal, or by any means aid the fugitives." On the assembly being dismissed, great terror spread throughout the city; nor was it confined merely within the walls, or to the Roman territory, for every where throughout the whole of Italy alarm gan to be felt, when letters from guest-friends were received, concer the decree of the senate, and what pa in the assembly, and the edict of the suls. During the night, which succee the day in which the affair was n public, great numbers, attempting to were seized, and brought back by triumvirs, who had posted guards at the gates; and informations were loc against many, some of whom, both and women, put themselves to de Above seven thousand men and wo are said to have taken the oath of association. But it appeared that heads of the conspiracy were the Catinii, Marcus and Caius, Roman beians; Lucius Opiturnius, a Falisc and Minius Cerrinius, a Campanian: from these proceeded all their crim practices, and that these were the c priests and founders of the sect. was taken that they should be ap hended as soon as possible. They v brought before the consuls, and, con ing their guilt, caused no delay to ends of justice.

But so great were the numbers fled from the city, that because the suits and property of many persons going to ruin, the prætors, Titus nius and Marcus Licinius, were obli under the direction of the senate, to journ their courts for thirty days, the inquiries should be finished by consuls. The same deserted state of law-courts, since the persons, aga whom charges were brought, did not pear to answer, nor could be found Rome, necessitated the consuls to m a circuit of the country towns, and t to make their inquisitions and hold trials. Those who, as it appeared, been only initiated, and had made a the priest, and in the most solemn fo the prescribed imprecations, in which accursed conspiracy for the perpetua of every crime and lust was contai

who had not themselves committed, ompelled others to commit, any of acts to which they were bound by oath,—all such they left in prison. those who had forcibly committed nal defilements or murders, or were ed with the guilt of false evidence, terfeit seals, forged wills, or other s, all these they punished with death. reater number were executed than vn into prison; indeed, the multitude en and women who suffered in both , was very considerable. The con- delivered the women, who were con- ned, to their relations, or to those r whose guardianship they were, that might inflict the punishment in ite; but if there did not appear any er person of the kind to execute the nce, the punishment was inflicted ublic. A charge was then given to olish all the places where the Baccha- ns had held their meetings; first, in e, and then throughout all Italy; pting those wherein should be found ancient altar, or consecrated statue. regard to the future, the senate ed a decree, "that no Bacchanalian should be celebrated in Rome or in :" and ordered that, "in case any on should believe some such kind of nip incumbent on him, and necessary; that he could not, without offence eligion, and incurring guilt, omit it, should represent this to the city or, and the prætor should lay the ness before the senate. If permis- were granted by the senate, when less than one hundred members present, then he might perform e rites, provided that no more five persons should be present he sacrifice, and that they should no common stock of money, nor president of the ceremonies, nor t."

nother decree connected with this was made, on a motion of the consul, tus Marcius, that "the business respecting the persons who had served the consuls as informers should be proposed to the senate in its original form, when Spurius Postumius should have finished his inquiries, and returned to Rome." They voted that Minius Cerrinius, the Campanian, should be sent to Ardea, to be kept in custody there; and that a caution should be given to the magistrates of that city, to guard him with more than ordinary care, so as to prevent not only his escaping, but his having an opportunity of committing suicide. Spurius Postumius some time after came to Rome, and on his proposing the question, concerning the reward to be given to Publius Æbutius and Hispala Fecenia, because the Bacchanalian ceremonies were discovered by their exertions, the senate passed a vote, that "the city quæstors should give to each of them, out of the public treasury, one hundred thousand asses; and that the consuls should desire the plebeian tribunes to propose to the commons as soon as convenient, that the campaigns of Publius Æbutius should be considered as served, that he should not become a soldier against his wishes, nor should any censor assign him a horse at the public charge." They voted also, that "Hispala Fecenia should enjoy the privileges of alienating her property by gift or deed; of marrying out of her rank, and of choosing a guardian, as if a husband had conferred them by will; that she should be at liberty to wed a man of honourable birth, and that there should be no disgrace or ignominy to him who should marry her; and that the consuls and prætors then in office, and their successors, should take care that no injury should be offered to that woman, and that she might live in safety. That the senate wished, and thought proper, that all these things should be so ordered." All these particulars were proposed to the commons, and executed according to the vote of the senate; and full permission was given to the consuls to determine

respecting the impunity and rewards of the other informers.

—W. A. M'Devitte.

Expulsion of Greek Teachers

AULUS GELLIUS

[From *Attic Nights*, Book XV]

Aulus Gellius, a Roman writer of the second century after Christ, has preserved in his only extant work, *Noctes Atticæ*, an extremely miscellaneous, but often valuable collection of historical and literary material from earlier times.

The decree of the senate, quoted by him, was issued in 161 B.C., and the censors' edict in 92 B.C.

The wording of a decree of the senate on expelling philosophers from the city of Rome; also the wording of an edict of the censors, in which the men, who had begun to establish and practice training in rhetoric at Rome, were censured and suppressed.

In the consulship of C. Fannius Strabo and M. Valerius Messala a decree of the senate was passed on Latin philosophers and rhetoricians: "M. Pomponius, prætor, consulted the senate. Whereas mention has been made of philosophers and rhetoricians, on that subject the senators have decreed as follows, that M. Pomponius, prætor, should see to it and arrange, as seems good to him for the welfare of the state and his own honor,[1] they should not remain in Rome."

Some years after this decree of the senate, Cn. Domitius Ahenobarbus and L. Licinius Crassus, the censors, issued this edict on the suppressing of Latin rhetoricians: "It has been reported that there are men who have established a new kind of training, and that the youth is going to school to them; they have granted themselves the name of Latin rhetoricians; that in their schools young men spend whole days in idleness. Our ancestors have established what they would have their children learn and what schools they would have them go to. These new teachings, which are held in given against the usage and custom of our ancestors, do not meet with approval, nor do they seem right. Wherefore it has seemed necessary that, to those who conduct those schools, and to those who have been in the habit of going to them, we declare our opinion that they do not meet with our approval."

Not only in those very rude times when the people were not yet refined by Greek training were philosophers driven from the city of Rome, but while Domitian was emperor by a decree of the senate they were ejected from the city and from Italy and forbidden to return. At that time Epictetus, the philosopher, owing to that decree went from Rome to Nicopolis.

—G. A. Harrer

III. A ROMAN PURITAN

On Agriculture[1]

CATO

Marcus Porcius Cato was born in 235 and died in 149 B.C. Cato is often spoken of as Cato the Censor, or Cato the Elder, to distinguish him from the Cato of Cicero's time. He was also called the Wise. For many years he served in Rome's armies in Italy, Spain, and Greece. Then he took a very active part in the politics of Rome. When censor he particularly distinguished himself for vehement opposition to growing luxury. To anything un-Roman

[1] From *Roman Farm Management*, by Fairfax Harrison. Copyright by the Macmillan Co. Reprinted by permission.

d a fierce opponent, though as an an he may have read Greek. Well n is his bitter hatred and fear of age whose destruction he constantly t, ending his senatorial speeches on opic with the words, *Carthago de- est.* In after times he always stood very embodiment of Roman puritan-

e history of Roman oratory as a h of Roman literature begins with since he was the first to make a ce of writing out and publishing his hes. He made advances also in his- raphy over the annalists who pre- him, taking, for the first time, Latin d of Greek for his medium, and to extent breaking away from the lim- ns of the annalistic method. His pts to his son contained practical ses on many subjects of which only on agriculture has survived.

riculture was in all periods a favorite ct of Roman authors, poets as well iters of prose. Cato's treatise, writ- efore 152 B.C., is the earliest extant of extended Latin prose, and is one e sources from which Virgil drew is *Georgics.* Its style is direct, with- dornment, even crude; but the con- prove that its author was a practical er. In relation to the treatment of s it shows that humanitarian feelings as yet undeveloped.

e pursuits of commerce would be dmirable as they are profitable if were not subject to so great risks: so, likewise, of banking, if it were s honestly conducted. For our an- rs considered, and so ordained in laws, that, while the thief should st in double damages, the usurer d make four-fold restitution. From we may judge how much less de- e a citizen they esteemed the banker the thief. When they sought to end an honest man, they termed good husbandman, good farmer. they rated the superlative of praise. nally, I think highly of a man ac- and diligently engaged in com- , who seeks thereby to make his fortune, yet, as I have said, his career is full of risks and pitfalls. But it is from the tillers of the soil that spring the best citizens, the stanchest soldiers; and theirs are the enduring rewards which are most grateful and least envied. Such as devote themselves to that pursuit are least of all men given to evil counsels.

And now, to get to my subject, these observations will serve as preface to what I have promised to discuss.

When you have decided to purchase a farm, be careful not to buy rashly; do not spare your visits and be not content with a single tour of inspection. The more you go, the more will the place please you, if it be worth your attention. Give heed to the appearance of the neighbourhood,—a flourishing country should show its prosperity. "When you go in, look about, so that, when needs be, you can find your way out."

Take care that you choose a good climate, not subject to destructive storms, and a soil that is naturally strong. If possible, your farm should be at the foot of a mountain, looking to the South, in a healthy situation, where labour and cattle can be had, well watered, near a good sized town, and either on the sea or a navigable river, or else on a good and much frequented road. Choose a place which has not often changed ownership, one which is sold unwillingly, that has buildings in good repair.

Beware that you do not rashly contemn the experience of others. It is better to buy from a man who has farmed successfully and built well.

When you inspect the farm, look to see how many wine presses and storage vats there are; where there are none of these you can judge what the harvest is. On the other hand, it is not the number of farming implements, but what is done with them, that counts. Where you find few tools, it is not an expensive farm to operate. Know that with a farm, as with a man, however productive it may be, if

it has the spending habit, not much will be left over.

When you have arrived at your country house and have saluted your household, you should make the rounds of the farm the same day, if possible; if not, then certainly the next day. When you have observed how the field work has progressed, what things have been done, and what remains undone, you should summon your overseer the next day, and should call for a report of what work has been done in good season and why it has not been possible to complete the rest, and what wine and corn and other crops have been gathered. When you are advised on these points you should make your own calculation of the time necessary for the work, if there does not appear to you to have been enough accomplished. The overseer will report that he himself has worked diligently, but that some slaves have been sick and others truant, the weather has been bad, and that it has been necessary to work the public roads. When he has given these and many other excuses, you should recall to his attention the program of work which you had laid out for him on your last visit and compare it with the results attained. If the weather has been bad, count how many stormy days there have been, and rehearse what work could have been done despite the rain, such as washing and pitching the wine vats, cleaning out the barns, sorting the grain, hauling out and composting the manure, cleaning seed, mending the old gear, and making new, mending the smocks and hoods furnished for the hands. On feast days the old ditches should be mended, the public roads worked, briers cut down, the garden dug, the meadow cleaned, the hedges trimmed and the clippings collected and burned, the fish pond cleaned out. On such days, furthermore, the slaves' rations should be cut down as compared with what is allowed when they are working in the fields in fine weather.

When this routine has been disc
quietly and with good humor ar
thoroughly understood by the ove
you should give orders for the compl
of the work which has been neglect

The accounts of money, supplies
provisions should then be consid
The overseer should report what
and oil has been sold, what price he
what is on hand, and what remain
sale. Security should be taken for
accounts as ought to be secured.
other unsettled matters should be a
upon. If anything is needed for
coming year, it should be bought; e
thing which is not needed should be
Whatever there is for lease shoul
leased. Orders should be given (and
care that they are in writing) for all
which next it is desired to have don
the farm or let to contract. You sh
go over the cattle and determine
is to be sold. You should sell the
if you can get your price, the surplus
and corn, the old cattle, the worn
oxen, and the cull sheep, the wool
the hides, the old and sick slaves, a
anything else is superfluous you sh
sell that.

The appetite of the good farmer
sell, not to buy.

Be a good neighbour. Do not ro
give offense to your own people. I
neighbourhood regards you kindly,
will find a readier market for what
have to sell, you will more easily get
work done, either on the place or by
tract. If you build, your neighbours
aid you with their services, their
and their materials. If any misfo
should overtake you (which God for
they will protect you with kindly int

If you ask me what is the best
position to make of your estate, I w
say that should you have bought a
of one hundred *jugera* all told, in
best situation, it should be plante
follows: 1. a vineyard, if it promi

yield, 2. an irrigated garden, 3. an
ed, 4. an olive yard, 5. a meadow,
orn field, 7. a wood lot, 8. a culti-
orchard, and 9. a mast grove.
his youth, the farmer ought dili-
to plant his land, but he should
r before he builds. Planting does
quire reflection, but demands action.
ime enough to build when you have
d your thirty-sixth year, if you
farmed your land well meanwhile.
you do build, let your buildings be
rtioned to your estate, and your
to your buildings. It is fitting that
arm buildings should be well con-
ed, that you should have ample oil
and wine vats, and a good supply
sks, so that you can wait for high
, something which will redound to
honour, your profit and your self-
ct.
ild your dwelling house in accord-
with your means. If you build well
ood situation and on good property,
urnish the house suitably for coun-
fe, you will come there more often
nore willingly. The farm will then
tter, fewer mistakes will be made,
ou will get larger crops. The face
master is good for the land.
nt elm trees along the roads and
rows, so that you may have the
to feed the sheep and cattle, and
mber will be available if you need
f anywhere there are banks of
ns or wet places, there plant reeds;
urround them with willows that the
may serve to tie the vines.
is most convenient to set out the
nearest the house as an orchard,
e fire wood and faggots may be
and the supply of the master ob-
d. In this enclosure should be
d everything fitting to the land
vines should be married to the

ar the house lay out also a garden
garland flowers and vegetables of
nds, and set it about with myrtle
hedges, both white and black, as well as Delphic and Cyprian laurel.

An olive farm of two hundred and forty *jugera* ought to be stocked as follows: an overseer, a housekeeper, five labourers, three ox drivers, one swineherd, one ass driver, one shepherd; in all thirteen hands: three pair of oxen, three asses with pack saddles to haul out the manure, one other ass to turn the mill, and one hundred sheep.

These are the duties of the overseer: He should maintain discipline. He should observe the feast days. He should respect the rights of others and steadfastly uphold his own. He should settle all quarrels among the hands; if any one is at fault he should administer the punishment. He should take care that no one on the place is in want, or lacks food or drink; in this respect he can afford to be generous, for he will thus more easily prevent picking and stealing.

Unless the overseer is of evil mind, he will himself do no wrong, but if he permits wrong-doing by others, the master should not suffer such indulgence to pass with impunity. He should show appreciation of courtesy, to encourage others to practise it. He should not be given to gadding or conviviality, but should be always sober. He should keep the hands busy, and should see that they do what the master has ordered. He should not think that he knows more than his master. The friends of the master should be his friends, and he should give heed to those whom the master has recommended to him. He should confine his religious practices to the cross roads altar on festival days or to his own house.

He should lend money to no man unbidden by the master, but what the master has lent he should collect. He should never lend any seed reserved for sowing, feed, corn, wine, or oil, but he should have relations with two or three other farms with which he can exchange things

needed in emergency. He should state his accounts with his master frequently. He should not keep any hired men or day-hands longer than is necessary. He should not sell anything without the knowledge of the master, nor should be conceal anything from the master. He should not have any hangers-on, nor should he consult any soothsayer, fortune teller, necromancer, or astrologer. He should not spare seed in sowing, for that is bad economy. He should strive to be expert in all kinds of farm work, and, without exhausting himself, often lend a hand. By so doing, he will better understand the point of view of his hands, and they will work more contentedly; moreover, he will have less inclination to gad, his health will be better, and he will sleep more refreshingly.

First up in the morning, he should be the last to go to bed at night; and before he does, he should see that the farm gates are closed, and that each of the hands is in his own bed, that the stock have been fed. He should see that the best of care is taken of the oxen, and should pay the highest compliments to the teamsters who keep their cattle in the best condition. He should see to it that the ploughs and the plough shares are kept in good repair. Plan all the work in ample time, for so it is with farm work, if one thing is done late, everything will be late.

When it rains try to find something to do indoors. Clean up, rather than remain idle. Remember that while work may stop, expenses still go on.

The overseer should be responsible for the duties of the housekeeper. If the master has given her to you for a wife, you should be satisfied with her, and she should respect you. Require that she be not given to wasteful habits; that she does not gossip with the neighbours and other women. She should not receive visitors either in the kitchen or in her own quarters. She should not go out to parties, nor should she gad a
She should not practise religious ob
ances, nor should she ask others to
for her without the permission o
master or the mistress. Remember
the master practises religion for th
tire household. She should be neat i
pearance and should keep the house
and garnished. Every night before
goes to bed she should see that the h
is swept and clean. On the Kal
the Ides, the Nones, and on all
days, she should hang a garland ove
hearth. On those days also she sh
pray fervently to the household
She should take care that she has
cooked for you and for the hands.
should have plenty of chickens an
abundance of eggs. She should dilig
put up all kinds of preserves every

The following are the customar
lowances for food: For the hands,
pecks of meal for the winter, and
and one-half for the summer. Fo
overseer, the housekeeper, the wag
the shepherd, three pecks each. Fo
slaves, four pounds of bread for the
ter, but when they begin to cultivat
vines this is increased to five po
until the figs are ripe, then return to
pounds.

The sum of the wine allowed for
hand per annum is eight quadranta
amphora, but add in the proportio
they do work. Ten quadrantals pe
num is not too much to allow the
drink.

Save the wind fall olives as mu
possible as relishes for the hands.
set aside such of the ripe olives as
make the least oil. Be careful to
them go as far as possible. Whe
olives are all eaten, give them fish p
and vinegar. One peck of salt per a
is enough for each hand.

Allow each hand a smock and a
every other year. As often as you
out a smock or a cloak to any one,
up the old one, so that caps can be

f it. A pair of heavy wooden shoes
l be allowed every other year.
he land is wet, it should be drained
trough shaped ditches dug three
vide at the surface and one foot at
ottom and four feet deep. Blind
ditches with rock. If you have no
then fill them with green willow
braced crosswise. If you have no
fill them with faggots. Then dig
l trenches three feet deep and four
vide in such way that the water will
rom the trenches into the ditches.
the winter surface water should be
ed off the fields. On hillsides,
es should be kept clear for the water
w off. During the rainy season at
eginning of Autumn is the greatest
rom water. When it begins to rain
ıe hands should go out with picks
shovels and clear out the drains so
the water may flow off into the
, and the crops be protected.
ıat is the first principle of good agri-
re? To plough well. What is the
d? To plough again; and the third
manure. When you plough corn
plough well and in good weather,
you turn a cloddy furrow. The
things of good agriculture are to
seed plentifully, to thin the young
ts, and to hill up the roots with
.
ver plough rotten land nor drive
or carts across it.
care is not taken about this, the
so abused will be barren for three
.
e flocks and herds should be well
ied with litter and their feet kept
If litter is short, haul in oak leaves,
will serve as bedding for sheep and
. Beware of scab among the sheep
attle. This comes from hunger and
ure to rain.
prevent the oxen from wearing
their hoofs, anoint the bottom of
oof with liquid pepper before driv-
ıem on the highroad.

Take care that during the summer the cattle drink only sweet and fresh water. Their health depends on it.

To prevent scab among sheep, make a mixture of equal parts of well strained amurca, of water in which lupine has been steeped, and of lees of good wine. After shearing, anoint all the flock with this mixture, and let them sweat profusely for two or three days. Then dip them in the sea. If you have no sea water, make salt water and dip them in that. If you will do this they will suffer no scab, they will have more and better wool, and they will not be molested by ticks.

If an ox begins to sicken, give him without delay a raw hen's egg and make him swallow it whole. The next day make him drink from a wooden bowl a measure of wine in which has been scraped the head of an onion. Both the ox and his attendant should do these things fasting and standing upright.

If a serpent shall bite an ox, or any other quadruped, take a cup of that extract of fennel which the physicians call smyrnean, and mix it with a measure of old wine. Inject this through his nostrils, and at the same time poultice the wound with hog's dung. You can treat a man the same way.

If a bone is dislocated it can be made sound by this incantation. Take a green reed four or five feet long, cut it in the middle and let two men hold the pieces against your hips. Begin then to chant as follows:

"In Alio S. F. Motas Vaeta,
Daries Dardaries Astataries Dissunapiter."

and continue until the free ends of the reed are brought slowly together in front of you. Meanwhile wave a knife above the reeds, and when they come together and one touches the other, seize them in your hand and cut them right and left.

These pieces of reed bound upon a dislocated or fractured bone will cure it.

But every day repeat the incantation, or in place of it this one:

"Huat Hanat Huat
Ista Pista Sista
Domiabo Damnaustra."

—Fairfax Harrison.

Cato the Censor

livy

[From Book XXXIX]

Livy's sketch probably follows the traditional conception of the stoical type of character of the early Republic. (For Livy, see below, p. 418.)

The censorship was the object of contention of the following candidates, Lucius Valerius Flaccus, Publius Scipio, Lucius Scipio, Cneius Manlius Vulso, and Lucius Furius Purpureo, patricians; Marcus Porcius Cato, Marcus Fulvius Nobilior, Tiberius Sempronius Longus, Marcus Sempronius Tuditanus, plebeians. But Marcus Porcius far surpassed all of them, both plebeians and patricians, of the highest ranks. So great powers of mind and energy of intellect were in this man, that, no matter how lowly the position in which he was born, he appeared capable of attaining to the highest rank. No one qualification for the management of business, either public or private, was wanting to him. He was equally skilled in affairs relating to town and country. Some have been advanced to the highest honours by their knowledge of the law, others by their eloquence, some by military renown; but this man's genius was so versatile, and so well adapted to all things, that in whatever way engaged, it might be said, that nature formed him for that alone. In war, he was most courageous, distinguishing himself I in many remarkable battles; and, he arrived at the highest posts, wa wise a most consummate comma Then, in peace, if consulted on a po law, he was the wisest counsellor; cause was to be pleaded, the mos quent advocate. Nor was he one of whose oratory was striking only d their own lives, without leaving them any monument of it. On the trary, his eloquence still lives, and long live, consecrated to memory by ings of every kind. His orations many, spoken for himself, for others against others; for he harassed enemies, not only by supporting pro tions against them, but by mainta causes in opposition to them. Enn in abundance gave him plenty of em ment, and he never permitted them dormant; nor was it easy to tell wh the nobility laboured harder to keep down, or he to oppress the nobility. temper, no doubt, was austere, his guage bitter and unboundedly free, his mind was never conquered by passions, his integrity was inflexible, he looked with contempt on popul and riches. In spare diet, in end toil and danger, his body and mind like iron; so that even old age, v brings all things to dissolution, did break his vigour. In his eighty-sixth he stood a trial, pleaded his own c and published his speech; and in his tieth year, he brought Servius Galb trial, before the people.

On this occasion, when he was didate for censorship, as in all his vious career, the nobility endeavo to crush him. All the candidates, wise, except Lucius Flaccus, who had his colleague in the consulship, bined to disappoint him of the office merely with a view to their own su in preference to him, or because felt indignant at the idea of seei man of no family censor, but be

one who had received offence from of them, and who wished to re-, they anticipated a severe censor-hat would endanger the reputations ny. For, even while soliciting, he d frequent menaces, and upbraided with using their interest against because they dreaded an impartial ourageous execution of the duty of ; at the same time, giving his in- to Lucius Valerius. He said, that as the only colleague, in conjunction whom he could correct modern prof-, and re-establish the ancient s." People were so inflamed by discourses, that, in spite of the op-on made by the nobility, they not made Marcus Porcius censor, but him for his colleague Lucius Va- Flaccus. . . .

e censors, Marcus Porcius and s Valerius, while anxious curiosity lended with fear, made their survey e senate; they expelled seven from nate, one of them a man of consular highly distinguished by nobility of and honourable employments,— s Quintius Flamininus. It is men-l, as a practice instituted in the ry of our forefathers, that the cen-hould annex marks of censure to the s of such as they degraded from enate. There are severe speeches ito, against those whom he either ed from the senate, or degraded the equestrian rank, but by far the so is that against Lucius Quintius. ie spoken in the character of prose-previous to the censure, and not in of censor after it, not even his er Titus, if he were his colleague, have suffered Quintius to remain senate. Among other charges, he ed to him, that he had, by hopes traordinary presents, prevailed on , a Carthaginian and a catamite, company him into his province of that this youth, in order to en-the merit of his complaisance to the consul, used frequently, in wanton squabbling, to upbraid him for having quitted Rome just before the show of gladiators. It happened, that while they were at a feast and heated with wine, a message was brought into the place of entertainment, that a Boian, of high rank, had come as a deserter with his children, and wished to see the consul, that he might in person receive his assurance of protection. He was accordingly introduced into the tent, and began to address him through an interpreter: but while he was speaking, Quintius said to his catamite, "Since you left the show of gladiators, have you a mind to see this Gaul dying?" When he had assented, but scarcely in earnest, the consul, drawing a sword that hung over his head, first struck the Gaul as he was speaking, and then, when he was running out, and imploring the protection of the Roman people, and of those present, ran him through the side.

Valerius Antias, as he was one who never read Cato's speech, and only gave credit to a tale published without authority, tells the story in another manner, but similar to this in lust and cruelty. He writes, that, at Placentia, the consul invited to an entertainment a woman of ill fame, with whom he was desperately enamoured. There, displaying his importance to this courtesan, he told her, among other matters, with what severity he had conducted the inquisitions, and how many he had then in prison under sentence of death, whom he intended to behead. Then she, being next to him on the couch, said, that having never seen an executioner perform his office, she was very desirous of seeing such a thing; on which, the indulgent lover ordered one of those wretches to be dragged to the spot, and there cut off his head. The deed of death, whether committed as the censor or as Valerius reported it, was barbarous and inhuman; that in the midst of feasting and cups, when it is customary

to offer libations to the gods, and to pray for happiness, a human victim should be butchered, and the table stained with his blood, and this for the entertainment of an acknowledged wanton. In the latter part of Cato's speech, he proposes to Quintius, that if he denied this fact, and the others of which he accused him, he should give security to abide a legal trial; but if he confessed them, could he suppose, he asked him, that any one would be sorry for his disgrace; the disgrace of him who, in the midst of a feast, being intoxicated with wine and lust, had sported with the blood of a human being.

In the review of the knights, Lucius Scipio Asiaticus was degraded. In fixing the rates of taxation, also, the censor's conduct was harsh and severe to all ranks of men. People were to give account upon oath, of women's dress, and ornaments, and carriages exceeding in value fifteen thousand asses; and it was further ordered, that slaves, younger than twenty years, which, since the last survey, had been sold for ten thousand asses or more, should be estimated at ten times their value; and that, on all these articles, a tax should be laid of three denariuses for each thousand asses. The censors took away water, which belonged to the public, running or carried into any private building or field; and they demolished within thirty days all buildings or sheds, in possession of private persons, that projected into public ground. They then engaged contractors for executing national works, with the money decreed for that purpose,—for paving cisterns with stone, for cleansing the sewers where it was requisite, and forming new ones on the Aventine, and in other quarters where hitherto there had been none. Then, dividing their tasks, Flaccus built a mole at Neptunia, on the coast, and made a road through the Formian mountains. Cato purchased for the use of the people two halls, the Mænian and Titian, in the Lautumiæ, and four shops, and built there a court of justice, which was the Porcian. They farmed out the eral branches of the revenue at the est prices, and bargained with the tractors for the performance of the p services on the lowest terms. Whe senate, overcome by the prayers an mentations of the publicans, ordered bargains to be revoked, and new a ments to be made, the censors, b edict, excluded from competition the sons who had eluded the former cont and farmed out all the same branch prices very little reduced. This w remarkable censorship, and the c of many deadly feuds: it rendered cus Porcius, to whom all the harsh was attributed, uneasy during the mainder of his life.

—W. A. M'Devit

Cato on Extravagance

LIVY

[From Book XXXIV]

Amid the serious concerns of impo wars, either scarcely brought to a or impending, an incident interv trivial indeed to be mentioned, but w through the zeal of the parties conce issued in a violent contest. Marcus danius and Lucius Valerius, ple tribunes, proposed to the people th pealing of the Oppian law. This which had been introduced by Oppius, plebeian tribune, in the cons of Quintus Fabius and Tiberius Sem nius, during the heat of the Punic enacted that "no woman should po more than half an ounce of gold, or a garment of various colours, or ride carriage drawn by horses, in a cit any town, or any place nearer than mile; except on occasion of some p religious solemnity." Marcus and lius Junius Brutus, plebeian trib

ted the Oppian law, and declared, ey would never suffer it to be re- while many of the nobility stood o argue for and against the motion ed. The Capitol was filled with , who favoured or opposed the or could the matrons be kept at either by advice or shame, nor the commands of their husbands; set every street and pass in the eseeching the men as they went o the forum, that in the present ing state of the commonwealth, he private fortune of all was daily ing, they would suffer the women e their former ornaments of dress d. This throng of women increased for they arrived even from the towns and villages; and they length the boldness to come up to nsuls, prætors, and magistrates, their request. One of the consuls, r, they found especially inexor- Marcus Porcius Cato, who, in sup- the law proposed to be repealed, o this effect:

Romans, every individual among made it a rule to maintain the tive and authority of a husband spect to his own wife, we should ess trouble with the whole sex. w, our privileges, overpowered at by female contumacy, are, even the forum, spurned and trodden foot; and because we are unable nstand each separately, we now their collective body. I was ac- ed to think it a fabulous and fic- tale, that, in a certain island, the race of males, was utterly ex- l by a conspiracy of the women. e utmost danger may be appre- equally from either sex, if you abals, assemblies, and secret con- ns to be held: scarcely, indeed, determine, in my own mind, r the act itself, or the precedent affords, is of more pernicious ten- The latter of these more parti- cularly concerns us consuls, and the other magistrates: the former, yourselves, my fellow-citizens. For, whether the measure proposed to your consideration be profit- able to the state or not, is to be deter- mined by you, who are about to go to the vote. As to the outrageous behaviour of these women, whether it be merely an act of their own, or owing to your instiga- tions, Marcus Fundanius and Lucius Valerius, it unquestionably implies cul- pable conduct in the magistrates. I know not whether it reflects greater disgrace on you, tribunes, or on the consuls: on you certainly, if you have, on the present occasion, brought these women hither for the purpose of raising tribunitian sedi- tions; on us, if we suffer laws to be imposed on us by a secession of women, as was done formerly by that of the common people. It was not without painful emotions of shame, that I, just now, made my way into the forum through the midst of a band of women. Had I not been restrained by respect for the modesty and dignity of some individuals among them, rather than of the whole number, and been unwilling that they should be seen rebuked by a consul, I should have said to them, 'What sort of practice is this, of running out into public, besetting the streets, and address- ing other women's husbands? Could not each have made the same request of her husband at home? Are your blandish- ments more seducing in public than in private; and with other women's hus- bands, than with your own? Although, if the modesty of matrons confined them within the limits of their own rights, it did not become you, even at home, to concern yourselves about what laws might be passed or repealed here.' Our ances- tors thought it not proper that women should perform any, even private business, without a director; but that they should be ever under the control of parents, brothers, or husbands. We, it seems, suffer them, now, to interfere in the

management of state affairs, and to introduce themselves into the forum, into general assemblies, and into assemblies of election. For, what are they doing, at this moment, in your streets and lanes? What, but arguing, some in support of the motion of the plebeian tribunes; others, for the repeal of the law? Will you give the reins to their intractable nature, and their uncontrolled passions, and then expect that themselves should set bounds to their licentiousness, when you have failed to do so? This is the smallest of the injunctions laid on them by usage or the laws, all which women bear with impatience: they long for liberty; or rather, to speak the truth, for unbounded freedom in every particular. For what will they not attempt, if they now come off victorious?

"Recollect all the institutions respecting the sex, by which our forefathers restrained their undue freedom, and by which they subjected them to their husbands; and yet, even with the help of all these restrictions, you can scarcely keep them within bounds. If, then, you suffer them to throw these off one by one, to tear them all asunder, and, at last, to be set on an equal footing with yourselves, can you imagine that they will be any longer tolerable by you? The moment they have arrived at an equality with you, they will have become your superiors. But, forsooth, they only object to any new law being made against them: they mean to deprecate, not justice, but severity. Nay, their wish is, that a law which you have admitted, established by your suffrages, and confirmed by the practice and experience of so many years to be beneficial, should now be repealed; that is, that, by abolishing one law, you should weaken all the rest. No law perfectly suits the convenience of every member of the community: the only consideration is, whether, upon the whole, it be profitable to the greater part. If, because a law proves obnoxious to a private individual, that circum should destroy and sweep it aw what purpose is it for the commun enact general laws, which those, reference to whom they were p could presently repeal? I should however, to hear what this imp affair is which has induced the m thus to run out into public in this e manner, scarcely restraining from ing into the forum and the assem the people. Is it to solicit that parents, their husbands, children brothers may be ransomed from cap under Hannibal? By no means: a be ever from the commonwealth s fortunate a situation. Yet, even such was the case, you refused t their prayers. But it is not duty solicitude for their friends; it is re that has collected them together. are about to receive the Idæan M coming out of Phrygia from Pes What motive, that even common de will allow to be mentioned, is pret for this female insurrection? Wh they, that we may shine in gol purple; that, both on festal and co days, we may ride through the city chariots, triumphing over vanquishe abrogated law, after having capture wrested from you your suffrages; an there may be no bounds to our ex and our luxury.

"Often have you heard me co of the profuse expenses of the wo often of those of the men; and th only of men in private stations, the magistrates: and that the stat endangered by two opposite vices, and avarice; those pests, which hav the ruin of all great empires. T dread the more, as the circumstan the commonwealth grow daily more perous and happy; as the empi creases; as we have now passed ov Greece and Asia, places abounding every kind of temptation that can i the passions; and as we have beg

even royal treasures: so much re do I fear that these matters ng us into captivity, rather than n. Believe me, those statues from e were brought into this city with effect. I already hear too many ding and admiring the decorations ns and Corinth, and ridiculing the images of our Roman gods that n the fronts of their temples. For t I prefer these gods,—propitious are, and I hope will continue to be, llow them to remain in their own s. In the memory of our fathers, , by his ambassador Cineas, made the dispositions, not only of our t of our women also, by offers of : at that time the Oppian law, training female luxury, had not ade; and yet not one woman ac- a present. What, think you, e reason? That for which our rs made no provision by law on ject: there was no luxury existing eeded to be restrained. As dis- ust necessarily be known before emedies, so passions came into efore the laws which prescribe o them. What called forth the n law, restricting estates to five l acres, but the unbounded desire rging estates? What the Cincian ncerning gifts and presents, but e plebeians had become vassals utaries to the senate? It is not e in any degree surprising, that t of the Oppian law, or of any o limit the expenses of women, at that time, when they refused ive gold and purple that was in their way, and offered to their nce. If Cineas were now to go the city with his presents, he ind numbers of women standing public streets to receive them. are some passions, the causes or of which I can no way account or that that should not be lawful which is permitted to another, may perhaps naturally excite some degree of shame or indignation; yet, when the dress of all is alike, why should any one of you fear, lest she should not be an object of observation? Of all kinds of shame, the worst, surely, is the being ashamed of frugality or of poverty; but the law relieves you with regard to both; since that which you have not it is unlawful for you to possess. This equalization, says the rich matron, is the very thing that I cannot endure. Why do not I make a figure, distinguished with gold and purple? Why is the poverty of others concealed under this cover of a law, so that it should be thought that, if the law permitted, they would have such things as they are not now able to procure? Romans, do you wish to excite among your wives an emulation of this sort, that the rich should wish to have what no other can have; and that the poor, lest they should be despised as such, should extend their expenses beyond their means? Be assured, that when a woman once begins to be ashamed of what she ought not to be ashamed of, she will not be ashamed of what she ought. She who can, will purchase out of her own purse; she who cannot, will ask her husband. Unhappy is the husband, both he who complies with the request, and he who does not; for what he will not give himself, he will see given by another. Now, they openly solicit favours from other women's husbands; and, what is more, solicit a law and votes. From some they obtain them; although, with regard to yourself, your property, or your children, they would be inexorable. So soon as the law shall cease to limit the expenses of your wife, you yourself will never be able to do so. Do not suppose that the matter will hereafter be in the same state in which it was before the law was made on the subject. It is safer that a wicked man should even never be accused, than that he should be acquitted; and luxury, if it had never

been meddled with, would be more tolerable than it will be, now, like a wild beast, irritated by having been chained, and then let loose. My opinion is, that the Oppian law ought, on no account, to be repealed. Whatever determination you may come to, I pray all the gods to prosper it." . . . .

Although all these considerations had been urged against the motion and in its favour, the women next day poured out into public in much greater numbe in a body beset the doors of the t who had protested against the r of their colleagues; nor did they until this intervention was with There was then no further doubt b every one of the tribes would vote repeal of the law. Thus was th annulled, in the twentieth year a had been made.

—Cyrus Edmo

WORLD CONQUEST AND CIVIL WAR

SECOND AND FIRST CENTURIES B.C.

all the long centuries before the birth of Christ, Rome was usually engaged in Conquest brought about the enormous expansion from a little city with a few miles of territory to an empire which controlled the Mediterranean. Fortune o have granted the Romans a very large measure of military ability and political From every victorious war—and all important wars ended victoriously—Rome ow to reap some stable benefit. By various methods, she would bind conquered nd tribes to herself, now granting them partial, now full Roman citizenship, tering into alliance with them. And usually the agreement resulted in lasting to the conquered as well as to the conqueror. At first the process of expansion ery slow one. From the founding of the city over 400 years passed before Rome led Italy. But the growth, though slow, was sound, for it stood the test of a d years of war which followed between Rome and Carthage. From three ul wars, ending with the destruction of Carthage in 146 B.C., the year which tnessed the capture of Corinth, Rome emerged as the leading power of the time. ore the wars with Carthage Rome was an Italian power; at the close of them, s a world power, for her victories had brought her vast territories in Sicily, Africa, which she kept. It is very doubtful whether many Romans realized eir country was engaged in an imperialistic policy until the great expansion at eat of Carthage. And even afterward for long there were no hasty steps made p additional territory. Rather a reluctance to go forward was the rule. Rome n grown by facing each problem of foreign relations as it arose, never objecting fare if necessary or advantageous at the moment. A far-reaching policy of conquest was not a cause of her growth.

having obtained world power, her condition and her contacts were greatly d. Political influence in countries independent of her came to her unasked. flowed in, and more luxurious ways of living were adopted. Soon it became ain that conquest produced these things, and easily. And so by the first century st, to put it bluntly, for what there was in it, for the individual commander, his nd for the Roman state, became the vogue. The great names of Sulla, Lucullus, y, Cæsar are the most significant in this era, but there were many others of less nce. And when the period ended, with the outbreak of civil war, every country the Mediterranean belonged to Rome or was very directly under her influence. h this outward growth had come naturally tremendous internal changes. The rise tical power of the common people is notable. Economic difficulties, agrarian ns came up again and again and were never satisfactorily solved. Decisive in tical results was the failure ultimately of the governmental forms of the Republic ot themselves to the controlling of an empire. In the course of time it had the practice to send out as governors of conquered territories, which the s termed provinces, men of high position in the senatorial order. Their terms ften of indefinite length, and, while they were ultimately responsible to the and could be tried for mal-administration, during their tenure they were prac- independent of control. Their armies for the time were wholly at their beck l, and they became a standing menace to the very existence of the government. career, thirty years before the end of the Republic, was prophetic. With his ehind him he returned from the East and settled political affairs at Rome to nself. Finally the two outstanding military and political leaders of Rome, Cæsar mpey, met in civil war, and with the victory of Cæsar the free Republic of Rome more.

I. EXPANSION

Fortunately for our understanding of the period of rapid and enormous growth of the Roman Empire various of its literary products have been preserved. In keeping with an age that was materialistic, if anything, the practical spirit of the Roman had learned how to express itself, and well, in prose. At one time Cicero had stated that history did not exist as a branch of literature among the Romans—a statement which meant that, compared with Greek productions, the Roman efforts were as nothing. But the Romans had been learning from their Greek teachers and not many years passed before the publication of Cæsar's *Commentaries* and Sallust's great monographs robbed Cicero's remark of its meaning. The Roman had no longer need to fear comparisons. From Cicero's pen we have no history; but his letters and speeches furnish historical material of the first importance.

These writers were all men of affairs, intimately concerned with great public activities. Through their pages statesman, politician, military leader, governor, as well as the objective historian, speak directly. From the various angles of their interests a realistic conception can be gained of the problems, methods, and accomplishments of the time.

EXPANSION TOWARDS THE SOUTH

Rome and Jugurtha

SALLUST

[From the *Jugurthine War*]

Gaius Sallustius Crispus was born in 86 and died in 34 B.C. Historical writing in the disturbed Ciceronian period was confined almost entirely to the production of short monographs on contemporary incidents. Sallust brought to the task a sincere desire to narrate the truth impartially and a philosophical conception of history which was well in advance of his time. Of his productions only the *gurthine War* and the *Conspiracy of line* are extant.

Numidia, the realm of Jurgurtha dered on that part of Africa whic fallen to Rome on the capture of thage, and conflict and conquest wer mately inevitable in the imperi period. Sallust's interest in the c with Jugurtha, which lasted from 106 B.C., is two-fold, historical an litical. He does not spare the aristo government of the senate, but see foresee in its corrupt practices its mate downfall. He is too close t events with which he deals to be aware of their bearing on the cont expansion of Rome's dominion.

Mankind unreasonably complai their nature, that, being weak and lived, it is governed by chance rathe intellectual power; for, on the con you will find, upon reflection, that is nothing more noble or excellent that to nature is wanting rather h industry than ability or time.

The ruler and director of the li man is the mind, which, when it pu glory in the path of true merit, is ciently powerful, efficient, and wort honour, and needs no assistance fortune, who can neither bestow inte industry, or other good qualities, nc take them away. But if the minc snared by corrupt passions, aba itself to indolence and sensuality, w has indulged for a season in pern gratifications, and when bodily str time, and mental vigour, have wasted in sloth, the infirmity of nat accused, and those who are themsel fault impute their delinquency to ci stances.

If man, however, had as much

rthy objects, as he has spirit in the
of what is useless, unprofitable,
ven perilous, he would not be
ed by circumstances more than he
govern them, and would attain to
of greatness, at which, instead of
mortal, he would be immortalised
ry.

nan is composed of mind and body,
all our concerns and pursuits, some
e the nature of the body, and some
the mind. Thus beauty of person,
t wealth, corporeal strength, and
er things of this kind, speedily pass
but the illustrious achievements of
ind are, like the mind itself, im-
.

the advantages of person and
e, as there is a beginning, there is
n end; they all rise and fall, in-
and decay. But the mind, incor-
le and eternal, the ruler of the
race, actuates and has power over
ngs, yet is itself free from control.
depravity of those, therefore, is
re surprising, who, devoted to cor-
gratifications, spend their lives in
and indolence, but suffer the mind,
hich nothing is better or greater in
o languish in neglect and inactivity;
lly when there are so many and
s mental employments by which the
t renown may be obtained.

these occupations, however, civil
ilitary offices, and all administra-
public affairs, seem to me, at the
time, by no means to be desired;
ther is honour conferred on merit,
e those, who have gained power by
ul means, the more secure or re-
d for it. To rule our country or
ts by force, though we may have
ility, and may correct what is
is yet an ungrateful undertaking;
lly as all changes in the state lead
odshed, exile, and other evils of dis-
while to struggle in ineffectual at-
, and to gain nothing, by wearisome
ns, but public hatred, is the ex-
treme of madness; unless when a base and pernicious spirit, perchance, may prompt a man to sacrifice his honour and liberty to the power of a party.

Among other employments which are pursued by the intellect, the recording of past events is of pre-eminent utility; but of its merits I may, I think, be silent, since many have spoken of them, and since, if I were to praise my own occupation, I might be considered as presumptuously praising myself. I believe, too, that there will be some, who, because I have resolved to live unconnected with political affairs, will apply to my arduous and useful labours the name of idleness; especially those who think it an important pursuit to court the people, and gain popularity by entertainments. But if such persons will consider at what periods I obtained office, what sort of men were then unable to obtain it, and what description of persons have subsequently entered the senate, they will think, assuredly, that I have altered my sentiments rather from prudence than from indolence, and that more good will arise to the state from my retirement, than from the busy efforts of others.

I have often heard that Quintus Maximus, Publius Scipio, and many other illustrious men of our country, were accustomed to observe, that, when they looked on the images of the ancestors, they felt their minds irresistibly excited to the pursuit of honour. Not, certainly, that the wax, or the shape, had any such influence; but, as they called to mind their forefathers' achievements, such a flame was kindled in the breasts of those eminent persons, as could not be extinguished till their own merit had equalled the fame and glory of their ancestors.

But, in the present state of manners, who is there, on the contrary, that does not rather emulate his forefathers in riches and extravagance, than in virtue and labour? Even men of humble birth, who formerly used to surpass the nobility

in merit, pursue power and honour rather by intrigue and dishonesty, than by honourable qualifications; as if the prætorship, consulate, and all other offices of the kind, were noble and dignified in themselves, and not to be estimated according to the worth of those who fill them.

But, in expressing my concern and regret at the manners of the state, I have proceeded with too great freedom, and at too great length. I now return to my subject.

I am about to relate the war which the Roman people carried on with Jugurtha, King of the Numidians; first, because it was great, sanguinary, and of varied fortune; and secondly, because then, for the first time, opposition was offered to the power of the nobility; a contest which threw everything, religious and civil, into confusion, and was carried to such a height of madness, that nothing but war, and the devastation of Italy, could put an end to civil dissensions. But before I fairly commence my narrative, I will take a review of preceding particulars, in order that the whole subject may be more clearly and distinctly understood.

In the second Punic war, in which Hannibal, the leader of the Carthaginians, had weakened the power of Italy more than any other enemy since the Roman name became great, Masinissa, King of the Numidians, being received into alliance by Publius Scipio, who, from his merits was afterwards surnamed Africanus, had performed for us many eminent exploits in the field. In return for which services, after the Carthaginians were subdued, and after Syphax, whose power in Italy was great and extensive, was taken prisoner, the Roman people presented to Masinissa, as a free gift, all the cities and lands that they had captured. Masinissa's friendship for us, accordingly, remained faithful and inviolate; his reign and his life ended together. His son, Micipsa, alone succeeded to his kingdom; Mastanab Gulussa, his two brothers, having carried off by disease. Micipsa ha sons, Adherbal and Hiempsal, an brought up in his house, with the care as his own children, a son brother Mastanabal, named Jug whom Masinissa, as being the son concubine, had left in a private sta

Jugurtha, as he grew up, being in frame, graceful in person, but, all, vigorous in understanding, di allow himself to be enervated by pl and indolence, but, as is the usage country, exercised himself in r throwing the javelin, and contendi the race with his equals in age; though he excelled them all in reput he was yet beloved by all. He also much of his time in hunting; he wa or among the first, to wound th and other beasts; he performed much, but spoke very little of hims

Micipsa, though he was at first gr with these circumstances, considerin the merit of Jugurtha would be an h to his kingdom, yet, when he re that the youth was daily increasi popularity, whilst he himself wa vanced in age, and his children but y he was extremely disturbed at the of things, and revolved it frequen his mind. The very nature of ambitious of power, and eager to g its desires, gave him reason for hension, as well as the oppor afforded by his own age and that children, which was sufficient, fro prospect of such a prize, to lead even men of moderate desires. The tion of the Numidians, too, whic strong towards Jugurtha, was a cause for alarm; among whom, should cut off such a man, he feare some insurrection or war might ari

Surrounded by such difficulties seeing that a man, so popular amo countrymen, was not to be des either by force or by fraud, he re

rtha was of an active disposition, er for military reputation, to ex- n to dangers in the field, and thus trial of fortune. During the tine war, therefore, when he was supplies of horse and foot to the s, he gave him the command of the ans, whom he despatched into hoping that he would certainly either by an ostentatious display bravery, or by the merciless hand enemy. But this project had a fferent result from that which he pected. For when Jugurtha, who an active and penetrating intellect, arned the disposition of Publius the Roman general, and the char- f the enemy, he quickly rose, by xertion and vigilance, by modestly ting to orders, and frequently ex- himself to dangers, to such a of reputation, that he was greatly d by our men, and extremely d by the Numantines. He was in- what is peculiarly difficult, both in action, and wise in council; es, of which the one, from fore- t, generally produces fear, and er, from confidence, rashness. The , accordingly, managed almost difficult matter by the aid of ha, numbered him among his , and grew daily more and more ed to him, as a man whose advice hose efforts were never useless. uch merits were joined generosity osition, and readiness of wit, by he united to himself many of the s in intimate friendship.

re were at that time, in our army, ber of officers, some of low, and f high birth, to whom wealth was ttractive than virtue or honour; ho were attached to certain parties, consequence in their own country; nong the allies, rather distinguished espected. These persons inflamed nd of Jugurtha, of itself sufficiently g, by assuring him, "that if Micipsa should die, he might have the kingdom of Numidia to himself; for that he was possessed of eminent merit, and that anything might be purchased at Rome."

When Numantia, however, was destroyed, and Scipio had determined to dismiss the auxiliary troops, and to return to Rome, he led Jugurtha, after having honoured him, in a public assembly, with the noblest presents and applauses, into his own tent; where he privately admonished him "to court the friendship of the Romans rather by attention to them as a body, than by practising on individuals; to bribe no one, as what belonged to many could not without danger be bought from a few; and adding that, if he would but trust to his own merits, glory and regal power would spontaneously fall to his lot; but, should he proceed too rashly, he would only, by the influence of his money, hasten his own ruin."

Having thus spoken, he took leave of him, giving him a letter, which he was to present to Micipsa, and of which the following was the purport: "The merit of your nephew Jugurtha, in the war against Numantia, has been eminently distinguished; a fact which I am sure will afford you pleasure. He is dear to us for his services, and we shall strive, with our utmost efforts, to make him equally dear to the senate and people of Rome. As a friend, I sincerely congratulate you; you have a kinsman worthy of yourself, and of his grandfather Masinissa."

Micipsa, when he found from the letter of the general, that what he had already heard reported was true, being moved, both by the merit of the youth, and by the interest felt for him by Scipio, altered his purpose, and endeavoured to win Jugurtha by kindnesses. He accordingly, in a short time, adopted him as his son, and made him, by his will, joint-heir with his own children.

A few years afterwards, when, being debilitated by age and disease, he per-

ceived that the end of his life was at hand, he is said, in the presence of his friends and relations, and of Adherbal and Hiempsal, his sons, to have spoken with Jugurtha in the following manner:

"I received you, Jugurtha, at a very early age, into my kingdom, at a time when you had lost your father, and were without prospects or resources, expecting that, in return for my kindness, I should not be less loved by you than by my own children, if I should have any. Nor have my anticipations deceived me; for, to say nothing of your other great and noble deeds, you have lately, on your return from Numantia, brought honour and glory both to me and my kingdom; by your bravery, you have rendered the Romans, from being previously our friends, more friendly to us than ever; the name of our family is revived in Spain; and finally, what is most difficult among mankind, you have suppressed envy by pre-eminent merit.

"And now, since nature is putting a period to my life, I exhort and conjure you, by this right hand, and by the fidelity which you owe to my kingdom, to regard these princes, who are your cousins by birth, and your brothers by my generosity, with sincere affection; and not to be more anxious to attach to yourself strangers, than to retain the love of those connected with you by blood. It is not armies, or treasures, that form the defences of a kingdom, but friends, whom you can neither command by force nor purchase with gold; for they are acquired only by good offices and integrity. And who can be a greater friend than one brother to another? Or what stranger will you find faithful, if you are at enmity with your own family? I leave you a kingdom, which will be strong if you act honourably, but weak, if you are ill-affected to each other; for by concord even small states are increased, but by discord, even the greatest fall to nothing.

"But on you, Jugurtha, wh superior in age and wisdom, it is i bent, more than on your brothers, cautious that nothing of a contrar dency may arise; for, in all disput that is the stronger, even thou receive the injury, appears, becau power is greater, to have inflicted it. do you, Adherbal and Hiempsal, r and regard a kinsman of such a c ter; imitate his virtues, and make i endeavour to show that I hav adopted a better son than those w have begotten."

To this address, Jugurtha, thou knew that the king had spoken cerely, and though he was himse volving thoughts of a far different n yet replied with good feeling, suita the occasion. A few days after Micipsa died.

When the princes had performe funeral with due magnificence, the together to hold a discussion o general condition of their affairs. H sal, the youngest, who was naturall lent, and who had previously contempt for the mean birth of Jug as being inferior on his mother's si down on the right hand of Adherb order to prevent Jugurtha from bei middle one of the three, which garded by the Numidians as the s honour. Being urged by his br however, to yield to superior age, length removed, but with reluctan the other seat.

In the course of this conference a long debate about the administrat the kingdom, Jugurtha suggested, other measures, "that all the act decrees made in the last five years be annulled, as Micipsa, during period, had been enfeebled by ag scarcely sound in intellect." Hie replied, "that he was exceedingly p with the proposal, since Jugurtha h within the last three years, had adopted as joint-heir to the th

partee sunk deeper into the mind urtha than any one imagined. hat very time, accordingly, being l with resentment and jealousy, he o meditate and concert schemes, think of nothing but projects retly cutting off Hiempsal. But is proving slow in operation, and ry feelings remaining unabated, ved to execute his purpose by any whatsoever.

he first meeting of the princes, of have just spoken, it had been re- in consequence of their disagree- hat the treasures should be divided them, and that limits should be set jurisdiction of each. Days were ngly appointed for both these pur- but the earlier of the two for the of the money. The princes, in ean time, retired into separate of abode in the neighbourhood of asury. Hiempsal, residing in the f Thirmida, happened to occupy se of a man, who, being Jugurtha's ctor, had always been liked and ed by his master. This man, thus nely presented as an instrument, a loaded with promises, and in- im to go to his house, as if for the e of looking over it, and provide with false keys to the gates; for ue ones used to be given to sal; adding, that he himself, when stances should call for his presence, e at the place with a large body of This commission the Numidian y executed, and, according to his tions, admitted Jugurtha's men in ght, who, as soon as they had the house, went different ways in f the prince; some of his atten- hey killed while asleep, and others y met them; they searched into places, broke open those that were nd filled the whole premises with and tumult. Hiempsal, after a as found concealed in the hut of -servant, where, in his alarm and ignorance of the locality, he had at first taken refuge. The Numidians, as they had been ordered, brought his head to Jugurtha.

The report of so atrocious an outrage was soon spread throughout Africa. Fear seized on Adherbal, and on all who had been subject to Micipsa. The Numidians divided into two parties, the greater number following Adherbal, but the more warlike Jugurtha; who, accordingly, armed as large a force as he could, brought several cities, partly by force and partly by their own consent, under his power, and prepared to make himself sovereign of the whole of Numidia. Adherbal, though he had sent ambassadors to Rome, to inform the senate of his brother's murder and his own circumstances, yet, relying on the number of his troops, prepared for an armed resistance. When the matter, however, came to a contest, he was defeated, and fled from the field of battle into our province, and from thence hastened to Rome.

Jugurtha, having thus accomplished his purpose, and reflecting, at leisure, on the crime which he had committed, began to feel a dread of the Roman people, against whose resentment he had no hopes of security but in the avarice of the nobility, and in his own wealth. A few days afterwards, therefore, he despatched ambassadors to Rome, with a profusion of gold and silver, whom he directed, in the first place, to make abundance of presents to his old friends, and then to procure him new ones; and not to hesitate, in short, to effect whatever could be done by bribery.

When these deputies had arrived at Rome, and had sent large presents, according to the prince's direction, to his intimate friends, and to others whose influence was at that time powerful, so remarkable a change ensued, that Jugurtha, from being an object of the greatest odium, grew into great regard and favour with the nobility; who,

partly allured with hope, and partly with actual largesses, endeavoured, by soliciting the members of the senate individually, to prevent any severe measures from being adopted against him. When the ambassadors, accordingly, felt sure of success, the senate, on a fixed day, gave audience to both parties. . . .

Both parties then withdrew from the senate-house, and the senate immediately proceeded to deliberate. The partisans of the ambassadors, with a great many others, corrupted by their influence, expressed contempt for the statements of Adherbal, extolled with the highest encomiums the merits of Jugurtha, and exerted themselves as strenuously, with their interest and eloquence, in defence of the guilt and infamy of another, as they would have striven for their own honour. A few, however, on the other hand, to whom right and justice were of more estimation than wealth, gave their opinion that Adherbal should be assisted, and the murder of Hiempsal severely avenged. Of all these the most forward was Æmilius Scaurus, a man of noble birth and great energy, but factious, and ambitious of power, honour, and wealth; yet an artful concealer of his own vices. He, seeing that the bribery of Jugurtha was notorious and shameless, and fearing that, as in such cases often happens, its scandalous profusion might excite public odium, restrained himself from the indulgence of his ruling passion.

Yet that party gained the superiority in the senate, which preferred money and interest to justice. A decree was made, "that ten commissioners should divide the kingdom, which Micipsa had possessed, between Jugurtha and Adherbal." Of this commission the leading person was Lucius Opimius, a man of distinction, and of great influence at that time in the senate, from having in his consulship, on the death of Caius Gracchus and Marcus Fulvius Flaccus, prosecuted the victory over the nobility with great severity.

Jugurtha, though he had ac counted Scaurus among his frien Rome, yet received him with the studied ceremony, and, by present promises, wrought on him so effect that he preferred the prince's inter his own character, honour, and all considerations. The rest of the co sioners he assailed in a similar way gained over most of them; by a few integrity was more regarded than In the division of the kingdom, tha of Numidia which borders on Maure and which is superior in fertility population, was allotted to Jugurth the other part, which, though furnished with harbours and buil was more valuable in appearance th reality, Adherbal became the p sor. . . . .

When the commissioners, after di the kingdom, had left Africa Jugurtha saw that, contrary to his a hensions, he had obtained the obj his crimes, he then, being convinc the truth of what he had heard fro friends at Numantia, "that all things purchasable at Rome," and being encouraged by the promises of whom he had recently loaded presents, directed his views to the d of Adherbal. He was himself bol warlike, while the other, at whos struction he aimed, was quiet, un arms, of a mild temper, a fit subje injustice, and a prey to fear rathe an object of it. Jugurtha, accord with a powerful force, made a s irruption into his dominions, took s prisoners, with cattle and other set fire to the buildings, and made demonstrations against several with his cavalry. He then retreated all his followers, into his own kin expecting that Adherbal, roused by provocation, would avenge his wro force, and thus furnish a pretext fo But Adherbal, thinking himself una meet Jugurtha in the field, and rely

endship of the Romans more than Numidians, merely sent ambassa- Jugurtha to complain of the out- and, although they brought back insolent reply, yet he resolved to anything rather than have re- to war, which, when he attempted ore, had ended in his defeat. By onduct the eagerness of Jugurtha ot at all allayed; for he had now, , in imagination, possessed himself Adherbal's dominions. He there- enewed hostilities, not, as before, predatory band, but at the head of e army which he had collected, and aspired to the sovereignty of all dia. Wherever he marched, he d the towns and the fields, drove oty, and raised confidence in his en and dismay among the enemy. erbal, when he found that matters rived at such a point, that he must abandon his dominions, or defend y force of arms, collected an army necessity, and advanced to meet ha. Both armies took up their posi- ear the town of Cirta, at no great ce from the sea; but, as evening proaching, encamped without com- an engagement. But when the was far advanced, and twilight was ing to appear, the troops of ha, at a given signal, rushed into mp of the enemy, whom they routed ut to flight, some half asleep, and resuming their arms. Adherbal, few of his cavalry, fled to Cirta; ad there not been a number of ns in the town, who repulsed his dian pursuers from the walls, the etween the two princes would have egun and ended on the same day. urtha proceeded to invest the town, tempted to storm it with the aid of lets, towers, and every kind of nes; being anxious, above all things, e it before the ambassadors could at Rome, who, he was informed, en despatched thither by Adherbal before the battle was fought. But as soon as the senate heard of their contention, three young men were sent as deputies into Africa, with directions to go to both of the princes, and to announce to them, in the words of the senate and people of Rome, "that it was their will and resolution that they should lay down their arms, and settle their disputes rather by arbitration than by the sword; since to act thus would be to the honour both of the Romans and themselves."

These deputies soon arrived in Africa, using the greater despatch, because, whilst they were preparing for their journey, a report was spread at Rome of the battle which had been fought, and of the siege of Cirta; but this report told much less than the truth. Jugurtha, having given them an audience, replied, "that nothing was of greater weight with him, nothing more respected, than the authority of the senate; that it had been his endeavour, from his youth, to deserve the esteem of all men of worth; that he had gained the favour of Publius Scipio, a man of the highest eminence, not by dishonourable practices, but by merit; that, for the same good qualities, and not from want of heirs to the throne, he had been adopted by Micipsa; but that, the more honourable and spirited his conduct had been, the less could his feelings endure injustice; that Adherbal had formed designs against his life, on discovering which, he had conteracted his malice; that the Romans would act neither justly nor reasonably, if they withheld from him the common right of nations; and, in conclusion, that he would soon send ambassadors to Rome to explain the whole of his proceedings." On this understanding, both parties separated. Of addressing Adherbal the deputies had no opportunity.

Jugurtha, as soon as he thought that they had quitted Africa, surrounded the walls of Cirta, which, from the nature of its situation, he was unable to take by

assault, with a rampart and a trench; he also erected towers, and manned them with soldiers; he made attempts on the place, by force or by stratagem, day and night; he held out bribes, and sometimes menaces, to the besieged; he roused his men, by exhortations, to efforts of valour, and resorted, with the utmost perseverance, to every possible expedient.

Adherbal, on the other hand, seeing that his affairs were in a desperate condition, that his enemy was determined on his ruin, that there was no hope of succour, and that the siege, from want of provisions, could not long be protracted, selected, from among those who had fled with him to Cirta, two of his most resolute supporters, whom he induced, by numerous promises, and an affecting representation of his distress, to make their way in the night, through the enemy's lines, to the nearest point of the coast, and from thence to Rome.

The Numidians, in a few days, executed their commission; and a letter from Adherbal was read in the senate, of which the following was the purport:

"It is not through my own fault, Conscript Fathers, that I so often send requests to you; but the violence of Jugurtha compels me; whom so strong a desire for my destruction has seized, that he pays no regard either to you or to the immortal gods; my blood he covets beyond everything. Five months, in consequence, have I, the ally and friend of the Roman people, been besieged with an armed force; neither the remembrance of my father Micipsa's benefits, nor your decrees, are of any avail for my relief; and whether I am more closely pressed by the sword or by famine, I am unable to say.

"From writing further concerning Jugurtha, my present condition deters me; for I have experienced, even before, that little credit is given to the unfortunate. Yet I can perceive that his views extend further than to myself, and that he does not expect to possess, same time, your friendship and my dom; which of the two he think more desirable, must be manifest to one. For, in the first place, he mur my brother Hiempsal; and, in the expelled me from my dominions; however, may be regarded as our wrongs, and as having no referen you. But now he occupies your kin with an army; he keeps me, whom appointed a king over the Numidia a state of blockade; and in what es tion he holds the words of your a sadors, my perils may serve to What then is left, except your arms can make an impression upon him?

"I could wish, indeed, that what write, as well as the complaints wh lately made before the senate, were rather than that my present dist should confirm the truth of my ments. But since I am born to example of Jugurtha's villany, I d now beg a release from death or dis but only from the tyranny of an e and from bodily torture. Respectin kingdom of Numidia, which is you property, determine as you please, the memory of my grandfather Mas is still cherished by you, deliver entreat you, by the majesty of you pire, and by the sacred ties of frien from the inhuman hands of Jugurth

When this letter was read, there some who thought that an army s be despatched into Africa, and afforded to Adherbal, as soon as pos and that the senate, in the mean should give judgment on the condu Jugurtha, in not having obeyed th bassadors. But by the partisa Jugurtha, the same that had before ported his cause, effectual exertions made to prevent any decree from passed; and thus the public intere is too frequently the case, was de by private influence.

An embassy was, however, despa

rica, consisting of men of advanced and of noble birth, and who had he highest offices of the state; whom was Marcus Scaurus, mentioned, a man who had held sulship, and who was at that time f the senate. These ambassadors, r business was an affair of public and as they were urged by the ies of the Numidians, embarked in days; and having soon arrived at sent a letter from thence to ha, desiring him "to come to the e as quickly as possible, as they eputed by the senate to meet him." rtha, when he found that men of ce, whose influence at Rome he o be powerful, were come to put to his proceedings, was at first ed, and distracted between fear upidity. He dreaded the dis- e of the senate, if he should dis- he ambassadors; while his eager blinded by the lust of power, him on to complete the injustice he had begun. At length the evil ents of ambition prevailed. He ingly drew his army round the city rta, and endeavoured, with his efforts, to force an entrance; hav- e strongest hopes, that by dividing tention of the enemy's troops, he be able, by force or artifice, to an opportunity of success. When empts, however, were unavailing, found himself unable, as he had ed, to get Adherbal into his power he met the ambassadors, fearing y further delay, he might irritate s, of whom he stood in great dread, oceeded with a small body of into the Province. Yet, though menaces were repeated to him in me of the senate, because he had sisted from the siege, nevertheless, pending a long time in conference, bassadors departed without making pression upon him.

n news of this result was brought to Cirta, the Italians, by whose exertions the city had been defended, and who trusted that, if a surrender were made, they would be able, from respect to the greatness of the Roman power, to escape without personal injury, advised Adherbal to deliver himself and the city to Jugurtha, stipulating only that his life should be spared, and leaving all other matters to the care of the senate. Adherbal, though he thought nothing less trustworthy than the honour of Jugurtha, yet, knowing that those who advised could also compel him if he resisted, surrendered the place according to their desire. Jugurtha immediately proceeded to put Adherbal to death with torture, and massacred all the inhabitants that were of age, whether Numidians or Italians, as each fell in the way of his troops.

When this outrage was reported at Rome, and became a matter of discussion in the senate, the former partisans of Jugurtha applied themselves, by interrupting the debates and protracting the time, sometimes exerting their interest and sometimes quarrelling with particular members, to palliate the atrocity of the deed. And had not Caius Memmius, one of the tribunes of the people elect, a man of energy, and hostile to the power of the nobility, convinced the people of Rome that an attempt was being made, by the agency of a small faction, to have the crimes of Jugurtha pardoned, it is certain that the public indignation against him would have passed off under the protraction of the debates; so powerful was party interest, and the influence of Jugurtha's money. When the senate, however, from consciousness of misconduct, became afraid of the people, Numidia and Italy, by the Sempronian law, were appointed as provinces to the succeeding consuls, who were declared to be Publius Scipio Nasica, and Lucius Bestia Calpurnius. Numidia fell to Calpurnius, and Italy to Scipio. An army

was then raised to be sent into Africa; and pay, and all other necessaries of war, were decreed for its use.

When Jugurtha received this news, which was utterly at variance with his expectations, as he had felt convinced that all things were purchasable at Rome, he sent his son, with two of his friends, as deputies to the senate, and directed them, like those whom he had sent on the murder of Hiempsal, to attack everybody with bribes. Upon the approach of these deputies to Rome, the senate was consulted by Bestia, whether they would allow them to be admitted within the gates; and the senate decreed, "that, unless they came to surrender Jugurtha's kingdom and himself, they must quit Italy within the ten following days." The consul directed this decree to be communicated to the Numidians, who consequently returned home without effecting their object.

Calpurnius, in the mean time, having raised an army, chose for his officers men of family and intrigue, hoping that whatever faults he might commit, would be screened by their influence; and among these was Scaurus, of whose disposition and character we have already spoken. There were, indeed, in our consul Calpurnius, many excellent qualities, both mental and personal, though avarice interfered with the exercise of them; he was patient of labour, of a penetrating intellect, of great foresight, not inexperienced in war, and extremely vigilant against danger and surprise.

The troops were conducted through Italy to Rhegium, from thence to Sicily, and from Sicily into Africa; and Calpurnius's first step, after collecting provisions, was to invade Numidia with spirit, where he took many prisoners, and several towns, by force of arms.

But when Jugurtha began, through his emissaries, to tempt him with bribes, and to show the difficulties of the war which he had undertaken to conduct, his mind, corrupted with avarice, was easily al His accomplice, however, and manag all his schemes, was Scaurus; who, th he had at first, when most of his were corrupted, displayed violent hos to Jugurtha, yet was afterwards sed by a vast sum of money, from inte and honour to injustice and pe Jugurtha, however, at first sought on purchase a suspension of hostilities pecting to be able, during the interv make some favourable impression, e by bribery or by interest, at Rome when he heard that Scaurus was operating with Calpurnius, he was e with great hopes of regaining peace resolved upon a conference with the person respecting the terms of it. the mean time, for the sake of g confidence to Jugurtha, Sextus quæstor was despatched by the cons Vaga, one of the prince's towns; the text for his journey being the rece of corn, which Calpurnius had o demanded from Jugurtha's emissarie the ground that a truce was obs through their delay to make a surre Jugurtha, then, as he had determ paid a visit to the consul's camp, w having made a short address to council, respecting the odium cast his conduct, and his desire for a cap tion, he arranged other matters Bestia and Scaurus in secret; and next day, as if by an evident majori voices, he was formally allowed to render. But, as was demanded i hearing of the council, thirty eleph a considerable number of cattle horses, and a small sum of money, delivered into the hands of the qua Calpurnius then returned to Ro preside at the election of magistrates peace was observed throughout Nu and the Roman army.

When rumour had made known affairs transacted in Africa, and the in which they had been brought to the conduct of the consul becam

of discussion in every place and
ny at Rome. Among the people
was violent indignation; as to the
s, whether they would ratify so
us a proceeding, or annul the act
consul, was a matter of doubt.
fluence of Scaurus, as he was said
the supporter and accomplice of
was what chiefly restrained the
from acting with justice and
. But Caius Memmius, of whose
ss of spirit, and hatred to the
of the nobility, I have already
, excited the people by his
ues, during the perplexity and de-
the senators, to take vengeance on
thors of the treaty; he exhorted
not to abandon the public interest
ir own liberty; he set before them
ny tyrannical and violent proceed-
f the nobles, and omitted no art to
e the popular passions. . . .
repeating these and similar senti-
Memmius prevailed on the people
d Lucius Cassius, who was then
to Jugurtha, and to bring him,
guarantee of the public faith, to
in order that, by the prince's
ce, the misconduct of Scaurus and
st, whom they charged with having
bribes, might more easily be made
est.
ing the course of these proceedings
me, those whom Bestia had left in
dia in command of the army, fol-
the example of their general, had
guilty of many scandalous transac-
Some, seduced by gold, had re-
Jugurtha his elephants; others
old him his deserters; others had
d the lands of those at peace with
strong a spirit of rapacity, like the
ion of a pestilence, had pervaded
easts of all.
sius, when the measure proposed by
nius had been carried, and whilst
e nobility were in consternation,
t on his mission to Jugurtha, whom,
d as he was, and despairing of his
fortune, from a sense of guilt, he admonished "that, since he had surrendered himself to the Romans, he had better make trial of their mercy than their power." He also pledged his own word, which Jugurtha valued not less than that of the public, for his safety. Such, at that period, was the reputation of Cassius.

Jugurtha, accordingly, accompanied Cassius to Rome, but without any mark of royalty, and in the garb, as much as possible, of a suppliant; and, though he felt great confidence on his own part, and was supported by all those through whose power or villany he had accomplished his projects, he purchased, by a vast bribe, the aid of Caius Bæbius, a tribune of the people, by whose audacity he hoped to be protected against the law, and against all harm.

An assembly of the people being convoked, Memmius, although they were violently exasperated against Jugurtha (some demanding that he should be cast into prison, others that, unless he should name his accomplices in guilt, he should be put to death, according to the usage of their ancestors, as a public enemy), yet, regarding rather their character than their resentment, endeavoured to calm their turbulence and mitigate their rage; and assured them that, as far as depended on him, the public faith should not be broken. At length, when silence was obtained, he brought forward Jugurtha, and addressed them. He detailed the misdeeds of Jugurtha at Rome and in Numidia, and set forth his crimes towards his father and brothers; and admonished the prince, "that the Roman people, though they were well aware by whose support and agency he had acted, yet desired further testimony from himself; that, if he disclosed the truth, there was great hope for him in the honour and clemency of the Romans; but if he concealed it, he would certainly not save his accomplices, but ruin himself and his hopes for ever."

But when Memmius had concluded his speech, and Jugurtha was expected to give his answer, Caius Bæbius, the tribune of the people, whom I have just noticed as having been bribed, enjoined the prince to hold his peace; and though the multitude, who formed the assembly, were desperately enraged, and endeavoured to terrify the tribune by outcries, by angry looks, by violent gestures, and by every other act to which anger prompts, his audacity was at last triumphant. The people, mocked and set at nought, withdrew from the place of assembly; and the confidence of Jugurtha, Bestia, and the others, whom this investigation had alarmed, was greatly augmented.

There was at this period in Rome a certain Numidian named Massiva, a son of Gulussa, and grandson of Masinissa, who, from having been, in the dissensions among the princes, opposed to Jugurtha, had been obliged, after the surrender of Cirta and the murder of Adherbal, to make his escape out of Africa. Spurius Albinus, who was consul with Quintus Minucius Rufus the year after Bestia, prevailed upon this man, as he was of the family of Masinissa, and as odium and terror hung over Jugurtha for his crimes, to petition the senate for the kingdom of Numidia. Albinus, being eager for the conduct of a war, was desirous that affairs should be disturbed, rather than sink into tranquillity; especially as, in the division of the provinces, Numidia had fallen to himself, and Macedonia to Minucius.

When Massiva proceeded to carry these suggestions into execution, Jugurtha, finding that he had no sufficient support in his friends, as a sense of guilt deterred some, and evil report or timidity others, from coming forward in his behalf, directed Bomilcar, his most attached and faithful adherent, to procure b aid of money, by which he had all effected so much, assassins to Massiva; and to do it secretly if he c but, if secrecy should be impossib cut him off in any way whatsoever. commission Bomilcar soon found m to execute; and, by the agency of versed in such service, ascertained direction of his journeys, his hou leaving home, and the times at whi resorted to particular places, and, all was ready, placed his assassins in bush. One of their number sprung Massiva, though with too little ca and killed him; but being himself ca he made, at the instigation of many especially of Albinus the consul, a confession. Bomilcar was accord committed for trial, though rather o principles of reason and justice th accordance with the law of nations, was in the retinue of one who had to Rome on a pledge of the public for his safety. But Jugurtha, th clearly guilty of the crime, did not to struggle against the truth, until he ceived that the infamy of the deed too strong for his interest or his m For which reason, although, at the mencement of the proceedings, he given fifty of his friends as bai Bomilcar, yet, thinking more of his dom than of the sureties, he sent hi privately into Numidia; for he f that if such a man should be exec his other subjects would be deterred obeying him. A few days after, he self departed, having been ordered b senate to quit Italy. But, as he going from Rome, he is said, afte quently looking back on it in silen have at last exclaimed, "That it venal city, and would soon perish could but find a purchaser!"

—J. S. Wats

ANSION TOWARDS THE EAST

ON POMPEY'S COMMAND

CICERO

[From the *Manilian Law*]

eus Tullius Cicero was born in 106
d in 43 B.C.
ing from a well-to-do family of the
f Arpinum, with little political in-
to assist him, Cicero won his way
consulship, the greatest office of the
by real ability, genius as a speaker,
nest patriotism. During his year as
he caused the failure of Catiline's
acy to overthrow the government.
ervice Cicero regarded as his great-
his country, and the senate gave him
norable title of father of his coun-
ater patriae) in recognition of it.
od apart from the first triumvirate
mpey, Cæsar, and Crassus, which
led Rome for a time. He ac-
ed in the dictatorship of Cæsar; but
his death made a noble, if pathetic,
t to save the Republic. The effort
m his life at the hands of Antony's
ers.
ero, more than any other Latin au-
epresents that combination of Greek
ng and culture and its practical ap-
on and use in Roman thought and
tions, which characterizes the whole
man literature. He is not a phi-
er, but rather an interpreter of
ophy. It is possible to discover
sources for nearly all his work, ex-
uch parts as have to do only with
liate problems of politics and the
; but he skillfully modifies and alters
he finds to make it express more
tely the Roman life. He perfected
f especially in the art of oratory,
s reckoned the greatest master of
of his race. By reason of the fact
e was a prolific writer of private
, into which he poured his inmost
nts and feelings, no man of an-
is personally better known to us.
tters have the additional great values
vering an important period of his-
ot otherwise known to us in detail,
f coming from the pen of one of the
leading public men in an era of political upheaval.

The ever widening sphere of Rome's activity brought not only problems of war and of provincial government, but also problems of a political nature at home growing out of the foreign policy. Cicero is convinced of the wisdom of going ahead with the program of expansion, on the one hand; and on the other, he is not afraid of entrusting extraordinary power to one man. Pompey's almost limitless command against Mithridates was granted him in 66 B.C.

Though your crowded assemblies, Romans, be always a grateful sight to me; though this place appears the most conspicuous for counsel, and the most honourable for debate: yet not choice, but the way of life I have engaged in from my early youth, have hitherto excluded me from this theatre of praise, ever open to the worthy and the wise. For as till now I had not reached the age necessary to entitle me to so distinguished an honour, and as I judged nothing worthy of this tribunal, in which the most consummate genius and industry were not conspicuous; I thought it best to dedicate my whole time to the concerns of my friends. Accordingly this place has always abounded with able pleaders in the cause of the republic: and my talents, employed in the defence of private citizens, have by your suffrages been crowned with a glorious reward. For when by reason of the adjournment of the comitia, I found myself thrice chosen first prætor by all the centuries, it was easy for me thence to collect, both what your sentiments of me were, and what qualifications you required in others. Now that I am clothed with all that authority which is annexed to the offices you have honoured me with; and as my talents for business are such as the constant exercise of pleading may produce in a man of industry; be assured, that whatever authority I possess, shall be exercised in behalf of

those from whom I derived it; and if my eloquence carries any weight, I will display it chiefly to those who have thought it worthy of reward. And here I think I may justly congratulate myself, that, unaccustomed as I am to harangue in this manner, and from this place, a subject presents itself, on which it is impossible not to be eloquent. I am to speak of the singular and amazing virtues of Pompey; a theme where I shall find it more difficult to know where to stop, than how to begin; and where my principal study must be, not to search for materials, but to set bounds to my oration.

But that my discourse may run back to the source of the present debate; an important and dangerous war is carried on against your tributaries and allies, by two very powerful monarchs, Mithridates and Tigranes: of whom the one being provoked, and the other not pushed after his defeat; they think a favourable opportunity offers to possess themselves of all Asia. Letters are daily brought from that quarter to the Roman knights, men of character and eminence, who have a great interest in the collection of your revenues; and on account of my near connection with their order, have thought proper to lay before me the cause of the republic, and the danger to which their own private fortunes are exposed: that in Bithynia, now a Roman province, a great number of villages are burnt down: that the kingdom of Ariobarzanes, which borders on your tributaries, is wholly in the power of your enemy: that Lucullus, after a series of great exploits, is about to relinquish that war: that his successor is but ill provided for the execution of so difficult an enterprise: and that the unanimous voice of citizens and allies, points at and demands one person for the conduct of this war, as the only man alive who strikes terror into our enemies. You see then the point in question: it now remains to consider what is fit to be done. To me it seems necessary to speak, first of the nature, then of the greatness war, and lastly of the choice of a ge The nature of the war is such as ou rouse all your courage, and kindle warmest resentment. It regards the of the Roman people, which your tors have transmitted with so much in all things, but principally in the s of arms. It regards the safety of friends and allies, in defence of your forefathers have sustained heavy and dangerous wars. It re the surest and fairest revenues o commonwealth, without which we neither support peace with dignity furnish the necessary expenses durin war. In fine, it regards the privat tunes of many illustrious citizens, prosperity demands your utmost tion, both on their own and the repu account.

And because the thirst of glory, a passion for fame, has always stronger in you, than in any other p you must wipe out that stain cont in the last Mithridatic war, whic given so deep and dangerous a wou the reputation of the Roman people the man who in one day, over all through so many states, by a courier, and the contents of a letter, marked out the Roman citiz butchery and destruction, has not hitherto escaped without any su punishment, but now counts the t third year of his reign from that p a reign too so prosperous, that inst seeking to hide himself in Pontus, a fastnesses of Cappadocia, he has through the limits of his paternal tance, and riots among your tri provinces, in the rich and fertile c of Asia. For hitherto your general fought in such a manner with this as to carry off the trophies of victo victory itself. L. Sulla triumphe Murena triumphed over Mithri both brave men, and accomplished manders: but their triumphs were

ave him, after all his losses and in full possession of royalty. eless these generals deserve praise t they did, and pardon for what t undone; for the concerns of the wealth recalled Sulla, and Sulla recalled Murena from the prose- of that war.

Mithridates employed the interval lowed, not in endeavours to blot memory of the ancient quarrel, concerting measures to renew the nd, after building and equipping ets; levying great armies in all the s whence troops could be had; using a report to be spread, that ign was to make war upon the of the Bosphorus, his neighbours; ambassadors from Ecbatana into to treat with the generals then at th the republic: that obliging you e head both by sea and land, two mighty enemies acting in con- d in provinces so very remote and from each other, you may find ves embarrassed by the double at- nd be reduced to the necessity of for your empire. But one part storm, which proceeded from Ser- nd Spain, and was by far the most ble and threatening, was dissi- y the divine conduct and singular of Pompey: and in the other scene on, affairs were so managed by s, that great and illustrious com- , that his glorious successes in the ng may be justly attributed to his e, not to his good fortune; those later disasters, which have fallen him, seem purely the work ce, and are not imputable to his duct. But of Lucullus I will speak re, and speak in such a manner, s, as neither to deprive him of any ise, nor load him with false com- ions. At present, as the chief de- my speech is the honour and of your empire, see what ought to resentments upon this occasion.

Your forefathers often engaged in a war, to revenge the insults offered to their merchants and seamen. How then ought you to be fired, when you call to mind, that in consequence of a single express, so many thousand Roman citizens were butchered in one day? Corinth, the pride and ornament of Greece, was by your ancestors doomed to utter destruction, because of the insolent behaviour of the citizens to their ambassadors: and will you suffer the tyrant to escape with impunity, by whom a consular senator of the Roman people was condemned to be bound, scourged, and put to death with the most cruel torments? Your fathers would not permit the least infringement of their privileges; and will you tamely overlook the murder of Roman citizens? These avenged even a verbal insult upon the dignity of their ambassador; and shall the blood of a Roman senator, shed in the most cruel manner, cry for no vengeance from you? Beware, citizens, beware, lest, as it was glorious for them to transmit so extensive an empire to posterity, your inability to preserve and defend it prove not infamous for you. What, to appear unconcerned when the very safety and being of your allies is at stake! Ariobarzanes, a sovereign prince, the friend and confederate of the Roman people, is expelled his dominions. Two potent kings, the inveterate foes not only of Rome, but of every state in amity and alliance with her, threaten all Asia. The provinces of Greece, and beyond the Hellespont, unable to repel the danger, look to you for aid; but without daring, or thinking it safe to name the particular general they want, because you have already put another into that commission. They see and know, as you do, that there is one man, in whom all great qualities meet; and are the more impatient to be without him, as he is so near at hand to undertake their defence: a man, whose very name and approach, though he came only vested with a naval commission, they

nevertheless perceive to have checked and retarded the enemies' attempts. And because they dare not openly proclaim their desires, they silently implore you to consider them, in common with the other allied provinces, as worthy of the protection of such a hero. This request is the more reasonable, as we have lately sent them commanders, who indeed defended them from the enemy, but whose entrance into their cities differed little from taking them by storm. As to the general now in their eye, they have formerly heard, but at present find him so full of gentleness, moderation, and humanity, that happiest appears the people among whom he longest resides.

If then your ancestors, unprovoked by any injury themselves, and merely for the sake of their allies, engaged in war with Antiochus, Philip, the Ætolians, and Carthaginians: how much more ought you, irritated by a series of personal affronts, to exert yourselves warmly in a quarrel, where the dignity of your empire is united with the cause of your confederates; more especially as the fairest revenues of the republic are at stake? For the revenues of the other provinces are such as scarce to defray the expense of protecting them: but Asia is a country so opulent and fertile, that whether we regard the richness of the soil, the variety of fruits, its abundant pastures, and the multitude of commodities for exportation, it easily claims the preference to all other climates. And therefore, Romans, if you aspire either at success in war, or dignity in peace, you must not only defend this province from conquest, but even from the apprehension of being invaded. For in other affairs, the loss is felt when the disaster happens: but in what regards the revenues of a state, not only real misfortunes but the very apprehension of them is productive of mischief. For when an enemy approaches, though no irruption be yet made, the cattle are abandoned, agriculture is neglected, and commerce stagnates. Thus all taxes, whether shipping, manufactures, or the fru the earth, necessarily cease; inso that the bare rumour of danger, the apprehension of a war, often sink revenues of a whole year. What may you suppose to be the situ either of those who pay, or those wh lect the public tributes, when the themselves threatened with an inv from two formidable monarchs? W single incursion of the enemy's ca may rifle at once the revenue of an year? when the farmers of the taxes perceive, that all the people emp under them, in the forests, in the in sea-ports, and in garrisons, are ex to imminent danger? Do you imag possible to enjoy the labour of all without preserving the labourers selves, not only from the reality, but said before, from the very drea danger?

Nor ought you to overlook the point I proposed to mention, in spe of the nature of the war: I mean regards the fortunes of many Roma zens; to which, my countrymen, wisdom ought to pay a particular re For the farmers of the revenue, m worth and rank in the republic, conveyed all their wealth and effect that province; and it is incumbent you, to bestow your utmost atte upon the preservation of their for For if we have ever considered the tributes as the sinews of the state, that order of men who are employ collecting them, may be justly l upon as the cement and support the other orders. Besides, a numb active and industrious men of othe nominations, whose interest you ou take care of in their absence, are now trading in Asia, while others laid out their money to a great exte that province. Humanity therefo quires you, to protect the fortunes o a multitude of citizens; and prudenc

at the ruin of so many individuals ail to affect the public prosperity. will avail but little to recover by y, what the officers of the revenue ve lost; because such as enjoyed oms before, will be disabled from g the farm, and others will avoid g through fear. Besides, in- by past misfortunes, we ought to keep in mind, what the same e, and the same Mithridates, us towards the beginning of the war. For a number of citizens ng at that time great losses in e know that public credit was at a t Rome, from a general stoppage of t. And indeed, where a multitude iduals in any state suffer an entire ck of their fortunes, it is im- but others must be involved in he calamity. Shield the common- therefore from this danger, and dit to a principle which experience ave taught you. The public credit e, the circulation of money in the is connected with, and dependent he revenues of Asia; the loss of must infallibly draw after it the the other. Judge, then, whether ght not to bend all your cares to orous prosecution of a war, in he glory of your empire, the safety r allies, the principal revenues of te, and the properties of many us citizens, are connected with ence of the republic.

ng thus finished what I had to say ing the nature of the war, it now s that I speak of its greatness. is much I will venture to affirm; is indeed a necessary and unavoid- ar, yet not so considerable as to use of fear. My principal en- r therefore, on this occasion, must t some particulars which deserve tmost attention, be not slightly ked as scarce worthy of notice. re, that every one may be sensible m disposed to allow all that praise to Lucullus, which is due to a brave citizen, a wise man, and a great general; I readily own, that at his arrival, the numerous forces of Mithridates were provided with every thing necessary or convenient; that Cyzicum, the noblest city of Asia, and the best affected to Rome, was invested and vigorously pressed by the king in person, at the head of a formidable army; and that the courage, assiduity and admirable conduct of Lucullus, freed it from the imminent danger to which it was exposed. I must add, that a strong and well appointed fleet, fitted out by Sertorius's lieutenants, who burned with desire to wreak their vengeance upon Italy, was by the same general defeated and sunk: that in numberless encounters besides, great bodies of the enemies' forces were overthrown: that Pontus, hitherto inaccessible to the Roman people, was exposed to the depredations of our legions: that Sinope and Amisus, two cities of royal residence, adorned and provided with all the means of defence, with many other towns of Pontus and Cappadocia, were taken in one march, and in one approach: that Mithridates himself, despoiled of his hereditary and paternal dominions, was forced to fly a suppliant to other kings and states: and that all these great actions were performed, without loss to our allies or diminution of our revenues. This, I think, sufficiently speaks his praise; and I believe you will readily allow, Romans, that none of the opposers of this law and measure, have so fully enlarged upon the merits of Lucullus from this place.

But now, perhaps, it will be asked, if these things are so, how can so difficult a war still remain? Let us examine into this matter a little; for the question is not without foundation. Know then, Romans, that Mithridates fled from this kingdom, just as the famed Medea is said to have escaped out of the same Pontus: whom report feigns to have scat-

tered the limbs of her murdered brother in those places through which her father was to pass, that the care of collecting them, and paternal grief, might stay the celerity of his pursuit. Thus Mithridates, to favour his flight, left in Pontus an immense collection of gold and silver, and other valuable and costly ornaments, which he had either inherited from his ancestors, or got by plunder in the last Asiatic war, and treasured up in his own dominions. While our troops were employed in pillaging these, the person of the king escaped. Thus in the former case grief, in the latter joy, checked the eager desire of pursuit. In this flight, and under the influence of these terrors, he took refuge with Tigranes, king of Armenia, who received him kindly, roused him from his diffidence, cheered him in his distress, and restored him to some degree of hope. Lucullus followed him with his army into this prince's territories, where he found many nations ready to oppose him, from the dread they entertained of the Roman forces, though they were far from any design either to provoke or attack them. A prevalent and general persuasion had likewise taken hold of the minds of these barbarians, that the design of pillaging a rich and awful temple, had brought our armies into these parts. Thus many very powerful nations were spirited up against us, by a new kind of terror and dread. Meanwhile our troops, though they took the capital of Tigranes's kingdom, and routed the enemy in several encounters, were, nevertheless, dismayed at the distance of the provinces in which they fought, and seized with a desire to return to their own country. Here let me stop: for the issue of all was, that our soldiers discovered a greater inclination to retire, than to advance. But Mithridates had by this time revived the courage of his troops, and found his army greatly increased by multitudes that flocked to him from his own dominions, and the numerous reinforcements of many foreign kin nations. This we learn from exp to be frequently the case, that the ent distresses of princes, by the c sion they are apt to excite, raise p confederates in their favour, espec such as are either monarchs them or live in subjection to monarch cause to them the name of royalty great and venerable. Accordingly able to effect more after his defea in the very height of his prosper durst presume to hope. For when turned to his own kingdom, not con with so unexpected a piece of goo tune, in recovering the possessio country whence he thought hims pelled for ever, he even had the bo to attack your brave and victorious Suffer me, Romans, in this place the example of the poets, who w your affairs, to suppress the ment our calamity: a calamity so great, reached the ears of Lucullus, not l messenger escaped from the battl by the reports of public rumour. scene of distress, and amidst the losses of so destructive a war, L. Lu who might in some measure, perhap found a remedy for these evils strained by your orders, which, in tion of former times, set bounds duration of his command, dismisse part of the army which had comple legal term of service, and delivere the other to Glabrio. I designedl over many things; leaving it to yo conjectures to inform you how imp that war is like to prove, in which the defeat of your former army, y still to oppose, under the auspice new commander, the confederacy powerful kings, the renewed hostili resentful nations, and the entire fo unsubdued countries.

Methinks I have said enough to that this war is in its nature nec and by its importance dangerous me now speak of the choice of a

command in such a war, and have of so great an undertaking. It o be wished, Romans, that this o abounded with men of courage obity, as to make it a matter of ty to determine, to whom chiefly ould entrust the conduct of so im- t and dangerous a war. But as y is universally allowed, not only ass the generals of the present age, en those of antiquity, in military what reason can any man assign, e should hesitate a moment in the t choice? To me four qualifica- eem requisite to form a complete l, a thorough knowledge of war, authority, and good fortune. But is the man that possesses, or indeed required to possess greater abili- war, than Pompey? One that from and the exercises of the school, into his father's camp, and began dy of the military art, during the ss of a raging war, maintained by a enemy? who, before the period of od was elapsed, commenced a sol- nder a great general? who, in the lawn of youth, was himself at the f a mighty army? who has fought pitched battles, than others have ined personal disputes; carried on wars, than others have acquired by dge of reading; reduced more ces, than others have aspired to thought? whose youth was trained profession of arms, not by precepts d from others, but the highest of command; not by personal mis- n war, but a train of important vic- not by a series of campaigns, but succession of triumphs? In fine, species of war can be named, in the fortune of the republic has not him an opportunity of exercising f? the civil, the African, the Trans- the servile, the naval; together nat of Spain, in which such a multi- f our own citizens and warlike for- were concerned. So many and different wars, against such a variety of foes, not only carried on, but happily terminated by this one man, sufficiently proclaim, that there is no part of military knowledge in which he is not an accomplished master. . . .

As, therefore, this war is so necessary, that it cannot be avoided; so important, that it must be managed with the utmost address: and as you may now commit it into the hands of a general, who, to the most consummate knowledge in the art of war, joins eminent courage, an illustrious reputation, and unparalleled success: will ye hesitate, Romans, to employ so favourable an opportunity, presented and put into your hands by the immortal gods, for the preservation and enlargement of your empire?

Were Pompey at this time in Rome, in the station of a private citizen, he is yet the only person fit to be chosen for the management of so great a war. But now, when with other urgent advantages, this powerful motive likewise concurs; that he is already upon the spot; that he is at the head of an army, that he can immediately join it to the forces now in those parts; what wait we for? Or why do we not, when the gods so clearly discover their pleasure, intrust likewise this royal war to the care of the man, who has already terminated so many others with the highest advantage to the state? But, Q. Catulus, a man of an illustrious character, a great lover of his country, and distinguished by the most eminent proofs of your regard; and Q. Hortensius, conspicuous by all the advantages of honour, fortune, virtue, and genius, differ from my opinion. These, I own, are men, whose sentiments have always had great weight with you, and doubtless very deservedly: but on this occasion, though some of the best and bravest men in Rome be against me, yet setting authority aside, I think we may come at the truth by reason and enquiry; the rather, because my very adversaries agree to all I have

advanced, that this war is necessary, and important; and that all the great qualities requisite for conducting it are to be found in Pompey. What then is the argument of Hortensius? If all important affairs are to pass through the hands of one man, Pompey is doubtless the most deserving: but it were dangerous to trust so much power with one person. This position, refuted rather by facts than by reasoning, is now become quite stale. For you, Q. Hortensius, with that masterly and commanding eloquence which is peculiar to you, spoke fully and forcibly against Aulus Gabinius, a brave tribune; both in the senate, when his law for putting the war against the pirates into the hands of one general was brought before that assembly: and from this place, when it was proposed to the consideration of the people. But tell me, in the name of all the gods! if your authority had availed more with the Roman people, than the consideration of their own safety and true interest, should we at this day have been in possession of so much glory, or really enjoyed the sovereignty of the universe? For could we then be deemed to possess this sovereignty, when the ambassadors, prætors, and quæstors of the Roman people, were liable to an ignominious captivity? When we were deprived of all communication, either public or private, with our provinces? When navigation was so totally at a stand, that we could transact no business beyond sea, whether it regarded the interest of the whole state, or the properties of particular persons?

For was there ever a state, I speak not of the Athenians, who are said to have been once very powerful at sea; nor of the Carthaginians, renowned for their fleets and naval strength; nor of the Rhodians, the glory of whose maritime expeditions have reached even our days: but was there, I say, ever a state so inconsiderable, an island so small, that could not herself defend her own ports and territory, with some part at le the maritime coast and region? An for a continued train of years befo Gabinian law, the very people of whose reputation in sea-affairs h mained even to our day without were not only divested of far the gr part of their traffick, but were wounded in their dignity and dominion. We, whose ancestors quished king Antiochus and Perse sea, and came off victorious in all engagements with the Carthaginia nation thoroughly expert and practi maritime affairs: we, I say, were th where a match for a band of pirates too, who heretofore not only gu Italy from insults, but by the very tation of our strength secured the of our allies in all parts, however re insomuch that the island of Delos, d from Rome so far as the Ægean se mart of all nations, abounding in w small in circumference, unprotecte walls, had yet nothing to fear: eve these very Romans, were then not excluded from our provinces, the time parts of Italy, and our harbou the sea-coast, but durst not so mu appear on the Appian way. And that very time, the magistrates o Roman people were not asham mount this tribunal, adorned by the cestors with naval spoils, and the be ships taken from the enemy.

The people of Rome were sensib Hortensius, that when you, and su were in your way of thinking, del your sentiments upon the law pro you did it with an honest intention. yet, in an affair that regarded the co safety, they were more swayed by a of their own sufferings, than a respe your authority. Therefore one law man, one year, not only delivered us that state of wretchedness and in but effectually proved to all nation people, that we were at length becon real lords of the earth and sea. O

I cannot forbear expressing a indignation at the affront offered inius, shall I say, or Pompey, or, really the case, to both, in refusing Pompey have Gabinius for his lieu- general, though he earnestly sought sired it? Ought the general who led an agreeable lieutenant to him in so great a war, to have been ; when other commanders, who d out to plunder the provinces, lage our allies, carried with them lieutenant-generals they pleased? ght the man who proposed a law to secure the honour and safety ne and all nations, to have been d from sharing the glory of that and army, whose destination was it of his counsels, and effected at rsonal peril? Could C. Falcidius, tellus, Q. Cœlius Latinensis, Cn. us, all of whom I mention with re- be one year tribunes of the people, ne next appointed lieutenant-gen- and shall such a vigorous opposi- formed against Gabinius alone, a war carried on in consequence of , and by an army and general of pointment, ought, doubtless, to he preference to all others? But the consuls will bring the affair the senate: or if they shall decline aise any difficulties, I here declare, myself will undertake the business; ll the contradictory decrees of any Romans, deter me, under your pro- , from asserting your just rights rivileges; nor shall I regard any- ut the interposition of the tribunes, I hope will not, without repeated ration, be exerted upon this occa- ven by those who threaten us with d truly, in my opinion, Romans, Gabinius, the author of the mari- ar, and all that was then done, is y person proper to act as an as- to Pompey; because the one, by uffrages, devolved that war upon ner; and he on whom it was de- volved, undertook and brought it to a period.

It now remains that I speak to the opinion and judgment of Q. Catulus, who having put the question, that if in all emergencies you placed your hopes on Pompey alone, to whom could you have recourse in case of any disaster befalling him? he reaped the genuine fruit of his own virtue and dignity, when with unanimous voice you called out, that, in such an event, he himself was the man on whom you would rest your hopes. And indeed he is a man of such a character, that no undertaking is so great or difficult, which he cannot direct by his counsels, support by his integrity, and terminate by his valour. But in the point now before us, I entirely differ from him; because the more uncertain, and the shorter human life is, the more it behoves the commonwealth, while the gods indulge that favour, to avail herself of the virtues and talents of a great man. But it is dangerous to allow of innovations contrary to the customs and precedents of former ages. I shall not observe here, that our ancestors in peace always adhered to custom, but during war always yielded to necessity: that they were ever ready to change their measures as new emergencies required an alteration of counsels: neither shall I take notice, that two very important wars, the Carthaginian and the Spanish, were finished by one general: that two very powerful cities, Carthage and Numantia, which threatened to check the growth of our empire, were both destroyed by the same Scipio. I shall not mention the late example of C. Marius, upon whom you and your fathers thought it proper to rest your whole hopes of empire, and commit to his sole management the wars with Jugurtha, with the Teutones, and with the Cimbri. I shall only desire you to call to mind, how many things contrary to custom passed in the case of this very Pompey, with the hearty concur-

rence of Catulus, who now so strenuously opposes the granting him any new powers.

For what could be more contrary to custom, than for a young man, without any public character, at a juncture dangerous to his country, to levy an army? he did levy one. To command it in person? he did command it. To conduct it with ability and success? he did with both. What could be more unprecedented, than to commit the charge of an army and province to a mere youth, whose age fell far short of that usually required in a senator? to entrust him with the government of Sicily and Africa, and the conduct of the war in those parts? He behaved notwithstanding with singular integrity, wisdom, and courage; terminated the war in Africa with success; and brought home his army victorious. Was there ever an instance of a Roman knight honoured with a triumph? yet this sight the people of Rome not only beheld, but considered as of all others the most desirable, and worthy their regard. Was it ever known, when we had two consuls of distinguished valour and renown, that a Roman knight should be sent in place of one of them, to command in a great and formidable war? Yet he was sent; and when some at that time objected in the senate, that a private man ought not to be sent in place of a consul; L. Philippus is reported to have said, that it was his opinion he should be sent, not in place of one, but of both the consuls. So well were all men persuaded of his capacity for the administration of public affairs, that, though but a youth, he was entrusted with the functions of two consuls. What could be more extraordinary, than that the senate should for his sake dispense with the laws, and suffer him to be chosen consul, before he was of an age to exercise the lowest magistracy? What could be more incredible, than that, while only a Roman knight, he should be a second time permitted to triumph by a decree of the senate? All the no that have happened among men, sin first memory of time, fall short of that meet in the person of Pompey And what is still more, all these nun honours, new and extraordinary as are, were conferred upon him by th vice of Q. Catulus, and other illus persons of the same dignity.

It behoves them therefore to cor whether it may not seem unjust an sumptuous, if after having bee warmly seconded by you in the des promoting and honouring Pompey, should now oppose your judgment the authority of the Roman peop favour of the same person: especia you are armed with sufficient pow support your choice against all o tion; having already in spite of endeavours to prevent it, singled ou man from amongst all your other ge to command in the war with the p If you did this rashly, and withou regard to the interests of your co they have reason to oppose thei thority, and endeavour to rectify yo liberations. But if you formed a judgment of what was advantage the state; if, though opposed by you took the justest measures for se the dignity of the empire, and the of the universe; let these rulers senate at length acknowledge, that they and others ought to submit authority of the whole body of the R people. But in this Asiatic war a two powerful kings, there is not occasion for those military tale conspicuous in Pompey, but for other great and eminent virtues. difficult in Asia, Cilicia, Syria, and nations so remote from Rome, general to behave in such a mann that he shall think of nothing bu and conquest. And even where m and temperance hold some under res yet nobody believes it, so great number of the greedy and rapacio

d impossible to express, Romans, ous we are become among foreign on account of the iniquities and ons of those, whom of late years e sent to govern them. What in these lands have our magis- ft unprofaned? What city have ld sacred? What house has been m their violations? Pretences are to attack every wealthy and opu- ace, whose plunder promises to the avarice of our commanders. ly would I debate these matters Catulus, and Q. Hortensius, men ent worth and dignity. For they uainted with the sufferings of our ee their distresses, and hear their nts. Is it against the enemies of and in defence of your allies, that nd an army; or are you minded his pretence to attack your friends nfederates? Where is the state in , that can set bounds to the ambi- nd avarice, I will not say of a or his lieutenant, but of a single of the army?

osing therefore you should have al who may appear capable of de- the forces of these two powerful n a pitched battle; yet unless he one, that can refrain his hands, nd thoughts, from the riches of our rom their wives and children, from aments of their cities and temples, m the gold and treasures of their , he is by no means fit to com- n an Asiatic and a regal war. Is te suffered to enjoy tranquillity, known to be rich? Or was ever te rich, which your generals per- to remain in tranquillity? The st, O Romans, demanded Pompey, y on account of his military glory, ewise for his known probity and tion of mind. The Roman people d, that the public money from year enriched only a few; and the advantage we gained by the empty name of a fleet was an increase of infamy from repeated losses. Are those who oppose the conferring such an extensive command upon one person, ignorant with what avaricious views, through what a profusion of bribery, and on what infamous conditions our magistrates now repair to their provinces? Insomuch that Pompey appears no less great by the contrast of their vices, than by the lustre of his own proper virtues. Therefore hesitate no longer to commit all to the care of a man, who alone of late years has so far gained the confidence of your allies, that they rejoice to see him enter their cities at the head of an army. But if you think it likewise needful, Romans, that in a point so material your choice should be backed by authorities; I can name P. Servilius, a man eminently skilled in war, and great affairs: one whose exploits by sea and land have acquired him so much reputation, that in all military deliberations, no man's opinion ought to challenge greater regard. I can name C. Curio, so distinguished by your signal favours and his own great actions, so illustrious for his matchless abilities and prudence. I can name Cn. Lentulus, in whom you have always found a capacity and talents, equal to the great honours you have conferred upon him. In fine, I can name C. Cassius, who for integrity, probity, and firmness, acknowledges no superior. Thus you see how easily, by the authority of so many great men, we can put to silence those who oppose this law.

For ll these reasons, C. Manilius, I here in the first place declare my entire approbation of your law, your purpose, and your opinion: in the next place I exhort you, with the assistance of the Roman people, to continue unshaken in this purpose, and to suffer no threats nor violence to daunt you. In fact, I have no reason to doubt of your courage and firmness: and as we are supported with a

greater zeal and unanimity, than was ever known in the like case before; what ground have we, either to distrust the measure itself, or our success in the prosecution of it? For my own part, whatever talents I enjoy from nature, or have acquired by application and study; whatever influence I derive from the favours of the Roman people, and the prætorian dignity wherewith they have invested me; whatever I can effect by my authority, and perserverance; I here promise and make it all over to you and my fellow-citizens, for the carrying of this point. I attest all the gods, particularly those who preside over this place and temple, and who see into the real designs of all concerned in the administration of public affairs, that I have not undertaken this part at the solicitations of any person whatever, nor with the view of ingratiating myself with Pompey, nor to procure from any one's greatness, a shelter against dangers, or an increase of honours: for as to the dangers, I shall always easily repel them by my innocence, as it becomes every virtuous man to do: and in the pursuit of honours, I shall neither trust to one man's favour, nor solicit them from this place, but endeavour to merit them by the same laborious course of life, which I have hitherto followed with your approbation. Whatever therefore I have done in this cause, Romans, I here affirm was done with a view to the good of my country: and so far have I been from pursuing any private interest, that I am sensible I have drawn much hatred upon myself, partly secret, partly open, which I might have avoided, and by which you may profit. But clothed with this honourable office, and indebted as I am to your favours, I consider it as my indispensable duty, to prefer your determinations, the dignity of the commonwealth, and the safety of our provinces and allies, to all partial and particular views of advantage.

—W. Duncan.

An Upright Governor

CICERO

[From *Letters to Atticus,* Book V

The author maintains that the subject peoples is determined direc the character of the governor.

To T. Pomponius Atticus:

Though the letter-carriers of the *licani* are starting while I am ac travelling and on the road, and thc am still engaged on my progress, thought I must snatch a moment t vent you thinking me forgetful of charge. So I have sat down actua the road to write you in brief wha lows, which really calls for a som lengthy essay. Let me tell you, that with the highest possible repu I entered, on the 31st of July, i province in a state of desolation anc ing ruin; that I stayed three da Laodicea, three at Apamea, the sa Synnada. It was the same tale where: they could not pay the po everybody's securities were sold: g lamentations, from the towns: a savagery worthy of some wild rather than of man. In short, the absolutely weary of their life. Ho the wretched towns are somewha lieved by my costing them nothin my legates, nor quæstor, nor a Let me tell you that I not only ref accept hay, which is customarily fur under the Julian law, but that no us accepts even firewood, or anythin except four beds and a roof to cov in many districts we do not accep a roof, but remain, as a rule, canvas. Accordingly, we are greet extraordinary throngs from farms lages, houses, every sort of place Hercules, on my mere arrival, the j purity, and merciful heart of your seems to give them new life: so f he surpassed everyone's hopes. A

as he heard of my arrival, hurried
ost distant part of the province,
to Tarsus: there he is holding
About the Parthian not a word:
ertheless, some who come from
rts announce that some cavalry
have been cut to pieces. Bibulus
w is not so much as thinking of
ning his province. People say
is acting thus because he wishes to
somewhat later. We are making
to the camp, which is two days'
away.

—E. S. Shuckburgh.

Dangers of Invasion

CICERO

m *Letters to Friends,* Book XV]

o feels that the home government
t make adequate provision for the
of what it had acquired. The
s dated from the province of
Asia Minor, which Cicero gov-
n 51-50 B.C.

Magistrates and Senate:
ullius Cicero, son of Marcus, pro-
greets the consuls, prætors,
, and senate. If you are well, I
. I and the army are well.
ugh I had undoubted assurance
ne Parthians had crossed the
es with nearly all their forces, yet,
g that more definite information
e sent you on these points by the
ul M. Bibulus, I concluded that
ot incumbent on me to mention in
c despatch reports reaching me
ing the province of another.
since then, however, received in-
on on the most unquestionable
y—from legates, messengers, and
nes—whether I considered the im-
e of the matter itself, or the fact
having yet heard of Bibulus's
in Syria, or that the conduct of this war was almost as much my business as that of Bibulus, I came to the conclusion that it was my duty to write you word of what had reached my ears. The legates of king Antiochus of Commagene were the first to inform me that large bodies of Parthians had begun to cross the Euphrates. On the receipt of this report, as there were certain persons who thought that full credit could not be given to that sovereign, I made up my mind that I must wait for more trustworthy information. On the 18th of September, whilst marching into Cilicia at the head of my army, on the frontier between Lycaonia and Cappadocia, a despatch was handed to me from Tarcondimotus, who is considered to be the most faithful ally and the most devoted friend of the Roman people beyond Mount Taurus, announcing that Pacorus son of Orodes, the king of the Parthians, had crossed the Euphrates with a very large body of Parthian cavalry, and had pitched his camp at Tyba, and that consequently a very serious commotion had been caused in the province of Syria. On the same day a despatch on the same subject reached me from Iamblichus, phylarch of the Arabians, who is generally considered to be well-disposed and friendly to our Republic. Though I was fully aware that, on the receipt of this information, our allies were unsettled in their feelings and wavering from the expectation of political change, I yet hoped that those whom I had already visited, and who had seen the mildness and purity of my administration, had been made more devoted to the Roman people, and that Cilicia, too, would become more certainly loyal when it had once felt the advantage of my equitable rule. Acting at once from this motive, and also with a view to put down those of the Cilicians who are in arms, and to shew the enemy in Syria that the army of the Roman people, so far from retiring on receipt of that news, was actually approaching

nearer, I determined to lead it right up to Mount Taurus. But if my authority has any weight with you—especially in matters which you only know by report, but which are all but passing under my eyes—I strongly urge and advise you to take measures for the defence of these provinces: it is over-late already, but better late than never. For myself, you are well aware how slenderly supplied and how imperfectly furnished with troops, in view of the expected gravity of this war, you have despatched me. And it was not from the blindness of vanity, but from a modest scruple as to refusing, that I did not decline this business. For I have never considered my danger so formidable, as to make me wish to avoid it in preference to obeying your will. But at this moment the matter is of such a nature, that unless you promptly despatch into these provinces an army on the same scale as you are wont to employ for the most important war, there is the most imminent danger of our having to give up all those provinces, on which the revenues of the Roman people depend. Again, there is this reason for your not resting any hopes on a levy in the province—that men are not numerous, and that such as there are fly in every direction at the first alarm. Again, what this class of soldier is worth in his opinion has been shewn by that gallant officer, M. Bibulus: for, though you had granted him leave to hold a levy in Asia, he has declined to do so. For auxiliaries raised from the allies, owing to the harshness and injustice of our rule, are either so weak that they can do us little service, or so disaffected to us that it seems improper to expect anything from them or trust anything to them. Both the loyalty and the forces, whatever their amount, of king Deiotarus I reckon as being at our service. Cappadocia has nothing to give. Other kings and despots are not to be relied upon either in regard to their resources or their loyalty. For myself, in spite of this short supply of soldiers, I shall co shew no lack of courage, nor, I h prudence either. What will happe certain. I pray that I may be secure my safety! I will certainly my honour.

—E. S. Shuckbu

EXPANSION TOWARDS THE NO

Ariovistus [1]

CÆSAR

[From the *Gallic War*, Book I]

Gaius Julius Cæsar was born in 1 was killed in 44 B.C. He was the est military genius and perhaps the est political genius that Rome pro He became prominent at the time Cicero was elected consul, at first support of Catiline for consul, an for his speech in the senate again death penalty for the conspirator 60 B.C., with Crassus and Pomp formed a political group, called th triumvirate, which controlled the tinies of Rome for several years. T it Cæsar was elected consul and th pointed to command in Gaul where gan to subdue the tribes, to create army devoted to himself, and to wealth which he freely used for p purposes. In 56 the coalition w newed, Cæsar gained the extension command for five years, and in tha thoroughly subdued all Gaul to the Meantime Crassus had lost his life unfortunate expedition against th thians in the East. Pompey at Ro Cæsar in Gaul were left as the outst leaders in the state. Pompey wa over to the senatorial party whi been hostile to Cæsar since his co estrangement from it during his ship. Civil war was the result. won in a series of campaigns whi tended over several years. He mad self dictator, and probably planne

[1] From the Loeb Classical Libra permission.

ation of the constitution; but he rdered before permanent arrange- ould be made. He had, however, through numerous reforms of pri- nportance to Rome. Well known is rection of the calendar.

greatly to be regretted that this st statesman of Rome should have no record from his own pen of his nd policies, of his conceptions and We learn of his views on politics tescraft rather from his deeds than is books. Only his military writ- ve come down to us, and in them s for the most part strictly to the in hand. They are fine examples historical monographs characteris- ne period, like those of Sallust; but those of Sallust, they show no ten- o philosophise on politics, govern- nd morals. His other writings in- a treatise on grammar, political ets, a work on astronomy, speeches ters. Such is his genius as a mili- mmander and his lucidity of ex- n as a writer, that his *Gallic War* ank as a unique human document. *Gallic War* is an account of Cæsar's es in acquiring and consolidating rritory to the north for the Roman ic in the years 59 to 50 B.C. Ario- was the most difficult opponent he tered in the early days of the cam- his defeat cleared the way for fu- ccesses.

the conclusion of the Helvetian gn deputies from wellnigh the f Gaul, the chief men of the vari- tes, assembled in Cæsar's camp to ulate him. They perceived, they hat, although Cæsar had by the gn required satisfaction of the for past outrages suffered by the people at their hands, the result en as beneficial to the land of as to the Roman people; for the had left their homes at a time of ng prosperity with the express de- making war upon the whole of nd obtaining an empire; they pur- from an ample field to select for their abode the spot which they judged to be the most convenient and the most productive in all Gaul, and to make the rest of the states tributary. The deputies asked that they might be allowed to announce—and that with Cæsar's consent—a convention of all Gaul for a certain day, for they had certain petitions which, after general agreement, they wished to ask of him. Permission was given, and they appointed a day for the convention, pledging themselves by an oath that no man should publish its proceedings save the persons authorised by their general consent.

The convention having been held and dissolved, the same chiefs of states as before returned to Cæsar with a petition that they might be allowed to discuss with him apart, in private, the question of their own and the general welfare. The petition was granted, and they all threw themselves in tears at Cæsar's feet, declaring that they were as anxious and as much concerned to prevent the publication of their utterances as to obtain their desires; for they saw that publication must expose them to the most cruel vengeance. Diviciacus the Æduan spoke on their behalf. "In all Gaul," he said, "there are two parties; in one of them the Ædui have the primacy, in the other the Arverni. For many years there was a vehement struggle between the two for the dominion; then it came about that the Arverni and the Sequani summoned the Germans to their aid for a price. About fifteen thousand of them crossed the Rhine in the first instance; then, when those fierce barbarians had got a liking for the farmlands, the civilization, and the wealth of the Gauls, more were brought over, and at the present time there are about 120,000 of them in Gaul.

"With them the Ædui and their dependents have repeatedly fought in battle: defeat has brought great disaster, the loss of all our nobility, our senate, and our knights. It is these battles and disasters

that have broken the men who by their own valour, and by the courtesy and friendship of Rome, were formerly paramount in Gaul, and have obliged them to give as hostages to the Sequani the noblest men of the state, and to bind the state by oath not to require the return of the hostages, not to entreat the assistance of Rome, nor to refuse eternal submission to the sway and sovereignty of the Sequani. I am the one man of all the state of the Ædui upon whom it has not been possible to prevail to take the oath or give his children as hostages. It was for that reason that I fled from the state and came to the Senate at Rome to demand assistance, because I was the only man not bound by oath or hostages. But a worse fate has befallen the victorious Sequani than the conquered Ædui: Ariovistus, king of the Germans, has settled within their borders and seized a third part of their territory, the best in all Gaul; and now he orders them to evacuate another third, because a few months since 24,000 of the Harudes joined him, for whom he had to provide a settlement and a home. In a few years all the natives will have been driven forth from the borders of Gaul, and all the Germans will have crossed the Rhine; for there can be no comparison between the Gallic and the German territory, none between our usual scale of living and theirs. Having once conquered the forces of the Gauls in battle near Magetobriga, Ariovistus is exercising a proud and cruel tyranny, demanding as hostages the children of the greatest nobles, and perpetrating upon them all the direst forms of torture, if anything be not performed at his nod or at his pleasure. He is a passionate, a reckless barbarian: we can endure his tyrannies no longer. Unless some means of assistance is to be found in Cæsar and in the Roman people, all the Gauls must needs do just what the Helvetii have done—emigrate, to seek another habitation, other abodes far from the Germans, and risk any fortun may befall them. If these rema mine be reported to Ariovistus I m doubt that he will inflict the se punishment on all the hostages keeping. You, Cæsar, by your ow your army's influence, or by you victory, or by the name of the R people, can prevent the crossing larger host of Germans over the and defend the whole of Gaul fro outrage of Ariovistus."

When Diviciacus had delivered speech all who were present begar loud weeping to seek assistance Cæsar. He noticed, however, that the company the Sequani alone di act like the rest, but with head cast stared sullenly upon the g He asked them, wondering, what mi the cause thereof. The Sequani ma reply, but continued in the same silence. When repeated quest could extract not a word from Diviciacus the Æduan made further "The lot of the Sequani," he sai more pitiable, more grievous than of the rest, insomuch as they alone not even in secret make complaint treat assistance, dreading the crue Ariovistus as much in his absence a were present before them. The re all their suffering, have still a cha escape; but the Sequani, who hav mitted Ariovistus within their bo and whose towns are all in his must needs endure any and ever ture."

When he had learnt this Cæsar forted the Gauls with his words, pro that he would concern himself wit matter: he had, he said, great hop by his good offices and his author would induce Ariovistus to put a s his outrages. With this speech h solved the convention. And straig many considerations induced him t pose that he must take thought and in the matter. In the first pla

e that the Ædui, often hailed by te as brethren and kinsmen, were nd in slavery and subjection to nans, and he was aware that their were with Ariovistus and the This, considering the greatness oman empire, he deemed to be an grace to himself and to the state. could see that the Germans were g gradually accustomed to cross e Rhine, and that the arrival t host of them in Gaul was dan- or the Roman people. Nor did se that barbarians so fierce would t after seizing the whole of Gaul; er, like the Cimbri and Teutoni nem, they would break forth into vince, and push on thence into specially as there was but the o separate the Sequani from the Province. All this, he felt, must without a moment's delay. As vistus himself, he had assumed s, such arrogance that he seemed ble.

solved, therefore, to send depu- Ariovistus to request of him the f some half-way station between a parley, as it was his desire to with him matters of state and of est importance to each of them. deputation Ariovistus made reply he had had need of aught from ne would have come to him, and desired aught of him, he ought to him. Moreover, he did not without an army to come into arts of Gaul which Cæsar was g, and he could not concentrate y without great exertion in the f supply. And he found himself ng what business Cæsar or the people might have in that Gaul e had made his own by conquest

this reply had been brought back r he sent deputies again to him following message: Forasmuch great kindness of treatment from Cæsar himself and from the Roman people (for it was in Cæsar's year of consulship that he had been saluted as king and friend by the Senate), he expressed his thanks to Cæsar and the Roman people by reluctance to accept the invitation to come to a parley and by thinking it needless to say or learn anything as touching their mutual concerns, Cæsar's demand of him was, first that he should not bring any further host of men across the Rhine into Gaul; second, that he should restore the hostages he held from the Ædui and grant the Sequani entire freedom to restore to the Ædui with his full consent the hostages they held; further, that he should not annoy the Ædui by outrage nor make war upon them and their allies. If he did as requested, Cæsar and the Roman people would maintain a lasting kindness and friendship towards him. If Cæsar's request were not granted, then, forasmuch as in the consulship of Marcus Messalla and Marcus Piso the Senate had decided that the governor of the Province of Gaul should protect, as far as he could do so with advantage to the state, the Ædui and other friends of the Roman people, Cæsar would not disregard the outrages suffered by the Ædui.

To this Ariovistus replied as follows: It was the right of war that conquerors dictated as they pleased to the conquered; and the Roman people also were accustomed to dictate to those whom they conquered, not according to the order of a third party, but according to their own choice. If he, for his part, did not ordain how the Roman people should exercise their own right, he ought not to be hindered by the Roman people in the enjoyment of his own right. The Ædui, having risked the fortune of war and having been overcome in a conflict of arms, had been made tributary to himself. Cæsar was doing him a serious injury, for his advance was damaging his revenues. He would not restore their hos-

tages to the Ædui, nor would he make war on them nor on their allies without cause, if they stood to their agreement and paid tribute yearly; if not, they would find it of no assistance whatever to be called "Brethren of the Roman people." As for Cæsar's declaration that he would not disregard outrages suffered by the Ædui, no one had fought with Ariovistus save to his own destruction. He might join issue when he pleased: he would learn what invincible Germans, highly trained in arms, who in a period of fourteen years had never been beneath a roof, could accomplish by their valour.

At the same hour in which this message was brought back to Cæsar deputies arrived from the Ædui and the Treveri. The Ædui came to complain that the Harudes, who had lately been brought over into Gaul, were devastating their borders, and that they themselves had not been able to purchase peace from Ariovistus even by the delivery of hostages. The Treveri reported that one hundred cantons of the Suebi had settled on the banks of the Rhine, and were attempting to cross the river, under the command of two brothers, Nasua and Cimberius. At this Cæsar was exceedingly disquieted, and determined that he must make speed, for fear that, if the new company of Suebi joined the old forces of Ariovistus, resistance might be more difficult. Therefore he secured his corn-supply with all possible speed, and pushed on with forced marches to meet Ariovistus.

He had advanced a three days' march when news was brought to him that Ariovistus with all his forces was pushing on to seize Vesontio, the largest town of the Sequani, and had already advanced a three days' march from his own borders. Cæsar considered that a great effort on his part was needed to prevent this occurrence. For there was in that town an abundant supply of all things needful for war, and the place was so well fortified by nature as to afford great faci the conduct of a campaign. T Dubis, with a circuit that mig been traced by compasses, s wellnigh the whole town: the r space of not more than sixteen feet, where the river breaks off, in by a height of great emin placed that its foundations to river-bank on either side. This surrounded by a wall to form a and join it with the town. It wa place that Cæsar pushed on wit marches by night and day, and the town, posted a garrison in it.

During a few days' halt near for the provision of corn and ot plies a panic arose from inquiries our troops and remarks uttered b and traders, who affirmed that mans were men of a mighty fram incredible valour and skill at ar they themselves (so they said) ings with the Germans had oft unable even to endure their look keenness of their eyes. So great panic, and so suddenly did it se all the army, that it affected in fashion the intelligence and the of all ranks. It began first v tribunes, the contingent-command the others who had followed Cæ Rome to court his friendship, wit great experience in warfare. A various reasons which, according own statement, obliged them to some sought his permission to lea were compelled by very shame t avoid the suspicion of cowardice were unable to disguise their l even at times to restrain their tea hid in their tents to complain own fate, or to lament in compa their friends the common danger. where throughout the camp th signing of wills. By the coward ances of such as these even men had long experience in the field, centurions, and cavalry com

adually affected. Those of them sired to be thought less timid eclare that they were not afraid of my, but feared the narrow defiles vast forests which lay between ves and Ariovistus, or a possible of proper transport for the corn- Some had even gone so far as re to Cæsar that when he gave the r camp to be shifted and stand- dvanced the soldiers would not nd by reason of cowardice would e forward.

rking this, he convened a council and summoned thereto the cen- of all grades. Then indignantly manded them, first and foremost they thought it their business to to consider in which direction or hat purpose they were being led. stus," he said, "in my own consul- ght most eagerly the friendship of man people. Why should any one e that he intends so recklessly to from his duty? For myself, I am ed that when my demands are known, and the fairness of my nderstood, Ariovistus will not re- e goodwill of myself or of the people. Even if, in a fit of rage dness, he makes war, what, pray, ou to fear? Why do you despair own courage or of my compe- We have made trial of this foe in e of our fathers, on the occasion n the defeat of the Cimbri and by Gaius Marius, the army was to have deserved no less praise e commander himself. We have rther trial of late in Italy in the volt, and yet the slaves had the and training which they had rom us to give them some measure ort. You may judge from this rofit there is in a good courage, very men whom you had feared cause during a long time when d no arms, you subsequently sub- hough they had taken up arms and won victories. Finally, these are the selfsame men with whom the Helvetii have had frequent encounters, and they have often subdued them, not only in Helvetian territory but also in Germany; yet the Helvetii have not proved a match for *our* army. If there be any who are concerned at the defeat and flight of the Gauls, they can discover for the asking that when the Gauls were worn out by the length of the campaign Ariovistus, who had kept himself for many months within his camp in the marshes, without giving a chance of encounter, attacked them suddenly when they had at last dispersed in despair of a battle, and conquered them rather by skill and stratagem than by courage. Even Ariovistus himself does not expect that our own armies can be caught by tactics for which there was a chance against unskilled barbarians. Those persons who ascribe their own cowardice to a pretended anxiety for the corn-supply or to the defiles on the route are guilty of presumption, for they appear either to despair of the commander's doing his duty or to instruct him in it. These matters are my own concern; corn is being supplied by the Sequani, the Leuci, the Lingones, and the corn-crops in the fields are already ripe; of the route you yourselves will shortly be able to judge. As for the statement that the soldiers will not obey orders nor move forward, I am not in the least concerned by that; in any cases where an army has not obeyed its general, either fortune has failed because of some actual blunder, or else some crime has been discovered and a charge of avarice has been brought home. My own blamelessness has been clearly seen throughout my life, my good fortune in the Helvetian campaign. Accordingly I intend to execute at once what I might have put off to a more distant day, and to break camp in the fourth watch of this next night, to the intent that I may perceive at once whether honour and

duty, or cowardice, prevail in your minds. Even if no one else follows, I shall march with the Tenth Legion alone; I have no doubt of its allegiance, and it will furnish the commander-in-chief's escort." Cæsar had shown special favour to this legion, and he placed the greatest reliance in it because of its courage.

By the delivery of this speech the spirit of all ranks was changed in a remarkable fashion; the greatest keenness and eagerness for active service was engendered, and the Tenth Legion was the first to express thanks to Cæsar, through its tribunes, for the excellent opinion he had formed of it, and to affirm its complete readiness for active service. Then the remaining legions moved their tribunes and senior centurions to give satisfactory explanations to Cæsar that they had felt neither doubt nor panic, and had regarded it as the commander's business, not their own, to decide the plan of campaign. Their explanation was accepted, and through Diviciacus (the one person in whom Cæsar had absolute confidence) a route was found out to lead the army through open country, by a detour of more than fifty miles. In the fourth watch, as Cæsar had said, the march began. On the seventh day of continuous marching the scouts reported that the forces of Ariovistus were four-and-twenty miles away from our own.

When he learnt of Cæsar's approach Ariovistus sent deputies to him to announce that he was now ready to do what Cæsar had before demanded as touching a parley, because he had come nearer, and Ariovistus believed that he could comply without risk. Cæsar did not reject the proposal, and he was inclined to think that Ariovistus was at length returning to a proper frame of mind, inasmuch as of his own motion he proffered what he had previously refused on request. Moreover, he began to have a good hope that, in consideration of the signal benefits conferred upon him by Cæsar and the Roman people, Ar would abandon his obstinacy w knew Cæsar's demands. A da fifth after that—was appointed parley. Meanwhile there was co sending of deputies to and fro b them; and Ariovistus demande Cæsar should bring no infantry wi to the parley, as he was afraid might surround him by treache each party, therefore, come with ar of horse; otherwise he would no at all. Cæsar did not wish the to be broken off upon an excus interposed; at the same time he not venture to entrust his personal to Gallic horse. He decided, the that the best plan was to take the from Gallic troopers and mount them soldiers of the Tenth Leg which he had absolute confidence if there were need of action, he have an escort of the truest frie could find. As the order was bei ried out one of the soldiers of the Legion remarked with some wi Cæsar was doing better than his pr for he had promised to treat the Legion as the commander-in-chie cort, and he was making new "ca of them.

There was a large plain, and i mound of earth of considerable size place was about equally distant fr camps of Cæsar and of Ario Thither, as agreed, they came f parley. Cæsar stationed the which he had brought on horseba hundred paces from the mound. horsemen of Ariovistus halted at ar distance. Ariovistus demanded tha should parley on horseback, an each should bring with him to the ten men besides himself. When arrived at the spot Cæsar beg speech by relating the benefits co upon Ariovistus by himself and Senate; the Senate had called hi and friend, and had sent gifts

ish hand. This privilege, as he out, had fallen to the lot of but was usually granted in consid- of great personal services. Ario- though he had no right to audi- the Senate, and no just cause , had obtained the rewards in by the favour and generosity of nd of the Senate. He proceeded how long-established and how e the reasons for a close rela- between Rome and the Ædui; uency and the distinction of the decrees in respect of them; the in which, even before they had he friendship of Rome, the Ædui ays held the primacy of all Gaul. he tradition of the Roman people e that all its allies and friends not only lose none of their pos- but should enjoy increase of e, dignity, and distinction; on the and, who, he asked, could endure ey should be despoiled of what brought with them to the friend- the Roman people? He then ne same demands as those which given in his instructions to the —that is to say, Ariovistus must ke war on the Ædui or on their ne must restore the hostages; and uld not send back home any part Germans, at any rate he must not ny more to cross the Rhine.

ne demands of Cæsar Ariovistus in brief, but he dilated at length s own good qualities. He had the Rhine, he said, not of his sire, but upon the request and s of the Gauls; not without great great rewards had he left home dred; the settlements he occupied were granted by the natives, the had been given with the consent natives; the tribute he took was of war, as customarily enforced uerors upon conquered. He had le war upon the Gauls, but they m; all the states of Gaul had come to attack him and had set up their camp against him; all their forces had been beaten and overcome by him in a single action. If they wished to try the issue again, he was prepared to fight it out again; if they wished to enjoy peace, it was unjust to refuse the payment of tribute which of their own consent they had paid hitherto. The friendship of the Roman people ought to be a distinction and a security to him, not a hindrance; and he had sought it with that hope. If through the agency of the Roman people the tribute were to be remitted and the surrendered persons withdrawn, he would refuse the friendship of the Roman people no less heartily than he had sought it. As for the host of Germans that he was bringing over into Gaul, his object was to protect himself, not to attack Gaul; and the proof thereof was that he had not come except upon request, and that his warfare had been defensive, not offensive. He had come into Gaul before the Roman people. Never heretofore had an army of the Roman people left the borders of the Province of Gaul. What did Cæsar mean? Why did he come into his sphere of occupation? This was his province of Gaul, as the other was the Roman. As it was not right to give way to him, if he made an attack on Roman territory, so likewise the Romans were unjust in obstructing him in his own jurisdiction. As for Cæsar's statement that the Ædui were called "brothers," Ariovistus was not such a barbarian, not so ignorant of affairs as not to know that neither in the last campaign against the Allobroges had the Ædui rendered assistance to the Romans, nor in the disputes of the Ædui with himself and the Sequani had they enjoyed the assistance of the Roman people. He was bound to suspect, in spite of pretended friendship, that Cæsar had an army in Gaul for the purpose of crushing him. Unless, therefore, Cæsar departed and withdrew his army from

this locality, he would regard him, not as a friend, but as an enemy. And if he put Cæsar to death, he would gratify many nobles and leaders of the Roman people: this he knew for certain from themselves, by the messengers sent on behalf of all whose favour and friendship he could purchase by Cæsar's death. If, however, Cæsar departed and resigned to him the uninterrupted occupation of Gaul, he would recompense him by a great reward, and would, without any exertion or risk on his part, execute any campaigns he might wish to be carried out.

Cæsar spoke at length for the purpose of showing why he could not give up the task in hand. His own practice, he said, and the practice of the Roman people did not suffer the abandonment of allies who had deserved so well, nor did he admit that Gaul belonged to Ariovistus rather than to the Roman people. The Arverni and the Ruteni had been subdued in a campaign by Quintus Fabius Maximus: the Roman people had pardoned them, and had not formed them into a province nor imposed a tribute. If priority of time was to be the standard, then the sovereignty of the Roman people in Gaul had complete justification; if the decision of the Senate was to be observed, Gaul should be free, for after conquest of the country the Senate had willed that it should continue to observe its own laws.

During the progress of the parley Cæsar was informed that the horsemen of Ariovistus were approaching nearer the mound, riding up to our troops, and discharging stones and darts at them. Cæsar made an end of speaking, and, withdrawing to his own men, commanded them not to discharge a single dart against the enemy in reply. For, although he could see that a fight between the chosen legion and the horsemen would involve no danger, still he did not think proper, by so beating the enemy, to make possible the report that pledge given they had been surro by him during a parley. As soon common soldiers learnt how arro at the parley Ariovistus had forbid Gaul to the Romans, how his hor had attacked our troops, and ho action had broken off the parle army was inspired with far greater ness and enthusiasm for battle.

Two days afterwards Ariovistu deputies to Cæsar. He desired, h to discuss with him the matters they had begun to discuss togeth had not settled. Let him therefore appoint a day for a parley, or, if not so wish, let him send to him his staff. Cæsar thought there w occasion for a parley, the more on the previous day the Germans not be restrained from discharging upon our men. He thought it be very dangerous to send one staff to him and so to expose a n the ferocious Germans. The best seemed to be to send him Gaius V Procillus, son of Gaius Valerius Ca He was a young man of exemplary age and courtesy, and his fathe been presented with the citizensh Gaius Valerius Flaccus. Cæsar se him because of his fidelity and his k edge of the Gallic tongue (which long practice Ariovistus could no freely), and also because the Ge had in his case no reason for ou and with him he chose Marcus M who enjoyed the intimacy of Ario He gave them instructions that should ascertain and bring back t the views of Ariovistus. But Ariovistus saw them near him in his he called aloud in the presence army, "Why come you to me? To When they tried to speak he prev them and flung them into chains.

On the same day he advanced pitched his camp under a hill-si miles from Cæsar's. The next d

prces past the camp of Cæsar, ed camp two miles beyond him, purpose of cutting Cæsar off corn and supplies that were to ht up from the borders of the ind the Ædui. For five days in Cæsar brought his own forces ront of camp and kept them line of battle, so that if Arioshed to engage he might not chance. On all these days s kept his army in camp, but daily in a cavalry encounter. of fighting in which the Gerd trained themselves was as There were six thousand horse- as many footmen, as swift as e brave, who had been chosen e whole force, one by each horse- his personal protection. With ey worked in encounters; on e horsemen would retire, and uld concentrate speedily if any ifficulty arose; they would form ny trooper who fell from his erely wounded; and if it was to advance farther in some or to retire more rapidly, their made them so speedy that they pport themselves by the manes orses and keep up their pace.

Cæsar observed that Ariovistus his camp, to prevent further in- n of supplies he chose a suitable a camp beyond that in which ans had pitched and about six paces distant. Thither he in triple-line formation. The second line he ordered to keep rms, the third to entrench a The spot, as has been said, was hundred paces away from the Towards it Ariovistus sent some housand light-armed troops with orse, as a force to frighten our to prevent their entrenching None the less Cæsar kept to his decision, ordering two lines to k the enemy, the third to complete the work. When the camp was entrenched he left two legions there and a part of the auxiliaries; the remaining four he brought back to the larger camp. The next day, in accordance with his practice, Cæsar moved out his forces from both camps, and, advancing a little from the larger camp, he formed line to give the enemy a chance of battle. Perceiving that they did not even so come forth, he brought his army back to camp about noon. Then at last Ariovistus sent a part of his own forces to attack the lesser camp, and both sides fought in spirited fashion till eventide. At sunset, when many blows had been dealt and taken, Ariovistus led his forces back to camp. By questioning the prisoners why Ariovistus did not fight a decisive action, Cæsar found out the reason. It was a custom among the Germans that their matrons should declare by lots and divinations whether it was expedient or not to engage, and the matrons declared that heaven forbade the Germans to win a victory, if they fought an action before the new moon.

On the next day Cæsar left what he deemed a sufficient garrison for each camp; in front of the lesser camp, in full view of the enemy, he posted all the allied troops, intending to use them for a demonstration, because the total strength of his legionary troops was none too great in view of the enemy's numbers. He himself, with triple line deployed, advanced right up to the enemy's camp. Then at last, compelled by necessity, the Germans led their own forces out of camp and posted them at equal intervals according to their tribes, Harudes, Marcomani, Triboces, Vangiones, Nemetes, Sedusii, Suebi; and their whole line they set about with wagons and carts, to leave no hope in flight. Upon these they set their women, who with tears and outstretched hands entreated the men, as they marched out

to fight, not to deliver them into Roman slavery.

Cæsar put the lieutenant-generals and the quartermaster-general each in command of a legion, that every man might have their witness of his valour. He himself took station on the right wing, having noticed that the corresponding division of the enemy was the least steady, and joined battle. Our troops attacked the enemy so fiercely when the signal was given, and the enemy dashed forward so suddenly and swiftly, that there was no time to discharge javelins upon them. So javelins were thrown aside, and it was a sword-fight at close quarters. But the Germans, according to their custom, speedily formed mass, and received the sword-attack. Not a few of our soldiers were found brave enough to leap on to the masses of the enemy, tear the shields from their hands, and deal a wound from above. The left wing of the enemy's line was beaten and put to flight, but their right wing, by sheer weight of numbers, was pressing our line hard. Young Publius Crassus, commanding our cavalry, noticed this, and as he could move more freely than the officers who were occupied in and about the line of battle, he sent the third line in support of our struggling troops.

So the battle was restored, and all the enemy turned and ran: nor did they cease in their flight until they reached the river Rhine, some five miles from that spot. There a very few, trusting to their strength, set themselves to swim across, or discovered boats and so won safety. Among these was Ariovistus, who found a skiff moored to the bank and escaped therein; all the rest our cavalry caught and slew. There were two wives of Ariovistus, one of Suebian nationality, whom he had brought with him from home; the other a woman of Noricum, sister of King Voccio, and sent by him to be married to Ariovistus in Gaul. Both wives perished in the rout: two daughters one was slain, a other taken prisoner. Gaius Procillus, bound with a threefold was being dragged by his keeper rout, when he chanced to meet himself pursuing the enemy w cavalry. And indeed it brought no less pleasure than the victory to see a most distinguished men the Province of Gaul, his own clos and guest, snatched from the h the enemy and restored to himse to feel that fortune had in no wi ened, by the loss of his friend, great pleasure and gratification. lus said that in his own presence had been thrice consulted to see he should be burnt to death at saved for another time: to the of the lots he owed his safety. Mettius also was discovered and back to Cæsar.

When the news of this battle v ried across the Rhine, the Suebi v come to the banks of the river b return homewards; and when th which dwell next to the Rhine p their panic, they pursued and great number of them. Two capit paigns were thus finished in a sing mer, and Cæsar therefore withd army a little earlier than the sea quired into winter cantonments the Sequani, leaving Labienus i mand thereof, while he himself for Hither Gaul to hold the ass

—H. J. Edw

Gauls and Germans [1]

CÆSAR

[From the *Gallic War*, Book V

Cæsar reveals his interest in oth ters than the merely military. H explorer as well as a soldier and man.

[1] From the Loeb Classical Libr permission.

I have arrived at this point, it eem to be not inappropriate to h the customs of Gaul and of y, and the difference between tions. In Gaul, not only in every d every canton and district, but in each several household, there ies; and the leaders of the parties n who in the judgment of their are deemed to have the highest y, men to whose decision and nt the supreme issue of all cases nsel may be referred. And this o have been an ordinance from days, to the end that no man people should lack assistance a more powerful neighbour; for an refuses to allow his own folk oppressed and defrauded, since se he has no authority among The same principle holds in re- Gaul as a whole taken together; whole body of states is divided o parties.

n Cæsar arrived in Gaul the of one party were the Ædui, other the Sequani. The latter, y themselves inferior in strength the highest authority from an- imes rested with the Ædui, and ependencies were extensive—had Ariovistus and the Germans their , and with great sacrifices and s had brought them to their side. by several successful engagements e slaughter of all the Æduan no- they had so far established their inance as to transfer a great part dependents from the Ædui to lves, receiving from them as s the children of their chief men, ling them as a state to swear that ould entertain no design against quani, occupying a part of the uring territory which they had by force, and securing the chief- of all Gaul. This was the neces- hich compelled Diviciacus to set on a journey to the Senate at Rome for the purpose of seeking aid; but he had returned without achieving his object. By the arrival of Cæsar a change of affairs was brought about. Their hostages were restored to the Ædui, their old dependencies restored, and new ones secured through Cæsar's efforts (as those who had joined in friendly relations with them found that they enjoyed a better condition and a fairer rule), and their influence and position were increased in all other respects: in result whereof the Sequani had lost the chieftaincy. To their place the Remi had succeeded; and as it was perceived that they had equal influence with Cæsar, the tribes which, by reason of ancient animosities, could in no wise join the Ædui were delivering themselves as dependents to the Remi. These tribes the Remi carefully protected, and by this means they sought to maintain their new and suddenly acquired authority. The state of things then at the time in question was that the Ædui were regarded as by far the chief state, while the Remi held the second place in importance.

Throughout Gaul there are two classes of persons of definite account and dignity. As for the common folk, they are treated almost as slaves, venturing naught of themselves, never taken into counsel. The most part of them, oppressed as they are either by debt, or by the heavy weight of tribute, or by the wrongdoing of the more powerful men, commit themselves in slavery to the nobles, who have, in fact, the rights over them as masters over slaves. Of the two classes above mentioned one consists of Druids, the other of knights. The former are concerned with divine worship, the due performance of sacrifices, public and private, and the interpretation of ritual questions; a great number of young men gather about them for the sake of instruction and hold them in great honour. In fact, it is they who decide in almost all disputes, public and

private; and if any crime has been committed, or murder done, or there is any dispute about succession or boundaries, they also decide it, determining rewards and penalties: if any person or people does not abide by their decision, they ban such from sacrifice, which is their heaviest penalty. Those that are so banned are reckoned as impious and criminal; all men move out of their path and shun their approach and conversation, for fear they may get some harm from their contact, and no justice is done if they seek it, no distinction falls to their share. Of all these Druids one is chief, who has the highest authority among them. At his death, either any other who is preeminent in position succeeds, or, if there be several of equal standing, they strive for the primacy by the vote of the Druids, or sometimes even with armed force. These Druids, at a certain time of the year, meet within the borders of the Carnutes, whose territory is reckoned as the centre of all Gaul, and sit in conclave in a consecrated spot. Thither assemble from every side all that have disputes, and they obey the decisions and judgments of the Druids. It is believed that their rule of life was discovered in Britain and transferred thence to Gaul; and to-day those who would study the subject more accurately journey, as a rule, to Britain to learn it.

The Druids usually hold aloof from war, and do not pay war-taxes with the rest; they are excused from military service and exempt from all liabilities. Tempted by these great rewards, many young men assemble of their own motion to receive their training; many are sent by parents and relatives. Report says that in the schools of the Druids they learn by heart a great number of verses, and therefore some persons remain twenty years under training. And they do not think it proper to commit these utterances to writing, although in almost all other matters, and in their public and private accounts, they make use of G letters. I believe that they have ad the practice for two reasons—that do not wish the rule to become co property, nor those who learn the to rely on writing and so neglect cultivation of the memory; and, in it does usually happen that the assis of writing tends to relax the diligen the student and the action of the m ory. The cardinal doctrine which seek to teach is that souls do not but after death pass from one to ano and this belief, as the fear of dea thereby cast aside, they hold to be greatest incentive to valour. Be this, they have many discussion touching the stars and their mover the size of the universe and of the e the order of nature, the strength an powers of the immortal gods, and down their lore to the young men.

The other class are the knights. T when there is occasion, upon the dence of a war—and before Cæsar's ing this would happen wellnigh e year, in the sense that they would e be making wanton attacks themselv repelling such—are all engaged the and according to the importance of of them in birth and resources, so i number of liegemen and dependents he has about him. This is the one of influence and power known to the

The whole nation of the Gau greatly devoted to ritual observances for that reason those who are sm with the more grievous maladies who are engaged in the perils of b either sacrifice human victims or vo to do, employing the Druids for sacrifices. They believe, in effect, unless for a man's life a man's li paid, the majesty of the immortal may not be appeased; and in publ in private, life they observe an ordi of sacrifices of the same kind. C use figures of immense size, whose l woven out of twigs, they fill with

d set on fire, and the men perish
eet of flame. They believe that
ecution of those who have been
in the act of theft or robbery or
rime is more pleasing to the im-
gods; but when the supply of such
ey resort to the execution even
innocent.

ng the gods, they most worship
y. There are numerous images of
hey declare him the inventor of
s, the guide of every road and
y, and they deem him to have the
t influence for all money-making
affic. After him they set Apollo,
Jupiter, and Minerva. Of these
they have almost the same idea
other nations: Apollo drives away
s, Minerva supplies the first prin-
of arts and crafts, Jupiter holds
pire of the heavens, Mars controls
To Mars, when they have deter-
on a decisive battle, they dedicate
ule whatever spoil they may take.
victory they sacrifice such living
as they have taken, and all the
effects they gather into one place.
ny states heaps of such objects are
seen piled up in hallowed spots, and
not often happened that a man,
ance of religious scruple, has dared
ceal such spoils in his house or to
e them from their place, and the
grievous punishment, with torture,
ained for such an offence.

Gauls affirm that they are all de-
d from a common father, Dis, and
nat this is the tradition of the
. For that reason they determine
iods of time by the number, not
s, but of nights, and in their ob-
ce of birthdays and the beginnings
nths and years day follows night.
other ordinances of life the main
nce between them and the rest of
nd is that they do not allow their
ns to approach them openly until
they have grown to an age when they can bear the burden of military service, and they count it a disgrace for a son who is still in his boyhood to take his place publicly in the presence of his father.

The men, after making due reckoning, take from their own goods a sum of money equal to the dowry they have received from their wives and place it with the dowry. Of each such sum account is kept between them and the profits saved; whichever of the two survives receives the portion of both together with the profits of past years. Men have the power of life and death over their wives, as over their children; and when the father of a house, who is of distinguished birth, has died, his relatives assemble, and if there be anything suspicious about his death they make inquisition of his wives as they would of slaves, and if discovery is made they put them to death with fire and all manner of excruciating tortures. Their funerals, considering the civilization of Gaul, are magnificent and expensive. They cast into the fire everything, even living creatures, which they believe to have been dear to the departed during life, and but a short time before the present age, only a generation since, slaves and dependents known to have been beloved by their lords used to be burnt with them at the conclusion of the funeral formalities.

Those states which are supposed to conduct their public administration to greater advantage have it prescribed by law that any one who has learnt anything of public concern from his neighbours by rumour or report must bring the information to a magistrate and not impart it to any one else; for it is recognised that oftentimes hasty and inexperienced men are terrified by false rumours, and so are driven to crime or to decide supreme issues. Magistrates conceal what they choose, and make known what

they think proper for the public. Speech on state questions, except by means of an assembly, is not allowed.

The Germans differ much from this manner of living. They have no Druids to regulate divine worship, no zeal for sacrifices. They reckon among the gods those only whom they see and by whose offices they are openly assisted—to wit, the Sun, the Fire-god, and the Moon; of the rest they have learnt not even by report. Their whole life is composed of hunting expeditions and military pursuits; from early boyhood they are zealous for toil and hardship. Those who remain longest in chastity win greatest praise among their kindred; some think that stature, some that strength and sinew are fortified thereby. Further, they deem it a most disgraceful thing to have had knowledge of a woman before the twentieth year; and there is no secrecy in the matter, for both sexes bathe in the rivers and wear skins or small cloaks of reindeer hide, leaving great part of the body bare.

For agriculture they have no zeal, and the greater part of their food consists of milk, cheese, and flesh. No man has a definite quantity of land or estate of his own: the magistrates and chiefs every year assign to tribes and clans that have assembled together as much land and in such place as seems good to them, and compel the tenants after a year to pass on elsewhere. They adduce many reasons for that practice—the fear that they may be tempted by continuous association to substitute agriculture for their warrior zeal; that they may become zealous for the acquisition of broad territories, and so the more powerful may drive the lower sort from their holdings; that they may build with greater care to avoid the extremes of cold and heat; that some passion for money may arise to be the parent of parties and of quarrels. It is their aim to keep common people in contentment, when each man sees that his own wealth is equall of the most powerful.

Their states account it the praise by devastating their borr have areas of wilderness as wide sible around them. They think true sign of valour when the neig are driven to retire from their lan no man dares to settle near, and same time they believe they will l thereby, having removed all fea sudden inroad. When a state m resists aggressive war officers are to direct the same, with the power and death. In time of peace ther general officer of state, but the ch districts and cantons do justice their followers and settle disputes of brigandage committed outsi borders of each several state invo disgrace; in fact, they affirm tha are committed in order to pract young men and to diminish sloth when any of the chiefs has said in assembly that he will be leader those who will follow declare it, all who approve the cause and th rise together to his service and p their own assistance, and win the praise of the people. Any of the have not followed, after promis reckoned as deserters and traitor in all things afterwards trust is to them. They do not think it r outrage a guest; men who have c them for any cause they protec mischief and regard as sacred; t the houses of all are open, with t food shared.

Now there was a time in th when the Gauls were superior in to the Germans and made aggressi upon them, and because of the r of their people and the lack of lan sent colonies across the Rhine thus the most fertile places of G round the Hercynian forest (whic was known by report to Eratosthe certain Greeks, who call it the O

were seized by the Volcæ Tecto-
ho settled there, and the nation
s itself to this day in those set-
, and enjoys the highest reputa-
justice and for success in war.
present time, since they abide in
e condition of want, poverty, and
as the Germans, they adopt the
nd of food and bodily training.
e Gauls, however, the neighbour-
our provinces and acquaintance
ersea commodities lavishes many
of use or luxury; little by little
ve grown accustomed to defeat,
r being conquered in many bat-
y do not even compare themselves
of valour with the Germans.

—H. J. Edwards.

The Siege of Alesia [1]

CÆSAR

rom the *Gallic War*, Book VII]

r's conquest had been compara-
asy of accomplishment so long as
lic tribes had offered opposition
When the Gauls finally realized
y formed a loose confederation un-
leadership of Vercingetorix and
last desperate stand at Alesia. The
ty and objectivity with which the
describes this siege are charac-
of the whole book.

all the horsemen had been put
t Vercingetorix drew his forces
om their position in front of the
and at once began the march to
a town of the Mandubii, ordering
gage to be brought speedily out
and to follow close after him.
withdrew his baggage to the near-
and, leaving two legions to guard
ued as long as daylight allowed.
ree thousand of the enemy's rear-
guard were slain, and on the next day he pitched camp near Alesia. He reconnoitered the situation of the city, and as the enemy were terror-struck by the rout of their horsemen, the branch of their army on which they most relied, he urged his soldiers to the task and began the investment.

The actual stronghold of Alesia was set atop of a hill, in a very lofty situation, apparently impregnable save by blockade. The bases of the hill were washed on two separate sides by rivers. Before the town a plain extended for a length of about three miles; on all the other sides there were hills surrounding the town at a short distance, and equal to it in height. Under the wall, on the side which looked eastward, the forces of the Gauls had entirely occupied all this intervening space, and had made in front a ditch and a rough wall six feet high. The perimeter of the siege-works which the Romans were beginning had a length of eleven miles. Camps had been pitched at convenient spots, and three-and-twenty forts had been constructed on the line. In these piquets would be posted by day to prevent any sudden sortie; by night the same stations were held by sentries and strong garrisons.

When the siege-work had been started, a cavalry encounter took place in the plain which we have described above as set between hills and extending to a length of three miles. Both sides strove with the utmost vigour. When our men were distressed Cæsar sent up the Germans, and posted the legions in front of the camp to prevent any sudden inrush on the part of the enemy's footmen. With the reinforcement of the legions behind them our men's spirit was increased; the enemy were put to flight, and, hampering one another by sheer numbers, as the gates were left too narrow, were crowded together in a press. The Germans pursued most vigorously right up to the fortifications. A great

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slaughter ensued; some of the enemy abandoned their horses, and tried to cross the ditch and scale the wall. Cæsar ordered the legions posted in front of the rampart to advance a short distance. The Gauls inside the fortifications were in just as great a confusion as the rest; believing that the enemy were coming on them at once, they shouted the call to arms, and some in panic burst into the town. Vercingetorix ordered the gates to be shut, lest the camp should be deserted. After much slaughter and the capture of many horses the Germans retired.

Vercingetorix now made up his mind to send away all his horsemen by night, before the Romans could complete their entrenchments. His parting instructions were that each of them should proceed to his own state and impress for the campaign all men whose age allowed them to bear arms. He set forth his own claims upon them, and adjured them to have regard for his personal safety, and not to surrender to the torture of the enemy one who had done sterling service for the general liberty. He showed them that if they proved indifferent eighty thousand chosen men were doomed to perish with him. He had calculated that he had corn in short rations for thirty days, but that by economy he could hold out just a little longer. After giving these instructions he sent the horsemen silently away in the second watch, at a point where a gap was left in our works. He ordered all the corn to be brought in to his headquarters; he appointed death as the penalty for any disobedience of the order; the cattle, of which great store had been driven together by the Mandubii, he distributed man by man; he arranged that the corn should be measured out sparingly and gradually; he withdrew into the town all the force which he had posted in front of it. By such measures did he prepare for the conduct of the campaign, in pation of the succours from Gaul.

Cæsar had report of this fro serters and prisoners, and determi the following types of entrench He dug a trench twenty feet wid perpendicular sides, in such fashio the bottom thereof was just as br the distance from edge to edge surface. He set back the rest siege-works four hundred paces fro trench; for as he had of necessi cluded so large an area, and the of the works could not easily be m by a ring-fence of troops, his int was to provide against any sudde of the enemy's host by night upo entrenchments, or any chance of ing their missiles by day upon our engaged on the works. Behind t terval he dug all round two tre fifteen feet broad and of equal and the inner one, where the groun level with the plain or sank below filled with water diverted from the Behind the trenches he construc ramp and palisade twelve feet hig this he added a breastwork and ments, with large fraises projecti the junctions of screens and ra check the upward advance of the e and all round the works he set at intervals of eighty feet.

As it was necessary that at one a same time timber and corn should b cured, and lines of such extent structed, our forces, having to p to a considerable distance from were reduced in number; and som the Gauls would try to make an a upon our works by a sortie in forc several gates of the town. Cæsar, fore, thought proper to make a addition to these works, in orde the lines might be defensible by a number of troops. Accordingly, or very stout branches of trees we and the tops thereof barked and ened, and continuous trenches fi

re dug. Into these the stumps nk and fastened at the bottom they could not be torn up, while igh-ends were left projecting. ere in rows of five fastened and d together, and any one who into them must impale himself sharpest of stakes. These they markers." In front of these, in rows arranged like a figure of s three feet deep were dug, slop- ards slightly to the bottom. In apering stakes as thick as a man's sharpened at the top and fire- d, were sunk so as to project no an four fingers' breadth from the at the same time, to make all and firm, the earth was trodden ard one foot from the bottom, and ainder of the pit was covered over igs and brushwood to conceal the Eight rows of this kind were dug, eet apart. From its resemblance flower the device was called a In front of all these, logs a foot ith iron hooks firmly attached, ried altogether in the ground and d at brief intervals all over the nd these they called "spurs."

n all these arrangements had been ed Cæsar constructed parallel en- nents of the same kind facing the vay, against the enemy outside, g the most favourable ground e locality afforded, with a circuit een miles. This he did to secure risons of the entrenchments from surrounded by a host, however might chance to be. And in at he might not be constrained to us excursions from camp, he all his men to have thirty days' d forage collected.

e this was proceeding about the Gauls summoned a council of and determined not to call up ing to the proposal of Vercinge- all who could bear arms, but to of each chief a certain quota from his state; for they feared that with so large a host herded together they might not be able to preserve discipline, to distinguish their several contingents, or to secure a supply of corn. Of the Ædui and their dependents, Segusiavi, Ambivareti, Aulerci Brannovices, and Blannovii, they required five-and-thirty thousand; an equal number from the Arverni, together with the Eleuteti, Cadurci, Gabali, and Vellavii, who are regularly under the sovereignty of the Arverni; from the Sequani, Senones, Bituriges, Santoni, Ruteni, and Carnutes, twelve thousand each; from the Bellovaci ten thousand, and as many from the Lemovices; eight thousand each from the Pictones, Turoni, Parisii, and Helvetii; five thousand each from the Suessiones, Ambiani, Mediomatrici, Petrocorii, Nervii, Morini, and Nitiobriges; a like number from the Aulerci Cenomani; four thousand from the Atrebates; three each from the Veliocasses, Lexovii, and Aulerci Eburovices; two each from the Raurici and the Boii; thirty thousand in all from the states touching the Ocean, commonly called by them Armoric, among whom are the Curiosolites, Redones, Ambibarii, Caletes, Osismi, Veneti, Lemovices, and Venelli. Of these the Bellovaci did not make up their quota, because they declared that they would wage war with the Romans on their own account and at their own direction, and would obey no man's command; however, when Commius made request they sent two thousand men with the rest, out of regard to their private relations with him.

This Commius, as we have before mentioned, had rendered faithful and efficient service to Cæsar in previous years in the expedition to Britain. For these good offices Cæsar had ordered his state to be exempt from taxation, had restored its rights and laws, and had made the Morini tributary to him. Yet so strong was the unanimity of Gaul as a whole

for the maintenance of their liberty and the recovery of their ancient renown in war that no benefits, no memory of friendship could influence them, and all devoted themselves with heart and strength to the campaign before them. When eight thousand horsemen and about two hundred and fifty thousand footmen had been collected, the force was reviewed and a muster was taken in the country of the Ædui. Officers were appointed, and the chief command was entrusted to Commius the Atrebatian, Viridomarus and Eporedorix the Æduans, and Vercassivellaunus the Arvernian, a cousin of Vercingetorix. To them were attached a staff selected from the states, by whose counsel the campaign was to be conducted. Full of spirit and confidence, all started for Alesia; there was not a man of them all who thought the mere sight of so vast a host could be withstood, especially in a two-sided engagement, when there would be fighting with those who made a sortie from within the town, and outside the display of so vast an army of horse and foot.

However, when the day on which they had expected reinforcements of their own folk was past, and they had exhausted all their corn, and knew not what was going on in the land of the Ædui, the Gauls besieged in Alesia called a council of war to consider what would be the issue of their fortunes. Various opinions were expressed, one party voting for surrender, another for a sortie while their strength sufficed: but the speech of Critognatus should not, I think, be omitted, because of its remarkable and abominable cruelty. He was of high lineage among the Arverni, and considered to have great influence. "Of their opinion," he said, "who call a most disgraceful slavery by the name of surrender I purpose to say nothing; I hold that they should not be treated as citizens nor invited to the council. Let *my* business be with those who approve a sortie; and in their design, by your agreement, there seems to remain a ory of ancient courage. This is heartedness of yours, not courage unable to endure want for a short It is easier to find men to fling selves recklessly on death than n endure pain patiently. And yet I now have approved this view (so weight with me has the author those who hold it) if I saw there loss of nothing but our life; making our decision we should ha gard to the whole of Gaul, whi have aroused to our assistance. think ye, will be the spirit of our f and kindred, when eighty thousan have been slain in one spot, if th forced to fight out the issue almos their very bodies? Refuse to rob o support the men who for your d ance have disregarded their own forbear by folly, recklessness, or mindedness of yours to lay prostrat subject to everlasting slavery, the of Gaul. Or do you doubt their fulness, their resolution, because th not arrived to the day? What Do ye think that the Romans are engaged in those outer trenches fo amusement? If it may not be tha resolve should be strengthened by sages from your friends, since approach is blocked, yet take th mans here to your witnesses that coming draws nigh; and it is i thereof that they are busy in their day and night. What, then, is my sel? To do what our forefathers the war, in no wise equal to this the Cimbri and Teutones. They themselves into the towns, and stress of a like scarcity sustained the bodies of those whose age s them useless for war, and deliver themselves to the enemy. And if not had a precedent for this, I shou have judged it a most glorious thi the sake of liberty to set such a o

it down to posterity. For where- that war like this? The Cimbri ted Gaul, they brought great dis- pon us, yet they departed at length ur borders and sought other coun- eaving us our rights, laws, lands, But the Romans—what else do ek or desire than to follow where eads, to settle in the lands and of men whose noble report and strength they have learnt, and to upon them a perpetual slavery? no other fashion they have waged And if ye know not what is afoot distant nations, look now on Gaul t hand, which has been reduced to ince, with utter change of rights ws, and crushed beneath the axes lasting slavery."

n opinions had been expressed etermined that those who by reason lth or age were useless for war leave the town, and that every ent should be tried before they ecourse to the counsel of Critog- resolving, however, to adopt that if compelled by circumstances— s to say, the delay of reinforce- —rather than to submit to terms render or of peace. The Mandubii, town had received them, were com- to leave it with wives and chil- When they reached the Roman hey begged with tears and abject s to be received as slaves and with food. But Cæsar posted sen- n the rampart and prevented their ion.

nwhile Commius and the other entrusted with the supreme com- reached the neighbourhood of with all their force, and, seizing a tside, halted not more than a mile ur entrenchments. The day after rought their horsemen out of camp led the whole of that plain which ve described as extending for a of three miles; their force of foot- ney posted a little way back from the spot, on the higher ground. There was a bird's-eye view from the town of Alesia over the plain. At sight of these reinforcements the others hastened together with mutual congratulation, and all minds were stirred to joy. So they brought out their force and halted in front of the town; they covered over the nearest trench with hurdles and filled it in with earth, and prepared for a sally and for every emergency.

Cæsar disposed the whole army on both faces of the entrenchments in such fashion that, if occasion should arise, each man could know and keep his proper station; then he ordered the cavalry to be brought out of camp and to engage. There was a view down from all the camps, which occupied the top of the surrounding ridge, and all the troops were intently awaiting the issue of the fight. The Gauls had placed archers and light-armed skirmishers here and there among the horsemen to give immediate support to their comrades if driven back and to resist the charge of our cavalry. A number of men, wounded unexpectedly by these troops, began to withdraw from the fight. When the Gauls were confident that their own men were getting the better of the battle, and saw ours hard pressed by numbers, with shouts and yells on every side—those who were confined by the entrenchments as well as the others who had come up to their assistance—they sought to inspirit their countrymen. As the action was proceeding in sight of all, and no deed, of honour or dishonour, could escape notice, both sides were stirred to courage by desire of praise and fear of disgrace. The fight lasted, and the victory was doubtful, from noon almost to sunset; then the Germans in one part of the field massed their troops of horse, charged the enemy and routed them, and when they had been put to flight the archers were surrounded and slain. Likewise, from the other parts of the field, our troops pursued the retreat-

ing enemy right up to their camp, giving them no chance of rallying. But the Gauls who had come forth from Alesia, almost despairing of victory, sadly withdrew again into the town.

After one day's interval, in the course of which they made a great number of hurdles, ladders, and grappling-hooks, the Gauls left camp silently at midnight and approached the entrenchments in the plain. Raising a sudden shout, to signify their coming to the besieged inside the town, they began to fling down the hurdles, to dislodge our men from the rampart with slings, arrows, and stones, and to carry out everything else proper to an assault. At the same moment, hearing the shout, Vercingetorix gave his troops the signal by trumpet, and led them out of the town. Our troops, as on previous days, moved each to his appointed station in the entrenchments; with slings, one-pounders, stakes set ready inside the works, and bullets, they beat off the Gauls. As the darkness made it impossible to see far, many wounds were received on both sides. A number of missiles were discharged by the artillery. Then Marcus Antonius and Gaius Trebonius, the lieutenant-generals to whom the defence of these sections had been allotted, withdrew troops from forts farther away, and sent them up to bring assistance wherever they remarked that our men were hard pressed.

While the Gauls were some distance from the entrenchment they had more advantage from the quantity of their missiles; then, when they came up closer, they were soon caught unawares on the "spurs," or they sank into the pits and were impaled, or they were shot by artillery pikes from the rampart and the turrets, and so perished on every side. Many a man was wounded, but the entrenchment was nowhere penetrated; and when daybreak drew nigh, fearing that they might be surrounded on their exposed flank by a sortie from the camps above them, they retired to their rades. Meanwhile the inner brought out the appliances which been prepared by Vercingetorix f sortie, and filled in the nearer trenc but they lingered too long in the e tion of the business, and, or ever could get near the entrenchments, learnt that their countrymen had drawn. So without success they retu to the town.

Twice beaten back with great loss Gauls took counsel what to do. called in men who knew the locality and from them they learnt the posit and the defences of the upper camps. the north side there was a hill, whic reason of its huge circumference troops had been unable to include wi the works; they had been obliged to out the camp on ground gently slop which put them almost at a disadvant This camp was held by Gaius Antis Reginus and Gaius Caninius Reb lieutenant-generals, with two legi Having reconnoitred the locality means of scouts, the commanders of enemy chose out of the whole host s thousand men belonging to the st which had the greatest reputation courage: they determined secretly gether what should be done and in v fashion, and decided that the adva should take place at the moment w it was seen to be midday. In charg this force they put Vercassivellaunus Arvernian, one of the four command a kinsman of Vercingetorix. He left c in the first watch, and having alr completed his march just before da he concealed himself behind the he and ordered his soldiers to rest after t night's work. When at last it was to be near midday he moved with sp on the camp above mentioned and at same moment the horsemen began to vance towards the entrenchments in plain, and the rest of the force to m a demonstration before the camp.

from the citadel of Alesia Ver-ix observed his countrymen, he out of the town, taking with him rdles, poles, mantlets, grappling-and all the other appliances pre-or the sally. The fight went on neously in all places, and all ex-s were attempted, with a rapid ration on that section which was be least strong. With lines so ve the Roman army was strung d at several points defence proved . The shouting which arose in the fighting line did much to scare ops, as they saw that the risk to lves depended on the success of for, as a rule, what is out of sight s men's minds more seriously than hey see.

ar found a suitable spot from which uld see what was proceeding in uarter. To parties distressed he p supports. Both sides felt that as the hour of all others in which proper to make their greatest The Gauls utterly despaired of unless they could break through es; the Romans anticipated an end toils if they could hold their own. ardest struggle occurred by the chments on the hill, whither, as we mentioned, Vercassivellaunus had ent. The unfavourable downward of the ground had great effect. of the enemy discharged missiles, moved up in close formation under hields; fresh men quickly replaced hausted. Earth cast by the whole together over the entrenchments he Gauls a means of ascent and at ne time covered over the appliances the Romans had concealed in the ; and our troops had now neither or strength enough.

en Cæsar learnt this, he sent us with six cohorts to support in their distress. He commanded f he could not hold his ground, to n the cohorts and fight his way out, but not to do so unless of necessity. He himself went up to the rest of the troops, and urged them not to give in to the strain, telling them that the fruit of all previous engagements depended upon that day and hour. The enemy on the inner side, despairing of success on the level ground, because of the size of the entrenchments, made an attempt to scale the precipitous parts, conveying thither the appliances they had prepared. They dislodged the defenders of the turrets by a swarm of missiles, filled in the trenches with earth and hurdles, tore down rampart and breastwork with grappling-hooks.

Cæsar first sent young Brutus with some cohorts, and then Gaius Fabius, lieutenant-general, with others; last of all, as the fight raged more fiercely, he himself brought up fresh troops to reinforce. The battle restored, and the enemy repulsed, he hastened to the quarter whither he had sent Labienus. He withdrew four cohorts from the nearest fort, and ordered part of the cavalry to follow him, part to go round the outer entrenchments and attack the enemy in rear. Labienus, finding that neither ramps nor trenches could resist the rush of the enemy, collected together eleven cohorts, which had been withdrawn from the nearest posts and by chance presented themselves, and sent messengers to inform Cæsar what he thought it proper to do. Cæsar hurried on to take part in the action.

His coming was known by the colour of his cloak, which it was his habit to wear in action as a distinguishing mark; and the troops of cavalry and the cohorts which he had ordered to follow him were noticed. because from the upper levels these downward slopes and depressions were visible. Thereupon the enemy joined battle: a shout was raised on both sides, and taken up by an answering shout from the rampart and the whole of the entrenchments. Our troops discarded

their pikes and got to work with their swords. Suddenly the cavalry was noticed in the rear; other cohorts drew near. The enemy turned to flee; the cavalry met them in flight, and a great slaughter ensued. Sedulius, commander and chief of the Lemovices, was killed; Vercassivellaunus the Arvernian was captured alive in the rout; seventy-four war standards were brought in to Cæsar; of the vast host few returned safe to camp. The others beheld from the town the slaughter and rout of their countrymen, and, in despair of safety, recalled their force from the entrenchments. Directly they heard what had happened the Gauls fled from their camp. And if the troops had not been worn out by frequent reinforcing and the whole day's effort, the entire force of the enemy could have been destroyed. The cavalry were sent off just after midnight and caught up the rearguard: a great number were taken and slain, the rest fled away into the different states.

On the morrow Vercingetorix summoned a council, at which he stated that he had undertaken that campaign, not for his own occasions, but for the general liberty; and as they must yield to fortune he offered himself to them for whichever course they pleased—to give satisfaction to the Romans by his death, or to deliver him alive. Deputies were despatched to Cæsar to treat of this matter. He ordered the arms to be delivered up, the chiefs to be brought out. He himself took his seat in the entrenchments in front of the camp: the leaders were brought out to him there. Vercingetorix was surrendered, arms were thrown down. Keeping back the Ædui and the Arverni, to see if through them he could recover their states, he distributed the rest of the prisoners, one apiece to each man throughout the army, by way of plunder.

When these affairs were settled he started for the country of the Ædui and recovered the state. The Arverni sent deputies to him there who promis carry out his commands: he requir them a great number of hostages. sent the legions into cantonments. H stored some twenty thousand prison the Ædui and the Arverni. He or Titus Labienus with two legions cavalry to march off into the count the Sequani, attaching Marcus pronius Rutilus to him. Gaius Fa the lieutenant-general, and Lucius M cius Basilus he stationed with two le in the country of the Remi, in order they might suffer no damage from neighbouring Bellovaci. Gaius Anti Reginus he sent into the territory o Ambivareti, Titus Sextius to the Bitu Gaius Caninius Rebilus to the Ru with a legion apiece. Quintus Tu Cicero and Publius Sulpicius he stati at Cabillonum and Matisco, Æ towns near the Arar, to secure the supply. He himself decided to wint Bibracte. When the despatches of campaign were published at Rome a lic thanksgiving of twenty days granted.

—H. J. Edwar

On the Consular Provinces

CICERO

In this speech, delivered in 56 while the winning of Gaul was y progress, Cicero, although supporting policy of expansion and advocating continuance, recognizes a new eleme aggression on Rome's part. It is ver teresting to compare this statemen Cicero's with the interpretation w Cæsar very cleverly puts on his con of Gaul in his own *Commentaries*. C at most admits a defensive-offen Every step in advance he takes is al caused by some attack or threat of a by Gallic tribes inimical to Rome's interests. For Cicero, see above p. 95

ıy one of you, O conscript fathers,
ing to see what provinces I shall
e to decree to the consuls, let him
r in his own mind what men I
ink it most desirable to recall from
vinces; and then he will not have
ubt what ought to be my senti-
when he has once seriously thought
is absolutely inevitable that they
be. And if I were the first to
the opinion which I am about to
you would in truth praise it; if I
o stand alone in it, at all events
uld pardon me. Even if my opin-
re to appear to you on the whole
hat ineligible, still you would make
llowance for my just indignation.
ıs the case stands at present, O
pt fathers, I feel no ordinary de-
ecause it is so entirely for the
age of the republic that Syria and
onia should be the provinces de-
o the consuls, that my own private
s are in no respect at variance with
neral good; and because also I can
e authority of Publius Servilius,
ıs delivered his opinion before me,
illustrious man, and of singular
aith and attachment both to the
c in general, and to my safety in
lar. And if he, both just now, and
ver he has had any opportunity or
lity of speaking on the subject
ught it his duty to brand not only
is adverse opinion but with the
t severity of language, Gabinius
so, as the two monsters who have
lmost the destruction of the repub-
h on other accounts, and also most
lly because of their extraordinary
ness and unseemly inhumanity
s me, with what feelings ought I
to be actuated towards those men,
ose safety they devoted and ruined
e gratification of their own evil
ıs?
in declaring my sentiments at this
will not be guided by my indig-
nor will I make my speech sub-
servient to my enmity. The same feelings which every individual among you ought to entertain towards those men, shall influence me also. My own predominant and peculiar feeling of private indignation, which, however, you have always considered as belonging to yourselves in common with me, I will put aside while delivering my opinion, and reserve for a more fitting opportunity of revenge.

There are four provinces, O conscript fathers, concerning which I understand that opinions have as yet been delivered: the two Gauls, which at present we see united under one command; and Syria; and Macedonia; which, against your will, and when you were suffering under oppression and constraint, those pernicious consuls seized on as their reward for having overturned the republic. According to the provisions of the Sempronian law, we have now to decree two to the consuls. How is it possible for us to doubt about Syria and Macedonia being these two? I say nothing of the fact that those men are holding them at present who procured them in such a way, that they did not get them till they condemned this order of ours, till they had destroyed your authority and put an end to it in the state; till they had destroyed all public credit and good faith, endangered the lasting safety of the Roman people, and harassed me and all my friends and relations in the most shameful and barbarous manner.

All these private matters, all these transactions which took place in the city, I say nothing about; though they are of such a nature that Hannibal himself never wished so much evil to the city, as those men have done. . . .

But believe me, those men will never have successors appointed to them, except when a motion shall be made in accordance with the provisions of that law by which it is unlawful for any one to interpose his veto while the debate is pending

about the provinces; therefore, as this opportunity is lost, you must now wait an entire year; during which interval the calamities of the citizens, the miseries of the allies, and the impunity of the most wicked men may be extended.

But even if they were the most excellent of men, still, in my opinion, it could never be advisable to appoint a successor to Caius Cæsar. Now, concerning this matter, O conscript fathers, I shall declare my real sentiments, and I shall not be disconcerted by that interruption of my most intimate friend, who did a little while ago interrupt my speech, as you heard. That excellent man says that I ought not to be more hostile to Gabinius than to Cæsar; for that all that storm, to which I yielded, was raised by the instigation and assistance of Cæsar. And if I were in the first instance to reply that I was having regard to the common advantage, and not to my own private sufferings, could I not establish that, when I say that I am doing what I well may do according to the example of other most valiant and most illustrious citizens? Did Tiberius Gracchus (I am speaking of the father, and would that his son had never degenerated from the father's virtue!) gain such great glory because he, while tribune of the people, was the only one of the whole college who was any assistance to Lucius Scipio, though he was the bitterest possible enemy, both to him and to his brother Africanus; and did he not swear in the public assembly that he had by no means become reconciled to him, but that it seemed to him quite inconsistent with the dignity of the empire that, after the generals of the enemy had been led to prison while Scipio was celebrating his triumph, the very man also who had triumphed should be led to the same place?

Who had a greater number of enemies than Caius Marius? There were Lucius Crassus, Marcus Scaurus, (were there no more?) and all the Metelli. Bu men not only forbore to recall that of theirs from Gaul by their vot also, out of consideration for the war, they even voted him the p out of the regular order. A most tant war has been waged in Gaul mighty nations have been subdu Cæsar; but they are not yet estab with laws, or with any fixed syst rights, or by a peace which can b thoroughly depended on. We se the war has been carried on, and, the truth, nearly brought to a concl but we shall only see it all actually nated in a successful manner, if th who commenced it remains to fol up to the last. If a successor is app to him, there is great danger th may hear that the embers of thi mentous war are again fanned i flame and rekindled. Therefore, senator, an enemy, if you please, man himself, feel it my duty to be always have been, a friend to the lic. What if I lay aside my enmity for the sake of the republic, who, I like to know, would have a right to me? especially as I have at all thought that I ought to seek fo models for all my intentions and my actions in the conduct of the illustrious men. . . .

Is it possible for me to be an to this man, by whose letters, by glory, and by whose messengers m are every day saluted with previous known names of tribes, and nation places? I burn, believe me, O co fathers, (as indeed you do believe and as you feel yourselves) with credible love for my country; whic compelled me formerly to encounte terrible dangers which were hangin it, at the risk of my own life; and when I saw every sort of weapon from all quarters against my co drove me to put myself in their wa to expose myself singly to their bl

)f the whole body of citizens. And
ancient and perpetual disposition
the republic, now reunites and
es me to and unites me in friend-
h Caius Cæsar. In short, let men
hat they please; it is impossible
to be other than a friend to one
serves well of his country. . . .
nit that I was of a different opin-
Cæsar with respect to the affairs
republic, and that I agreed with
you: but now I am agreeing also
ou with whom I felt in common
For you,—to whom Lucius Piso
)t venture to send letters respect-
exploits,—you who have con-
the letters of Gabinius with a
emarkable stigma, and an un-
nted mark of disgrace, have de-
supplications to Caius Cæsar in
umber, as were never decreed be-
any one in one war, and with
tending circumstances of honour
e never voted to any one at all.
hen, need I wait for any man to
a mediator between us, in order
oncile me to him? This most
able order has mediated between
t order which is the instigator and
ler both of the public counsels and
ny own designs. I am following
conscript fathers, I am obeying
am adopting your opinions;—
I say, who, as long as you had
favourable opinion of the de-
Caius Cæsar with respect to the
, saw that I too was very little
ed with him; since you changed
inions and inclinations on account
reat achievements, you have seen
not only the sharer of your senti-
but also the panegyrist and ad-
of them. . . .
I who have been received in all
liscussions with silent attention,
nat the question is about the
es which are to be decreed to the
am interrupted; though in all
mer transactions it was only a
compliment to an individual that I urged, while now I have no motive but the consideration of the war, and the general welfare of the republic. For, as for Cæsar himself, what reason can there be why he should wish any longer to remain in the province, except for the purpose of not giving over to the republic the measures which have been undertaken by him before they are completely consummated? It is the delightful nature of the country, I suppose, and the splendour of the cities, and the civilized state and accomplished habits of those nations and natives,—it is a desire for victory, it is a wish to extend the boundaries of our empire, that detains him there! What is there anywhere more severe than those countries? what more uncivilized than their towns? what more barbarous than their citizens? Moreover, what can be imagined more desirable than the victories which he has already gained, or what can be discovered beyond the ocean? Is his return to his country likely to be disagreeable to any one? Can it be so either to the people by whom he was sent on his command, or to the senate from whom he has received so many distinctions? Does time foster his wish to see his country again, or does it rather increase his forgetfulness of it? If, then, there be any one who is not attached to that man, still such an one has no reason for recalling him from his province. It is only recalling him to glory, to triumph, to receive congratulations, to receive the highest honours which the senate can bestow, to receive the thanks of the equestrian order, and to become the object of the devoted affection of the people.

But if he, out of his regard for the interests of the republic, does not hasten to the enjoyment of that extraordinary good fortune which is in store for him, preferring to remain and finish everything; what ought I to do as a senator,—I, who ought to think only of the advan-

tage of the republic, even if his wishes were opposed to it? For I feel, O conscript fathers, that we at this time, while engaged in decreeing provinces to the consuls, ought to have a regard to the preservation of perpetual peace. For who is there who is not aware that all our other possessions are safe from all danger, and even from all suspicion of war? We have for some time seen that immense sea,—by the disturbed condition of which not only our voyages by sea were impeded, but even our cities and our military marches and roads were exposed to annoyance,—now in consequence of the valour of Cnæus Pompeius, possessed from the ocean to the very extremity of Pontus, like one vast harbour in a safe and defensible state; and as for those nations, which by their mere numbers and the immensity of their population were sufficient to overflow our provinces, we have seen some of them so thinned in numbers, and others so severely checked by that same man, that Asia, which was formerly the limit of our empire, is now itself bounded on the further side by three of our provinces. I might go on speaking of every region and of every race of men. There is no nation which is not either so far destroyed as scarcely to have any existence at all, or so utterly subdued as to be quite tranquil; or else so entirely at peace with us, as to share our exultation at our victories and at the extension of our empire.

The war with Gaul, O conscript fathers, has been carried on actively since Caius Cæsar has been our commander-in-chief; previously, we were content to act on the defensive, and to repel attacks. For our generals at all times thought it better to limit themselves to repulsing those nations, than to provoke their hostility by any attack of our own. Even that great man Caius Marius, whose godlike and amazing valour came to the assistance of the Roman people in many of its distresses and disasters, was content to check the enormous mult of Gauls who were forcing their wa Italy, without endeavouring to pen himself into their cities and dw places. And lately, that partner labours, and dangers, and counsels, Pomptinus, that most gallant crushed in battle a war of the Allob which rose up suddenly against us which was excited by that impious spiracy, and defeated those tribes had provoked us, and then he rem quiet, contented with the victor which he had delivered the republic alarm.

But I see that the counsels of Cæsar are widely different. Fo thought it his duty, not only to against those men whom he saw al in arms against the Roman people to reduce the whole of Gaul unde dominion. Therefore, he fought wit greatest success against those valiant and powerful nations, the mans and Helvetians; and the nations he alarmed, and drove back defeated, and accustomed to yield t supremacy of the Roman people; so those districts and those nations were previously known to us neith any one's letters, nor by the per account of any one, nor even by report, have now been overrun and oughly examined by our own genera our own army, and by the arms o Roman people.

Hitherto, O conscript fathers, we only known the road into Gaul. other parts of it were possessed by na which were either hostile to this em or treacherous, or unknown to us, all events, savage, barbarian, and like;—nations which no one ever e who did not wish to break their and subdue: nor has any one, fro very first rise of this empire, ever fully deliberated about our republic has not thought Gaul the chief obj apprehension to this empire. But

ount of the power and vast popu- of those nations, we never before ad a war with all of them; we lways been content to resist them ttacked. Now, at last, it has been t about that there should be one e same boundary to our empire and se nations.

ire had previously protected Italy Alps, not without some special ss of the gods in providing us with bulwark. For if that road had pen to the savage disposition and mbers of the Gauls, this city would have been the home and chosen the empire of the world. Now, they are at liberty to sink down please; for there is nothing be- those lofty heights as far as the itself, which can be any object of Italy. But still it will be the of one or two summers finally to he whole of Gaul in everlasting either by fear, or hope, or punish- or reward, or arms, or laws. And affairs there are left in an unfin- state, and while there is still some ess of feeling remaining, although emy may be pruned back severely e present, still they will raise their again some time or other, and come vith recruited strength to renew the Let, then, Gaul be left in the anship of that man to whose valour, od faith, and good fortune it has been entrusted. If, in truth, ving been distinguished by such l kindness of Fortune, were un- to risk the favour of that goddess ten; if he were anxious himself to to his country, to his household to that dignity which he sees in or him in this city, to his most ng children, and to his most illus- son-in-law; if he were impatient to ne in triumph as a conqueror to the l, crowned with the illustrious of victory; if, in short, he were ensive of some disaster, as no event can now add so much glory to him as a mishap might deprive him of; still it would be your duty to insist on all those affairs being brought to a termination by the same man who has begun them so successfully. But when he has not yet satisfied his own desire for glory for the safety of the republic, and as he prefers coming at a later period to reap the rewards of his toils rather than not discharging to the full the duty which the republic has committed to him; then certainly, we, for our part, ought not to recall a general who is so eager to conduct the affairs of the republic gloriously, nor to throw into confusion and to hinder his plans for the whole Gallic war, which are now almost matured and accomplished. . . .

I am well aware, O conscript fathers, that you have decreed many extraordinary honours to Caius Cæsar; honours which are almost unprecedented. In that he has amply merited them, you have been grateful; if I add, too, that he is a man most thoroughly attached to this order of the senate, you have been wise and provident. For this order has never heaped its distinctions and kindnesses on any one who has subsequently thought any dignity preferable to that which he had obtained by your favour. For it is not possible for any one to be the leading man in this body who has preferred courting the favour of the people. But all men who have done this, have either distrusted themselves on account of their consciousness of their want of worth, or else they have been driven away from a union with this order on account of the disparagement of their merits by the rest, and so they have been almost constrained to throw themselves out of this harbour on those stormy billows. And if, after they have been tossed about on those surges, and have become wearied of their voyage amid the whims of the people, having been successful in the conduct of the affairs of the republic, they

show their faces again in the senate-house, and wish to gain the favours of this most honourable order, I say that they are not only not to be repelled, but are to be received with open arms, and courted.

We are warned by the bravest man and most admirable consul who has ever existed in the memory of man, to take care that the nearer Gaul be not decreed against our will to any one after the election of those consuls who are now about to be elected, and that it be not for the future occupied for ever by these men who are the constant attackers of this order, by some turbulent system of currying favour with the mob. And although I am not indifferent to the evil consequences of such a measure, O conscript fathers, especially when warned of them by a consul of the greatest wisdom, and one who is an especial guardian of peace and tranquillity, still I think that there is an evil to be regarded with even more apprehension than that,—the evil, I mean, of diminishing the honours of most illustrious and powerful citizens, and rejecting their zeal for the maintenance of this order.

For even supposing that Caius Julius, having been distinguished by all sorts of extraordinary and unprecedented honours by the senate, were compelled to deliver up this province to one whom you would be very unwilling to see there, still I cannot possibly be induced to suspect that he would deprive that body of liberty by which he himself had had the greatest glory conferred on him. Lastly, what disposition every one will have I know not; I am aware only of what my own hopes are. I, as a senator, am bound to take care, as far as I can, that no illustrious or powerful man shall appear to have any right to feel offended w this body. These sentiments I shall press out of regard to the republic, ev were I ever so great an enemy to Ca Cæsar. . . .

This is the last thing which I have say. If I had any enmity against Ca Cæsar, still at this time I ought to co sult the interests of the republic, and reserve my hostility for another time. might even, following the precedent most eminent men, lay aside my enm altogether for the sake of the republ but as I have never entertained a enmity to him, and as the idea of havi been injured by him has been ext guished by services which he has do me, I, by my opinion, O conscript fathe if the dignity of Caius Cæsar is at stal shall vote for the man;—if any honour be paid to him is under discussion, I sh consult the unanimous feeling of the se ate;—if the authority of your decrees the main point to be regarded, I sh uphold the consistency of our order voting distinctions to this same co mander-in-chief;—if the everlasting co sideration of the Gallic war is to be tak into account, I shall consult the int ests of the republic;—if I may ha respect to my own private duty, I sh show that I am not ungrateful.

And I wish, O conscript fathers, to duce you all to approve of my sentimen but I shall not be greatly concerned I fail to induce those men to approve them who shielded my enemy in sp of your authority; or those who fou fault with my reconciliation with th enemy, while they themselves do hesitate to be reconciled both to enemy and to their own.

—C. D. Yonge

II. POLITICAL IDEAS

e course of history proves that the ans were gifted warriors, organizers, cians, and statesmen. They had a hold on realities so that in the course enturies, by adjustment and adapta- so characteristic of the English of modern world, they worked out a idid constitutional form of govern- . True it is that this form collapsed r the pressure of excessive wealth a too speedy subjugation of the world; under Augustus a new form was ved, itself an adaptation of the old, its success showed once again the ical genius of the race.

ut almost never did they theorize and ulate on government and its problems. rary works on such a subject were produced. To this rule Cicero is an ption. In fact only in the pages of bius, who in the second century B.C. te Rome's history, is anything similar e found. But Polybius was a Greek, wrote in Greek. And it is beyond tion that Cicero's thorough schooling Greek literature and Greek philosophy an important element in the produc- of his works on government.

ecause of his acquaintance with Greek ght, his wide knowledge of Rome's ory, his first-hand contact with the hinery of government in a period of cal developments, and because of the erity of his patriotism, Cicero was well d for a study of Roman political ideas, e his splendid literary style fitted him xpress them suitably. But Cicero was a speculative philosopher, nor was he tesman of original ideas. The reader ld not expect brilliant, political ries from Cicero's works, but he may ct a valuable presentation of political ns as evolved by the Romans, and of best of Roman ideals for the govern- t of their city and empire.

cero, following a Greek analysis, ed upon the Roman state, as he would it, as one using a mixed form of rnment. A monarchical element was e in the consuls, chief executives, an aristocratic element in the senate, and a democratic in the body of citizens. These elements should all have their place, and they did, in his day; but the result was not then encouraging. In his active political life Cicero often hoped and worked for a *concordia ordinum*, a harmony among the classes, quite in accordance with his ideal constitution. Possibly he came to believe that there should be some leading citizen to guide the ship of state, as Pericles in Athens, and as the younger Scipio in second century Rome. At one time certainly he hoped that Pompey might be such a leader, and that he himself would be, as Lælius to Scipio, a guide, philosopher, and friend.

Cicero thought of the state as an organism. Following Greek thought he saw in nature, in natural law, the source of human law and justice. He regards it as the proper function of a state to secure justice and provide for the well-being of its citizens.

These political ideas were set forth particularly in the *De Re Publica*, the *De Legibus*, and the *De Officiis*. They exerted no small influence on the later development of Roman law, and then both directly and indirectly on modern conceptions of law and the state. And through their study by great leaders in the church, like St. Augustine, Christian ethics have been influenced.

Definition of a State

CICERO

[From the *Republic*, Book I]

For Cicero, see above, p. 95.

Well, then, said Africanus, a commonwealth is a constitution of the entire people. But the people is not every association of men, however congregated, but the association of the entire number,

bound together by the compact of justice, and the communication of utility. The first cause of this association is not so much the weakness of man, as a certain spirit of congregation which naturally belongs to him. For the human race is not a race of isolated individuals, wandering and solitary; but it is so constituted, that even in the affluence of all things, and without any need of reciprocal assistance, it spontaneously seeks society.

—F. Barham and C. D. Yonge.

Three Forms of Government

CICERO

[From the *Republic,* Book I]

It is necessary to presuppose these original seeds, as it were, since we cannot discover any primary establishment of the other virtues, or even of a commonwealth itself. These unions, then, formed by the principle which I have mentioned, established their head-quarters originally in certain central positions, for the convenience of the whole population; and having fortified them by natural and artificial means, they called this collection of houses a city or town, distinguished by temples and public squares. Every people, therefore, which consists of such an association of the entire multitude as I have described,—every city which consists of an assemblage of the people,—and every commonwealth which embraces every member of these associations,—must be regulated by a certain authority, in order to be permanent.

This intelligent authority should always refer itself to that grand first principle which established the commonwealth. It must be deposited in the hands of one supreme person, or entrusted to the administration of certain delegated rulers, or undertaken by the whole m tude. When the direction of all dep on one person, we call this individu king; and this form of political cons tion, a kingdom. When it is in power of privileged delegates, the is said to be ruled by an aristocracy; when the people are all in all, they it a democracy, or popular constitu And if the tie of social affection, w originally united men in political ass tions for the sake of public interest, m tains its force, each of these gov ments is, I will not say perfect, no my opinion, essentially good, but t able, and such that one may accident be better than another: either a just wise king, or a selection of the eminent citizens, or even the populac self (though this is the least comm able form), may, if there be no in ference of crime and cupidity, for constitution sufficiently secure.

But in a monarchy, the other m bers of the state are often too much prived of public counsel and juris tion; and under the rule of an aristocr the multitude can hardly possess its share of liberty, since it is allowed share in the public deliberation, and power. And when all things are ca by a democracy, although it be just moderate, yet its very equality is a pable levelling, inasmuch as it allow gradations of rank. Therefore, eve Cyrus, the king of the Persians, w most righteous and wise monarch should still think that the interest of people (for this is, as I have said bef the same as the commonwealth) c not be very effectually promoted w all things depended on the beck and of one individual. And though at pre the people of Marseilles, our clients, governed with the greatest justice elected magistrates of the highest r still there is always in this condition the people a certain appearance of s tude; and when the Athenians, at a

eriod, having demolished their Areo-
s, conducted all public affairs by
cts and decrees of the democracy
, their state, as it no longer con-
d a distinct gradation of ranks, was
nger able to retain its original fair
arance.

—F. Barham and C. D. Yonge.

The Mixed Constitution

CICERO

[From the *Republic,* Book I]

eek theory did not supply a classifica-
which exactly fitted the Roman con-
ion.

IPIO. Now to return to the argument
y discourse. It appears that this ex-
e license, which is the only liberty in
eyes of the vulgar, is, according to
, such that from it as a sort of root
its naturally arise and spring up. For
e excessive power of an aristocracy
ions the destruction of the nobles, so
excessive liberalism of democracies
s after it the slavery of the people.
s we find in the weather, the soil,
the animal constitution, the most
rable conditions are sometimes sud-
converted by their excess into the
ary, and this fact is especially ob-
ble in political governments; and
excessive liberty soon brings the
le collectively and individually to
xcessive servitude. For, as I said,
extreme liberty easily introduces the
of tyranny, the severest of all un-
slaveries. In fact, from the midst
is unbridled and capricious populace,
elect some one as a leader in op-
ion to their afflicted and expelled
es; some new chief, forsooth, au-
us and impure, often insolently per-
ing those who have deserved well of
tate, and ready to gratify the popu-
at his neighbour's expense as well
s own. Then since the private con-
dition is naturally exposed to fears and alarms, the people invest him with many powers, and these are continued in his hands. Such men, like Pisistratus of Athens, will soon find an excuse for surrounding themselves with body-guards, and they will conclude by becoming tyrants over the very persons who raised them to dignity. If such despots perish by the vengeance of the better citizens, as is generally the case, the constitution is re-established. But if they fall by the hands of bold insurgents, then the same faction succeeds them, which is only another species of tyranny. And the same revolution arises from the fair system of aristocracy, when any corruption has betrayed the nobles from the path of rectitude. Thus the power is like the ball, which is flung from hand to hand: it passes from kings to tyrants, from tyrants to the aristocracy, from them to democracy, and from these back again to tyrants and factions; and thus the same kind of government is seldom long maintained.

Since these are the facts of experience, royalty is, in my opinion, very far preferable to the three other kinds of political constitutions. But it is itself inferior to that which is composed of an equal mixture of the three best forms of government, united and modified by one another. I wish to establish in a commonwealth a royal and preeminent chief. Another portion of power should be deposited in the hands of the aristocracy, and certain things should be reserved to the judgment and wish of the multitude. This constitution, in the first place, possesses that great equality, without which men cannot long maintain their freedom;—secondly, it offers a great stability, while the particular separate and isolated forms easily fall into their contraries; so that a king is succeeded by a despot,—an aristocracy by a faction,—a democracy by a mob and confusion; and all these forms are frequently sac-

rificed to new revolutions. In this united and mixed constitution, however, similar disasters cannot happen without the greatest vices in public men. For there can be little to occasion revolution in a state, in which every person is firmly established in his appropriate rank, and there are but few modes of corruption into which we can fall.

But I fear, Lælius, and you, my amiable and learned friends, that if I were to dwell any longer on this argument, my words would seem rather like the lessons of a master, and not like the free conversation of one who is uniting with you in the consideration of truth. I shall therefore pass on to those things which are familiar to all, and which I have long studied. And in these matters I believe, I feel, and affirm, that of all governments, there is none which, either in its entire constitution, or the distribution of its parts, or in the discipline of its manners, is comparable to that which our fathers received from our earliest ancestors, and which they have handed down to us.

—F. Barham and C. D. Yonge.

Lawlessness Begets Tyranny

cicero

[From the *Republic,* Book III]

Cicero realizes the distinction between democracy and Bolshevism.

Scipio. I now come to the third, or democratical, form of government, in which a considerable difficulty presents itself, because all things are there said to lie at the disposition of the people, and are carried into execution just as they please. Here the populace inflict punishments at their pleasure, and act, and seize, and keep possession, and distribute property, without let or hindrance. Can you deny, my Lælius, that this is a fair definition of a democracy, where the people are all in all, and where people constitute the state?

Lælius. There is no political cons tion to which I more absolutely deny name of a *commonwealth,* than tha which all things lie in the power o multitude. If a commonwealth, w implies the welfare of the entire munity, could not exist in Agrigen Syracuse, or Athens, when tyrants rei over them,—if it could not exist in R when under the oligarchy of the cemvirs,—neither do I see how this sa name of commonwealth can be ap to a democracy, and the sway of mob; because, in the first place, Scipio, I build on your own admi definition, that there can be no munity, properly so called, unless i regulated by a combination of ri And, by this definition, it appears a multitude of men may be just as rannical as a single despot; and it much the worse, since no monster ca more barbarous than the mob, whic sumes the name and appearance of people. Nor is it at all reasonable, the laws place the property of mad in the hands of their sane relations, we do the very reverse in politics, throw the property of the sane into hands of the mad multitude.

—F. Barham and C. D. Yong

Rome Past and Present

cicero

[From the *Republic,* Book V]

Cicero here gives expression to general Roman ideal of a govern based upon tradition.

Ennius has told us—

"Of men and customs mighty consists";

which verse, both for its precision its verity, appears to me as if it

d from an oracle; for neither the unless the state had adopted a cer- system of manners—nor the man- unless they had been illustrated by men—could ever have established or tained for so many ages so vast public, or one of such righteous and sive sway.

us, long before our own times, the of hereditary manners of itself ded most eminent men, and ad- ble citizens in return gave new ht to the ancient customs and in- tions of our ancestors. But our age, the contrary, having received the monwealth as a finished picture of her century, but one already be- ng to fade through the lapse of s, has not only neglected to renew colours of the original painting, but not even cared to preserve its original and prominent lineaments.

or what now remains of those antique ers, of which the poet said that our monwealth consisted? They have become so obsolete and forgotten, they are not only not cultivated, they are not even known. And as e men, what shall I say? For the ers themselves have only perished, gh a scarcity of men; of which great ortune we are not only called to give ccount, but even, as men accused of al offences, to a certain degree to d our own cause in connexion with For it is owing to our vices, rather to any accident, that we have re- d the name of republic when we long since lost the reality.

—F. Barham and C. D. Yonge.

The Optimates

cicero

[From the *Defense of Sestius*]

e term optimates came to be limited icero's day to a particular political party consisting principally of the conservative senators. But Cicero, playing on the word, extends it through his idealism to include all good men of every party.

There have always in this city been two kinds of men who have been ambitious of being concerned in affairs of state, and of arriving at distinction by such a course; and of these two kinds one wish to be considered popular men, and the others wish both to be, and to be considered, of the party of the best men in the state. Those whose object it was that whatever they did and whatever they said should be agreeable to the multitude, were the popular party; but those who conducted themselves in such a way as to induce all the best men to approve of their counsels, were considered of the best party.

Who then are they? Every good man. If you ask what are their numbers, they are innumerable. For if they were not, we could not stand. They are the chief men of the public council; they are those who follow their school; they are the men of the highest orders of the state, to whom the senate-house is open; they are the citizens of the municipal towns, and Roman citizens who dwell in the country; they are men engaged in business; there are even some freedmen of the best party. The number, as I have said, of this party is widely scattered in various directions; but the entire body (to prevent all mistakes) can be described and defined in a few words. All men belong to the best party, who are not guilty of any crime, nor wicked by nature, nor madmen, nor men embarrassed by domestic difficulties. Let it be laid down, then, that these men (this race, as you call them) are all those who are honest, and in their senses, and who are well off in their domestic circumstances. Those who are guided by their wishes, who consult their interests and opinions in the management of the republic, are the parti-

sans of the best men, and are themselves accounted best men, most wise and most illustrious citizens, and chief men in the state.

What, then, is the object proposed to themselves by these directors of the republic, which they are bound to keep their eyes fixed upon, and towards which they ought to direct their course? That which is most excellent and desirable to all men in their senses, and to all good and happy men,—ease conjoined with dignity. Those who seek this are all best men; those who effect it are considered the chief leaders in and the preservers of their states. For men ought not to be so elated by the dignity of the affairs which they have undertaken to manage, as to have no regard to their ease; nor ought they to dwell with fondness on any sort of ease which is inconsistent with dignity.

And of this easy dignity these are the foundations, these are the component parts, which ought to be upheld by the chief men, and to be defended even at the hazard of their lives: religious observances, the auspices, the civil power of magistrates, the authority of the senate, the laws, the usages of one's ancestors, the courts of justice, the jurisdiction of the judges, good faith, the provinces, the allies, the glory of the empire, the whole affairs of the army, the treasury. To be the defender and advocate of all these things, numerous and important as they are, is a task to employ great courage, great ability, and great firmness. In truth, in such a vast number of citizens, there is a great multitude of those men, who either, from fear of punishment, because they are conscious of their own misdeeds, are anxious for fresh changes and revolutions in the republic; or who, on account of some innate insanity of mind, feed upon the discords and seditions of the citizens; or else who, on account of the embarrassment of their estates and circumstances, had rather burn in one vast common flagration, than in one which consu only themselves. And when these have found instigators, leaders in promoters of their own objects and v their waves are stirred up in the repu so that those men must watch who demanded for themselves the helm of country, and they must strive with their skill and with all their dilige in order that they may be able to serve those things which I have just called its foundations and compo parts, and so keep in their course reach that harbour of ease and dignit

If, O judges, I were to deny that path is rugged and difficult, and ful danger and snares, I should speak fals especially as I have not only aware that it was so, but have been to its perils and labours more than other man.

The republic is attacked by gre forces and more numerous bodies those by which it is defended; bec audacious and abandoned men are pelled on by a nod, and are even of own accord excited by nature to enemies to the republic. And some or other good men are slower in ac and overlooking the first beginning things, are at last aroused by nece itself; so that sometimes through very delays and tardiness of moven while they wish to retain their ease without dignity, they, of their own cord, lose both. But those who are sirous to be defenders of the repu if they be fickle men, soon give up task; if they be at all timid men, abandon it; and those alone remain endure everything for the sake of th public, who are such men as your f was, O Marcus Scaurus, who res all seditious men, from the time of Gracchus to that of Quintus Varius, w no violence, no threats, and no unp larity ever shook; or such as Qu Metellus, the uncle of your mother;

as censor he had branded a man flourishing in the popular esteem, s Saturninus, and when he had ex-d a pretended Gracchus from the f the citizens, in spite of the vio- of an excited mob, and when he had refused to swear obedience to which he considered had not been y enacted, preferred to abandon the ather than his opinion; or, (to leave uoting ancient examples, of which is an abundance worthy of the glory s empire, while yet I avoid naming ne who is now alive) such as Quin-atulus lately was, whom neither the est of danger nor the breeze of ur could ever move from his straight e, either by hope or fear.

itate those men, I beg you in the of the immortal gods, ye who seek ignity, and praise, and glory. These ples are honourable; these are god- these are immortal; these are cele-d in fame, and are committed to ternal recollection of our annals, and anded down to posterity. It is a r, I do not deny it. The dangers reat, I admit it,—

path of virtuous men is full of snares."

is a most true saying.
e poet says further,—

to demand those honours which excite
eneral envy and desire of all,
et to shun the toil and ceaseless care
h can alone conduct to such a goal,
rest ignorance."

—C. D. YONGE.

THE FOUNDATION OF JUSTICE

CICERO

[From the *Laws*, Book I]

RCUS. Let us, then, begin to es-h the principles of justice on that supreme law, which has existed from all ages before any legislative enactments were drawn up in writing, or any political governments constituted.

QUINTUS. That will be more convenient, and more sensible with reference to the subjects of the discussion which we have determined on.

MARCUS. Shall we, then, seek for the origin of justice at its fountain-head? When we have discovered which, we shall be in no doubt to what these questions which we are examining ought to be referred.

QUINTUS. Such is the course I would advise.

ATTICUS. I also subscribe to your brother's opinion.

MARCUS. Since, then, we wish to maintain and preserve the constitution of that republic which Scipio, in those six books which I have written under that title, has proved to be the best, and since all our laws are to be accommodated to the kind of political government there described, we must also treat of the general principles of morals and manners, and not limit ourselves on all occasions to written laws; but I purpose to trace back the origin of right from nature itself, who will be our best guide in conducting the whole discussion.

ATTICUS. You will do right, and when she is our guide it is absolutely impossible for us to err.

MARCUS. Do you then grant, my Atticus, (for I know my brother's opinion already) that the entire universe is regulated by the power of the immortal Gods, that by their nature, reason, energy, mind, divinity, or some other word of clearer signification, if there be such, all things are governed and directed? for if you will not grant me this, that is what I must begin by establishing.

ATTICUS. I grant you all you can desire. But owing to this singing of birds and babbling of waters, I fear my fellow-learners can scarcely hear me.

MARCUS. You are quite right to be on your guard; for even the best men occasionally fall into a passion, and they will be very indignant if they hear you denying the first article of that notable book, entitled "The Chief Doctrines of Epicurus," in which he says "that God takes care of nothing, neither of himself nor of any other being!"

ATTICUS. Pray proceed, for I am waiting to know what advantage you mean to take of the concession I have made you.

MARCUS. I will not detain you long. This is the bearing which they have on our subject. This animal—prescient, sagacious, complex, acute, full of memory, reason, and counsel, which we call man—has been generated by the supreme God in a most transcendent condition. For he is the only creature among all the races and descriptions of animated beings who is endued with superior reason and thought, in which the rest are deficient. And what is there, I do not say in man alone, but in all heaven and earth, more divine than reason, which, when it becomes right and perfect, is justly termed wisdom?

There exists, therefore, since nothing is better than reason, and since this is the common property of God and man, a certain aboriginal rational intercourse between divine and human natures. But where reason is common, there right reason must also be common to the same parties; and since this right reason is what we call law, God and men must be considered as associated by law. Again, there must also be a communion of right where there is a communion of law. And those who have law and right thus in common, must be considered members of the same commonwealth.

And if they are obedient to the same rule and the same authority, they are even much more so to this one celestial regency, this divine mind and omnipotent deity. So that the entire universe may be looked upon as forming one vast c monwealth of gods and men. And, a earthly states certain ranks are tinguished with reference to the relati ships of families, according to a cer principle which will be discussed in proper place, that principle, in the na of things, is far more magnificent splendid by which men are connec with the Gods, as belonging to their dred and nation. . . .

Since, then, the Deity has been plea to create and adorn man to be the c and president of all terrestrial creatu so it is evident, without further a ment, that human nature has also m very great advances by its own intri energy; that nature, which without other instruction than her own, has veloped the first rude principles of understanding, and strengthened and fected reason to all the appliances science and art.

ATTICUS. Oh ye immortal Gods! what a distance back are you tracing principles of justice! However, you discoursing in such a style that I will show any impatience to hear what I pect you to say on the Civil Law. I will listen patiently, even if you sp the whole day in this kind of discou for assuredly these, which perhaps are embracing in your argument for sake of others, are grander topics even the subject itself for which prepare the way.

MARCUS. You may well describe t topics as grand, which we are now br discussing. But of all the quest which are ever the subject of discus among learned men, there is none w is more important thoroughly to ur stand than this, that man is born justice, and that law and equity not been established by opinion, bu nature. This truth will become still apparent if we investigate the natu human association and society.

For there is no one thing so lik

qual to another, as in every instance is to man. And if the corruption of ɔms, and the variation of opinions, not induce an imbecility of minds, turn them aside from the course of re, no one would more nearly re- ɔle himself than all men would re- ɔle all men. Therefore, whatever de- on we give of man, will be applicable ıe whole human race. And this is a argument that there is no dissimi- y of kind among men; because if were the case, one definition could include all men.

fact, reason, which alone gives us any advantages over beasts, by means hich we conjecture, argue, refute, dis- se, and accomplish and conclude our gns, is assuredly common to all men; the faculty of acquiring knowledge milar in all human minds, though knowledge itself may be endlessly rsified. By the same senses we all eive the same objects, and those gs which move the senses at all, do e in the same way the senses of all And those first rude elements of ligence which, as I before observed, he earliest developments of thought, similarly impressed upon all men; that faculty of speech which is the preter of the mind, agrees in the s which it conveys, though it may r in the words by which it expresses n. And therefore there exists not a in any nation, who, if he adopts re for his guide, may not arrive at ıe.

or is this resemblance which all men to each other remarkable in those gs only which are in accordance with reason, but also in errors. For all alike are captivated by pleasure, h, although it is a temptation to is disgraceful, nevertheless bears resemblance to natural good; for, y its delicacy and sweetness it is htful, it is through a mistake of the intellect adopted as something salutary.

And by an error scarcely less universal, we shun death as if it were a dissolution of nature, and cling to life because it keeps us in that existence in which we were born. Thus, likewise, we consider pain as one of the greatest evils, not only on account of its present asperity, but also because it seems the precursor of mortality. Again, on account of the apparent resemblance between renown with honour, those men appear to us happy who are honoured, and miserable who happen to be inglorious. In like manner our minds are all similarly susceptible of inquietudes, joys, desires, and fears; nor if different men have different opinions, does it follow that those who deify dogs and cats, do not labour under superstition equally with other nations, though they may differ from them in the forms of its manifestation.

Again, what nation is there which has not a regard for kindness, benignity, gratitude, and mindfulness of benefits? What nation is there in which arrogance, malice, cruelty, and unthankfulness, are not reprobated and detested? And while this uniformity of opinions proves that the whole race of mankind is united together, the last point is that a system of living properly makes men better. If what I have said meets your approbation, I will proceed; or if any doubts occur to you, we had better clear them up first.

ATTICUS. There is nothing which strikes us, if I may reply for both of us.

MARCUS. It follows, then, that nature made us just that we might share our goods with each other, and supply each other's wants. You observe in this discussion, whenever I speak of nature, I mean nature in its genuine purity, but that there is, in fact, such corruption engendered by evil customs, that the sparks, as it were, of virtue which have been given by nature are extinguished,

and that antagonist vices arise around it and become strengthened.

But if, as nature prompts them to, men would with deliberate judgement, in the words of the poet, "being men, think nothing that concerns mankind indifferent to them," then would justice be cultivated equally by all. For to those to whom nature has given reason, she also has given right reason, and therefore also law, which is nothing else than right reason enjoining what is good, and forbidding what is evil. And if nature has given us law, she hath also given us right. But she has bestowed reason on all, therefore right has been bestowed on all. And therefore did Socrates deservedly execrate the man who first drew a distinction between utility and nature, for he used to complain that this error was the source of all human vices, to which this sentence of Pythagoras refers —"The things belonging to friends are common"—and that other, "Friendly equality." From whence it appears, that when a wise man has displayed this benevolence which is so extensively and widely diffused towards one who is endowed with equal virtue, then that phenomenon takes place which is altogether incredible to some people, but which is a necessary consequence, that he loves himself not more dearly than he loves his friend. For how can a difference of interests arise where all interests are similar? If there could be ever so minute a difference of interests, then there would be an end of even the nature of friendship, the real meaning of which is such, that there is no friendship at all the moment that a person prefers anything happening to himself rather than to his friend.

Now, these preliminary remarks have been put forward as a preparation for the rest of our discourse and argument, in order that you may more easily understand that nature herself is the foundation of justice. And when I have explained this a little more at large, then I will proceed to the consideration of t civil law from which all these argume of mine are derived.

Quintus. Then you have not muc add, my brother, for the arguments have already used have sufficiently pro to Atticus, or at all events to me, t nature is the fountain of justice.

Atticus. How could I maintain other opinion, since you have now tablished these points—first, that we h been provided as we are and adorned the gifts of the Gods; secondly, t all mankind have but one similar common principle of living together; a lastly, that all men are bound toget by a certain natural indulgence and fection, as well as social rights? And we have, rightly as I think, admitted truth of these principles, how can with any consistency, separate from ture that law and justice which are moral developments?

Marcus. You are quite right, and t is the proper view of the case. in conformity with the method of losophers, (I do not mean the older sa of philosophy, but those modern o who have erected a magazine, as it w of wisdom) those questions which w formerly discussed loosely and unc strainedly, are now examined with str ness and distinctness. Nor will th men allow that we have done justice the subject which we have now be us, unless we demonstrate in a dicti discussion that right is a part of natu

Atticus. You seem to have renoun your liberty in debate, my Cicero; are you become a man who, in disc sion, rather follows the authority others, than develops his individ sentiments?

Marcus. Not always, Atticus. you see what the line of this pres conversation is, and how the main ob of this whole discussion is to strengt the foundation of commonwealths, to tablish their forces, and to benefit t

ulation. I am, therefore, particularly ous to avoid arguments which have been thoroughly examined and care- considered. Not that I expect to onstrate my doctrine to the satisfac- of all men, for that is impossible; I hope to do so to that of those who k that all just and honourable things rve to be cultivated even for their sake, and that nothing whatsoever be properly called a good which is intrinsically praiseworthy, or at least there can exist no great good what- which is not truly laudable on its account.

ll the philosophers who flourished in old academy with Speusippus, Xenoc- s, and Polemon, or those that fol- d Aristotle and Theophrastus, agree- with them in doctrine, though they nt differ in their method of explain- it—whether, like Zeno, they pre- ed the same principles, while they nged the terms of exposition,—or ther, like Aristion, they supported difficult and arduous sect now gen- y scattered and confuted, which sup- d that, with the exception of virtue vice, all other things were completely ul and indifferent: all these have oted the principles which I have been aining. . . .

is therefore an absurd extravagance ome philosophers to assert, that all gs are necessarily just which are es- ished by the civil laws and the institu- s of nations. Are then the laws of nts just, simply because they are s? Suppose the thirty tyrants of ens had imposed certain laws on the enians? or, suppose again that these enians were delighted with these ty- nical laws, would these laws on that unt have been considered just? For own part, I do not think such laws rve any greater estimation than that ed during our own interregnum, ch ordained that the dictator should empowered to put to death with im- punity whatever citizens he pleased, without hearing them in their own defence.

For there is but one essential justice which cements society, and one law which establishes this justice. This law is right reason, which is the true rule of all commandments and prohibitions. Whoever neglects this law, whether written or unwritten, is necessarily unjust and wicked.

But if justice consists in submission to written laws and national customs, and if, as the same school affirms, everything must be measured by utility alone, he who thinks that such conduct will be advantageous to him will neglect the laws, and break them if it is in his power. And the consequence is, that real justice has really no existence if it have not one by nature, and if that which is established as such on account of utility is overturned by some other utility.

But if nature does not ratify law, then all the virtues may lose their sway. For what becomes of generosity, patriotism, or friendship? Where will the desire of benefiting our neighbours, or the gratitude that acknowledges kindness, be able to exist at all? For all these virtues proceed from our natural inclination to love mankind. And this is the true basis of justice, and without this not only the mutual charities of men, but the religious services of the Gods, would be at an end; for these are preserved, as I imagine, rather by the natural sympathy which subsists between divine and human beings, than by mere fear and timidity.

But if the will of the people, the decrees of the senate, the adjudications of magistrates, were sufficient to establish rights, then it might become right to rob, right to commit adultery, right to substitute forged wills, if such conduct were sanctioned by the votes or decrees of the multitude. But if the opinions and suffrages of foolish men had sufficient weight to outbalance the nature of things,

then why should they not determine among them, that what is essentially bad and pernicious should henceforth pass for good and beneficial? Or why, since law can make right out of injustice, should it not also be able to change evil into good?

But we have no other rule by which we may be capable of distinguishing between a good and a bad law than that of nature. Nor is it only right and wrong which are discriminated by nature, but generally all that is honourable is by this means distinguished from all that is shameful; for common sense has impressed in our minds the first principles of things, and has given us a general acquaintance with them, by which we connect with virtue every honourable quality, and with vice all that is disgraceful. . . .

It follows that I may now sum up the whole of this argument by asserting, as is plain to every one from these positions which have already been laid down, that all right and all that is honourable is to be sought for its own sake. In truth, all virtuous men love justice and equity for what they are in themselves; nor is it like a good man to make a mistake, and love that which does not deserve their affection. Right, therefore, is desirable and deserving to be cultivated for its own sake; and if this be true of right, it must be true also of justice. What then shall we say of liberality? Is it exercised gratuitously, or does it covet some reward and recompense? If a man does good without expecting any recompense for his kindness, then it is gratuitous: if he does expect compensation, it is a mere matter of traffic. Nor is there any doubt that he who truly deserves the reputation of a generous and kind-hearted man, is thinking of his duty, not of his interest. In the same way the virtue of justice demands neither emolument nor salary, and therefore we desire it for its own sake. And the case of all the moral virtues is the same, and so is the opinion form of them.

Besides this, if we weigh virtue by mere utility and profit that attend it, not by its own merit, the one virtue wh results from such an estimate will in fact a species of vice. For the m a man refers all his actions especially his own advantage, the further he cedes from probity; so that they v measure virtue by profit, acknowle no other virtue than this, which is a k of vice. For who can be called bene lent, if no one ever acts kindly for sake of another? And where are we find a grateful person, if those who disposed to be so can find no benefac to whom they can show gratitude? W will become of sacred friendship, if are not to love our friend for his c sake with all our heart and soul, as people say? if we are even to des and discard him, as soon as we desp of deriving any further assistance or vantage from him. What can be imagi more inhuman than this conduct? if friendship ought rather to be cu vated on its own account, so also for same reason are society, equality, justice, desirable for their own sakes. this be not so, then there can be no s thing as justice at all; for the most just thing of all is to seek a reward one's just conduct.

—F. Barham and C. D. Yonge

Duties of the Individual to the State [1]

cicero

[From the *Offices,* Book II]

The typically Roman thing about book from which this passage is taken well as about the passage itself, is point of view which keeps steadily be the eyes the state rather than the i

[1] From the Loeb Classical Library, permission.

ıl in a general treatise on ethics. Po-
l conduct is the all-important matter.
:s as a practical subject and as one
h admits of discussion of man as a
ical animal was the only branch of
sophy which genuinely interested the
ans.

hose whom Nature has endowed with
capacity for administering public
rs should put aside all hesitation,
the race for public office, and take
nd in directing the government; for
o other way can a government be
inistered or greatness of spirit be
e manifest. Statesmen, too, no less
philosophers—perhaps even more so
ould carry with them that greatness
pirit and indifference to outward cir-
stances to which I so often refer,
ther with calm of soul and freedom
care, if they are to be free from
ies and lead a dignified and self-
istent life. This is easier for the
sophers; as their life is less exposed
he assaults of fortune, their wants
fewer; and if any misfortune over-
s them, their fall is not so disastrous.
without reason, therefore, are
ger emotions aroused in those who
ge in public life than in those who
in retirement, and greater is their
ition for success; the more, there-
do they need to enjoy greatness
pirit and freedom from annoying
s.

anyone is entering public life, let
beware of thinking only of the
ur it brings; but let him be sure
that he has the ability to succeed.
he same time, let him take care not
se heart too readily through dis-
agement nor yet to be over-confident
gh ambition. In a word, before un-
king any enterprise, careful prepa-
n must be made.

ost people think that the achieve-
s of war are more important than
of peace; but this opinion needs
e corrected. For many men have sought occasions for war from the mere ambition for fame. This is notably the case with men of great spirit and natural ability, if they are adapted to a soldier's life and fond of warfare. But if we will face the facts, we shall find that there have been many instances of achievement in peace more important and no less renowned than in war.

However highly Themistocles, for example, may be extolled—and deservedly—and however much more illustrious his name may be than Solon's, and however much Salamis may be cited as witness of his most glorious victory—a victory glorified above Solon's statesmanship in instituting the Areopagus—yet Solon's achievement is not to be accounted less illustrious than his. For Themistocles's victory served the state once and only once; while Solon's work will be of service for ever. For through his legislation the laws of the Athenians and the institutions of their fathers are maintained. And while Themistocles could not readily point to any instance in which he himself had rendered assistance to the Areopagus, the Areopagus might with justice assert that Themistocles had received assistance from it; for the war was directed by the counsels of that senate which Solon had created. . . .

There are, therefore, instances of civic courage that are not inferior to the courage of the soldier. Nay, the former calls for even greater energy and greater devotion than the latter.

That moral goodness which we look for in a lofty, high-minded spirit is secured, of course, by moral, not by physical, strength. And yet the body must be trained and so disciplined that it can obey the dictates of judgment and reason in attending to business and in enduring toil. But that moral goodness which is our theme depends wholly upon the thought and attention given to it by the mind. And in this way, the men who in a civil capacity direct the affairs of a

nation render no less important service than they who conduct its wars: by their statesmanship oftentimes wars are either averted or terminated; sometimes also they are declared. Upon Marcus Cato's counsel, for example, the Third Punic War was undertaken, and in its conduct his influence was dominant, even after he was dead. And so diplomacy in the friendly settlement is more desirable than courage in settling them on the battle-field; but we must be careful not to take that course merely for the sake of avoiding war rather than for the sake of public expediency. War, however, should be undertaken in such a way as to make it evident that it has no other object than to secure peace.

But it takes a brave and resolute spirit not to be disconcerted in times of difficulty or ruffled and thrown off one's feet, as the saying is, but to keep one's presence of mind and one's self-possession and not to swerve from the path of reason.

Now all this requires great personal courage; but it calls also for great intellectual ability by reflection to anticipate the future, to discover some time in advance what may happen whether for good or for ill, and what must be done in any possible event, and never to be reduced to having to say "I had not thought of that."

These are the activities that mark a spirit, strong, high, and self-reliant in its prudence and wisdom. But to mix rashly in the fray and to fight hand to hand with the enemy is but a barbarous and brutish kind of business. Yet when the stress of circumstances demands it, we must gird on the sword and prefer death to slavery and disgrace.

As to destroying and plundering cities, let me say that great care should be taken that nothing be done in reckless cruelty or wantonness. And it is a great man's duty in troublous times to single out the guilty for punishment, to spare the many, and in every turn of fortu to hold to a true and honourable cour For whereas there are many, as I ha said before, who place the achieveme of war above those of peace, so one m find many to whom adventurous, h headed counsels seem more brilliant a impressive than calm and well-conside measures.

We must, of course, never be guilty seeming cowardly and craven in avoidance of danger; but we must a beware of exposing ourselves to dan needlessly. Nothing can be more fo hardy than that. Accordingly, in countering danger we should do as d tors do in their practice: in light ca of illness they give mild treatment; cases of dangerous sickness they compelled to apply hazardous and ev desperate remedies. It is, therefore, o a madman who, in a calm, would pr for storm; a wise man's way is, when storm does come, to withstand it with the means at his command, and pecially, when the advantages to be pected in case of a successful issue greater than the hazards of the strugg

The dangers attending great affairs state fall sometimes upon those who dertake them, sometimes upon the sta In carrying out such enterprises, so run the risk of losing their lives, oth their reputation and the good-will of th fellow-citizens. It is our duty, then, be more ready to endanger our own th the public welfare and to hazard hon and glory more readily than other vantages.

Many, on the other hand, have b found who were ready to pour out only their money but their lives for th country and yet would not consent make even the slightest sacrifice of p sonal glory—even though the interests their country demanded it. For examp when Callicratidas, as Spartan admi in the Peloponnesian War, had won ma signal successes, he spoiled everything

nd by refusing to listen to the pro- of those who thought he ought to draw his fleet from the Arginusæ and to risk an engagement with the nians. His answer to them was that Spartans could build another fleet, ey lost that one, but he could not at without dishonour to himself." yet what he did dealt only a slight to Sparta; there was another which ed disastrous, when Cleombrotus in of criticism recklessly went into bat- gainst Epaminondas. In consequence at the Spartan power fell.

ow much better was the conduct of tus Maximus! Of him Ennius says:

e man—and he alone—restored our state by delaying.
in the least did fame with him take precedence of safety;
efore now does his glory shine bright, and it grows ever brighter."

his sort of offence must be avoided ess in political life. For there are who for fear of giving offence do dare to express their honest opinion, matter how excellent.

hose who propose to take charge of affairs of government, should not to remember two of Plato's rules: to keep the good of the people so ly in view that regardless of their interests they will make their every n conform to that; second, to care he welfare of the whole body politic not in serving the interests of some party to betray the rest. For the nistration of the government, like ffice of a trustee, must be conducted he benefit of those entrusted to one's not of those to whom it is entrusted. , those who care for the interests part of the citizens and neglect an- part, introduce into the civil service angerous element—dissension and strife. The result is that some are d to be loyal supporters of the demo- cratic, others of the aristocratic party, and few of the nation as a whole.

As a result of this party spirit bitter strife arose at Athens, and in our own country not only dissensions but also disastrous civil wars broke out. All this the citizen who is patriotic, brave, and worthy of a leading place in the state will shun with abhorrence; he will dedicate himself unreservedly to his country, without aiming at influence or power for himself; and he will devote himself to the state in its entirety in such a way as to further the interests of all. Besides, he will not expose anyone to hatred or disrepute by groundless charges, but he will surely cleave to justice and honour so closely that he will submit to any loss, however heavy, rather than be untrue to them, and will face death itself rather than renounce them.

A most wretched custom, assuredly, is our electioneering and scrambling for office. Concerning this also we find a fine thought in Plato: "Those who compete against one another," he says, "to see which of two candidates shall administer the government, are like sailors quarrelling as to which one of them shall do the steering." And he likewise lays down the rule that we should regard only those as adversaries who take up arms against the state, not those who strive to have the government administered according to their convictions. This was the spirit of the disagreement between Publius Africanus and Quintus Metellus: there was in it no trace of rancour.

Neither must we listen to those who think that one should indulge in violent anger against one's political enemies and imagine that such is the attitude of a great-spirited, brave man. For nothing is more commendable, nothing more becoming in a pre-eminently great man than courtesy and forbearance. Indeed, in a free people, where all enjoy equal rights before the law, we must school ourselves to affability and what is called "mental

poise;" for if we are irritated when people intrude upon us at unseasonable hours or make unreasonable requests, we shall develop a sour, churlish temper, prejudicial to ourselves and offensive to others. And yet gentleness of spirit and forbearance are to be commended only with the understanding that strictness may be exercised for the good of the state; for without that, the government cannot be well administered. On the other hand, if punishment or correction must be administered, it need not be insulting; it ought to have regard to the welfare of the state, not to the personal satisfaction of the man who administers the punishment or reproof.

We should take care also that the punishment shall not be out of proportion to the offence, and that some shall not be chastised for the same fault for which others are not even called to account. In administering punishment it is above all necessary to allow no trace of anger. For if anyone proceeds in a passion to inflict punishment, he will never observe that happy mean which lies between excess and defect. This doctrine of the mean is approved by the Peripatetics—and wisely approved, if only they did not speak in praise of anger and tell us that it is a gift bestowed on us by Nature for a good purpose. But in reality, anger is in every circumstance to be eradicated; and it is to be desired that they who administer the government should be like the laws, which are led to inflict punishment not by wrath but by justice. . . .

Of these public services, some are of such a nature that they concern the whole body of citizens; others, that they affect individuals only. And these latter are the more productive of gratitude. If possible, we should by all means attend to both kinds of service; but we must take care in protecting the interests of individuals that what we do for them shall be beneficial, or at least not prejudicial, to the state. Gaius Gracchus inaugurated largesses of grain on an extensive sc this had a tendency to exhaust the chequer. Marcus Octavius inaugura a moderate dole; this was both practica for the state and necessary for the c mons; it was, therefore, a blessing b to the citizens and to the state.

The man in an administrative of however, must make it his first care t every one shall have what belongs to and that private citizens suffer no vasion of their property rights by act the state. It was a ruinous policy t Philippus proposed when in his tribu ship he introduced his agrarian However, when his law was rejected, took his defeat with good grace and played extraordinary moderation. in his public speeches on the meas he often played the demagogue, and t time viciously, when he said that "th were not in the state two thousand pec who owned any property." That spe deserves unqualified condemnation, it favoured an equal distribution of pr erty; and what more ruinous policy t that could be conceived? For the ch purpose in the establishment of consti tional states and municipal governme was that individual property rights mi be secured. For although it was by ture's guidance that men were dra together into communities, it was in hope of safeguarding their possessi that they sought the protection of cit

The administration should also forth every effort to prevent the levy of a property tax, and to this end p cautions should be taken long in advar Such a tax was often levied in the ti of our forefathers on account of the pleted state of their treasury and t incessant wars. But if any state (I "any," for I would rather speak in g eral terms than forebode evils to own; however, I am not discussing own state but states in general)—if state ever has to face a crisis requi the imposition of such a burden, ev

must be made to let all the people
e that they must bow to the in-
ble, if they wish to be saved. And
ll also be the duty of those who
t the affairs of the state to take
ures that there shall be an abun-
e of the necessities of life. It is need-
to discuss the ordinary ways and
s; for the duty is self-evident; it
cessary only to mention the matter.
t the chief thing in all public ad-
tration and public service is to avoid
the slightest suspicion of self-seek-
"I would," says Gaius Pontius, the
nite, "that fortune had withheld my
arance until a time when the Ro-
began to accept bribes, and that I
been born in those days! I should
have suffered them to hold their
emacy no longer." Aye, but he
d have had many generations to
for this plague has only recently
ted our nation. And so I rejoice
Pontius lived then instead of now,
g that he was so mighty a man! It
t yet a hundred and ten years since
enactment of Lucius Piso's bill to
sh extortion; there had been no such
before. But afterward came so many
each more stringent than the other,
any men were accused and so many
convicted, so horrible a war was
d up on account of the fear of
our courts would do to still others,
ightful was the pillaging and plun-
g of the allies when the laws and
s were suppressed, that now we find
lves strong not in our own strength
n the weakness of others.

nætius praises Africanus for his in-
y in public life. Why should he
But Africanus had other and
er virtues. The boast of official
rity belongs not to that man alone
to his times. When Paulus got
ssion of all the wealth of Macedon
l it was enormous—he brought into
reasury so much money that the
of a single general did away with
the need for a tax on property in Rome for all time to come. But to his own house he brought nothing save the glory of an immortal name. Africanus emulated his father's example and was none the richer for his overthrow of Carthage. And what shall we say of Lucius Mummius, his colleague in the censorship? Was he one penny the richer when he had destroyed to its foundations the richest of cities? He preferred to adorn Italy rather than his own house. And yet by the adornment of Italy his own house was, as it seems to me, still more splendidly adorned.

There is, then, to bring the discussion back to the point from which it digressed, no vice more offensive than avarice, especially in men who stand foremost and hold the helm of state. For to exploit the state for selfish profit is not only immoral; it is criminal, infamous. And so the oracle, which the Pythian Apollo uttered, that "Sparta should not fall from any other cause than avarice," seems to be a prophecy not to the Lacedæmonians alone, but to all wealthy nations as well. They who direct the affairs of state, then, can win the good-will of the masses by no other means more easily than by self-restraint, and self-denial.

But they who pose as friends of the people, and who for that reason either attempt to have agrarian laws passed, in order that the occupants may be driven out of their homes, or propose that money loaned should be remitted to the borrowers, are undermining the foundations of the commonwealth: first of all, they are destroying harmony, which cannot exist when money is taken away from one party and bestowed upon another; and second, they do away with equity, which is utterly subverted, if the rights of property are not respected. For, as I said above, it is the peculiar function of the state and the city to guarantee to every man the free and undisturbed

control of his own particular property. And yet, when it comes to measures so ruinous to public welfare, they do not gain even that popularity which they anticipate. For he who has been robbed of his property is their enemy; he to whom it has been turned over actually pretends that he had no wish to take it; and most of all, when his debts are cancelled, the debtor conceals his joy, for fear that he may be thought to have been insolvent; whereas the victim of the wrong both remembers it and shows his resentment openly. Thus even though they to whom property has been wrongly awarded be more in number than they from whom it has been unjustly taken, they do not for that reason have more influence; for in such matters influence is measured not by numbers but by weight. And how is it fair that a man who never had any property should take possession of lands that had been occupied for many years or even generations, and that he who had them before should lose possession of them? . . .

We must, therefore, take measures that there shall be no indebtedness of a nature to endanger the public safety. It is a menace that can be averted in many ways; but should a serious debt be incurred, we are not to allow the rich to lose their property, while the debtors profit by what is their neighbour's. For there is nothing that upholds a government more powerfully than its credit; and it can have no credit, unless the payment of debts is enforced by law. Never were measures for the repudiation of debts more strenuously agitated than in my consulship. Men of every sort and rank attempted with arms and armies to force the project through. But I opposed them with such energy that this plague was wholly eradicated from the body politic. Indebtedness was never greater; debts were never liquidated more easily or more fully; for the hope of defrauding the creditor was cut off payment was enforced by law. But present victor, though vanquished th still carried out his old design, whe was no longer of any personal advant to him. So great was his passion wrong-doing that the very doing of wr was a joy to him for its own sake, e when there was no motive for it.

Those, then, whose office it is to l after the interests of the state will frain from that form of liberality wh robs one man to enrich another. Ab all, they will use their best endeavo that every one shall be protected in possession of his own property by fair administration of the law and courts, that the poorer classes shall be oppressed because of their helpl ness, and that envy shall not stand the way of the rich, to prevent them fr keeping or recovering possession of w justly belongs to them; they must str too, by whatever means they can, peace or in war, to advance the state power, in territory, and in revenues.

Such service calls for great men; was commonly rendered in the days our ancestors; if men will perform du such as these, they will win popula and glory for themselves and at the sa time render eminent service to the st

—Walter Miller

On Governing a Province

CICERO

[From *Letters to Quintus*, Book I]

It is generally understood that the s cessful administration of a province r upon honesty and justice; but it is no generally understood that it rests upon refinement and education. The le contains an interesting passage show how the Romans justified their domin over other peoples.

his brother Quintus:

lough I have no doubt that many engers, and even common rumour, its usual speed, will anticipate this , and that you will already have from others that a third year has added to my loss and your labour, thought you ought to receive from lso the news of this tiresome cir- tance. For not in one, but in several y previous letters, in spite of others ig given up the idea in despair, I you hope of being able at an early to quit your province, not only that ght as long as possible cheer you a pleasurable belief, but also be- e I and the prætors took such pains ne matter, that I felt no misgiving o the possibility of its being ar- ed. As it is, since matters have so ed out that neither the prætors by weight of their influence, nor I by arnest efforts, have been able to pre- it is certainly difficult not to be an- d, yet our minds, practised as they n conducting and supporting busi- of the utmost gravity, ought not to ushed or weakened by vexation. And men ought to feel most vexed at has been brought upon them by own fault, it is I who ought in matter to be more vexed than you. t is the result of a fault on my part, ist which you had protested both nversation at the moment of your rture, and in letters since, that successor was not named last

In this, while consulting for nterests of our allies, and resisting hameless conduct of some merchants, while seeking the increase of our tation by your virtues, I acted un- y, especially as I made it possible hat second year to entail a third. as I confess the mistake to have mine, it lies with your wisdom and ness to remedy it, and to see that mprudence is turned to advantage your careful performance of your duties. And truly, if you exert yourself in every direction to earn men's good word, not with a view to rival others, but henceforth to surpass yourself, if you rouse your whole mind and your every thought and care to the ambition of gaining a superior reputation in all respects, believe me, one year added to your labour will bring us, nay, our posterity also, a joy of many years' duration. Wherefore I begin by entreating you not to let your soul shrink and be cast down, not to allow yourself to be overpowered by the magnitude of the business as though by a wave; but, on the contrary, to stand upright and keep your footing, or even advance to meet the flood of affairs. For you are not administering a department of the state, in which fortune reigns supreme, but one in which a well-considered policy and an attention to business are the most important things. But if I had seen you receiving the prolongation of a command in a great and dangerous war, I should have trembled in spirit, because I should have known that the dominion of fortune over us had been at the same time prolonged. As it is, however, a department of the state has been entrusted to you in which fortune occupies no part, or, at any rate, an insignificant one, and which appears to me to depend entirely on your virtue and self-control. We have no reason to fear, as far as I know, any designs of our enemies, any actual fighting in the field, any revolts of allies, any default in the tribute or in the supply of corn, any mutiny in the army: things which have very often befallen the wisest of men in such a way, that they have been no more able to get the better of the assault of fortune, than the best of pilots a violent tempest. You have been granted a profound peace, a dead calm: yet if the pilot falls asleep, it may even so overwhelm him, though if he keeps awake it may give him positive pleasure. For your province consists, in the first place,

of allies of a race which, of all the world, is the most civilized; and in the second place, of citizens, who, either as being *publicani*, are very closely connected with me, or, as being traders who have made money, think that they owe the security of their property to my consulship.

But it may be said that among even such men as these there occur serious disputes, many wrongful acts are committed, and hotly contested litigation is the result. As though I ever thought that you had no trouble to contend with! I know that the trouble is exceedingly great, and such as demands the very greatest prudence; but remember that it is prudence much more than fortune on which, in my opinion, the result of your trouble depends. For what trouble is it to govern those over whom you are set, if you do but govern yourself? That may be a great and difficult task to others, and indeed it is most difficult: to you it has always been the easiest thing in the world, and indeed ought to be so, for your natural disposition is such that, even without discipline, it appears capable of self-control; whereas a discipline has, in fact, been applied that might educate the most faulty of characters. But while you resist, as you do, money, pleasure, and every kind of desire yourself, there will, I am told, be a risk of your not being able to suppress some fraudulent banker or some rather over-extortionate tax-collector! For as to the Greeks, they will think, as they behold the innocence of your life, that one of the heroes of their history, or a demigod from heaven, has come down into the province. And this I say, not to induce you to act thus, but to make you glad that you are acting or have acted so. It is a splendid thing to have been three years in supreme power in Asia without allowing statue, picture, plate, napery, slave, anyone's good looks, or any offer of money—all of which are plentiful in your province—to cause you to swerve from the most absolute ho esty and purity of life. What can imagined so striking or so desirable that a virtue, a command over the p sions, a self-control such as yours, not remaining in darkness and obscuri but have been set in the broad dayli of Asia, before the eyes of a famo province, and in the hearing of all tions and peoples? That the inhabita are not being ruined by your progress drained by your charges, agitated your approach? That there is the li liest joy, public and private, wheresoe you come, the city regarding you as protector and not a tyrant, the priva house as a guest and not a plunderer?

But in these matters I am sure th mere experience has by this time taug you that it is by no means sufficient have these virtues yourself, but that y must keep your eyes open and vigila in order that in the guardianship of yo province you may be considered vouch to the allies, the citizens, and t state, not for yourself alone, but for the subordinates of your governme However, you have in the persons your *legati* men likely to have a rega for their own reputation. Of these rank, position, and age Tubero is fir who, I think, particularly as he is writer of history, could select from own Annals many whom he would l and would be able to imitate. Alien again, is ours, as well in heart and aff tion, as in his conformity to our pr ciples. I need not speak of Gratidi I am sure that, while taking pains to p serve his own reputation, his frater affection for us makes him take pa for ours also. Your quæstor is not your own selection, but the one assig you by lot. He is bound both to with propriety of his own accord, and conform to the policy and princip which you lay down. But should any of these adopt a lower standard of c duct, you should tolerate such behavio

it goes no farther than a breach, in private capacity, of the rules by ich he was bound, but not if it goes the extent of employing for gain the thority which you granted him as a motion. For I am far from thinking, ecially since the moral sentiments of day are so much inclined to ex-sive laxity and self-seeking, that you uld investigate every case of petty sconduct, and thoroughly examine ery one of these persons; but that you uld regulate your confidence by the stworthiness of its recipient. And ong such persons you will have to uch for those whom the Republic has lf given you as companions and as-tants in public affairs, at least within limits which I have before laid wn. . . .

If, however, you have found in the ovince itself anyone, hitherto unknown us, who has made his way into intimacy th you, take care how much confidence u repose in him; not that there may t be many good provincials, but, though may hope so, it is risky to be positive. r everyone's real character is covered many wrappings of pretence and is ncealed by a kind of veil: face, eyes, pression very often lie, speech most en of all. Wherefore, how can you pect to find in that class any who, ile foregoing for the sake of money from which we can scarcely tear our-ves away, will yet love you sincerely d not merely pretend to do so from erested motives? I think, indeed, it a hard task to find such men, especially we notice that the same persons care thing for almost any man out of office, t always with one consent shew af-tion for the prætors. But of this ss, if by chance you have dis-vered any one to be fonder of you— it may so happen—than of your ice, such a man indeed gladly admit on your list of friends: but if you fail perceive that, there is no class of people you must be more on your guard against admitting to intimacy, just because they are acquainted with all the ways of making money, do everything for the sake of it, and have no consideration for the reputation of a man with whom they are not destined to pass their lives. And even among the Greeks themselves you must be on your guard against admitting close intimacies, except in the case of the very few, if such are to be found, who are worthy of ancient Greece. As things now stand, indeed, too many of them are untrustworthy, false, and schooled by long servitude in the arts of extravagant adulation. My advice is that these men should all be entertained with courtesy, but that close ties of hospitality or friendship should only be formed with the best of them: excessive intimacies with them are not very trustworthy—for they do not venture to oppose our wishes—and they are not only jealous of our countrymen, but of their own as well. . . .

These and similar instances of your strict administration in your province we shall find difficulty in justifying, unless they are accompanied by the most perfect integrity: wherefore let there be the greatest strictness in your administration of justice, provided only that it is never varied from favour, but is kept up with impartiality. But it is of little avail that justice is administered by yourself with impartiality and care, unless the same is done by those to whom you have entrusted any portion of this duty. And, indeed, in my view there is no very great variety of business in the government of Asia: the entire province mainly depends on the administration of justice. In it we have the whole theory of government, especially of provincial government, clearly displayed: all that a governor has to do is to shew consistency and firmness enough, not only to resist favouritism, but even the suspicion of it. To this also must be added courtesy in listening to pleaders, consideration in pronouncing a

decision, and painstaking efforts to convince suitors of its justice, and to answer their arguments. It is by such habits that C. Octavius has recently made himself very popular; in whose court, for the first time, the lictor did not interfere, and the marshal kept silence, while every suitor spoke as often and as long as he chose. In which conduct he would perhaps have been thought over-lax, had it not been that this laxity enabled him to maintain the following instance of severity. The partisans of Sulla were forced to restore what they had taken by violence and terrorism. Those who had made inequitable decrees, while in office, were now as private citizens forced to submit to the principles they had established. This strictness on his part would have been thought harsh, had it not been rendered palatable by many sweetening influences of courtesy. But if this gentleness were sufficient to make him popular at Rome, where there is such haughtiness of spirit, such unrestrained liberty, such unlimited licence of individuals, and, in fine, so many magistrates, so many means of obtaining protection, such vast power in the hands of the popular assembly, and such influence exercised by the senate, how welcome must a prætor's courtesy be in Asia, in which there is such a numerous body of citizens and allies, so many cities, so many communities, all hanging on one man's nod, and in which there are no means of protection, no one to whom to make a complaint, no senate, no popular assembly! Wherefore it requires an exalted character, a man who is not only equitable from natural impulse, but who has also been trained by study and the refinements of a liberal education, so to conduct himself while in the possession of such immense power, that those over whom he rules should not feel the want of any other power.

Take the case of the famous Cyrus, portrayed by Xenophon, not as in historical character, but as a model of righteous government, the serious dign of whose character is represented by t philosopher as combined with a pecul courtesy. And, indeed, it is not with reason that our hero Africanus used p petually to have those books in his han for there is no duty pertaining to a ca ful and equitable government which not to be found in them. Well, if *he* c tivated those qualities, though never stined to be in a private station, h carefully ought those to maintain th to whom power is given with the und standing that it must be surrender and given by laws under whose author they must once more come? In opinion all who govern others are bou to regard as the object of all their tions the greatest happiness of t governed. That this is your highest ject, and has been so since you fi landed in Asia, has been published abro by consistent rumour and the conver tion of all. It is, let me add, not o the duty of one who governs allies a citizens, but even of one who gove slaves and dumb animals, to serve t interests and advantage of those un him. In this point I notice that eve one agrees that you take the great pains: no new debt is being contract by the states, while many have been lieved by you from a heavy and lo standing one. Several cities that h become delapidated and almost desert —of which one was the most fam state in Ionia, the other in Caria, San and Halicarnassus—have been given new life by you: there is no party fig ing, no civil strife in the towns: you ta care that the government of the sta is administered by the best class of c zens: brigandage is abolished in Mys murder suppressed in many distric peace is established throughout province; and not only the robberies us on highways and in country places, those more numerous and more seri ones in towns and temples, have b

mpletely stopped: the fame, fortunes, il repose of the rich have been relieved d that most oppressive instrument of etorial rapacity—vexatious prosecu- n; the expenses and tribute of the tes are made to fall with equal weight all who live in the territories of those tes: access to you is as easy as possi- : your ears are open to the complaints all: no man's want of means or want friends excludes him, I don't say from cess to you in public and on the bunal, but even from your house and amber: in a word, throughout your gov- nment there is no harshness or cruelty everywhere clemency, mildness, and ndness reign supreme.

What an immense benefit, again, have u done in having liberated Asia from e tribute exacted by the ædiles, a easure which cost me some violent ntroversies! For if one of our nobles mplains openly that by your edict, No moneys shall be voted for the mes," you have robbed him of 200 stertia, what a vast sum of money uld have been paid, had a grant been ade to the credit of every magistrate ho held games, as had become the regu- r custom! However, I stopped these mplaints by taking up this position— hat they think of it in Asia I don't ow, in Rome it meets with no little proval and praise—I refused to accept sum of money which the states had creed for a temple and monument in r honour, though they had done so with e greatest enthusiasm in view both of my rvices and of your most valuable bene- ctions; and though the law contained special and distinct exception in these rds, "that it was lawful to receive for mple or monument;" and though again e money was not going to be thrown ay, but would be employed on decorat- g a temple, and would thus appear have been given to the Roman people d the immortal Gods rather than to yself—yet, in spite of its having desert, law, and the wishes of those who offered the gift in its favour, I determined that I must not accept it, for this reason among others, namely, to prevent those, to whom such an honour was neither due nor legal, from being jealous. Wherefore adhere with all your heart and soul to the policy which you have hitherto adopted—that of being devoted to those whom the senate and people of Rome have committed and entrusted to your honour and authority, of doing your best to protect them, and of desiring their greatest happiness. Even if the lot had made you governor of Africans, or Spaniards, or Gauls—uncivilized and barbarous nations—it would still have been your duty as a man of feeling to consult for their interests and advantage, and to have contributed to their safety. But when we rule over a race of men in which civilization not only exists, but from which it is believed to have spread to others, we are bound to repay them, above all things, what we received from them. For I shall not be ashamed to go so far—especially as my life and achievements have been such as to exclude any suspicion of sloth or frivolity—as to confess that, whatever I have accomplished, I have accomplished by means of those studies and principles which have been transmitted to us in Greek literature and schools of thought. Wherefore, over and above the general good faith which is due to all men, I think we are in a special sense under an obligation to that nation, to put in practice what it has taught us among the very men by whose maxims we have been brought out of barbarism.

And indeed Plato, the fountain-head of genius and learning, thought that states would only be happy when scholars and philosophers began being their rulers, or when those who were their rulers had devoted all their attention to learning and philosophy. It was plainly this union of power and philosophy that in his opinion might prove the salvation of

states. And this perhaps has at length fallen to the fortune of the whole empire: certainly it has in the present instance to your province, to have a man in supreme power in it, who has from boyhood spent the chief part of his zeal and time in imbibing the principles of philosophy, virtue, and humanity. Wherefore be careful that this third year, which has been added to your labour, may be thought a prolongation of prosperity to Asia. And since Asia was more fortunate in retaining you than I was in my endeavour to bring you back, see that my regret is softened by the exultation of the province. For if you have displayed the very greatest activity in earning honours such as, I think, have never been paid to anyone else, much greater ought your activity to be in preserving these honours. What I for my part think of honours of that kind I have told you in previous letters. I have always regarded them, if given indiscriminately, as of little value, if paid from interested motives, as worthless: if, however, as in this case, they are tributes to solid service on your part, I hold you bound to take much pains in preserving them. Since, then, you are exercising supreme power and official authority in cities, in which you have before your eyes the consecration and apotheosis of your virtues, in all decisions, decrees, and official acts consider what you owe to those warm opinions entertained of you, to those verdicts on your character, to those honours which have been rendered you. And what you owe will be to consult for the interests of all, to remedy men's misfortunes, to provide for their safety, to resolve that you will be both called and believed to be the "father of Asia."

However, to such a resolution and deliberate policy on your part the great obstacle is the *publicani:* for, if we oppose them, we shall alienate from ourselves and from the Republic an order which has done us most excellent servi and which has been brought into sy pathy with the Republic by our mean if, on the other hand, we comply w them in every case, we shall allow t complete ruin of those whose interes to say nothing of their preservation, are bound to consult. This is the o difficulty, if we look the thing fairly the face, in your whole government. F disinterested conduct on one's own pa the suppression of all inordinate desir the keeping a check upon one's sta courtesy in hearing causes, in listeni to and admitting suitors—all this is rath a question of credit than of difficult for it does not depend on any speci exertion, but rather on a mental resol and inclination. But how much bitte ness of feeling is caused to allies by th question of the *publicani* we have ha reason to know in the case of citize who, when recently urging the remov of the port-dues in Italy, did not co plain so much of the dues themselves, of certain extortionate conduct on t part of the collectors. Wherefore, aft hearing the grievances of citizens Italy, I can comprehend what happe to allies in distant lands. To condu oneself in this matter in such a way to satisfy the *publicani,* especially wh contracts have been undertaken at a lo and yet to preserve the allies from rui seems to demand a virtue with somethi divine in it, I mean a virtue like you To begin with, that they are subject tax at all, which is their greatest grie ance, ought not to be thought so by t Greeks, because they were so subject their own laws without the Roman go ernment. Again, they cannot despise t word *publicanus,* for they have been u able to pay the assessment according Sulla's polltax without the aid of t publican. But that the Greek *publica* are not more considerate in exacting t payment of taxes than our own may

hered from the fact that the Caunii, all the islands assigned to the Rhos by Sulla, recently appealed to the tection of the senate, and petitioned be allowed to pay their tax to us ner than to the Rhodians. Wherefore ther ought those to revolt at the name a *publicanus* who have always been ject to tax, nor those to despise it o have been unable to make up the bute by themselves, nor those to re- e his services who have asked for m. At the same time let Asia reflect this, that if she were not under our vernment, there is no calamity of eign war or internal strife from which would be free. And since that govment cannot possibly be maintained thout taxes, she should be content to rchase perpetual peace and tranquillity the price of a certain proportion of r products. . . .

But since your first year gave rise to st talk in regard to this particular mplaint—I believe because the wronging, the covetousness, and the arronce of men came upon you as a surise, and seemed to you unbearable—ile your second year was much milder, cause habit and reflexion, and, as I ink, my letters also, rendered you more erant and gentle, the third ought to so completely reformed, as not to ve even the smallest ground for anyone find fault. And here I go on to urge on you, not by way of exhortation or admonition, but by brotherly entreaties, that you would set your whole heart, care, and thought on the gaining of praise from everybody and from every quarter. If, indeed, our achievements were only the subject of a moderate amount of talk and commendation, nothing eminent, nothing beyond the practice of others, would have been demanded of you. As it is, however, owing to the brilliancy and magnitude of the affairs in which we have been engaged, if we do not obtain the very highest reputation from your province, it seems scarcely possible for us to avoid the most violent abuse. Our position is such that all loyalists support us, but demand also and expect from us every kind of activity and virtue, while all the disloyal, seeing that we have entered upon a lasting war with them, appear contented with the very smallest excuse for attacking us. Wherefore, since fortune has allotted to you such a theatre as Asia, completely packed with an audience, of immense size, of the most refined judgment, and, moreover, naturally capable of conveying sound, so that its expressions of opinion and its remarks reach Rome, put out all your power, I beseech you, exert all your energies to appear not only to have been worthy of the part we played here, but to have surpassed everything done there by your high qualities. . . .

Farewell.

—E. S. Shuckburgh.

III. DECLINE OF THE REPUBLIC

Among the many causes of the fall of e republican form of government at me none was more potent than the ects of Rome's relations with her provces. Sulla, and ultimately Cæsar, used eir provinces as bases from which to launch military attacks on Rome itself. Hundreds of lesser men, governors, and all their train of subordinates, had for years used their almost unlimited powers to enrich themselves at the provincials' expense. Direct extortion, and the more

indirect means of loans, sometimes forced on the natives at high interest, proved very profitable, for there was always a Roman army to assist in collection. The noble Brutus had out loans in Cicero's province Cilicia at some 48%. A saying was current that a governor must make three fortunes during his term, one to pay his debts contracted in getting the position, a second to bribe the judges who would try him for maladministration at the end of his term, and a third to live on himself. The honest governor, while not unknown, was the exception.

The effects on Roman character and consequently on the government in Rome may readily be imagined. All classes were affected. An inevitable result was loss of public spirit, the sense of duty to the state which had for ages been Rome's particular pride. Anarchy, suppressed, but breaking out again and again, followed in due course.

It was among such conditions that Julius Cæsar developed his career. He is at once an excellent illustration of the period and a direct cause of its end and the beginning of better things. After his victory in the civil war which he waged against Pompey and the Senate, he made himself supreme in the state, centering political and military powers in his dictatorship. What organization he would have worked out in detail if he had not been murdered can never be known; but it seems clear that he intended to have all important officials responsible to himself, a step which Augustus, his adopted son and ultimate successor, took in the next generation.

Cæsar was killed in March of 44 B.C. The conspirators had hoped by his death to restore the Republic; but had made no adequate plans to make their hope a reality. They had only made it possible for other dictators to rise. Cicero entered public life once more and worked heroically to unify the republican elements; but when Mark Antony with Octavius Cæsar, who had been acting on Cicero's side, and with Lepidus, governor in Gaul, formed a coalition, the second triumvirate, efforts for free government were quickly checked, and Cicero lost his life.

MISMANAGEMENT IN THE PROVINCE

Sicily under Verres

CICERO

[*Verrine Orations* I]

Verres was governor of Sicily from to 71 B.C.

The political scandal here disclosed w made possible by the inadequacy of t machinery of the central government Rome. Cicero apparently did not reali that it was symptomatic of the diseas condition of the state.

That which was above all things to desired, O judges, and which above things was calculated to have the greate influence towards allaying the unpop larity of your order, and putting an e to the discredit into which your judici decisions have fallen, appears to ha been thrown in your way, and given you not by any human contrivance, b almost by the interposition of the go at a most important crisis of the r public. For an opinion has now becon established, pernicious to us, and pe nicious to the republic, which has be the common talk of every one, not on at Rome, but among foreign natio also,—that in the courts of law as th exist at present, no wealthy man, ho ever guilty he may be, can possibly convicted. Now at this time of peril your order and to your tribunals, wh men are ready to attempt by harangu and by the proposal of new laws, to i crease the existing unpopularity of t senate, Caius Verres is brought to tri as a criminal, a man condemned in t opinion of every one by his life and a tions, but acquitted by the enormou ness of his wealth according to his o hope and boast. I, O judges, have u dertaken this cause as prosecutor wi the greatest good wishes and expectati on the part of the Roman people, not order to increase the unpopularity of t

ate, but to relieve it from the dis-dit which I share with it. For have brought before you a man, acting justly in whose case you have opportunity of retrieving the lost dit of your judicial proceedings, or aining your credit with the Roman ple, and of giving satisfaction to eign nations; a man, the embezzler of public funds, the petty tyrant of Asia Pamphylia, the robber who deprived city of its rights, the disgrace and n of the province of Sicily. And if u come to a decision about this man h severity and a due regard to your hs, that authority which ought to re-in in you will cling to you still; but hat man's vast riches shall break down sanctity and honesty of the courts justice, at least I shall achieve this, t it shall be plain that it was rather nest judgment that was wanting to republic, than a criminal to the lges, or an accuser to the criminal.

I, indeed, that I may confess to you truth about myself, O judges, though ny snares were laid for me by Caius rres, both by land and sea, which I rtly avoided by my own vigilance, and rtly warded off by the zeal and kind-ss of my friends, yet I never seemed be incurring so much danger, and I ver was in such a state of great ap-hension, as I am now in this very court law. Nor does the expectation which ple have formed of my conduct of s prosecution, nor this concourse of vast a multitude as is here assembled, luence me (though indeed I am greatly tated by these circumstances) so much his nefarious plots which he is en-avouring to lay at one and the same ne against me, against you, against eign nations, against the senate, and n against the very name of senator; ose favourite saying it is that they ve got to fear who have stolen only as ch as is enough for themselves, but t he has stolen so much that it may easily be plenty for many; that nothing is so holy that it cannot be corrupted, or so strongly fortified that it cannot be stormed by money. But if he were as secret in acting as he is audacious in attempting, perhaps in some particular he might some time or other have escaped our notice. But it happens very fortunately that to his incredible audacity there is joined a most unexampled folly. For as he was unconcealed in committing his robberies of money, so in his hope of corrupting the judges he has made his intentions and endeavours visible to every one. He says that once only in his life has he felt fear, at the time when he was first impeached as a criminal by me; because he was only lately arrived from his province, and was branded with unpopularity and infamy, not modern but ancient and of long standing; and, besides that, the time was unlucky, being very ill-suited for corrupting the judges. Therefore, when I had demanded a very short time to prosecute my inquiries in Sicily, he found a man to ask for two days less to make investigations in Achaia; not with any real intention of doing the same with his diligence and industry, that I have accomplished by my labour, and daily and nightly investigations. For the Achæan inquisitor never even arrived at Brundusium. I in fifty days so travelled over the whole of Sicily that I examined into the records and injuries of all the tribes and of all private individuals, so that it was easily visible to every one, that he had been seeking out a man not really for the purpose of bringing the defendant whom he accused to trial, but merely to occupy the time which ought to belong to me.

Now that most audacious and most senseless man thinks this. He is aware that I am come into court so thoroughly prepared and armed, that I shall fix all his thefts and crimes not only in your ears, but in the very eyes of all men. He sees that many senators are witnesses

of his audacity; he sees that many Roman knights are so too, and many citizens, and many of the allies besides to whom he has done unmistakeable injuries. He sees also that very numerous and very important deputations have come here at the same time from most friendly cities, armed with the public authority and evidence collected by their states. And though this is the case, still he thinks so ill of all virtuous men, to such an extent does he believe the decisions of the senators to be corrupt and profligate, that he makes a custom of openly boasting that it was not without reason that he was greedy of money, since he now finds that there is such protection in money, and that he has bought (that was the hardest thing of all) the very time of his trial, in order to be able to buy everything else more easily; so that, as he could not by any possibility shirk the force of the accusations altogether, he might avoid the most violent gusts of the storm. But if he had placed any hope at all, not only in his cause, but in any honourable defence, or in the eloquence or in the influence of any one, he would not be so eager in collecting and catching at all these things; he would not scorn and despise the senatorial body to such a degree, as to procure a man to be selected out of the senate at his will to be made a criminal of, who should plead his cause before him, while he in the meantime was preparing whatever he had need of. And what the circumstances are on which he founds his hopes, and what hopes he builds on them, and what he is fixing his mind on, I see clearly. But how he can have the confidence to think that he can effect anything with the present prætor, and the present bench of judges, I cannot conceive. This one thing I know, which the Roman people perceived too when he rejected the judges, that his hopes were of that nature that he placed all his expectations of safety in his money; and that if this protection were taken from him, he thought nothi would be any help to him.

In truth, what genius is there so pow ful, what faculty of speaking, what e quence so mighty, as to be in any p ticular able to defend the life of th man, convicted as it is of so many vi and crimes, and long since condemn by the inclinations and private sentimen of every one? And, to say nothing the stains and disgraces of his yout what other remarkable event is there his quæstorship, that first step to honou except that Cnæus Corbo was robbed h his quæstor of the public money? th the consul was plundered and betraye his army deserted? his province aba doned? the holy nature and obligatio imposed on him by lot violated?—who lieutenancy was the ruin of all Asia a Pamphylia, in which provinces he plu dered many houses, very many citie all the shrines and temples; when he r newed and repeated against Cnæus Dol bella his ancient wicked tricks when h had been quæstor, and did not only his danger desert, but even attack a betray the man to whom he had be lieutenant, and proquæstor, and whom h had brought into odium by his crimes;- whose city prætorship was the destru tion of the sacred temples and the publ works, and, as to his legal decisions, w the adjudging and awarding of proper contrary to all established rules and pre edents. But now he has establish great and numerous monuments a proofs of all his vices in the provin of Sicily, which he for three years harassed and ruined that it can by possibility be restored to its former co dition, and appears scarcely able to at all recovered after a long series years, and a long succession of virtuo prætors. While this man was prætor t Sicilians enjoyed neither their own law nor the decrees of our senate, nor t common rights of every nation. Eve one in Sicily has only so much left

ıer escaped the notice or was dis-
arded by the satiety of that most
ricious and licentious man.
No legal decision for three years was
en on any other ground but his will;
property was so secure to any man,
n if it had descended to him from his
ner and grandfather, but he was de-
ved of it at his command; enormous
ns of money were exacted from the
perty of the cultivators of the soil by
ıew and nefarious system. The most
thful of the allies were classed in the
mber of enemies. Roman citizens were
tured and put to death like slaves;
greatest criminals were acquitted in
courts of justice through bribery;
most upright and honourable men,
ng prosecuted while absent, were con-
mned and banished without being heard
their own defence; the most fortified
bours, the greatest and strongest cities,
re laid open to pirates and robbers;
sailors and soldiers of the Sicilians,
own allies and friends, died of hun-
; the best built fleets on the most im-
tant stations were lost and destroyed,
the great disgrace of the Roman
ople. This same man while prætor
ndered and stripped those most an-
nt monuments, some erected by
althy monarchs and intended by them
ornaments for their cities; some, too,
work of our own generals, which
y either gave or restored as conquerors
the different states in Sicily. And he
this not only in the case of public
tues and ornaments, but he also plun-
ed all the temples consecrated in the
pest religious feelings of the people.
did not leave, in short, one god to the
ilians which appeared to him to be
de in a tolerably workmanlike man-
, and with any of the skill of the an-
nts. I am prevented by actual shame
m speaking of his nefarious licentious-
s as shown in rapes and other such
rmities; and I am unwilling also to
rease the distress of those men who
have been unable to preserve their children and their wives unpolluted by his wanton lust. But, you will say, these things were done by him in such a manner as not to be notorious to all men. I think there is no man who has heard his name who cannot also relate wicked actions of his; so that I ought rather to be afraid of being thought to omit many of his crimes, than to invent any charges against him. And indeed I do not think that this multitude which has collected to listen to me wishes so much to learn of me what the facts of the case are, as to go over it with me, refreshing its recollection of what it already knows.

And as this is the case, that senseless and profligate man attempts to combat me in another manner. He does not seek to oppose the eloquence of any one else to me; he does not rely on the popularity, or influence, or authority of any one. He pretends that he trusts to these things; but I see what he is really aiming at; (and indeed he is not acting with any concealment). He sets before me empty titles of nobility, that is to say the names of arrogant men, who do not hinder me so much by being noble, as assist me by being notorious;—he pretends to rely on their protection; when he has in reality been contriving something else this long time. What hope he now has, and what he is endeavouring to do, I will now briefly explain to you, O judges. But first of all, remark, I beg you, how the matter has been arranged by him from the beginning. When he first returned from the province, he endeavoured to get rid of this prosecution by corrupting the judges at a great expense; and this object he continued to keep in view till the conclusion of the appointment of the judges. After the judges were appointed, because in drawing lots for them the fortune of the Roman people had defeated his hopes, and in the rejecting some my diligence had defeated his impudence, the whole at-

tempt at bribery was abandoned. The affair was going on admirably; lists of your names and of the whole tribunal were in every one's hands. It did not seem possible to mark the votes of these men with any distinguishing mark or colour or spot of dirt; and that fellow, from having been brisk and in high spirits, became on a sudden so downcast and humbled, that he seemed to be condemned not only by the Roman people but even by himself. But lo! all of a sudden, within these few days, since the consular comitia have taken place, he has gone back to his original plan with more money, and the same plots are now laid against your reputation and against the fortunes of every one, by the instrumentality of the same people; which fact at first, O judges, was pointed out to me by a very slight hint and indication; but afterwards, when my suspicions were once aroused, I arrived at the knowledge of all the most secret counsels of that party without any mistake.

For as Hortensius the consul elect was being attended home again from the Campus by a great concourse and multitude of people, Caius Curio fell in with that multitude by chance,—a man whom I wish to name by way of honour rather than of disparagement. I will tell you what, if he had been unwilling to have it mentioned, he would not have spoken of in so large an assembly so openly and undisguisedly; which, however, shall be mentioned by me deliberately and cautiously, that it may be seen that I pay due regard to our friendship and to his dignity. He sees Verres in the crowd by the arch of Fabius; he speaks to the man, and with a loud voice congratulates him on his victory. He does not say a word to Hortensius himself, who had been made consul, or to his friends and relations who were attending on him; but he stops to speak to this man, embraces him, and bids him cast off all anxiety. "I give you notice," said he, "that you have been acquitted by this day's mitia." And as many most honoura men heard this, it is immediately ported to me; indeed, every one who s me mentioned it to me the first thi To some it appeared scandalous, to oth ridiculous; ridiculous to those v thought that this case depended on credibility of the witnesses, on the i portance of the charges, and on the pov of the judges, and not on the consu comitia; scandalous to those who look deeper, and who thought that this c gratulation had reference to the corr tion of the judge. In truth, they argu in this manner—the most honourable m spoke to one another and to me in t manner—that there were now manifes and undeniably no courts of justice all. The very criminal who the day fore thought that he was already c demned, is acquitted now that his fender has been made consul. What we to think then? Will it avail noth that all Sicily, all the Sicilians, that the merchants who have business in t country, that all public and private do ments are now at Rome? Nothing, the consul elect wills it otherwise. Wh will not the judges be influenced by accusation, by the evidence, by the u versal opinion of the Roman people? Everything will be governed by the pov and authority of one man.

I will speak the truth, O judges. T thing agitated me greatly; for every g man was speaking in this way—"T fellow will be taken out of your han but we shall not preserve our judicial thority much longer; for who, w Verres is acquitted, will be able to m any objection to transferring it from u It was a grievous thing to every one, the sudden elation of that profligate m did not weigh with them as much that fresh congratulation of a v honourable one. I wished to dissem my own vexation at it; I wished to c ceal my own grief of mind under a che

ountenance, and to bury it in silence. lo! on the very days when the præ- elected were dividing their duties ot, and when it fell to the share of cus Metellus to hold trials concern- extortion, information is given me that fellow was receiving such con- ulations, that he also sent men home nnounce it to his wife. And this in truth displeased me; and yet I not quite aware what I had so much ear from this allotment of the præ- duties. But I ascertained this one g from trustworthy men from whom ceived all my intelligence; that many ts full of Sicilian money had been by some senator to a Roman knight, that of these about ten chests had left at that senator's house, with statement that they were left to be in the comitia when I expected to elected ædile, and that men to dis- ute this money among all the tribes been summoned to attend him by t. Of whom one, who thought him- under the greatest obligations to me, e to me that same night; reports to the speech which that fellow had ad- ssed to them; that he had reminded n how liberally he had treated them nerly when he was candidate for the torship, and at the last consular and torian comitia; and in the second e that he had promised them im- liately whatever money they required, hey could procure my rejection from ædileship. That on this some of n said that they did not dare attempt that others answered that they did think it could be managed; but that bold friend was found, a man of the e family as himself, Quintus Verres, he Romilian tribe, of the most per- school of bribers, the pupil and nd of Verres's father, who promised , if five hundred thousand sesterces e provided, he would manage it; and there were some others who said that would co-operate with him. And as this was the case, he warned me beforehand with a friendly disposition, to take great care.

I was disquieted about many most important matters at one and the same moment, and with very little time to deliberate. The comitia were at hand; and at them I was to be opposed at immense expenditure of money. This trial was at hand; the Sicilian treasurers menaced that matter also. I was afraid, from apprehension about the comitia, to conduct the matters relating to the trial with freedom; and because of the trial, I was unable to attend with all my heart to my canvass. Threatening the agents of bribery was out of the question, because I saw that they were aware that I was hampered and fettered by this trial. And at this same moment I hear that notice has been given to the Sicilians by Hortensius to come to speak to him at his house; that the Sicilians behaved in that matter with a proper sense of their own liberty, and, when they understood on what account they were sent for, they would not go. In the meantime my comitia began to be held; of which that fellow thought himself the master, as he had been of all the other comitia this year. He began to run about, that influential man, with his son, a youth of engaging and popular manners, among the tribes. The son began to address and call on all the friends of his father, that is to say, all his agents for bribery; and when this was noticed and perceived, the Roman people took care with the most earnest good-will that I should not be deprived of my honour through the money of that man, whose riches had not been able to make me violate my good faith. After that I was released from that great anxiety about my canvass, I began, with a mind much more unoccupied and much more at ease, to think of nothing and to do nothing except what related to this trial. I find, O judges, these plans formed and begun to be put

in execution by them, to protract the matter, whatever steps it might be necessary to take in order to do so, so that the cause might be pleaded before Marcus Metellus as prætor. That by doing so they would have these advantages; firstly, that Marcus Metellus was most friendly to them; secondly, that not only would Hortensius be consul, but Quintus Metellus also: and listen while I show you how great a friend he is to them. For he gave him a token of his good-will of such a sort, that he seemed to be giving it as a return for the suffrages of the tribes which he had secured to him. Did you think that I would say nothing of such serious matters as these? and that, at a crisis of such danger to the republic and my own character, I would consult anything rather than my duty and my dignity? The other consul elect sent for the Sicilians; some came, because Lucius Metellus was prætor in Sicily. To them he speaks in this manner; that he is the consul; that one of his brothers has Sicily for his province; that the other is to be judge in all prosecutions for extortion; and that care had been taken in many ways that there should be no possibility of Verres being injured.

I ask you, Metellus, what is corrupting the course of justice, if this is not,—to seek to frighten witnesses, and especially Sicilians, timid and oppressed men, not only by your own private influence, but by their fear of the consul, and by the power of two prætors? What would you do for an innocent man or for a relation, when for the sake of a most guilty man, entirely unconnected with you, you depart from your duty and your dignity, and allow what he is constantly saying to appear true to any one who is not acquainted with you? For they said that Verres said, that you had not been made consul by destiny, as the rest of your family had been, but by his assistance. Two consuls, therefore, and the judge are to be such because of his will. We shall not only, says he, a having a man too scrupulous in inv gating, too subservient to the opinio the people, Marcus Glabrio, but we s have this advantage also:—Ma Cæsonius is the judge, the colleagu our accuser, a man of tried and pr experience in the decision of actions will never do for us to have such a as that on the bench, which we are deavouring to corrupt by some mean other; for before, when he was one of judges on the tribunal of which Ju was president, he was not only very dignant at that shameful transaction, he even betrayed and denounced it. ter the first of January we shall not h this man for our judge,—we shall have Quintus Manlius and Qui Cornificius, two most severe and upri judges, for judges, because they will t be tribunes of the people. Publius picius, a solemn and upright judge, m enter on his magistracy on the fifth November. Marcus Crepereius, of t renowned equestrian family and of t incorruptible character; Lucius Cass of a family renowned for its severity all things, and especially as judg Cnæus Tremellius, a man of the grea scrupulousness and diligence;—th three men of ancient strictness of pri ple are all military tribunes elect. A the first of January they will not able to act as judges. And besides t we elect by lot a successor in the r of Marcus Metellus, since he is to side over this trial. And so after first of January, the prætor, and al the whole bench of judges being chan we shall elude the terrible threats of prosecutor, and the great expectati entertained of this trial, and manag according to our own will and pleas To-day is the fifth of August. You gan to assemble at the ninth hour. day they do not even count. There ten days between this and the vo games which Cnæus Pompey is g

elebrate. These games will take up en days; then immediately the Ro- games will follow. And so, when ly forty days have intervened, then ngth they think that they shall have nswer what has been said by us; and think that, what with speeches, and t with excuses, they will easily be to protract the cause till the period he games of Victory. With these the eian games are connected, after which e will be either no day at all, or few for pleading in. And so, when accusation has got stale and cold, matter will come all fresh before rcus Metellus as prætor. And if I distrusted his good faith, I should have retained him as a judge; but I have such an opinion of him, that ould rather this matter was brought a close while he is judge than while is prætor; and I would rather entrust him his own tablet while he is on oath, than the tablets of others when is restrained by no such obligation.

Now, O judges, I consult you as to at you think I ought to do. For you , in truth, without speaking, give me t advice which I understand that I st inevitably adopt. If I occupy the e which I legitimately might in speak- I shall reap the fruit of my labour, ustry, and diligence; and by this secution I shall make it manifest that one in the memory of man appears to have come before a court of jus- better prepared, more vigilant, or n his cause better got up. But while n getting this credit for my industry, re is great danger lest the criminal escape. What, then, is there which be done? I think it is neither obscure hidden. I will reserve for another e that fruit of praise which may be ved from a long uninterrupted speech. present I must support this accusation documentary evidence, by witnesses, letters of private individuals and of lic bodies, and by various other kinds of proof. The whole of this contest is between you and me, O Hortensius. I will speak openly. If I thought that you were contending with me in the matter of speaking, and of getting rid of the charges I bring against your client in this cause, I, too, would devote much pains to making an elaborate accusation, and to dilating on my charges. Now, since you have determined to contend against me with artifice, not so much in obedience to the promptings of your own nature, as from consulting his occasions and his cause, it is necessary for me to oppose conduct of that sort with prudence. Your plan is, to begin to answer me after two sets of games have been celebrated; mine is to have the adjournment over before the first games. And the result will be, that that plan of yours will be thought crafty, but this determination of mine necessary.

But as for what I had begun to say,—namely, that the contest is between you and me, this is it,—I, when I had undertaken this cause at the request of the Sicilians, and had thought it a very honourable and glorious thing for me that they were willing to make experiment of my integrity and diligence, who already knew by experience my innocence and emperance: then, when I had undertaken this business, I proposed to myself some greater action by which the Roman people should be able to see my good-will towards the republic. For that seemed to me to be by no means worthy of my industry and efforts, for that man to be brought to trial by me who had been already condemned by the judgment of all men, unless that intolerable influence of yours, and that grasping nature which you have displayed for some years in many trials, was interposed also in the case of that desperate man. But now, since all this dominion and sovereignty of yours over the courts of justice delights you so much, and since there are some men who are neither ashamed of

their licentiousness and their infamy, nor weary of it, and who, as if on purpose, seem to wish to encounter hatred and unpopularity from the Roman people, I profess that I have undertaken this,—a great burden perhaps, and one dangerous to myself, but still worthy of my applying myself to it with all the vigour of my age, and all diligence. And since the whole order of the senate is weighed down by the discredit brought on it by the wickedness and audacity of a few, and is overwhelmed by the infamy of the tribunals, I profess myself an enemy to this race of men, an accuser worthy of their hatred, a persevering, a bitter adversary. I arrogate this to myself, I claim this for myself, and I will carry out this enmity in my magistracy, and from that post in which the Roman people has willed that from the next first of January I shall act in concert with it in matters concerning the republic, and concerning wicked men. I promise the Roman people that this shall be the most honourable and the fairest employment of my ædileship. I warn, I forewarn, I give notice beforehand to those men who are wont either to put money down, to undertake for others, to receive money, or to promise money, or to act as agents in bribery, or as go-betweens in corrupting the seat of judgment, and who have promised their influence or their impudence in aid of such a business, in this trial to keep their hands and inclinations from this nefarious wickedness.

Hortensius will then be consul with the chief command and authority, but I shall be ædile—that is, I shall be a little more than a private individual; and yet this business, which I promise that I am going to advocate, is of such a nature, so pleasing and agreeable to the Roman people, that the consul himself will appear in this cause, if that be possible, even less than a private individual in comparison of me. All those things shall not only be mentioned, but even, when tain matters have been explained, s be fully discussed, which for the last years, ever since the office of the ju has been transferred to the senate, been nefariously and wickedly done the decision of judicial matters. Roman people shall know from me it is that when the equestrian body s plied the judges for nearly fifty y together, not even the slightest suspic ever arose of bribes having been accep for the purpose of influencing a decisi why it is, I say, when the judicial thority was transferred to the senato body, and the power of the Roman peo over every one of us was taken aw Quintus Calidius, when he was c demned, said that a man of prætor rank could not honestly be condemn at a less price than three hundred th sand sesterces; why it is that when P lius Septimius, a senator, was condemn for extortion, when Quintus Hortens was prætor, damages were assessed agai him, including money which he had ceived as judge to decide causes wh came before him; why it is, that in case of Caius Herennius, and in that Caius Popillius, senators, both of wh were convicted of peculation—why it that in the case of Marcus Atilius, w was convicted of treason—this made plain,—that they had all ceived money for the purpose of fluencing their judicial decisions; why is, that senators have been found w when Caius Verres, as prætor of the ci gave out the lots, voted against criminal whom they were condemni without having inquired into his ca why it is, that a senator was found w when he was judge, took money in and the same trial both from the fendant to distribute among the judg and from the accuser to condemn the fendant. But how shall I adequat complain of that stain, that disgra that calamity of the whole senato

;—that this thing actually happened
he city while the senatorial order
ished the judges, that the votes of
on their oaths were marked by
ared tablets? I pledge myself that I
urge all these things with diligence
with strictness.
nd what do you suppose will be my
ghts, if I find in this very trial any
tion of the laws committed in any
lar manner? especially when I can
e by many witnesses that Caius
es often said in Sicily, in the hearing
any persons, "that he had a powerful
d, in confidence in whom he was
dering the province; and that he
not seeking money for himself alone,
that he had so distributed the three
s of his Sicilian prætorship, that he
ld say he did exceedingly well, if
appropriated the gains of one year
he augmentation of his own property,
e of the second year to his patrons
defenders, and reserved the whole of
third year, the most productive and
ful of all, for the judges." From
h it came into my mind to say that
h, when I had said lately before
cus Glabrio at the time of striking
list of judges, I perceived the Roman
le greatly moved by; that I thought
foreign nations would send am-
adors to the Roman people to pro-
the abrogation of the law, and of all
s, about extortion; for if there were
rials, they think that each man would
plunder them of as much as he
ld think sufficient for himself and his
dren; but now, because there are
s of that sort, every one carries off
nuch as it will take to satisfy him-
his patrons, his advocates, the præ-
and the judges; and that this is an
mous sum; that they may be able
satisfy the cupidity of one most
icious man, but are quite unable to
r the expense of his most guilty vic-
over the laws. O trials worthy of
g recorded! O splendid reputation
of our order! when the allies of the Roman people are unwilling that trials for extortion should take place, which were instituted by our ancestors for the sake of the allies. Would that man ever have had a favourable hope of his own safety, if he had not conceived in his mind a bad opinion of you? on which account, he ought, if possible, to be still more hated by you than he is by the Roman people, because he considers you like himself in avarice and wickedness and perjury.

And I beg you, in the name of the immortal gods, O judges, think of and guard against this! I warn you, I give notice to you, of what I am well assured, that this most seasonable opportunity has been given to you by the favour of the gods, for the purpose of delivering your whole order from hatred, from unpopularity, from infamy, and from disgrace. There is no severity believed to exist in the tribunals, nor any scruples with regard to religion; in short, there are not believed to be any tribunals at all. Therefore we are despised and scorned by the Roman people; we are branded with a heavy and now a long standing infamy. Nor, in fact, is there any other reason for which the Roman people has with so much earnestness sought the restoration of the tribunician power: but when it was demanding that in words, it seemed to be asking for that, but in reality it was asking for tribunals which it could trust. And this did not escape the notice of Quintus Catulus, a most sagacious and honourable man, who, when Cnæus Pompeius, a most gallant and illustrious man, made a motion about the tribunician power, and when he was asked his opinion, began his speech in this manner, speaking with the greatest authority, "that the conscript fathers presided over the courts of justice badly and wickedly; but if in deciding judicial trials they had been willing to satisfy the expectations of the Roman people, men would not so greatly regret the tribunician power."

Lastly, when Cnæus Pompeius himself, when first he delivered an address to the people as consul elect, mentioned (what seemed above all things to be watched for) that he would restore the power of the tribunes, a great shout was raised at his words, and a grateful murmur pervaded the assembly. And when he had said also in the same assembly "that the provinces were depopulated and tyrannised over, that the courts of justice were become base and wicked, and that he desired to provide for and to remedy that evil," the Roman people then signified their good will, not with a shout, but with a universal uproar.

But now men are on the watch towers; they observe how every one of you behaves himself in respecting religion and in preserving the laws. They see that, ever since the passing of the law for restoring the power of the tribunes, only one senator, and he too a very insignificant one, has been condemned. And though they do not blame this, yet they have nothing which they can very much commend. For there is no credit in being upright in a case where there is no one who is either able or who endeavours to corrupt one. This is a trial in which you will be deciding about the defendant, the Roman people about you;—by the example of what happens to this man it will be determined whether, when senators are the judges, a very guilty and a very rich man can be condemned. Moreover, he is a criminal of such sort, that there is absolutely nothing whatever in him except the greatest crimes, and excessive riches; so that if he be acquitted, no other opinion can be formed of the matter except that which is the most discreditable possible. Such numerous and enormous vices as his will not be considered to have been cancelled by influence, by family connexion, by some things which may have been done well, or even by the minor vices of flattery and subserviency; in short, I will conduct the cause in this manner, I bring forward things of such a sort well known, so proved by evidence important, and so undeniable, that one shall venture to use his influence obtain from you the acquittal of man; for I have a sure path and met by which I can investigate and bec acquainted with all their endeavours. matter will be so managed by that not only the ears but even eyes of the Roman people shall seem be present at all their counsels. have in your power to remove and eradicate the disgrace and infamy wh has now for many years attached to y order. It is evident to all men, t since these tribunals have been establis which we now have, there has never b a bench of judges of the same splend and dignity as this. If anything is d wrongly in this case, all men will th not that other more capable judges sho be appointed of the same order of m which is not possible; but that anot order must be sought for, from which select the judges for the future.

On which account, in the first plac beg this of the immortal gods, whic seem to myself to have hopes of that in this trial no one may be fo to be wicked except him who has since been found to be such; secon if there are many wicked men, I pron this to you, O judges, I promise this the Roman people, that my life shall rather than my vigour and persevera in prosecuting their iniquity. But iniquity, if it should be committed promise to prosecute severely, with h ever much trouble and danger to mys and whatever enmities I may bring myself by so doing, you, O Marcus brio, can guard against ever taking p by your wisdom, and authority, diligence. Do you undertake the caus the tribunals. Do you undertake the c of impartiality, of integrity, of good f and of religion. Do you undertake

e of the senate; that, being proved
hy by its conduct in this trial, it may
into favour and popularity with
Roman people. Think who you are,
in what a situation you are placed;
you ought to give to the Roman
le, what you ought to repay to your
stors. Let the recollection of the
an law passed by your father occur
our mind, owing to which law the
an people has had this advantage of
admirable decisions and very strict
es in cases of extortion. High au-
ties surround you which will not
r you to forget your family credit;
h will remind you day and night
your father was a most brave man,
grandfather a most wise one, and
father-in-law a most worthy man.
refore, if you have inherited the
ur and energy of your father Glabrio
esisting audacious men; if you have
rited the prudence of your grand-
er Scævola in foreseeing intrigues
h are prepared against your fame
that of your fellow-judges; if you
any share of the constancy of your
r-in-law Scaurus, so that no one
move you from your genuine and
erate opinion, the Roman people will
rstand that with an upright and
urable prætor, and a carefully se-
d bench of judges, abundance of
th has more influence in bringing a
inal into suspicion, than in contribut-
o his safety.

am resolved not to permit the prætor
e judges to be changed in this cause.
ll not permit the matter to be de-
l till the lictors of the consul can
nd summon the Sicilians, whom the
nts of the consuls elect did not in-
ce before, when by an unprecedented
se of proceeding they sent for them
I will not permit those miserable
formerly the allies and friends of
Roman people, now their slaves and
liants, to lose not only their rights
fortunes by their tyranny, but to be
deprived of even the power of bewailing their condition; I will not, I say, when the cause has been summed up by me, permit them after a delay of forty days has intervened, then at last to reply to me when my accusation has already fallen into oblivion through lapse of time; I will not permit the decision to be given when this crowd collected from all Italy has departed from Rome, which has assembled from all quarters at the same time on account of the comitia, of the games, and of the census. The reward of the credit gained by your decision, or the danger arising from the unpopularity which will accrue to you if you decide unjustly, I think ought to belong to you; the labour and anxiety to me; the knowledge of what is done and the recollection of what has been said by every one, to all. I will adopt this course, not an unprecedented one, but one that has been adopted before, by those who are now the chief men of our state,—the course, I mean, of at once producing the witnesses. What you will find novel, O judges, is this, that I will so marshal my witnesses as to unfold the whole of my accusation; that when I have established it by examining my witnesses, by arguments, and by my speech, then I shall show the agreement of the evidence with my accusation; so that there shall be no difference between the established mode of prosecuting, and this new one, except that, according to the established mode, when everything has been said which is to be said, then the witnesses are produced; here they shall be produced as each count is brought forward; so that the other side shall have the same opportunity of examining them, of arguing and making speeches on their evidence. If there be any one who prefers an uninterrupted speech and the old mode of conducting a prosecution without any break, he shall have it in some other trial. But for this time let him understand that what we do is done by us on

compulsion, (for we only do it with the design of opposing the artifice of the opposite party by our prudence). This will be the first part of the prosecution. We say that Caius Verres has not only done many licentious acts, many cruel ones, towards Roman citizens, and towards some of the allies, many wicked acts against both gods and men; but especially that he has taken away four hundred thousand sesterces out of Sicily contrary to the laws. We will make this so plain to you by witnesses, by private documents, and by public records, that you shall decide that, even if we had abundant space and leisure days for making a long speech without any inconvenience, still there was no need at all of a long speech in this matter.

—C. D. Yonge.

ANARCHY AT HOME

The Conspiracy of Catiline

SALLUST

Sallust's estimate of the conspiracy, which took place in the year 63 B.C., is that it was an attempt at a complete overthrow of the government. Although he may exaggerate its importance, as Cicero clearly does in his celebrated speeches against Catiline, he is right in interpreting it as one of a number of unmistakable evidences of the increasing inadequacy of the governmental machine. For Sallust, see above p. 82.

To maintain the dignity of human nature is the true ambition of man; and to that end it becomes the duty of all, who aspire to distinguish themselves from the race of inferior animals, to exert their most strenuous efforts, lest they pass their days in silence, like the herds of the field, formed by nature prone to the earth, and governed altogether by the incitements of appetite. Man is composed of mind and body, and in the exercise of both cons the energy of his nature. The mind is directing principle; the body is servient. The former we participate the gods; the latter we hold in comm with the brute creation. Hence the f acquired by our intellectual powers ever appeared to me the truest glory, superior to all that can be achieved mere corporeal vigour; and since the which we enjoy is frail and transitory should be the endeavour of every man extend his fame, and leave a last memorial of his existence. For what all the advantages of wealth, and all graces of form and feature? mere carious gifts, that soon fade and moul away. It is virtue, and virtue only, enobles the human character, and l in the memory of aftertimes.

But a just estimate of our mental bodily faculties was not easily ma Which of them was most conducive to success of military operations, was former times a question much agita and long undecided. It is evident, h ever, that before the undertaking o warlike enterprise, judgment is requi to concert and plan the necess measures; vigour in the execution equally necessary. The powers of m in their separate functions feeble and effectual, demand each other's aid, flourish by mutual assistance.

And yet we see that in the commer ment of royalty (for by that title the rulers of the world were dignified) several kings proceeded by different e tions; some choosing to cultivate t mental faculties, while others relied bodily vigour. But in that period led a blameless life; each individual joyed his own, and with that was satis In process of time, when Cyrus in A and the Spartans and Athenians in Gre began to extend their conquests cities and nations; when the lust dominion was a sufficient motive for desolation of war, and the acquisitio

ory swelled the conqueror's pride; at length the dangers of the field and tricacy of negotiations made it evi- that the head, and not the sword, is reat engine of war. Were the same tion paid to the affairs of civil gov- ent; if kings and leaders of armies as willing to display their genius in alm seasons of peace, the rights of would rest on a surer foundation, he world would no longer be a scene ar and wild commotion. Dominion ned by the powers of genius, may be orted by the same arts. But when, e place of industry, moderation, and e, sloth, ambition, and inordinate s succeed, the manners of a whole e change with their condition; and overnment is transferred from the of incapacity, to the man of ior genius.

e labours of man, whether he choose ultivate the land, to explore the , or to raise the lofty dome, agricul- navigation, architecture, and all the of life, owe their success to the ies of the mind; and yet we see in ass of life numbers addicted to sloth the gratifications of appetite; men ucated and uninformed, who have d their time like incurious travellers, om it may be said, the organs of y sensation were their delight, and minds were no better than a burden. life and death of all that descrip- I rank in the same degree; they pass , and leave no trace behind them. nly, according to my way of think- an be said to live, and to answer the of his being, who devotes his time me worthy employment, and either guishes himself by honourable deeds, eks the fame of excellence in some l art.

t the business of human life presents iety of employments; and nature, by et bias, invites the industry of man fferent scenes of action. To serve ommonwealth by patriot toil and vigour, is the highest glory; eloquence in the same cause deserves its rank of praise. A name may become great and eminent in peace, as well as war. The men who have performed, and the historians who have recorded generous actions, have been ever held in esteem. It is true, the fame of him who writes can never equal that of him who acts; but still to compose the history of great transactions, has ever appeared to me an arduous undertaking: first, because the style must be proportioned to the subject; and, again, because the reflections of the historian are in danger of being misconstrued. If he censures what is wrong, his objections are supposed to spring from envy and malevolence: if he describes a great and splendid virtue, and sets forth the glory of honourable deeds, every man in that case makes himself the standard by which he judges; what he fancies within the reach of his own powers, he is willing to believe, and all beyond that compass he rejects as fiction.

As to myself, I must acknowledge, that in my younger days, I felt, like many others, a strong desire to enter on the career of civil employment, but many obstacles occurred to retard me in my progress. Instead of modesty, self-denial, and virtue, I saw boldness, corruption, and rapacity, around me. A mind, like mine, as yet unpractised in wrong, was disgusted of course by this general depravity; but still entangled in the vices of the times, and young and ambitious, I was hurried away by the torrent; and, though my heart condemned the morals of those around me, I felt all the same aspiring impatience; and the love of fame, with its sure attendant envy, haunted and disturbed me. At length, however, when, after various conflicts, I escaped from all the dangers of my situation, and my spirits were restored to peace and tranquillity, I resolved to pass the rest of my life at a distance from the stage of public business: but, in that retreat, it

was by no means my intention to let the hours of leisure run to waste in listless indolence. I was not willing to pass my days in agriculture, hunting, or such degrading pursuits. On the contrary, recurring to those early studies, from which vain ambition had seduced me, I formed a resolution to compose a narrative of Roman affairs, selecting for that purpose such events as seemed worthy of the notice of posterity; a task, in which I was the more willing to engage, as I could then bring to the work a mind uninfluenced by hope or fear, and perfectly free from party connexions. I shall therefore, with the strictest regard to truth, and with all possible brevity, relate the conspiracy of Catiline; this event appearing to me to rank among the most memorable and interesting, whether we consider its singular atrocity or the novelty of the dangers which it menaced. Before, however, I enter upon my narrative, it will be proper to give some account of the manners and character of the man.

Lucius Catiline was the descendant of an illustrious family. The extraordinary vigour of his body was equalled by that of his mind; but his genius was fatally bent on mischief. Intestine discord, murder and massacre, plunder and civil wars, were the delight of his youth; and in those scenes of commotion he exercised his earliest talents. His frame of body was such that he could endure hunger, cold, and watching, with a patience altogether incredible. His spirit was bold and daring; his genius subtle and various. Perfect in the arts of simulation and dissimulation; greedy after the property of others, and prodigal of his own, whatever he desired, he desired with ardour. Possessed of sufficient eloquence, his portion of wisdom was but small. Fond of the vast, the immoderate, the incredible, his spirit aimed at projects far beyond his powers.

Such being the temper of the man, it is no wonder, that, having before his the late example of Sulla's usurpatio formed a design to make himself m of the commonwealth. The measure which he pursued the object gave hi solicitude: to be the tyrant of his co by any means, was his ardent pas His mind, naturally fierce and impet was rendered still more so by the ru his fortunes, and the goading reproa of a guilty conscience; evils, which crimes of every day augmented. general depravity of the times w further incentive: he saw the people rupt and profligate, hurried on in a career of luxury and avarice, vices w differ in their nature, but agree in misery of their consequences.

And here, since I have had occasio mention the manners of the age, if back for a moment to review the pra of our ancestors, the digression, I t will not be deemed improper: it will s to shew the spirit of the Roman go ment in war and peace; the syste civil and military institutions; the by which our ancestors founded the monwealth, and carried it to the hi grandeur. We shall at the same tim by what fatal steps the government clined, till it fell from the noblest h to its present depth of degeneracy, from the best and most flourishing has now become the most weak flagitious.

The city of Rome, as we collect history, was founded and governe the Trojans, who under the condu Æneas saved themselves from the struction of their country, and wan for some time from place to place in of a settled habitation. They were joined by the Aborigines, or native Italy; a race of men, who ran wild i woods, and lived without any for government, unchecked by laws, fre independent. The two nations agre coalesce: united within the same wa is wonderful how soon they becam

distinguished people, notwithstanding e diversity of their origin, their lan- age, and their manners. The new state nt on increasing in population, extend- g its territory, and forming wholesome gulations, insomuch that it began to sume the appearance of an opulent and urishing colony. From that time, ac- rding to the usual course of human airs, their growing affluence provoked e jealousy of their neighbours. Con- ntions ensued, and wars with different inces. The new settlers obtained little no assistance from their allies, while e rest, struck with terror, kept aloof om the perils of war. The Romans, in e meantime, neglected nothing; intent their internal policy, and conducting e war with vigour, they planned their litary operations with judgment; they ecuted with dispatch, they animated e another; they gave battle to the emy, and by their courage were able to otect their liberty, their country, and eir fellow-citizens. Having at length rmounted all their difficulties, and by eir valour delivered themselves from e calamities of war, they resolved to ccour their allies; and thus, by confer- g benefits, not by receiving them, they larged the circle of their friends.

They established a regular form of vernment, with the title of king. A ect number of the wisest citizens, men leed impaired by years, but still re- ning the vigour of their mind, formed e great council of the state. They were tinguished by the title of fathers; a me derived from their advanced age; perhaps, from their paternal care of e commonwealth. In process of time, en the royal dignity, which was at first ended to protect the liberty of the sub- t, and promote the interests of the mmonwealth, began to degenerate into de and despotism, the constitution derwent a change, and two magistrates re appointed to supply the office of g for the term of a year only. The policy of the measure was, that a mere annual authority would not be sufficient to inflame the minds of men with pride and insolence. This was a period when every man stood forward in the service of his country, and when all who professed talents, discovered and exerted them. In despotic governments the able and the worthy are objects of more suspicion than the wicked and insignificant; nothing is so formidable to a tyrant as virtue.

Now civil liberty being established at Rome, the rapid progress with which the state enlarged its territory is almost incredible. The love of glory pervaded every breast. Young men, as soon as they were of age to carry arms, betook themselves to toil and labour in the camp, and in that school acquired the military art. To have burnished arms, and well-trained horses, was their pride; loose women and convivial riots had no attraction. To soldiers so formed and exercised, no labour was fatiguing; no place was rugged or difficult; the face of the enemy struck no terror: their virtue towered above all obstructions. The struggle among themselves was for glory. To assault the foe, scale the walls, and to be seen while they performed such deeds, was their ambition. In that consisted their riches; that was their highest glory; that was their true nobility. Covetous of praise and lavish of money, they panted for glory, and were indifferent about riches; a competence obtained with honour satisfied their wishes. I could here enumerate their military exploits; could mention places where they had defeated powerful armies with a very inferior force, and taken cities by assault which Nature herself had fortified; but this recital would lead me too far from my original design.

It may, however, be observed, that in the course of human affairs much is owing to chance and the circumstances of the time. Hence it happens, that the actions of men are often obscured or

aggrandized, as caprice inspires, not as truth should dictate. For example, the transactions of the Athenians were, it must be acknowledged, great and noble; but surely they fall short of the splendour with which they are represented. The fact is, Athens produced a race of eloquent writers, whose genius gave such a lustre to what they related that the fame of their countrymen surpasses all the rest of the world; and the virtue of the men who figured in those times, is now seen in all the colours of eloquence, carried by the writers as high as imagination could aspire. The Romans had not those advantages: their ablest men were employed in action. They exercised the body as well as the mind. To act rather than speak, was the ambition of eminent men, and they performed what others might praise, instead of praising what others had performed.

But even that rude, unenlightened age produced a system of the best and wisest institutions. Sound morals were established in the city and the army. A spirit of union prevailed; not a symptom of avarice was seen; virtue and justice were secured as much by good inclination as by the laws. Their strife, their quarrels, and their differences were all confined to the enemy; with their fellow-citizens they knew no disunion; to distinguish themselves by superior virtue, was the only struggle. Magnificent in their temples, they were economists in their homes; and their fidelity in friendship was pure and exemplary. Their maxims for their own good and the welfare of the public were few and simple, namely, courage in war, and justice in peace. As a proof of what has been advanced, it may be observed, that in the most active campaign they had more frequent occasion to punish the soldiers who attacked the enemy without orders, or continued the battle after the signal for retreat, than the men who deserted their colours or fled from their post. In time of peace, their rule was to secure obedience by rewards rather th by punishment; and when they receiv an injury, they chose rather to forgiv than to revenge.

By this wise system the republic ro to the highest pitch of grandeur; gre and opulent states were reduced to su jection; powerful kings were conquere Carthage, that formidable rival, was la in ruins; and Rome remained mistress l land and sea. It was then that fortu began to change the scene, and thro everything into confusion. The peop who had before that time endured har ship and labour, peril and adversit began to relax; and to them repose ar riches, the great objects of other natio became a burden that broke their spir and extinguished their virtue. A love money, and lust for power, took posse sion of every mind. These hateful pa sions were the source of innumerab evils. Good faith, integrity, and eve virtuous principle, gave way to avaric and in the room of moral honesty, prid cruelty, and contempt of the gods su ceeded. Corruption and venality we introduced; and everything had its pric Such were the effects of avarice. Amb tion was followed by an equal train evils; it taught men to be false and d ceitful; to think one thing, and to sa another; to make friendship or enmity mere traffic for private advantage, and set the features to a semblance of virtu while malignity lay lurking in the hea But at first these vices sapped their wa by slow degrees, and were often check in their progress; but spreading at leng like an epidemic contagion, morals ar the liberal arts went to ruin; and the go ernment, which was before a model justice, became the most profligate ar oppressive.

In this decline of all public virtu ambition, and not avarice, was the pa sion that first possessed the minds men; and this was natural. Ambition a vice that borders on the confines

tue; it implies a love of glory, of wer, and pre-eminence; and those are jects that glitter alike in the eyes of man of honour, and the most unprin-led: but the former pursues them by r and honourable means, while the ter, who finds within himself no re-ırces of talent, depends altogether upon rigue and fallacy for his success. arice, on the other hand, aims at an cumulation of riches; a passion un-own to liberal minds. It may be called compound of poisonous ingredients; it s power to enervate the body, and de-ıch the best understanding; always un-unded; never satisfied; in plenty and want equally craving and rapacious.

At length, when Lucius Sulla had by ce of arms restored the commonwealth ough unfortunately the issue of his erprise did not produce the conse-ences which his first intentions seemed promise); in the commotions that lowed, his soldiers, flushed with con-est, thought of nothing but plunder depredation. One aspired to have a endid mansion; another, to possess a ded estate: none were restrained hin the bounds of moderation; all gave oose rein to their fury, and committed most violent outrages on their fellow-zens. There was still another source corruption: Sulla, in order to allure to interest the minds of the army which commanded in Asia, renounced the itary system of our forefathers, and owed his soldiers to riot in luxury; the sequence of which was, that the soft-s of those delightful regions, and a of indolence, made the men forget discipline of their ancestors, and re-ed their native vigour. It was in Asia t the Roman soldiers first began to ld to the seductions of wine and men; to admire statues, pictures, and lpture; to seize them for their own use rivate houses and public buildings; to age the temples, and to lay violent nds on everything sacred and profane without distinction. When soldiers, thus inured to licentiousness, were flushed with victory, it cannot be matter of wonder that they left nothing to the vanquished. A series of prosperity is often too much even for the wisest and best disposed: that men corrupted should make a temperate use of their victory could not be expected. Riches became the epidemic passion; and where honours, imperial sway, and power, followed in their train, virtue lost her influence, poverty was deemed the meanest disgrace, and innocence was thought to be better than a mark for malignity of heart. In this manner riches engendered luxury, avarice, and pride; and by those vices the Roman youth were enslaved. Rapacity and confusion went on increasing; regardless of their own property, and eager to seize that of their neighbours, all rushed forward without shame or remorse, confounding everything sacred and profane, and scorning the restraint of moderation and justice.

In order to form a just idea of ancient frugality and modern luxury, let us first consider the magnificence of our buildings, our superb mansions and villas, in extent and grandeur resembling large cities: it will then be matter of curiosity to compare the temples raised by our ancestors in honour of the gods; the simplicity that appears in those venerable structures, plainly shews that our forefathers, a religious race of men, considered piety as the ornament best befitting places of worship, in the same manner as true glory was, in their estimation, the proper decoration of their houses. To those principles we must ascribe their conduct on the day of victory: they took nothing from the vanquished but the power of renewing hostilities. Is that the practice of the present times? Our victorious armies, with an abject spirit unworthy of soldiers, and with a ferocity that shocks humanity, plunder their allies, and rapaciously seize what the comman-

ders of former times left even to their enemies. We seem to think, that to commit acts of oppression is the true use of power.

Need I mention, what to all but eye-witnesses would seem incredible? whole mountains levelled to the valley by the expense and labour of individuals, and even the seas covered with magnificent structures! To such men riches seem to be a burden: what they might enjoy with credit and advantage to themselves, they seem in eager haste to squander away in idle ostentation.

To these vices, that conspired against the commonwealth, many others may be added, such as prostitution, convivial debauchery, and all kinds of licentious pleasure. The men unsexed themselves, and the women made their persons venal. For the pleasures of the table, sea and land were ransacked; the regular returns of thirst and hunger were anticipated; the hour of sleep was left to caprice and accident; cold was a sensation not to be endured by delicate habits; luxury was the business of life, and by that everything was governed. In this scene of general depravity, the extravagance of youth exhausted whatever was left of their patrimonial stock, and their necessities urged them on to the perpetration of the most flagitious deeds. The mind, habituated to every vice, could not divest itself of passions that had taken root, and, by consequence, all were hurried down the stream of dissipation, eager to grasp whatever could administer to inordinate and wild desires.

In so vast, so populous, and so corrupt a city, which swarmed with hordes of the vile and profligate, Catiline had at his beck a band of desperate men, who served as body-guard near his person. Whoever was thoroughly debauched, and rendered infamous by a long course of adultery; whoever by his gluttony, by gaming, by his headlong passion, his lawless pleasures, and festival carousals, had ruined his fortune; whoever was overwhelmed wi debts, contracted to pay the forfeit of h crimes; the whole gang of parricide sacrilegious wretches, convicts, or me who lived in fear of conviction, togeth with the perjurer and assassin, who we nourished with the blood of their fello citizens; and, in short, all who felt then selves distracted by their flagitious deed their poverty, or the horrors of conscienc all of this description lived with Catili in friendship and the closest familiarit If it happened that a person of u blemished character was drawn into th vortex of Catiline and his crew, by th force of daily intercourse, and the bai thrown out to ensnare him, he soon b came one of the same stamp, in nothin inferior to the rest.

To allure the youth of Rome to h party, was Catiline's main design: in th early season of life the tender mind, h well knew, was susceptible of the first in pression, and consequently easily moulde to his purposes. He watched the tempe of his proselytes, and studied their pr dominant passions. He found concubin for some, and for others horses and dog He spared neither his purse nor h honour, in order by any means to increas the number of his followers. . . .

The conspirators, who have bee already mentioned, being assembled i convention, Catiline, though he had tam pered with them separately, thought expedient to address them in a body, i order to inflame the minds of all wit new ardour, and a spirit of union. Fo this purpose, he withdrew with the whol party to the most retired part of th house; and, after due precaution to ex clude spies and informers, he delivere the following harangue:

"If I had not abundant reason to rel with confidence on your fidelity and u daunted valour, the opportunity that no presents itself would answer no usef end, and the prospect which we have making a radical reform of the stat

l be vain and fruitless. For myself, hought I had now to do with weak abject spirits, I should remain in-, unwilling to exchange a safe and condition for the precarious prospect ture events. But I know you all; I your firmness, your unshaken con- in the worst of times. Encouraged our fidelity and courage, I have ed a great, a glorious enterprise. hopes and fears are the same; our sts are interwoven with each other; ame good or evil awaits us all. We or fall together. Our desires and sions are the same; we have but one that is our bond of union; to think of the commonwealth is the true e of lasting friendship.

he cause in which we are embarked een explained to you all in separate rences. I burn with impatience to the finishing blow. The ardour expands my bosom, is kindled by presence to a brighter flame; but let sk you, what must be our condition, have not the spirit to redress our nces, and vindicate the rights of

What I desire to know is the true of the commonwealth. A few im- us demagogues have seized all power their own hands; to those usurpers, , princes, and tetrarchs, crouch in ction; they are tributary to our mas- foreign nations pay taxes to them; s to us, wretched citizens! in what have we been considered? The the virtuous, the noble, and ignoble, ll blended in one undistinguished ; a mere vulgar herd, without in- , without place or preferment; d, like slaves, to bend to those, who, horough reform took place, and re- l the government to its true prin- , would shrink and tremble before ajesty of the people. At present, thing is engrossed by a proud insolent oligarchy; power, riches, rs, are in the hands of the few, or ly dealt out among their creatures, at their will and pleasure. To us they have left nothing but disgrace, contempt, and danger, the terror of prosecutions, and the pangs of griping poverty. How long, ye brave and gallant men! how long will you endure these vile indignities? Let us rouse at once; or if we must fall, let us fall nobly in one brave attempt, rather than crawl on to our graves, dragging a miserable existence under the scourge of insolent nobles, to die at last the victims of a lawless usurpation.

"But the juncture is favourable; success, I call men and gods to witness! success and victory are in our hands. We are in the vigour of life; our minds are strong and active; while, on the other hand, our enemies, enervated by sloth and luxury, droop under their infirmities, and languish in decay. To begin the attack is to conquer; events will direct and guide our future operations.

"Is there a man, who feels the energy of his nature, who in these times can look tamely on, and see the senators and the patrician order riot in such heaps of wealth, that they are able with wild profusion to cover the seas with magnificent buildings, and annihilate mountains, while we are left to pine in want and misery of heart? Shall the nobles build their splendid porticos for the purpose of making a communication between two or more palaces; and shall we in the meantime want a cottage for the reception of our household gods? Behold your tyrants at an immense expense purchasing pictures, statues, vases curiously wrought in gold and silver; see them with sudden caprice pulling down their new-built mansions, erecting others more magnificent, and in short, dissipating their riches with lavish extravagance, and yet, with all their folly, still unable to drain their coffers. And what is our case? We have beggary at home, a load of debts abroad; desolation before our eyes, and not the smallest hope of relief to assuage our

misery. In a word, the breath we draw is all that is left us.

"And shall we not in these circumstances rise as one man? Behold, my friends, behold that liberty for which you long have panted; behold riches, honours, and immortal glory, all within your reach: they glitter before your eyes; they call forth to action. These are the bright rewards which fortune has in store for valour. The situation of affairs, the time, the favourable juncture, the dangers that surround you, the hard hand of poverty that weighs you down, and the splendid spoils of war, that promise joy and affluence; all these are now before you; they are strong incentives, more powerful than all the arguments I can urge. Make your own use of me; I am your general, if you will; or if you choose it, your fellow-soldier. My heart is with you; my powers of body and mind are devoted to your service. As matters stand at present, I am not without hopes of obtaining the consulship, and in that high office I propose, in conjunction with you, to concert our future measures. When I say this, I rely on your generous ardour, persuaded that you are not so abject as to pine in slavery, when you have it in your power to be the legislators of your country."

This speech was addressed to the passions of men who groaned under every kind of distress, without any means of support, and without a gleam of hope to comfort them. To such minds a convulsion in the state was an inviting prospect, the bright reward of all their labours. The majority, however, desired to be informed upon what terms they were to embark in so bold an enterprise; what was to be the recompense of their fidelity; what were their resources, and where they were to look for friends to support their cause? Catiline promised to cancel all their debts, a proscription of the rich, the honours of the magistracy, sacerdotal dignities, plunder, rapine, with all the usual perquisites of war, and what the insolence of victory could extort the vanquished. . . . .

The election soon after followed, in a full assembly of the people C and Antonius were declared consuls the year.

This event was a blow that stagg the conspirators; but Catiline, still f and determined, abated nothing from violence of his temper. He continued exertions; he strained every nerve, provided arms at proper stations thro out Italy. The money which he was to raise by his own credit, or that o friends, he conveyed to the city Fæsulæ, to be there deposited in hands of Manlius, the man who was a wards the first that reared the stan of rebellion.

Even in this situation of his aff Catiline, we are told, still had the add to gain over to his cause a numbe proselytes, and among them sev women, who in the prime of life gained large sums of money by setti price on their beauty, but in more vanced years, when the decline of charms reduced their profits, but left passion for luxury still in force, continued to live in the same cours unbounded expense, and conseque contracted a load of debt. By the of these women, Catiline flattered self that he should be able to cause a surrection of the slaves, and with assistance he resolved to set fire to city. He had still a further use to n of his female friends: by their influ he hoped to draw their husbands into conspiracy, or, if they refused to con he had no doubt but he could con to get them put to death. . . .

Though Catiline had thus prepared measures, he did not lose sight of consulship. He declared himself a ca date for the following year, still ceiving, if he succeeded, that Anto would be an instrument in his ha

ermined, in the meantime, not to re- n inactive, he made it his business to snares for Cicero. The consul was er off his guard, but with consummate ress was able to counteract the emes of a wily adversary. He had no her entered on the consulship, than he k care to secure Fulvia in his interest, through her he gained, by the force of mises, such an influence on Quintus ius, who has been already mentioned, t the machinations of Catiline were covered to him without delay. Besides advantage, Cicero had the precaution detach Antonius from the conspiracy. promised by his weight and manage- nt to procure for his colleague the ad- istration of an opulent province; and, that prospect of preferment, engaged to take no part with the enemies of commonwealth. In the mean time ero took care to have, without parade, umber of his friends and clients near and to protect his person.

The day on which, according to custom, consuls elect were declared, Catiline the mortification of seeing all his es utterly defeated. His various rts against the life of Cicero were like- e unsuccessful. In that distress, when his secret machinations ended in con- on and disgrace, he resolved, without her hesitation, to have recourse to n arms. For that purpose, he ordered us Manlius to his post in Fæsulæ, to rawe that part of Etruria; to the terri- y of Picenum he sent a man of the ne of Septimius, a native of the city Camers, and at the same time patched Caius Julius to guard the ses of Apulia: several others were missioned to seize the most advan- eous posts in every quarter. He him- remained at Rome, exerting his ost industry, and concerting plans of chief. He was still envenomed against ero, and never ceased to lay snares his life. He resolved to set fire to the , and in every quarter stationed a band of assassins. He went constantly armed, and exhorted his followers to hold themselves in readiness on the first alarm. He never rested day or night; a stranger to repose, unsubdued by toil, and never fatigued by midnight vigils.

Perceiving at length that all his labours were still ineffectual, he directed Porcius Læca to call the chiefs of the conspiracy to a meeting in the dead of night. He there expostulated with his partisans, and after severe reproaches for their want of zeal, he gave them to understand, that he had commissioned Manlius to take upon him the command of an armed force, which was already mustered; and that various other officers had been despatched to proper stations, with orders to begin the war. He added, that he wished for nothing so much as to put himself at the head of his army; but Cicero by his counsels, his activity and vigilance, continued to frustrate all his measures. To cut off the consul was, therefore, a point of the greatest moment.

The assembly remained mute, and covered with consternation, when Caius Cornelius, a Roman knight, offered to bear the murderer's poniard; and Lucius Vargunteius, a senator, declared himself ready to join in the same horrible design. They resolved that very night to collect a band of ruffians, and at the dawn of day, under pretence of paying an early visit, to proceed to the consul's house, and dispatch him on the spot, unguarded and unsuspecting. Curius took the alarm; he shuddered at the danger that threatened Cicero's life, and discovered the plot to Fulvia, who took care to give immediate intelligence to the consul. The assassins kept their appointed hour, but gained no admittance; their design proved abortive.

Manlius, in the mean time, exerted himself with his utmost vigour to raise an insurrection in Etruria. The people in that part of the country were ripe for a revolt; extreme poverty, and the sense of injuries under Sulla's usurpation, exas-

perated the public mind; the wretched inhabitants had been deprived of their lands, and plundered of their property; resentment was fostered in every breast, and all were loud for a revolution. The country abounded with freebooters, and all of that description the rebel chief collected in a body. At the same time he made it his business to enlist the soldiers whom Sulla had planted in different colonies; a licentious crew, who had dissipated the spoils of war in riotous expense, and were now reduced to extreme poverty.

Cicero was regularly informed of all that passed, but found himself much embarrassed by the magnitude of the danger; apprehending that it would not be in his power to traverse the machinations of the conspirators by his own private diligence, and not being sufficiently apprized of the numbers and designs of Manlius, he resolved to open the whole affair to the senate. Public report had spread a general alarm, but the particulars were not sufficiently known.

The senate, as was usual in cases of urgent necessity, ordained by a decree, "That the consuls should take care that the state suffered no detriment." By this law, which was founded on ancient policy, and the institutions of our ancestors, the consuls were invested with extraordinary powers. They were authorized to raise new levies, and lead the armies of the republic to the field; by coercion to restrain the citizens of Rome and the allies, within due bounds; and to exercise supreme jurisdiction at home as well as in camp. When no such act has passed, the consular authority is limited by law. The acts of power above-mentioned were never known to be exercised, unless sanctioned by a declaratory law.

In the course of a few days after the decree of the fathers, Lucius Senius, a member of the senate, produced in that assembly a letter, which he said was brought to him from the city of Fæsulæ, importing that Manlius, about the sixth of the calends of November, had ta the field at the head of a numerous ar The account was swelled, as is usual such occasions, with a number of prodi and reports from various quarters; w an account of conventions held in ferent places; that large quantities arms were provided; and that a ser war was ready to break out in Capua Apulia.

The senate ordered by a decree, t Quintus Marcius Rex should proceed Fæsulæ, and Quintus Metellus Creticus Apulia, in order to secure those parts the country. Those two generals h been for some time waiting on the outs of the city walls, in expectation o triumphal entry, but that honour withheld from them by the contrivance artful men, whose practice it was on occasions, just or unjust, to put ev thing up to sale. By the same decree the senate, the prætor, Quintus Pompe and Quintus Metellus Celer, were orde to repair to their posts; the former command at Capua, the latter at Picen Both had it in commission to levy fo with all the expedition that the ti required.

The senate, at the same time, pas another decree, "by which rewards w promised to whoever should give infor tion touching the conspiracy: if a sla he was to have his freedom, and one h dred thousand sesterces; if a freem double that sum, and a full indemnit It was further ordered, that whole fami of gladiators should be stationed at Ca and other municipal towns, in proport to the strength and importance of places. Rome was guarded by a nig watch placed at convenient posts throu out the city, under the command of inferior magistrates.

These preparations spread a gen alarm through the city. The face things was entirely changed. To sce of joy and festivity, the consequence long peace, dismay and terror succeed

rry, bustle, and distraction, were seen every quarter; no place was safe; dis- st prevailed; no confidence among ghbours; a medley of peace and war evailed; all were covered with confu- n, and each individual formed his idea the danger according to his doubts and rs. The panic that seized the women s still more alarming. They had until n lived secure under a great and urishing empire, and now the horror of approaching war threw them into con- rnation. In despair they raised their nds to heaven; they wept over their ant children; they ran wild through the eets inquiring for news; they trembled every report; they forgot their te for pleasure, their pride and luxury, xious only for their lives, and the safety their country.

Meanwhile Catiline abated nothing m the ferocity of his nature; He per- ted in his dark designs, still meditating nes of destruction. The vigorous asures of the senate were not sufficient control a mind like his. He even knew t he was impeached by Lucius Paulus an offence against the Plautian law, d he still remained unshaken and un- unted. At length, in order to varnish character, and throw a veil over his itorous intentions, he had the hardiness take his seat in the senate. It was on t occasion that the consul, Marcus llius Cicero, apprehending, perhaps, ne dangerous consequence from the sence of such a man, or else fired with lignation at the audacity of a detected itor, delivered that noble oration, which afterwards reduced to writing, and blished to the world.

As soon as Cicero closed his speech, tiline, who went prepared with all his s of dissimulation, rose with a modest d dejected air, and in a softened tone plored the fathers not to give credit to se suggestions against a man descended m an illustrious family. Following the mple of his ancestors, he said that on many occasions he had deserved well of the commonwealth; and from his early youth had so regulated his conduct, as to entitle himself to fair and honourable expectations. Was it probable that he, of an illustrious patrician rank, could wish to see the government overturned? or that Cicero, a new man, lately transplanted from a municipal town, could have the interest of the state more at heart than himself? He went on in a strain of bitter invective against the consul, when he was interrupted by a general clamour. The fathers with one voice pronounced him an enemy to his country, a traitor, and a parricide. By this treatment Catiline was transported beyond all bounds: he broke out with rage and fury, and "Since," he said, "I am thus encompassed by my enemies, and by this outrage driven to the last extremity, the flame which I find kindled round me, shall be extinguished in the general ruin."

Having uttered that furious menace, he rushed out of the senate, and retired to his own house. He then fell into deep reflection; he saw that Cicero was not to be assailed by stratagem, and that the midnight guards prevented his intended conflagration. In the agitation of his mind, he judged that the best step he could take, would be to augment his army, and, before the legions could be called into the field, to anticipate the measures of his enemies. Having formed this resolution, he set out in the dead of the night with a few attendants, and made the best of his way to the Manlian camp. He left directions with Lentulus, Cethegus, and such of his accomplices as he knew to be men of prompt and daring resolution, to strengthen their faction by every method in their power; if possible, to cut off the consul; and hold themselves in readiness to lay a scene of blood and massacre, to kindle a general conflagration, and involve the commonwealth in all the horrors of a destructive war. They might rely upon his firmness, and in a

short time would find him at the gates of Rome with a powerful army. . . .

We are now at the point of time when the commonwealth was reduced to the most humiliating condition. She had carried her victorious arms from the rising to the setting sun: the city of Rome flourished in peace and affluence, the two great comforts of human life; and yet, in that very period, she harboured in her bosom a crew of desperate incendiaries; men determined with fatal obstinacy to overwhelm themselves and their country in one promiscuous ruin. It is worthy of notice, that after two decrees, one offering a reward to informers, and the other a free pardon to such as revolted, not a man was found to make a discovery, nor was there a single deserter from the enemy. Such was the malignity of the times; it spread like a contagion, and envenomed the minds of men against their country.

Nor was this dangerous spirit confined to the conspirators and their accomplices; it pervaded the lower class of citizens; and the rabble, with their usual levity, wished for a convulsion in the state. Nor is this to be received as matter of wonder: it is natural to men who have no means of subsistence, to view the opulent with an eye of envy; lavish of their encomiums on the leaders of faction, they traduce the good and worthy with envenomed rancour; they hate the established system, and pant for innovation; they are weary of their own condition, and hope to find relief in the distractions of their country. Tumult and sedition are to such men the season of plenty, and, in all events, poverty has nothing at stake.

There were, besides, various causes that conspired in that juncture to inflame the popular discontent. In the first place, all who had signalized themselves by their crimes; who by profusion had dissipated their substance; who were forced by their enormities to fly their country; and, in short, all the loose and abandoned, crowded in one general conflux to t city of Rome, as to the centre of corru tion. To these were added the who tribe that remembered Sulla's victor and could name the common soldiers wi rose to the dignity of senators, with a li of others who acquired immoderate riche and lived in all the splendour of roy magnificence. All these were ready take up arms, expecting to enrich ther selves with the plunder of a civil war.

Besides these pests of society, the was at Rome a number of young me who had been used in the country to ea a livelihood by their daily labour, b being attracted to the city by the fr quency of public and private largesse they preferred an idle life to the unprofi able labours of the field. These, and a of their stamp, hoped to find their a count in public commotions. That me like these, reduced to indigence, and vo of morals, yet flushed with hopes of a r form in the senate, should make the i terest of the state subservient to the own private views, was a natural cons quence.

There was still another party, con posed of those whose fathers had bee ruined by Sulla's proscriptions, and lo the rights of citizens. Their descendan hoped to find in the calamities of war redress of grievances, and wished f nothing so much as an opportunity assert their rights.

The city, moreover, was divided in factions, and they who did not take pa with the senate, could not bear to s their country in a more flourishing cond tion than themselves. Dissensions b tween the populace and the senate ha been the old inveterate canker of t commonwealth, subdued, indeed, for considerable time; but, after an interv of many years, revived with all the vi lence of former rancour.

The renewal of this mischief may b traced to the consulship of Pompey an Crassus. Under their administration, t

unes of the people recovered their ent rights, and all the powers annexed their office. That magistracy, in a t time, fell to the lot of young men of e and turbulent dispositions, who an to disturb the proceedings of the ite, and by their contentions to in- ie the people against the constituted ority of the state. To strengthen r influence, they distributed largesses unbounded generosity, and by add- iberal promises, seduced the multitude a league against the constitution. tribunes were elate with success, they mphed over all opposition, and were first men in the state. The nobles ted themselves to stem the torrent, pretended zeal for the dignity of the ite, but in fact to promote their own deur. The truth is, the men who in e times appeared on the stage of pub- usiness, had the address to gloss their gns with specious colours, some pre- ling to be the friends of the people; rs to maintain the rights of the senate. public good was the ostensible motive very faction, while ambition and the of power were the secret springs that he whole in motion. The contention veen the parties was carried on with nosity; justice and moderation were arded, and the side that occasionally ailed, exulted with all the pride and lence of victory.

t length, when Pompey was sent to mand against the Pirates, and after- ds to conduct the Mithridatic war, the ular party was no longer able to make l against the nobles. The reins of ernment were seized by a few leading , who engrossed the honours of the istracy, the administration of prov- s, and preferment of every kind. erior to their fellow-citizens, and e control, they lived in splendour and rity, by the terror of prosecutions aining all who presumed to take a in public business, and, by conse- nce, leaving the people without a leader. In process of time, when the scene of affairs was changed, and men began to think a revolution not impracticable, the old dissension broke out with redoubled violence. The discontents of the populace rose to such a pitch, that if Catiline gained the first victory, or even left the fortune of the day undecided, the commonwealth would have been reduced to the brink of danger. The war would have continued with alternate vicissitudes, without a decisive blow to end the conflict, till both sides, enfeebled and exhausted by repeated losses, would have fallen an easy prey to some ambitious chief who stood prepared in such a crisis to usurp the supreme power, to the utter ruin of public liberty. . . .

On the following day one Lucius Tarquinius was led to the bar of the senate. This man was apprehended on his way to Catiline's army, and brought in custody to Rome. He offered to make important discoveries, if he might speak with safety under the promise of a public pardon. Being satisfied on this point by the consul, he gave an account in effect the same as Volturcius had done, stating the intended fire of the city, the massacre of the worthiest citizens, and the route by which the rebels were to advance to Rome. He added that "he was dispatched by Crassus to inform Catiline, that, so far from being discouraged by the imprisonment of Lentulus and Cethegus, with the other conspirators, he ought to expedite his march towards Rome, in order to revive the courage of his party, and rescue his friends from confinement."

As soon as the informer mentioned the name of Crassus, a man of the first consideration in the state, distinguished by his illustrious birth, his vast riches, and his power and influence, a murmur of disapprobation was heard from all quarters of the senate. Numbers pronounced the charge altogether incredible; others were of the opinion that it was not desti-

tute of foundation, but that in such a crisis it would be more prudent to temporize, than to provoke the resentment of a great and powerful citizen. The majority of the Fathers had their private reasons for taking part with Crassus: they were under pecuniary obligations, and did not hesitate to pronounce the charge a false and malicious calumny. Upon that point they desired that the question might be put. Cicero collected the voices, and the Fathers decreed unanimously, that "the information was false and groundless, and that Tarquinius should stand committed, never to be heard again, unless he first discovered the person by whose procurement he had fabricated so vile a falsehood."

There was at that time a current opinion, that Publius Autronius was the author of the charge, under the idea that Crassus, finding himself implicated in the plot, would be a shield to protect the rest of the conspirators.

Others would have it, that Cicero suborned the witness, apprehending that Crassus might be induced, according to his custom, to undertake the defence of pernicious citizens. By involving him in the general guilt, it was supposed that his voice would be silenced. Since that time, Crassus has averred in my hearing, that he was indebted to Cicero for that dark imputation.

It must be acknowledged, that Quintus Catulus and Caius Piso were not able by their weight and influence, by entreaty, or any other inducement, to prevail on Cicero to suffer a cloud of suspicion to be thrown on Julius Cæsar by the Allobrogians, or any other witness. Those two great men were, in that juncture, the avowed enemies of Cæsar; the former, because on his return from Cisalpine Gaul, in a prosecution carried on against him for being corrupted by a bribe to pass judgment of death upon a native of the country beyond the Po, Cæsar took a decided part in that affair, and obtained judgment against him. T mind of Catulus was embittered by disappointment when he stood candida for the office of high pontiff. Cæsar o posed his election; and that so young man should enter into competitions, a be able to defeat an ancient citizen the evening of his days, when he h almost closed the career of public honou was a reflection that inflamed him wi resentment. Their time for framing accusation against Cæsar was not chosen: Cæsar, by private liberality, a a profusion of largesses, had contract an immense load of debt, and by th circumstance gave his enemies a f opportunity.

Cicero, however, refused to enter in their designs; but still Piso and Catul though they found their solicitations i effectual, persisted in their malevole purpose. They caballed with indivi uals, framing from their own inventi the foulest imputations, and, to give the colour, pretending that they had all th intelligence from Volturcius and the Al brogians. By these artifices they excit the popular odium, and made Cæsar obnoxious, that a band of Roman knigh who had ranged themselves under ar to guard the avenues of the Temple Concord, drew their swords, and bra dished them in a menacing manner, Cæsar went forth from the senate. this act of violence the knights declar their detestation of the conspiracy, perhaps, acted with a nobler motive, announce their ardour in the cause their country.

The Fathers, finding ample reason be satisfied with the testimony of Allobrogians and Volturcius, proceed to consider of the recompense due to th for their services. In the mean time, freedmen and clients of Lentulus w busy in various parts of the city, with design to collect a party of slaves a labouring men, in order to rescue th patron out of custody. Others went abo

streets in quest of certain seditious
aimers, on all occasions ready in-
iaries for hire, and consequently well
tised in the arts of raising popular
ults. Cethegus also had his emis-
s, who endeavoured to stir up, by his
estic slaves and freedmen, an aban-
d crew, ever ready for any desperate
hief. They were to proceed in a
, and sword in hand set their master
berty.

he consul, informed of all that was in
ition, disposed his guards at proper
ons, as the exigence seemed to re-
e, and without delay convened the
te. To that assembly he opened the
of the prisoners. They had been all
dged traitors and public enemies; he
moved for a decree, to determine
ly what ought to be done with men in
situation. The question being put,
imus Junius Silanus, at that time con-
elect, was the first in order to deliver
opinion. His advice was, that not
those in actual custody, but also
us Cassius, Publius Furius, Publius
pranus, and Quintus Annius, as soon
aken, should all be condemned to
r death. Julius Cæsar opposed that
position: his speech on the occasion
e such an impression on Silanus, that
esolution failed, and he went over to
opinion of Tiberius Nero, who was
strengthening the guard, and ad-
ning the debate for further considera-
. . . .
s soon as Cato concluded, all of con-
r rank, and, indeed, the majority of
Fathers, went over to his opinion.
y extolled his spirit and greatness of
with the warmest applause; they fell
mutual reproaches, and accused one
her of pusillanimity. The house re-
ded with the praises of Cato, and a
ee was passed in form and substance
e proposed.

reflection occurs in this place, which
claim some attention. The brave
oits and upright policy of the Romans
have filled the page of history. After studying that page with diligence, and attending to the observations of others, I was led by curiosity to inquire what were the resources of the commonwealth, and what the principles that contributed to raise and support so vast a fabric. I was aware, that with inferior armies Rome had often made head against great and powerful nations; I knew that mighty monarchs had been obliged to yield to the superior valour of well-disciplined forces, and that the Roman legions were not to be subdued by adverse fortune. The Greeks had made the palm of eloquence their own, and the Gauls were at one time famous for a more warlike spirit.

The result of my inquiries was, that the Roman name owes all its lustre to the patriot spirit of a few great and eminent men, who by their virtue enabled poverty to cope with the wealth of nations, and inferior numbers to triumph over numerous armies. But when, after a long series of success, luxury diffused its baneful influence, and the minds of men grew torpid in ease and indolence, the commonwealth by its own inward energy was still able to stand on a solid basis, firm and unshaken by the vices of her commanders abroad, and the intrigues of her magistrates at home. But the season of public virtue has declined, and for several years Rome, like a superannuated matron, did not produce one great and eminent character.

Of late indeed, we have seen flourishing among us two illustrious citizens, both of the first order, adorned with superior talents, but different in their manners. The persons whom I have in view, are Marcus Cato and Caius Julius Cæsar. Two such characters ought not to be passed by in silence. They naturally present themselves to the historian's observation, and since the opportunity is so fair, I shall here endeavour, with all the skill I am master of, to give the prominent features of each.

In point of birth, age, and eloquence, they were nearly equal. Greatness of soul was the characteristic of both. They attained the summit of glory, but by different means. Cæsar came upon mankind by acts of friendship and public munificence: Cato stood distinguished by his moral conduct, and the integrity of his life. Humanity and benevolence were the virtues of Cæsar: severity of manners added dignity to the name of Cato. The former gained the affections of mankind by liberal donations, by generosity to his friends, and by forgiving his enemies; the latter distributed no favours, and on that reserved temper founded his glory. One was the protector of the unhappy; the other, the scourge of bad men. Cæsar was admired for the facility of his manners; Cato for his unshaken constancy. In a word, Cæsar entered on a career of vigilance, of active industry, and laborious application; he devoted his time to the interest of his friends, regardless of his own; whatever he possessed worthy of acceptance, he gave as a present; ambition was his ruling passion; he aimed at prodigious things; he desired to have the command of armies; he considered war as his element, and panted for some bright occasion, which might lay open to him the field of glory. Cato, on the other hand, was careful to observe the rules of moderation, of regular conduct, and, above all, an inflexible severity of manners. In point of riches he vied with no man; with the factious he entered into no competition; an honest emulation inspired his soul; the constant rival of the good and worthy, he struggled for the palm of courage with the brave; in simplicity of life he contended with the modest, and in a constant course of virtue, with the most pure and innocent. To be, and not to seem, was his settled principle. He disregarded popularity, and his glory rose the higher.

As soon as the senate concurred, as has been mentioned, with the sentime of Cato, the consul thought that no t ought to be lost, and accordingly, to p vent seditious attempts during the ni which was then approaching, he orde the triumvirs to prepare for the imm ate execution of the condemned male tors; he himself, having first disposed guards at proper stations, conducted L tulus to the prison. The prætors tended the rest of the conspirators.

In the jail, as you ascend on the hand, there is a place called the Tull dungeon, sunk about twelve feet un ground, enclosed on all sides with str walls, and covered over with a stone ar a dark and dismal vault, exhaling a fe stench, the last stage of guilt and mis Lentulus was conducted to that hide cavern, and there strangled by the offic of justice.

Such was the dismal catastrophe o man descended from an illustrious bra of the Cornelian family, who had b invested with the consular dignity. closed his days by an ignominious dea the just retribution due to his crim Cethegus, Statilius, Gabinius, and Ce rius, suffered in like manner. . . . .

Antonius, the commander of the Ron army, was attacked by a fit of the go and, by consequence, unable to cond the battle. He gave the honour of day to Marcus Petreius, his lieutena general. By the directions of that offi the army was drawn up in the follow order: the veterans, who had been cal out to serve in the exigence of the tim were stationed in the front; the rest the army formed their lines in the re Petreius rode through the ranks, call on the men by name: he exhorted, conjured them to exert their forn courage. "You see," he said, "a band freebooters, of robbers, and murderers vile collection of incendiaries alm naked and disarmed. When you adva to the charge, remember that you dr the sword in the cause of your coun

r children, your altars, and your sehold gods." Petreius had been a itary man for more than thirty years: rose to eminence through the several dations of tribune, præfect, lieuten--general, and prætor, having served ing all the time with the highest our. In the several stations through ch he passed, he had a fair oppor- ity of knowing most of the veterans; called to mind their former conduct, by holding to view their acts of our, inspired them with a resolution act in a manner worthy of themselves. Having arranged his measures, Petreius ered the trumpets to sound to battle. e cohorts advanced with a slow pace regular order. Catiline's soldiers did same. As soon as the two armies w so near, that the light-armed troops ld begin the onset by a volley of ts, both sides set up a warlike shout, rushed on to the attack. A close gagement followed. None relied on ir missive weapons; they fought sword hand. The veterans, eager to preserve ir renown in arms, advanced into the t of the action. The rebels received m with a steady countenance. A fierce obstinate conflict ensued. Catiline, the head of his light-armed infantry, wed himself in the front of the lines; fought in the thickest ranks; he suc- red all that gave ground; he supplied place of the wounded with fresh sol- rs; wherever the enemy pressed, he s ready to support the ranks; he rged in person, and enacted prodigies valour, at once a gallant soldier and an e general.

Petreius, seeing that Catiline disputed field with more obstinacy than he first expected, led his prætorian cohort o the thick of the battle. The rebels re thrown into disorder, and a dread- slaughter followed. All who resisted re put to the sword. The Roman ngs, at the same time, attacked the enemy in flank. Manlius, and the commander from Fæsulæ, both fighting bravely, fell in the first onset. Catiline saw his troops routed on every side, and nothing but desolation round him. Having only a handful of his followers left, he was still determined not to forget his illustrious birth, and the dignity of his rank. He rushed among the closest ranks, and, exerting himself with fury and brave despair, fell under repeated wounds.

When the battle was ended, the fierce and obstinate spirit that animated Catiline's army, appeared manifest to view. The spot on which the soldier took his stand during the action, was covered with his body when he expired. A few, whom the prætorian cohort overpowered, were driven from their post, but they fell under honourable wounds. Catiline was found at a distance from his men, amidst heaps of slain. His breath had not quite left him: the same ferocity that distinguished him when living, was still visible in his countenance.

It may be further observed, that in his whole army not one free citizen was taken prisoner, either during the battle, or after the defeat. Determined to give no quarter, they were prodigal of their own lives. Nor could the army of the commonwealth boast of having gained a cheap victory. They paid the price of their blood. The bravest among them were either slain in the action, or carried from the field covered with wounds. Numbers went from the camp to survey the field of battle, led either by curiosity, or in search of plunder. Employed in moving the dead bodies, they found among the slain a friend, a relative, or an intimate companion. Some discovered their particular enemies stretched on the ground. The impressions made by this melancholy scene were various: mixed emotions of joy and sorrow, regret and congratulation, prevailed throughout the army.

—Arthur Murphy.

The Conflict Between Milo and Clodius

CICERO

[From the *Defence of Milo*]

Cicero's statesmanship limited itself to solving each problem as it arose. The conflict between Milo and Clodius was only one of a number of indications that something was fundamentally wrong. The two leaders with their gangs of slaves had caused anarchy at Rome for a time by their street brawls. Finally Clodius was killed by Milo's followers in 52 B.C. Milo was brought to trial and was defended unsuccessfully by Cicero. It was later that Cicero wrote the speech given below.

When Publius Clodius had determined to distress the republic by all sorts of wickedness during his prætorship, and saw that the comitia were so delayed the year before, that he would not be able to continue his prætorship many months, as he had no regard to the degree of honour, as others have, but both wished to avoid having Lucius Paullus, a citizen of singular virtue, for his colleague, and also to have an entire year to mangle the republic; on a sudden he abandoned his own year, and transferred himself to the next year, not from any religious scruple, but that he might have, as he said himself, a full and entire year to act as prætor, that is, to overthrow the republic.

It occurred to him that his prætorship would be crippled and powerless, if Milo was consul; and, moreover, he saw that he was being made consul with the greatest unanimity of the Roman people. He betook himself to his competitors, but in such a manner that he alone managed the whole election, even against their will,—that he supported on his own shoulders, as he used to say, the whole comitia,—he convoked the tribes,—he interposed,—he erected a new Colline tribe by the enrollment of the most worthless of the citizens. In proportion as the one caused greater confusion, so did the oth acquire additional power every da When the fellow, prepared for ever atrocity, saw that a most brave ma his greatest enemy, was a most certa consul, and that that was declared, n only by the conversation of the Roma people, but also by their votes, he bega to act openly, and to say without disgui that Milo must be slain.

He had brought down from the Aper nines rustic and barbarian slaves, whor you saw, with whom he had ravaged th public woods and Etruria. The matte was not concealed at all. In truth, h used to say undisguisedly that the con sulship could not be taken from Milo, bu that life could. He often hinted as muc in the senate; he said it plainly in th public assembly. Besides, when Favoniu a brave man, asked him what he hope for by giving way to such madness whil Milo was alive? he answered him, that i three, or at most in four days, he woul be dead. And this saying of his Favoniu immediately reported to Marcus Cat who is here present.

In the meantime, as Clodius knew— and it was not hard to know it—tha Milo was forced to take a yearly, legit mate, necessary journey on the twentiet of January to Lanuvium to appoint priest, because Milo was dictator Lanuvium, on a sudden he himself le Rome the day before, in order (as wa seen by the event) to lay an ambush f Milo in front of his farm; and he d parted, so that he was not present at turbulent assembly in which his madne was greatly missed, and which was hel that very day, and from which he nev would have been absent, if he had n desired to avail himself of the place an opportunity for a crime.

But Milo, as he had been that day the senate till it was dismissed, can home, changed his shoes and his ga ments, waited a little, as men do, whi his wife was getting ready, and the

ed at the time when Clodius might
returned, if, indeed, he had been
ng to Rome that day. Clodius meets
unencumbered on horseback, with no
age, with no baggage, with no Greek
panions, as he was used to, without
wife, which was scarcely ever the
; while this plotter, who had taken,
oth, that journey for the express
ose of murder, was driving with his
in a carriage, in a heavy travelling
k, with abundant baggage, and a
ate company of women, and maid-
ants, and boys. He meets Clodius in
t of his farm, about the eleventh
, or not far from it. Immediately
umber of men attack him from the
er ground with missile weapons. The
who are in front kill his driver, and
n he had jumped down from his
iot and flung aside his cloak, and
e he was defending himself with
rous courage, the men who were with
lius drew their swords, and some of
n ran back towards his chariot in
r to attack Milo from behind, and
e, because they thought that he was
ady slain, began to attack his servants
were behind him; and those of the
ants who had presence of mind to de-
themselves, and were faithful to
master, were some of them slain,
the others, when they saw a fierce
le taking place around the chariot,
as they were prevented from getting
their master so as to succour him,
n they heard Clodius himself proclaim
Milo was slain, and they thought
it was really true, they, the servants
Milo, (I am not speaking for the pur-
of shifting the guilt on to the
lders of others, but I am saying what
y occurred) did, without their mas-
either commanding it, or knowing it,
even being present to see it, what
y one would have wished his servants
o in a similar case.

hese things were all done, O judges,
as I have related them. The man who laid the plot was defeated; violence was defeated by violence; or, I should rather say, audacity was crushed by valour. I say nothing about what the republic, nothing about what you, nothing about what all good men gained by the result. I do not desire it to be any advantage to me to hear that he was born with such a destiny that he was unable even to save himself, without at the same time saving the republic and all of you. But if both reason has taught this lesson to learned men, and necessity to barbarians, and custom to all nations, and nature itself to the beasts, that they are at all times to repel all violence by whatever means they can from their persons, from their liberties, and from their lives, then you cannot decide this action to have been wrong, without deciding at the same time that all men who fall among thieves must perish, either by their weapons, or by your sentence.

And if he had thought that this was the law, it would have been preferable for Milo to offer his throat to Publius Clodius,—which was not attacked by him once only, nor for the first time on that day,—rather than now to be destroyed by you because he did not surrender himself then to be destroyed by him. But if there is no one of you who entertains such an opinion as that, then the question which arises for the consideration of the court is, not whether he was slain or not, which we admit, but whether he was slain legally or illegally, which is an inquiry which has often been instituted in many causes. It is quite plain that a plot was laid; and that is a thing which the senate has decided to be contrary to the laws of the republic. By whom it was laid is a question. And on this point an inquiry has been ordered to be instituted. So the senate has marked its disapproval of the fact, not of the man; and Pompeius has appointed this inquiry into the merits of the case, and not into the fact of its existence.

Does then any other point arise for the decision of the court, except this one,—which laid a plot against the other? None whatever. The case comes before you in this way, that if Milo laid a plot against Clodius, then he is not to be let off with impunity. If Clodius laid it against Milo, then we are acquitted from all guilt.

How then are we to prove that Clodius laid a plot against Milo? It is quite sufficient in the case of such a wicked, such an audacious monster as that, to prove that he had great reason to do so; that he had great hopes founded on Milo's death; that it would have been of the greatest service to him. Therefore, that maxim of Cassius, to see to whose advantage it was, may well have influence in respect of these persons. For although good men cannot be induced to commit crimes by any advantage whatever, wicked men often can by a very trifling one. And, if Milo were slain, Clodius gained this, not only that he should be prætor without having him for a consul, under whom he would not be able to commit any wickedness, but also that he should have those men for consuls while he was prætor, who, if they did not aid him, would at all events connive at all his proceedings to such an extent that he hoped he should be able to escape detection in all the frantic actions which he was contemplating; as they (so he argued to himself) would not, even if they were able to do so, be anxious to check his attempts when they considered that they were under such obligations to him; and on the other hand, if they did wish to do so, perhaps they would hardly be able to crush the audacity of that most wicked man when it got strength by its long continuance. Are you, O judges, the only persons ignorant of all this? Are you living in this city as ignorant of what passes as if you were visitors? Are your ears all abroad, do they keep aloof from all the ordinary topics of conversation of the city, as to what laws indeed, they are to be called laws, a not rather firebrands to destroy the ci pestilences to annihilate the republ that man was intending to impose on of us, to brand on our foreheads? I hibit, I beg you, Sextus Clodius, produ I beg, that copy of your laws which th say that you saved from your house, a from the middle of the armed band whi threatened you by night, and bore alo like another palladium, in order, fo sooth, to be able to carry that splend present, that instrument for dischargi the duties of the tribuneship, to son one, if you could obtain his election, w would discharge those duties accordi to your directions. . . .

Now turn your attention to Mi What advantages could it be to Milo th Clodius should be slain? What reas was there why Milo, I will not say shou do such an action, but should even wi for his death? Oh, Clodius was an o stacle to Milo's hope of obtaining t consulship. But he was obtaining it spite of him. Ay, I might rather say was obtaining it all the more becau Clodius was opposing him; nor in fa was I a more efficient support to h than Clodius was. The recollection, judges, of the services which Milo h done to me and to the republic h weight with you. My entreaties and t tears, with which I perceived at that ti that you were greatly moved, had weig with you; but still more weight had yo own fear of the dangers which were i pending. For who of the citizens w there who turned his eyes to the un strained prætorship of Publius Clodi without feeling the greatest dread of revolution? and unrestrained you s that it would be unless you had a con who had both courage and power to strain him; and as the whole Rom people saw that Milo alone was that ma who could hesitate by his vote to

e himself from fear, and the republic
n danger?
ut now, now that Clodius is removed,
o has got to labour by more than or-
ry practices to preserve his dignity.
t preeminent glory, which was then
ibuted to him alone, and which was
y increasing in consequence of his ef-
s to repress the frenzy of Clodius, has
n put an end to by the death of Clo-
. You have gained your object of be-
no longer afraid of any one of the
ens; he has lost that incessant arena
his valour, that which procured him
s for the consulship, that ceaseless
ever-springing fountain of his glory.
refore, Milo's canvass for the consul-
, which could not be hindered from
pering while Clodius was alive, now,
moment he is dead, is attempted to
hecked. So that the death of Clo-
is not only no advantage, but is
n a positive injury to Milo.
Oh, but his hatred prevailed with
; he slew him in a passion; he slew
because he was his enemy; he acted
he avenger of his own injury; he was
ting atonement to appease his private
gnation." But what will you say if
e feelings, I do not say existed in a
ter degree in Clodius than in Milo,
if they existed in the greatest possi-
degree in the former, and not at all
he latter? What will you require be-
d that? For why should Milo have
d Clodius, the material and ground-
k of his glory, except as far as that
ed becoming a citizen goes, with
h we hate all worthless men? There
plenty of reason for Clodius to hate
, first, as the defender of my safety;
ndly, as the repressor of his frenzy,
defeator of his arms; and lastly, also,
is prosecutor. For Clodius was liable
he prosecution of Milo, according to
provisions of the Plotian law, as long
e lived. And with what feelings do
suppose that that tyrant bore that?
great do you suppose was his hatred
towards him? and, indeed, how reasonable a hatred was it for a wicked man to entertain.

It remains for me now to urge his natural disposition and his habits of life in the defence of one, and the very same things as an accusation against the other. Clodius, I suppose, had never done anything by violence; Milo had done everything by violence. What then shall I say, O judges? When, amid the grief of all of you, I departed from the city, was I afraid of the result of a trial? was I not afraid of slaves, and arms, and violence? What, I pray you, was the first ground of my restoration, except that I had been unjustly driven out? Clodius, I suppose, had commenced a formal prosecution against me; he had named a sum as damages; he had commenced an action for high treason; and, I suppose too, I had cause to fear your decision in a cause which was an unjust one, which was my own private cause, not one which was a most righteous one, and which was, in reality, your cause, and not mine? No,—I was unwilling that my fellow-citizens, who had been saved by my prudence and by my own personal danger, should be exposed to the arms of slaves and needy citizens and convicted malefactors. For I saw—I saw, I say, this very Quintus Hortensius, the light and ornament of the republic, almost slain by the hands of slaves, while he was standing by me. In which crowd Caius Vibienus, a senator, a most excellent man, who was with Hortensius, was so maltreated that he lost his life.

When, then, was it that that assassin's dagger of his, which he had received from Catiline, rested? It was aimed at us; I would not allow you all to be exposed to it for my sake. It was prepared in treachery for Pompeius. It stained with blood, through the murder of Papirius, the very Appian road, the monument of his name; this, this same dagger, after a long interval was again turned against

me; lately, as you know, it nearly murdered me close to the palace of Ancus.

What is there of Milo's conduct like all this? when all the violence that he has ever displayed has amounted to this, that he wished to prevent Publius Clodius (as he could not be brought to trial) from oppressing the city by violence. And if he wished to put him to death, what great, what repeated, and what splendid opportunities he had of doing so! Might he not have avenged himself without violating the law when he was defending his own house and his household goods from his attacks? might he not have done so when that illustrious citizen and most gallant man, Publius Sextius, his own colleague, was wounded? might he not have done so when that most excellent man, Quintus Fabricius, while carrying a bill for my restoration, was driven away, and when a most cruel slaughter was taking place in the forum? might he not have done so when the house of Lucius Cæcilius, that most upright and fearless prætor, was attacked? might he not have done so on that day on which the law concerning me was passed, and when that vast concourse of people from all parts of Italy, whom a regard for my safety had roused up, would have gladly recognised and adopted as its own the glory of that action? so that, even if Milo had performed it, the whole state would claim the praise of it as belonging to itself.

And what a time was it? A most illustrious and fearless consul, Publius Lentulus, and enemy to Clodius, the avenger of his wickedness, the bulwark of the senate, the defender of your inclinations, the patron of that general unanimity, the restorer of my safety; seven prætors, eight tribunes of the people, adversaries of him, defenders of me; Cnæus Pompeius, the prime mover of and chief agent in my return, his open enemy; whose opinion respecting my return, delivered in the most dignified and most complimentary language, the w senate adopted; he who exhorted whole Roman people, and, when passed a decree concerning me at Ca gave himself the signal to all Italy, w was eager for it, and which was implo his good faith, to join together for purpose of restoring me to Rome; short, universal hatred on the part o the citizens, was excited against while their minds were inflamed wit earnest a regret for me; so that if one had slain him at that time, peo thoughts would have been, not how procure impunity for such a man, how to reward him sufficiently.

Nevertheless, Milo restrained him and twice summoned Publius Clo before the court, but never once inv him to a trial of strength in scene violence. What do I say? while was a private individual, and on his before the people, on the accusatio Publius Clodius, when an attack made on Cnæus Pompeius, while sp ing in defence of Milo, was there not not only an admirable opportunity but even a reasonable pretext for sla him? And lately when Marcus Anto had inspired all virtuous men with very greatest hopes of safety, and w he, being a most noble young man, with the greatest gallantry espoused cause of the republic, and had that b almost in his toils in spite of his avoi the snares of the law; what an op tunity, what a time and place was t O ye immortal gods! And when Clo had fled and hidden himself in the d ness of the stairs, there was a fine op tunity for Milo to slay him without curring the slightest odium himself, to load Antonius at the same time the greatest glory! What? How rep edly had he a similar chance in the c tia! when he had broken into the vo booth, and contrived to have sw drawn and stones thrown, and then sudden, terrified at the look of Milo,

ards the Tiber, and you and all vir-
ıs men prayed to heaven that Milo
ht take it into his head to give full
e to his valour.
f then he did not choose to slay him,
n he might have done so with the
itude of every one, is it likely that
should have chosen to do so when
e people were sure to complain of it?
ıe did not venture to do it when he
ht have done so lawfully, when he
both place and time in his favour,
n he might have done so with impu-
, can we believe that he did not hesi-
to slay him unjustly at a time and
e which supplied him with no excuse
the deed, when it was at the hazard
is life? especially, O judges, when the
of contest for the greatest distinc-
of the state, and the day of the comi-
was at hand. At which time (for I
w what a nervous thing ambition is,
vehement and how anxious is the de-
for the consulship), we are afraid
everything, not only of those things
ch can be openly found fault with,
even of whatever can be secretly
ught; we shudder at every rumour, at
y idle and empty story; we look
iously at every one's countenance, at
y one's eye. For there is nothing
soft, so tender, so frail, so flexible,
the inclinations and feelings of our
ow-citizens towards us; for they are
only angry at any impropriety in the
duct of candidates, but they often
ı take a disgust at our virtuous ac-
s. . . .
see that all things up to this point
plain and consistent. That it was
ı desirable for Milo that Clodius
uld live; that for Clodius the death of
o was the most advantageous thing
sible, with reference to those objects
which he had set his heart; that he
e him the most bitter hatred, but that
o had no such feelings towards him;
the one lived in a perpetual round
violence, that the other's habits were
limited to repelling it; that Milo had been threatened by him with death, and that his death had been openly predicted by him; that no such expression had ever been heard from Milo; that the day of Milo's journey was well known to Clodius, but that Clodius's return was unknown to Milo; that the journey of the one was inevitable, and that of the other was even inconvenient to himself; that the one had openly declared that on that day he should set out from Rome, that the other had concealed the fact of his intending to return on that day; that the one had in no respect whatever changed his intention, that the other had invented a false pretence for changing his mind; that the one, if he were plotting, would naturally wish night to come on when he was near the city, while an arrival at the city by night was to be feared by the other, even if he had no apprehension of danger from this man.

Let us now consider this, which is the main point of all; for which of the two the identical spot where they did meet was the best suited for planting an ambush. But is that, O judges, a matter about which one can possibly doubt or think seriously for a moment? In front of Clodius's farm,—that farm on which, on account of those absurd erections and excavations for foundations of his, there were pretty well a thousand vigorous men employed,—on that high and raised ground belonging to his adversary, did Milo think that he should get the better in the contest, and had he with that view selected that spot above all others? Or was he rather waited for in that place by a man who had conceived the idea of attacking, because of the hopes that that particular spot suggested to him? The facts, O judges, speak for themselves; facts, which are always of the greatest weight in a cause. If you were not hearing of this transaction, but were looking at a picture of it, still it would be quite visible which of the two was the

plotter, which was thinking no evil, when one of the two was driving in a chariot wrapped up in a mantle, with his wife sitting by his side. It is hard to say which was the greatest hindrance to him, his dress, or his carriage, or his wife. How could a man be less ready for battle than when he was entangled in a mantle as in a net, hampered with a carriage, and fettered as it were by his wife clinging to him? Look, on the other hand, at Clodius, first setting out from his villa; all on a sudden: why? It was evening. Why was he forced to set out at such a time? Going slowly. What was the object of that, especially at that time of night? He turns aside to the villa of Pompeius. To see Pompeius? He knew that he was near Alsium. To see the villa? He had been in it a thousand times. What, then, was his object? Delay; he wanted to waste time. He did not choose to leave the spot till Milo arrived.

Come now, compare the journey of this unencumbered bandit with all the hindrances which beset Milo. Before this time he always used to travel with his wife; now he was without her. He invariably went in a carriage; now he was on horseback. His train were a lot of Greeklings wherever he was going; even when he was hastening to the camp in Etruria; but this time there were no triflers in his retinue. Milo, who was never in the habit of doing so, did by chance have with him some musical slaves belonging to his wife, and troops of maid servants. The other man, who was always carrying with him prostitutes, worn-out debauchees both men and women, this time had no one with him except such a band that you might have thought every one of them picked men. Why, then, was he defeated? Because the traveller is not always murdered by the robber; sometimes the robber is killed by the traveller; because, although Clodius in a state of perfect preparation was attacking men wholly unp pared, still it was the case of a wom falling upon men. And, indeed, M was never so utterly unprepared for violence, as not to be nearly sufficien prepared. He was always aware h greatly it concerned the interest of P blius Clodius that he should be sla how greatly he hated him, and how gr was his daring. Wherefore, he never posed his life to danger without so sort of protection and guard, knowi that it was threatened, and that a la price, as it were, was set upon it.

Add to this consideration all chances; add the always uncertain sult of a battle, and the common fortu of Mars, who often overthrows the m who is already exulting and stripping enemy, and strikes him to the grou by some mean agent; and the blunderi conduct of a leader who had dined a drank, and who was yawning a drowsy; who, when he had left his ene cut off in the rear, never thought of companions on the outskirts of his tra and then when he fell among them flamed with anger, and despairing saving the life of their master, he fell that punishment which the faith slaves inflicted on him as a retribut for their master's death. Why, then, Milo emancipated them? He was afra I suppose, lest they should give inf mation against him; lest they should unable to bear pain; lest they should compelled by tortures to confess t Publius Clodius was slain in the App road by the slaves of Milo.

What need is there of any tortur What do you want to know? whether was slain? He was slain. Whether was slain lawfully or unlawfully? T is beyond the province of the tortu For the rack can only inquire into fact; it is the bench of judges that m decide on the law. . . .

Nor, indeed, is it without good rea that Milo's cause has always been

ved of by the senate. For these wisest men took into consideration the whole umstances of the case; Milo's pres-e of mind, and vigour in defending nself. Have you forgotten, O judges, en the news of Clodius's death was l recent, the opinions and the language ich was held, not only by Milo's ene-s, but also by other ignorant people? ey said that he would not return to me at all. For if he had committed deed in a passionate and excited od, so that he had slain his enemy ile under the influence of strong red, they thought that he would con-er the death of Publius Clodius an nt of such importance, that he would r being deprived of his country with animity, as he had sated his hatred th blood of his enemy; or, if he had iberately intended to deliver his coun-by the slaughter of Clodius, then they ught that he, as a brave man, would hesitate, after having brought safety his country at his own risk, to submit h equanimity to the laws, to carry off h himself everlasting renown, and to ve those things to us to enjoy which had preserved for us himself.

Many also spoke of Catiline and the nsters of his train. "We shall have ther Catiline breaking out. He will upy some strong place; he will make on his country." Wretched some-es is the fate of those citizens who ve faithfully served the republic! when n not only forget the illustrious ex-its which they have performed, but n suspect them of the most nefarious igns! Therefore, all those things re false, which would certainly have ned out true, if Milo had committed action which he could not defend h honour and truth. . . .

And if people are even now afraid of lo, we are not now under apprehen-n because of the charge respecting Clo-s, but we are shuddering at your picions,—at yours, I say, O Cnæus Pompeius (for I address you yourself, and I speak loudly so that you may be able to hear me). If you are afraid of Milo,—if you believe that he either now cherishes wicked designs against your life, or that he ever has entertained such; if the levying of troops throughout Italy, as some of your recruiting-sergeants pretend,—if these arms,—if these cohorts in the Capitol,—if these watchmen, these sentinels,—if this picked body of youths, which is the guard of your person and your house, is all armed against an attack on the part of Milo; and if all these measures have been arranged, and prepared, and aimed against him alone,—then certainly he must be a man of great power, of incredible courage; surely it must be more than the power and resources of one single man which are attributed to him, if the most eminent of our generals is invested with a command, and all Italy is armed against this one man. But who is there that does not understand that all the diseased and feeble parts of the republic were entrusted to you, O Pompeius, that you might heal and strengthen them with your arms? And if an opportunity had been afforded to Milo, he would, doubtless, have proved to you yourself, that no man was ever more dear to another than you are to him; that he had never shunned any danger which might be of service in promoting your dignity; that he had often contended against that most foul pest on behalf of your glory; that his conduct in his tribuneship had been entirely regulated by your counsels for the protection of my safety, which was an object very dear to you; that he afterwards had been defended by you when in danger of his life, and had been assisted by you when a candidate for the prætorship; and that he had always believed that the two firmest friends whom he had were you and I,—you, as shown by the kindness of your behaviour to him, and I, secured to him by the serv-

ices which he himself had done me. And if he could not convince you of this,—if that suspicion had sunk so deep in your mind that it could not possibly be eradicated; if, in short, Italy was never to have any rest from those levies, nor the city from arms, till Milo was ruined,—then no doubt, he, without hesitation, would have departed from his country, a man born to make such sacrifices and accustomed to make them; but still he would have cited you, O Magnus, as a witness in his favour, as he now does.

See, now, how various and changeable is the course of human life,—how fickle and full of revolutions is fortune; what instances of perfidy are seen in friends, how they dissemble and suit their behaviour to the occasion; when dangers beset one, how one's nearest connexions fly off, and what cowardice they show. The time will come, ay, will most certainly come,—that day will surely dawn some time or other, when you, though your affairs are all, as I trust they will be, in a really sound condition, though they may, perhaps, wear an altered appearance in consequence of some commotion of the times, such as we are all liable to (and how constantly such things happen we may know from experience),—when you, I say, may be in need of the good-will of one who is most deeply attached to you, and the good faith of a man of the greatest weight and dignity, and the magnanimity of the very bravest man that ever lived in the world. Although, who would believe that Cnæus Pompeius, a man most thoroughly versed in public law, in the usages of our ancestors, and in all the affairs of the republic, after the senate had entrusted to him the charge of taking care "that the republic suffered no injury," by which one line the consuls have always been sufficiently armed, even though no warlike weapons were given to them,—that he, I say, after having had an army and a levy of troops given to him, would wait for a legal decision to repress the designs of that man who was seeking by violence to abolish the courts of justice themselves?

It was sufficiently decided by Pompeius, quite sufficiently, that all those charges were falsely brought against Milo; when he passed a law by which, as I conceive, he was bound to be acquitted by you,—at all events, as all men allow, might legally be acquitted. But when he sits in that place, surrounded by all those bands of public guards, he declares plainly enough that he is not striking terror into you (for what could be less worthy of him than to condemn a man whom he himself might punish as guilty, both by his own authority and in strict accordance with the precedents of our ancestors?), but that he keeps them about him for the sake of protection; that you may be aware that it is allowed to you to decide with freedom according to your own opinions, in contradiction to that assembly of the people which was held yesterday.

Nor, O judges, am I at all moved by the accusation respecting Clodius, nor am I so insane, and so ignorant of, and inexperienced in, your feelings, as not to be aware what your opinions are about the death of Clodius, concerning which if I were unwilling to do away with the accusation in the manner in which I have done away with it, still I assert that it would have been lawful for Milo to proclaim openly, with a false but glorious boast, "I have slain, I have slain, not Spurius Mælius, who fell under the suspicion of aiming at kingly power by lowering the price of corn, and by squandering his own family estate, because by that conduct he was thought to be paying too much court to the common people; not Tiberius Gracchus, who out of a seditious spirit, abrogated the magistracy of his own colleague; whose slayers have filled the whole world with the renown of their name; but him" (

uld venture to name him when he delivered his country at his own "who was detected in the most in- us adultery in the most sacred e, by most noble women; him, by xecution of whom the senate has tedly resolved that solemn religious vances required to be propitiated; whom Lucius Lucullus, when he was ined on the point, declared on his that he had detected in committing llowed incest with his own sister; who by means of armed bands of s drove from the country that citi- whom the senate, whom the Roman e, whom all nations had declared to e saviour of the city and of the lives l the citizens; him, who gave king- , took them away, and distributed whole world to whomsoever he ed; him who, after having commit- numberless murders in the forum, a citizen of the most extraordinary e and glory to his own house by vio- and by arms; him, to whom noth- was ever too impious to be done, ner it was a deed of atrocity or of him, who burnt the temple of the hs, in order to extinguish the pub- cord of the census which was com- d to the public registers; lastly, him cknowledged no law, no civil rights, oundaries to any man's posses- —who sought to obtain other peo- estates, not by actions at law and accusations, not by unjust claims false oaths, but by camps, by an , by regular standards and all the of war,—who, by means of arms oldiers, endeavoured to drive from possessions, not only the Etrurians, e thoroughly despised them, but this Publius Varius, that most gal- man and most virtuous citizen, one ur judges,—who went into other e's villas and grounds with archi- and surveyors, who limited his of acquiring possessions by Janicu- and the Alps; him, who, when he was unable to prevail on an estimable and gallant Roman knight, Marcus Paconius, to sell him his villa on the Prelian Lake, suddenly conveyed timber, and lime, and mortar, and tools in barques to the island, and while the owner of the island was looking at him from the opposite bank, did not hesitate to build a house on another man's land; who said to Titus Furfanius—O ye immortal gods, what a man! (for why should I mention that insignificant woman, Scantia, or that youth Aponius, both of whom he threatened with death if they did not abandon to him the possession of their villas?) but he dared to say to Furfanius, that if he did not give him as much money as he demanded, he would carry a dead body into his house, and so raise a storm of unpopularity against him; who turned his brother Appius, a man connected with me by the most faithful friendship, while he was absent, out of the possession of his farm; who determined to run a wall across the vestibule of his sister's house in such a manner, and to draw the line of foundation in such a direction, as not only to deprive his sister of her vestibule, but of all access to her house, and of her own threshold."

Although all these things appeared such as might be endured,—although he attacked with equal fury the republic, and private individuals, and men who were at a distance, and men who were near, people who had no connexion with him, and his own relations; yet somehow or other the incredible endurance of the state had by long use grown hardened and callous. But as for the things which were at hand, and were impending over you, in what manner was it possible for you either to avert them or to bear them? If he had once obtained real power,—I say nothing of our allies, of foreign nations, and kings, and tetrarchs; for you would have prayed that he might turn himself against them rather than against

your possessions, your houses, and your money; money, do I say? your children, rather,—I solemnly swear he would never have restrained himself from your children and from your wives. Do you think that these things are inventions of mine? They are evident; they are notorious to every one; they are proved. Is it an invention of mine that he was about to enlist an army of slaves in the city, by whose instrumentality he might take possession of the whole republic, and of the private fortune of every one?

Wherefore, if Titus Annius, holding in his hand a bloody sword, had cried out, "Come hither, I beg of you, and listen to me, O citizens: I have slain Publius Clodius; with this sword and with this right hand I have turned aside from your necks the frenzied attacks of that man whom we were unable to restrain by any laws, and by any judicial proceedings whatever; by my single efforts has it been brought to pass that right, and equity, and laws, and liberty, and modesty, and chastity remain in this city;" would there in truth have been any reason to fear in what manner the city would receive this announcement? For now, as it is, who is there who does not approve of what has been done? who does not praise it? who does not both say and feel that of all men to whom recollection can reach back, Titus Annius has done the republic the greatest service; that of all men he has diffused the greatest joy among the Roman people, and over the whole of Italy, and throughout all nations? I cannot form a conception of what would have been the old-fashioned joy of the Roman people. Already our age has seen many, and those most illustrious victories, won by consummate generals; but not one of them has brought with it a joy that either lasted so long, or that was so excessive while it did last.

—C. D. YONGE.

THE OUTBREAK OF CIVIL WAR[1]

CÆSAR

[From the *Civil War*, Book I]

Cæsar takes advantage of a very
markable introduction to a military
rative to make plain his own pol
conduct. He very skillfully defends
position, in undertaking war on the gov
ment as represented by the senate, v
seeming merely to picture the unyiel
attitude of the opposing faction. In
Civil War, Cæsar narrates the campa
from the crossing of the Rubicon in
B.C. to the defeat of Pompey at Phars
in 48. For Cæsar, see above p. 108.

When Cæsar's dispatch had
handed to the consuls, the tribunes,
difficulty and after much wrang
gained their permission for it to be
in the senate, but they could not ob
consent for a motion to be brought be
the senate on the subject of the dispa
The consuls bring forward a motion
the state of public affairs. The co
L. Lentulus puts pressure on the sen
and promises that he will not fail
republic if the senators are willing to
press their opinions with boldness
resolution; but if they pay regard
Cæsar and try to win favour with hi
they have done on previous occasi
he says that he will consider his own
terests and will not obey their autho
"I too," said he, "can shelter my
under the favour and friendship
Cæsar." Scipio expresses himself
similar terms—that Pompeius is incl
not to desert the republic if the se
follows him; but if it delays and acts
missly, it will in vain solicit his aid sh
it wish to do so in the future.

This speech of Scipio appeared to c
from the mouth of Pompeius him
since the senate was meeting in the
and Pompeius was close at hand. S

[1] From the Loeb Classical Library,
permission.

xpressed less rigorous views, such Marcellus, who at first embarked peech to the effect that the question not to be referred to the senate till had been held throughout Italy and s enrolled under whose protection enate might venture to make such s as it wished safely and freely; too, as M. Calidius, who expressed pinion that Pompeius should go to wn provinces in order that there be no motive for hostilities: Cæsar, id, was afraid lest it should be at that Pompeius, having extorted gions from him, was holding them and retaining them near Rome with v to imperilling him; such also as ufus, who with a few modifications ed the opinion of Calidius. All speakers were assailed with ve- t invective by the consul L. lus. He absolutely refused to put otion of Calidius, and Marcellus, ed by the invectives, abandoned oposal. Thus most of the senators, lled by the language of the consul, dated by the presence of the army y the threats of the friends of ius, against their will and yielding ssure, adopt the proposal of Scipio Cæsar should disband his army be- fixed date, and that, if he failed so, he should be considered to be ating treason against the republic. ribunes M. Antonius and Q. Cassius ene. The question of their inter- n is immediately brought before nate. Opinions of weighty import xpressed, and the more harsh and the speech the more it is applauded personal enemies of Cæsar.

en the senate was dismissed in the g all the members of the order are oned out of the city by Pompeius. raises the zealous and encourages for the future; the sluggish he re- and stimulates. Everywhere a er of reserves from the old armies mpeius are called out to serve by the prospect of prizes and promotion; many are summoned from the two legions handed over by Cæsar. The city and the comitium itself are filled with tribunes, centurions, reserves. All the friends of the consuls, all the adherents of Pompeius and of those whose enmity to Cæsar was of long standing, are compelled to attend the senate. By their clamorous throngs the weaker are terrified and the wavering are confirmed, while the majority are robbed of the privilege of free decision. The censor L. Piso promises to go to Cæsar, also the prætor L. Roscius, to inform him of these matters. They demand a period of six days for the execution of their purpose. Some express the opinion that envoys should be sent to Cæsar to set before him the feelings of the senate.

All these speakers encounter opposition and are confronted with speeches from the consul, from Scipio, and from Cato. Cato is goaded on by his old quarrels with Cæsar and vexation at his defeat. Lentulus is moved by the greatness of his debts, by the prospect of a military command and a province, and by the lavish bribes of rulers claiming the title of king, and boasts among his friends that he will prove a second Sulla to whom shall fall the supreme command. Scipio is stimulated by the same hope of a province and of armies, which he thinks that kinship will entitle him to share with Pompeius; also by the dread of the law courts, by the flattery of certain powerful men who had then great influence in public affairs and in the law courts, and by his own and their ostentatious character. Pompeius, urged on by Cæsar's enemies and by his desire that no one should be on the same level of dignity with himself, had completely withdrawn himself from Cæsar's friendship and become reconciled with their common enemies, most of whom he had himself imposed upon Cæsar at the time of their connexion by marriage. Stirred, too, by the discredit

attaching to his diversion of two legions from their route by Asia and Syria and his appropriation of them for his own power and supremacy, he was eager that the issue should be brought to the arbitrament of war.

For these reasons everything is done in hurry and confusion. Cæsar's friends are allowed no time to inform him, nor are the tribunes given any opportunity of protesting against the peril that threatened them, nor even of retaining, by the exercise of their veto, the most fundamental of their rights, which L. Sulla had left them, but within the limit of seven days they are compelled to take measures for their own safety, whereas the most turbulent of the tribunes in earlier times had been wont to regard with apprehension the conclusion of at least eight months of administration. Recourse is had to that extreme and ultimate decree of the senate which had never previously been resorted to except when the city was at the point of destruction and all despaired of safety through the audacity of malefactors: "The consuls, the prætors, the tribunes, and all the proconsulars who are near the city shall take measures that the state incur no harm." These resolutions are recorded by decree of the senate on January 7. So on the first five days on which a meeting of the senate could be held after the date on which Lentulus entered on his consulship, except two election days, decrees of the severest and harshest character are passed affecting Cæsar's imperial command and those highly important officials, the tribunes of the people. The tribunes at once flee from the city and betake themselves to Cæsar. He was at that time at Ravenna and was awaiting a reply to his very lenient demands, in the hope that by some sense of equity a peaceable conclusion might be reached.

On the following days the senate meets outside the city. Pompeius carries out the policy which he had indicated by the mouth of Scipio. He commends manly consistency of the senate, and forth the strength of his forces, sho that he has ten legions ready to and, moreover, that he had ascert for certain that the troops were disposed to Cæsar and could not be suaded to defend or follow him. matters are at once referred to the s —that a levy should be held throu Italy, that Faustus Sulla should once sent into Mauritania, and th grant of money should be made to peius from the treasury. A moti also proposed that King Juba shou styled Ally and Friend. But Mar refuses to allow this for the present. tribune Philippus vetoes the motion Faustus. On the other matters de of the senate are recorded in wr The provinces, two consular, the prætorian, are decreed to private per Syria falls to Scipio, Gallia to L. D tius; Philippus and Cotta are passed by private arrangement, nor are thei cast into the urn. To the rest o provinces prætors are sent. Nor do wait, as had been the habit in pre years, for a motion to be brought b the people about their imperial mand; but, wearing the scarlet mi cloak, they leave Rome after offerin usual vows. The consuls quit the a thing which had never previously pened, and private persons have l in the city and the Capitol, contra all the precedents of the past. I are held throughout Italy, arms are sitioned, sums of money are exacted the municipal towns and carried off the temples, and all divine and h rights are thrown into confusion.

When this was known Cæsar add his troops. He relates all the w that his enemies had ever done him complains that Pompeius had bee astray and corrupted by them th jealousy and a desire to detract fro credit, though he had himself alway

ted and aided his honour and dignity. complains that a new precedent had n introduced into the state whereby right of tribunicial intervention, ch in earlier years had been restored arms, was now being branded with ominy and crushed by arms. Sulla, said, though stripping the tribunicial ver of everything, had nevertheless its right of intervention free, while mpeius, who had the credit of having tored the privileges that were lost, had en away even those that they had ore. There had been no instance of decree that the magistrates should e measures to prevent the state from fering harm (the declaration and de- on of the senate by which the Roman ple are called to arms) except in the e of pernicious laws, tribunicial vio- ce, a popular secession, or the seizure temples and elevated positions: and explains that these precedents of a ner age had been expiated by the nfall of Saturninus and of the Grac- No event of this kind had occurred he time in question or had even been ught of. He exhorts them to defend n his enemies the reputation and dig- of the commander under whose dance they have administered the state unfailing good fortune for nine years, ght many successful battles, and fied the whole of Gaul and Germany. reupon the men of the Thirteenth ion, which was present (he had called out at the beginning of the disorder; rest had not yet come together), aim that they are ready to repel the ngs of their commander and of the mes.

aving thus learnt the disposition of soldiery, he sets out for Ariminum that legion, and there meets the mes who had fled to him. The rest he legions he summons from their er quarters and orders them to follow Thither comes the young L. Cæsar e father was one of Cæsar's legates. When their first greetings were over he explains—and this was the real reason of his coming—that he has a message from Pompeius to give him in a matter of private obligation. He says that Pompeius wishes to be cleared of reproach in the eyes of Cæsar, who should not censure as an affront to himself what he had done for the sake of the state. He had always placed the interests of the republic before private claims. Cæsar, too, considering his high position, should give up for the benefit of the state his partisan zeal and passion, nor be so bitterly angry with his enemies as to injure the comonwealth in the hope that he is injuring them. He adds a few other remarks of this kind, at the same time making excuses for Pompeius. The prætor Roscius lays substantially the same proposals before Cæsar, and in the same language, and makes it clear that he received them from Pompeius.

Though these proceedings seemed to have no effect in lessening the sense of wrong, nevertheless now that he had found suitable persons to convey his wishes to Pompeius he makes the request of each of them that, as they had brought him the instructions of Pompeius, they should not object to convey his demands in reply, in the hope that by a little trouble they might be able to put an end to serious disputes and free the whole of Italy from alarm. "As for myself," he said, "I have always reckoned the dignity of the republic of first importance and preferable to life. I was indignant that a benefit conferred on me by the Roman people was being insolently wrested from me, and that, robbed of my six months' command, I was being dragged back to the city, when the people had directed that I should be allowed to be a candidate in absence at the next election. Nevertheless, for the sake of the state I have borne with equanimity this infringement of my prerogative; when I sent a dispatch to the senate proposing that all

should give up arms I failed to obtain even this request. Levies are being held throughout Italy, two legions which had been filched from me under the pretence of a Parthian war are being held back, the state is in arms. To what does all this tend but to my own ruin? Still I am prepared to resort to anything, to submit to anything, for the sake of the commonwealth. Let Pompeius go to his own provinces, let us disband our armies, let every one in Italy lay down his arms, let fear be banished from the state, let free elections and the whole control of the republic be handed over to the senate and the Roman people. That this may be done more easily and on definite terms and be ratified by an oath, let Pompeius himself come nearer or allow me to approach him. In this way a conference will settle all disputes."

Having received his instructions, Roscius arrives at Capua with L. Cæsar, and there finds the consuls and Pompeius, and delivers Cæsar's demands. After deliberation they reply and send him back by their hands written instructions, the main purport of which was that Cæsar should return to Gaul, quit Ariminum and disband his forces; if he did this, Pompeius would go to the Spanish provinces. Meanwhile, until a pledge was given that Cæsar would carry out his promise, the consuls and Pompeius would not interrupt their levies.

It was an unfair bargain to demand that Cæsar should quit Ariminum and return to his province while he himself retained his provinces and legions that were not his own: to wish that Cæsar's army should be disbanded while he himself continued his levies: to promise that he would go to his province and not to fix a limit of date for his departure, so that if he had not gone when Cæsar's consulship was over he would nevertheless be held guiltless of breaking his word: finally, his refusal to give an opportunity for a conference and to promise that he would approach Cæsar tended produce a profound despair of pea And so he sends M. Antonius with f cohorts from Ariminum to Arretium, a himself stops at Ariminum with two horts and arranges to hold a levy the he occupies Pisaurum, Fanum, and A cona, each with one cohort.

—A. G. Peskett

THE DICTATORSHIP

Helplessness

CICERO

[From *Letters to Friends,* Book IV]

Cicero here voices the common feeli of the senatorial party, that under Cæsa dictatorship they are completely shelved far as administration of the state is c cerned. For Cicero, see above p. 95.

To P. Nigidius Figulus:

Though I have for some time past b on the look-out as to what I had b write you, not only does no definite s ject occur to me, but even the usual st of letter seems impossible. For of department and habitual element in th letters, which we used to write in days of our prosperity, the state of times has violently deprived us, and f tune has ordained that I should be una to write or so much as to think of a thing of the sort. There only remai a certain gloomy and wretched style letter, and one suited to the state of times: that, too, fails me. In it ther bound to be either a promise of s assistance, or some consolation for y sorrow. I had no such promise to g for, cast down by a similar blow of tune, I am myself supporting my disas by the aid of others, and it more quently occurs to my mind to comp that I am living as I do, than to rej that I am alive. For although no si

y has been inflicted upon me per-
ly apart from others, and although
s never occurred to my mind to wish
nything in such circumstances which
r has not spontaneously offered me,
nevertheless I am being so worn out
anxieties, that I regard myself as
g wrong in the mere fact of remain-
live. For I have lost not only many
intimate associates whom either
n has snatched from me, or exile
away, but also all the friends whose
tion my former defence of the Re-
c, accomplished with your aid, had
d for me. I am in the very midst
neir shipwrecked fortunes and the
scation of their property; and I not
hear—which in itself would have
bad enough—but I have before my
eyes the sharpest of all pangs, the
l sight of the ruin of those men by
e aid in old times I quenched that
agration. And in the city in which
e enjoyed such popularity, influence,
glory, I am now entirely deprived
l these. I retain, indeed, Cæsar's
me kindness: but that cannot make
r violence and a complete upset of
stablished order of things. There-
being shorn of all to which nature
taste and habit had accustomed me,
esent no pleasant object either to
s, as it seems to me, or to myself.
being inclined by nature to be always
ely employed in some task worthy
nan, I have now no scope, not merely
ction, but even for thought. And I,
in old times was able to help men,
were either obscure or even guilty,
now unable to make even a kind
ise to Publius Nigidius—the most
ent man of the day for learning and
y of character, who formerly enjoyed
highest popularity, and at any rate
most affectionate friend to me.
herefore from that kind of letter I
forcibly debarred. The only thing
s to console you and to put before
you some considerations by which I may endeavour to distract your thoughts from your afflictions. But, if anyone ever had, you have the gift in the highest degree of consoling either yourself or another. Therefore upon that part of the subject which proceeds from profound reason and philosophy I will not touch: I will leave it entirely to you. What is becoming to a brave and wise man, what solidity of character, what a lofty mind, what a past such as yours, what studies and accomplishments, in which you have been eminent from boyhood, demand of you—that you will see for yourself. I only undertake to assure you of what I am able to gather and perceive, from being at Rome and watching affairs anxiously and with attention: it is that you will not be long in the distressing circumstances in which you are at present; but that in those, nevertheless, which I share with you, you will perhaps be permanently. I think I perceive, to begin with, that the mind of him who is all-powerful is inclined to grant your restoration. I am not writing at random. The less familiar I am with him, the more minute am I in my inquiries. It is in order that he may feel less difficulty in returning a sterner answer to those with whom he is still more angry, that he is as yet slower than he otherwise would have been in releasing you from your distressing position. His close friends, indeed, and those most liked by him, both speak and think of you with surprising kindness. Then there is in your favour the wish of the common people, or I should rather say a consensus of all classes. Even that which for the present, indeed, is most powerless of all, but which must hereafter necessarily be powerful, I mean the Republic itself, will with all the strength it may possess enforce your claim before long, believe me, upon those very men by whom it is now held in bondage.

I come round, then, to the point of

even making you a promise, which in the first instance I refrained from doing. For I will both open my arms to his most familiar friends, who are very fond of me and are much in my society, and will worm my way into his intimacy, which up to this time my scruples have closed to me, and I will at least follow up all the paths by which I shall think it possible to arrive at the object of our wishes. In all this department I will do more than I venture to write. And other things, which I know to be at your service at the hands of many, are in the highest state of preparation on my side. There is no one article of property belonging to me which I would choose to have my own rather than yours. On this point, and indeed on the whole subject, I write the less liberally, because I prefer your hoping, what I feel sure will be the case, that you will be in the enjoyment of your own again. It remains for me to beg and beseech you to keep up your spirits to the highest pitch, and not to remember those maxims only which you have learnt from other great men, but those also which you have yourself produced by your genius and industry. If you review these, you will at once hope for the best, and endure philosophically what happens, of whatsoever kind it may be. But you know this better than I, or rather anyone. For my part, whatever I understand to be your interests I will attend to with the greatest zeal and activity, and will preserve the memory of what you did for me at the saddest period of my life.

—E. S. SHUCKBURGH.

HOME IS EXILE

CICERO

[From *Letters to Friends*, Book IV]

The senators are allowed to exist as private citizens. It behooves them to be resigned to their condition.

To M. Claudius Marcellus:

I do not venture to advise a mar your consummate wisdom, nor to c encouragement to a man of the high spirit and the most conspicuous gallar —certainly not to *console* him in way whatever. For if you bear what happened as I am told you do, I ou rather to congratulate you on your ma ness than console your sorrow. Bu these great disasters to the state breaking your heart, I have no ingen to spare for finding consolations for y when I cannot console myself. All remains, therefore, for me to do is every point so to display and guara my services, and to be in such a ready to undertake whatever your frie may wish, as to shew that I hold my your debtor not only for everything is within my power to do, but also what is beyond it. Nevertheless, pl to consider that in what follows I h given you a warning, or (if you li expressed an opinion, or from affec for you have been unable to refrain f saying—that you, as I do myself, sh make up your mind, if there is to b republic at all, that the first place i is your due in everybody's judgment well as in actual fact, though you necessarily yielding to the circumsta of the hour: but if there is none, after all this is the place best fitted living even in exile. For if we are s ing freedom, what place is free from master's hand? But if all we wan some place, no matter of what sort, w residence is pleasanter than one's home? But believe me, even the who now dominates everything fav men of talent: moreover, he opens arms to high birth and lofty position far as circumstances and his own p needs allow. But I have said more t I intended. I return therefore to one fact—that I am yours, and will by the side of your friends, always vided that they *are* yours: if not, I wi

case satisfy the claims of our at-
ment and affection in all particulars.
l-bye.

—E. S. SHUCKBURGH.

A VICTORY OF BRUTE FORCE

CICERO

[From *Letters to Friends*, Book IV]

Brute Force" is ever the cry of the
g side.

M. Claudius Marcellus:
hough I am aware that as yet you
maintained a policy of a nature that
not venture to rebuke—not that I
ot myself disagree with it, but be-
e I judge you to be a wise man, that
not presume to prefer my views to
s—nevertheless, both the antiquity
ır friendship and your eminent affec-
for me, which I have known from
childhood, have urged me to write
ou what I believed would make for
personal security, and thought was
inconsistent with your honour. I
a vivid recollection that you were
enough to discern the first signs of
disasters long before they occurred,
that you administered the consulship
the utmost splendour and in the
loyal spirit. But I also was con-
s of this—that you were not satis-
with the policy of the civil war, nor
Pompey's forces, nor the nature of
rmy, and were always deeply dis-
ful of it: in which sentiment I think
remember that I also shared. Ac-
ngly, you did not take much part in
e service, and I always strove not
so. For we were not fighting with
veapons with which we might have
iled—deliberation, weight of char-
, and the righteousness of our cause,
of which we had the superiority—
with muscles and brute force, in
ı we were not his equals. Accord-
ingly, we were beaten, or, if worth cannot really be beaten, at least we were crushed and rendered powerless. And in this no one can do otherwise than highly praise your resolution, in that with all hope of victory you cast aside all desire of keeping up the contest also; and shewed that a wise man and a good citizen takes the first steps in a civil war with reluctance, but with pleasure declines taking the last. Those who did not adopt the same course as yourself I perceive to have split up into two classes. Either they endeavoured to renew the war—and these have betaken themselves to Africa: or, like myself, they trusted themselves to the victor. Your course was a kind of compromise between the two, since you perhaps regarded the second as cowardice, the first as blind obstinacy. I confess that by most people, or I should say by everybody, your plan has been judged to be wise, by many even magnanimous and courageous. But your policy, as it seems to me at least, has a certain limit, especially as in my opinion nothing is wanting to your being able to keep your entire fortune, except your own willingness to do so. For I have gathered that there is nothing else which causes him who is all-powerful to feel any hesitation, except the fear that you would not regard it as a favour at all. As to which there is no occasion for me to say what I think, since my conduct speaks for itself. However, even if you had already made up your mind, that you preferred being absent from Rome to seeing what was repugnant to your feelings, yet you ought to have reflected that, wherever you were, you would be in the power of the man from whom you were fleeing. And even if he were likely to make no difficulty about allowing you to live in peace and freedom while deprived of property and country, you ought yet to have reflected whether you preferred living at Rome and in your own house, whatever the state of affairs, to living at

Mitylene or Rhodes. But seeing that the power of the man whom we fear is so widely extended, that it has embraced the whole world, do you not prefer being in your own house without danger to being in another man's with danger? For my part, if I must face death, I would rather do so at home and in my native country, than in a foreign and alien land. This is the sentiment of all who love you, of whom the number is as great as your eminent shining virtues deserve. We have also regard for your property, which we are unwilling to see scattered. For, though it can receive no injury destined to be lasting, because neither the present master of the Republic, nor the Republic itself, will allow it, yet I don't want to see an attack made by certain banditti upon your possessions: and who these are I would have ventured to write, had I not felt sure that you understand. Here the anxieties, nay, the copious and perpetual tears of one man, your excellent brother Gaius Marcellus, plead for your pardon: I come next him both in anxiety and sorrow, but in actual prayers am somewhat slow, because I have not the right of *entrée* to Cæsar, being myself in need of intercession. We have only the influence which the conquered have, yet in counsel and zeal we are not wanting to Marcellus. By your other relations my help is not asked. I am prepared for anything.

—E. S. Shuckburgh.

Submitting to Necessity

cicero

[From *Letters to Friends,* Book IV]

Although Cicero reiterates complaints about the humiliating condition in which he and his colleagues find themselves, still he is capable of rising to the higher levels of the good loser.

To M. Claudius Marcellus:

Though it is only a very few days that I gave Quintus Mucius a letter you written at considerable length, which I set forth in what state of m I thought you ought to be, and wha thought you ought to do, yet, since y freedman Theophilus was starting, whose fidelity and affection to you I satisfied myself, I was unwilling that should reach you without a letter f me. On the same considerations, th as I did in my previous letter, I ag and again exhort you, to make up y mind to become a resident member of Republic, whatever its nature may be the earliest possible time. You will haps see many things disagreeable your feelings, but not more after all t you daily hear. Moreover, you are the man to be affected by the sense sight alone, and to be less afflicted w you learn the same things by the which indeed are usually even magni by imagination. But—you object—will yourself be obliged to say someth you do not feel, or to do someth you do not approve. To begin with yield to circumstances, that is to sub to necessity, has ever been held the of a wise man: in the next place, th are not—as matters now stand at leas quite so bad as that. You may not able, perhaps, to say what you thi you may certainly hold your tongue. authority of every kind has been c mitted to one man. He consults nob but himself, not even his friends. T would not have been much differenc he whom we followed were master of Republic. Can we think that the who in a time of war, when we were united in the same danger, consulted himself and a certain clique of wholly competent persons, was likely to be m communicative in the hour of victo than he had been when the result still uncertain? And do you think a man who in your consulship w

r be guided by your consummate
ɔm, nor, when your brother was ad-
stering the consulship under your in-
tion, ever condescended to consult
two, would now, if he were in sole
er, be likely to want suggestions
us?

verything in civil war is wretched;
hich our ancestors never even once
experience, while our generation has
had it repeatedly: but nothing, after
s more wretched than victory itself,
h, even if it fall to the better men,
renders them more savage and ruth-
so that, even if they are not such
ature, they are compelled to become
y the necessity of the case. For a
ueror is forced, at the beck of those
won him his victory, to do many
gs even against his inclination. Were
not wont to foresee simultaneously
myself how bloody that victory was
y to be? Well, would you at that
also have absented yourself from
country for fear of seeing what you
ɔproved? "No," you will say, "for
I should have been in possession of
th and my proper position." Ah,
it had been consistent with a virtue
as yours to regard your personal in-
ts as among the most insignificant
erns, and to be more profoundly
ted by those of the state. Again,
is to be the end of your present
y? For up to now your conduct is
oved, and, as far as such a business
ts of it, your good fortune also is
nended: your conduct, because, while
engaged in the first part of the war
r compulsion, you shewed your wis-
by refusing to follow it to the bitter
your good fortune, because by an
urable retirement you have main-
d both the dignity and the reputa-
of your character. Now, however,
not right that you should feel any
more to your taste than your native
; nor ought you to love it less be-
e it has lost some of its comeliness,
but rather to pity it, and not deprive it of the light of your countenance also, when already bereft of many illustrious sons. Finally, if it was the sign of high spirit not to be a supplicant to the victor, is it not perhaps a sign of pride to spurn his kindness? If it was the act of a wise man to absent himself from his country, is it not perhaps a proof of insensibility not to regret her? And, if you are debarred from enjoying a public station, is it not perhaps folly to refuse to enjoy a private one? The crowning argument is this: even if your present mode of life is more convenient, you must yet reflect whether it is not less safe. The sword owns no law: but in foreign lands there is even less scruple as to committing a crime. I am personally so anxious for your safety, that in this respect I take rank with your brother Marcellus, or at any rate come next to him. It is your business to take measures for your own interests, civil rights, life, and property.

—E. S. Shuckburgh.

Cæsar and the Loyalists

CICERO

[From *Letters to Friends,* Book VI]

A more generous characterization would hardly be expected even from a follower of Cæsar. The fact that Cicero is urging his friends to adopt a policy of acceptance of the circumstances does not take away from the sincerity of his estimate of Cæsar.

To Aulus Cæcina:

I am afraid you may think me remiss in my attentions to you, which, in view of our close union resulting from many mutual services and kindred tastes, ought never to be lacking. In spite of that I fear you do find me wanting in the matter of writing. The fact is, I would have sent you a letter long ago and on frequent occasions, had I not, from expecting day

after day to have some better news for you, wished to fill my letter with congratulations rather than with exhortations to courage. As it is, I shall shortly, I hope, have to congratulate you; and so I put off that subject for a letter to another time. But in this letter I think that your courage—which I am told and hope is not at all shaken—ought to be repeatedly braced by the authority of a man, who, if not the wisest in the world, is yet the most devoted to you: and that not with such words as I should use to console one utterly crushed and bereft of all hope of restoration, but as to one of whose rehabilitation I have no more doubt than I remember you had of mine. For when those men had driven me from the Republic, who thought that it could not fall while I was on my feet, I remember hearing from many visitors from Asia, in which country you then were, that you were emphatic as to my glorious and rapid restoration. If that system, so to speak, of Tuscan augury which you had inherited from your noble and excellent father did not deceive you, neither will our power of divination deceive me; which I have acquired from the writings and maxims of the greatest savants, and, as you know, by a very diligent study of their teaching, as well as by an extensive experience in managing public business, and from the great vicissitudes of fortune which I have encountered. And this divination I am the more inclined to trust, from the fact that it never once deceived me in the late troubles, in spite of their obscurity and confusion. I would have told you what events I foretold, were I not afraid to be thought to be making up a story after the event. Yet, after all, I have numberless witnesses to the fact that I warned Pompey not to form a union with Cæsar, and afterwards not to sever it. By this union I saw that the power of the senate would be broken, by its severance a civil war provoked. And yet I was very intimate with Cæsar, and had a very great regard for Pomp
but my advice was at once loyal
Pompey and to the best interests of b
alike. My other predictions I pass ov
for I would not have Cæsar think tha
gave Pompey advice, by which, if he
followed it, Cæsar himself would h
now been a man of illustrious charac
in the state indeed, and the first m
in it, but yet not in possession of
great power he now wields. I gave it
my opinion that he should go to Spa
and if he had done so, there would h
been no civil war at all. That Cæ
should be allowed to stand for the c
sulship in his absence I did not so mu
contend to be constitutional, as th
since the law had been passed by
people at the instance of Pompey hi
self when consul, it should be done.
pretext for hostilities was given. Wh
advice or remonstrance did I omit, wh
urging that any peace, even the m
inequitable, should be preferred to
most righteous war? My advice w
overruled, not so much by Pompey—
he was affected by it—as by those w
relying on him as a military lead
thought that a victory in that war wo
be highly conducive to their private
terests and personal ambitions. The w
was begun without my taking any act
part in it; it was forcibly removed fr
Italy, while I remained there as long
I could. But honour had greater wei
with me than fear: I had scruples ab
failing to support Pompey's safety, wh
on a certain occasion he had not failed
support mine. Accordingly, overpowe
by a feeling of duty, or by what
loyalists would say, or by a regard
my honour—whichever you please—h
Amphiaraus in the play, I went de
erately, and fully aware of what I w
doing, "to ruin full displayed before
eyes." In this war there was not a sin
disaster that I did not foretell. The
fore, since after the manner of aug
and astrologers, I too, as a state aug

e by my previous predictions estab-
ed the credit of my prophetic power
knowledge of divination in your eyes,
prediction will justly claim to be be-
ed. Well, then, the prophecy I now
you does not rest on the flight of
ird nor the note of a bird of good
n on the left—according to the sys-
of our augural college—nor from the
mal and audible pattering of the corn
the sacred chickens. I have other
s to note; and if they are not more
llible than those, yet after all they
less obscure or misleading. Now
ns as to the future are observed by
in what I may call a twofold method:
one I deduce from Cæsar himself, the
er from the nature and complexion of
political situation. Cæsar's charac-
stics are these: a disposition natu-
y placable and clement—as delineated
your brilliant book of "Grievances"—
a great liking also for superior talent,
as your own. Besides this, he is
nting at the expressed wishes of a
e number of your friends, which are
-grounded and inspired by affection,
hollow and self-seeking. Under this
l the unanimous feeling of Etruria
have great influence on him.
Why, then,—you must ask—have these
gs as yet had no effect? Why, be-
se he thinks if he grants you yours, he
not resist the applications of numer-
petitioners with whom to all appear-
es he has juster grounds for anger.
hat hope, then," you will say, "from
angry man?" Why, he knows very
that he will draw deep draughts of
se from the same fountain, from
ch he has been already—though spar-
y—bespattered. Lastly, he is a man
acute and farseeing: he knows very
that a man like you—far and away
greatest noble in an important district
Italy, and in the state at large the
l of any of your generation, however
nent, whether in ability or popularity
reputation among the Roman people
—cannot much longer be debarred from taking part in public affairs. He will be unwilling that you should, as you would sooner or later, have time to thank for this rather than his favour.

So much for Cæsar. Now I will speak of the nature of the actual situation. There is no one so bitterly opposed to the cause, which Pompey undertook with better intentions than provisions, as to venture to call us bad citizens or dishonest men. On this head I am always struck with astonishment at Cæsar's sobriety, fairness, and wisdom. He never speaks of Pompey except in the most respectful terms. "But," you will say, "in regard to him as a public man his actions have often been bitter enough." Those were acts of war and victory, not of Cæsar. But see with what open arms he has received us! Cassius he has made his legate; Brutus governor of Gaul; Sulpicius of Greece; Marcellus, with whom he was more angry than with anyone, he has restored with the utmost consideration for his rank. To what, then, does all this tend? The nature of things and of the political situation will not suffer, nor will any constitutional theory—whether it remains as it is or is changed—permit, first, that the civil and personal position of all should not be alike when the merits of their case are the same; and, secondly, that good men and good citizens of unblemished character should not return to a state, into which so many have returned after having been condemned of atrocious crimes.

That is my prediction. If I had felt any doubt about it I would not have employed it in preference to a consolation which would have easily enabled me to support a man of spirit. It is this. If you had taken up arms for the Republic —for so you then thought—with the full assurance of victory, you would not deserve special commendation. But if, in view of the uncertainty attaching to all wars, you had taken into consideration

the possibility of our being beaten, you ought not, while fully prepared to face success, to be yet utterly unable to endure failure. I would have urged also what a consolation the consciousness of your action, what a delightful distraction in adversity, literature ought to be. I would have recalled to your mind the signal disasters not only of men of old times, but of those of our own day also, whether they were your leaders or your comrades. I would even have named many cases of illustrious foreigners: for the recollection of what I may call a common law and of the conditions of human existence softens grief. I would also have explained the nature of our life here in Rome, how bewildering the disorder, how universal the chaos: for it must needs cause less regret to be absent from a state in disruption, than from one well-ordered. But there is no occasion for anything of this sort. I shall soon see you, as I hope, or rather as I clearly perceive, in enjoyment of your civil rights. Meanwhile, to you in your absence, as also to your son who is here—the express image of your soul and person, and a man of unsurpassable firmness and excellence—I have long ere this both promised and tendered practically my zeal, duty, exertions, and labours: all the more so now that Cæsar daily receives me with more open arms, while his intimate friends distinguish me above everyone. Any influence or favour I may gain with him I will employ in your service. Be sure, for your part, to support yourself not only with courage, but also with the brightest hopes.

—E. S. Shuckburgh.

Freedom of Speech

aulus cæcina

[From Cicero's *Letters to Friends,* Book VI]

Aulus Cæcina was an author contemporary with Cicero and one of the latter's correspondents.

The transition from Republic to Mo archy inevitably brought up questions individual freedom. Such restraints existed came about more through fe than through any formal measures on t part of Cæsar.

To M. Tullius Cicero:

For my book not having been deliver to you so quickly, forgive my timidit and pity my position. My son, I a told, was very much alarmed at the bo being put in circulation, and with reas —since it does not matter so much what spirit it was written, as in wh spirit it is taken—for fear lest a stup thing like that should stand in my ligh and that too when I am still suffering f the sins of my pen. In that matter n fate has been a strange one: for where a slip of the pen is cured by erasure, a stupidity is punished by loss of reput tion, my mistake is corrected by exil though my greatest crime is havi spoken ill of the enemy when engaged active service. There was no one on o side, I presume, who did not pray f victory for himself; no one who, ev when offering sacrifice for something el did not breathe a wish for Cæsar's spee defeat. If he imagines that not to be t case, he is a very fortunate man. If does know it, and has no delusion on t subject, why be angry with a man wh has written something against his view when he has pardoned all those wh offered every sort of petition to the go against his safety?

But to return to my subject, the cau of my fear was this. I have writt about you, on my honour, sparingly a timidly, not merely checking myself, b almost beating a retreat. Now everyo knows that this style of writing oug not merely to be free, but even veheme and lofty. One is thought to have a fr hand in attacking another, yet you mu take care not to fall into mere violenc it is not open to one to praise oneself, le

result should be the vice of egotism: e is no other course than to praise the , on whom any blame that you may is necessarily set down to weakness ealousy. And I rather think that you take it all the better, and think it e suited to your present position. what I could not do in good style, it in my power first of all not to touch n, and, as next best, to do so as spar- y as possible. But after all I did k myself: I softened many phrases, out many, and a very large number I not write down at all. Then, as in a ler, if you were to remove some nds, cut out others, leave some loosely ened, you would be contriving the ns of a fall, not preparing a way of nt, just so with a writer's genius: if it t once hampered and frustrated by so y disadvantages, what can it produce th listening to or likely to satisfy? en, indeed, I come to mention Cæsar self, I tremble in every limb, not from of his punishing, but of his criticising For I do not know Cæsar thoroughly. at do you think of a courage that s thus to itself? "He will approve his: that expression is open to sus- on." "What if I change it to this? I fear that will be worse." Well, pose I am praising some one: "Shan't fend him?" Or when I am criticising e one adversely: "What if it is against wish?" "He punishes the pen of a engaged in a campaign: what will do to that of a man conquered and yet restored?"

ou yourself add to my alarm, because our Orator you shield yourself under name of Brutus, and try to make him rty to your apology. When the uni- al "patron" does this, what ought I lo—an old client of yours, and now yone's client? Amidst such mis- ngs therefore created by fear, and on rack of such blind suspicion, when t of what one writes has to be adapted to what one imagines are the feelings of another, not to one's own judgment, *I* feel how difficult it is to come off successfully, though *you* have not found the same difficulty, because your supreme and surpassing genius has armed you for every eventuality. Nevertheless, I told my son to read the book to you, and then take it away, or only to give it to you on condition that you would promise to correct it, that is, if you would give it a totally new complexion.

About my journey to Asia, though the necessity for my making it was very urgent, I have obeyed your commands. Why should I urge you to exert yourself for me? You are fully aware that the time has come when my case must be decided. There is no occasion, my dear Cicero, for you to wait for my son. He is a young man: he cannot from his warmth of feeling, or his youth, or his timidity, think of all necessary measures. The whole business must rest on you: in you is all my hope. Your acuteness enables you to hit upon the measures which Cæsar likes, and which win his favour. Everything must originate with you, and be brought to the desired conclusion by you. You have great influence with Cæsar himself, very great with all his friends. If you will convince yourself of this one thing, that your duty is not merely to do what you are asked—though that is a great and important thing—but that the whole burden rests on you, you will carry it through: unless—which I don't believe—my misfortunes make me too inconsiderate, or my friendship too bold, in placing this burden upon you. But your lifelong habits suggest an excuse for both: for from your habit of exerting yourself for your friends, your intimates have come not so much to hope for that favour at your hands, as to demand it as a right. As for my book, which my son will give you, I beg that you will not let it out of your hands, or

that you will so correct it as to prevent it doing me any harm.

—E. S. Shuckburgh.

AFTER THE IDES OF MARCH

Cæsar Lives On

CICERO

[From *Letters to Atticus*, Book XIV]

Cicero has occasion to revise an earlier thought that the death of an undesirable citizen will cure the ills of the state.

To T. Pomponius Atticus:

Can it be true? Is this all that our noble Brutus has accomplished—that he should have to live at Lanuvium, and Trebonius should have to slink to his province by by-roads? That all the acts, memoranda, words, promises, and projects of Cæsar should have more validity than if he were still alive? Do you remember that on that very first day of the retreat upon the Capitol I exclaimed that the senate should be summoned into the Capitoline temple? Good heavens, what might have been effected then, when all loyalists—even semi-loyalists—were exultant, and the brigands utterly dismayed! You lay the blame on the Liberalia. What was possible at the time? Our case had long been hopeless. Do you remember that you explained that it was all over with us, if he were allowed a funeral? But he was even burnt in the forum, and a funeral oration was pronounced over him in moving terms, and a number of slaves and starvelings instigated to attack our houses with firebrands. What next! They even have the impudence to say: "You utter a word against the will of Cæsar?" These and other things like them I cannot endure, and accordingly I am thinking of wandering away "from land to land." Your land, however, is too much in the eye of the wind.

Is your sickness quite gone by t time? I rather judged so from the t of your letter.

I return to the case of the veteran your Tebassi, Scævae, and Frangon Do you suppose these men feel any c fidence in retaining their grants so l as our party have any footing in t state? They have found it possessed more resolution than they expect They, I presume, are devoted to t cause of public tranquillity rather th supporters of robbery! But when wrote to you about Curtilius and t estate of Sextilius, I must be understo to have included Censorinus, Messal Plancus, Postumus, and the whole l It had been better to have risked c struction—which would never have b fallen us—when Cæsar was killed, rath than to have lived to see this sort thing.

Octavius arrived at Naples on the 18 of April. There Balbus called on h early next day, and on the same d came to see me at Cumæ, with the i formation that he intended to accept t inheritance, but that, as you say, the will be a fine scrimmage with Anto Your business about Buthrotum is rece ing, as it is bound to do, and will c tinue to receive my attention. You a me whether Cluvius's legacy is rea ing one hundred sestertia yet. It see to be approaching that. At least I ma eighty the first year.

My brother Quintus writes to me w heavy complaints of his son, chiefly cause he is now taking his mother's pa whereas in old times when she was ki to him he was on bad terms with h He sent me a very hot letter against hi If you know what the young man is ing, and have not yet left Rome, I w you would write me word, and, by H cules, on any other matter besides. find great pleasure in your letters.

—E. S. Shuckburgh.

The Seventh Philippic

CICERO

here come times when a lifelong advo- of peace must resort to war. It was doubt a bitter blow for Cicero to be ed at the very end of his political er to abandon a policy for which he always contended so vigorously. The ech is one of a number directed against rk Antony who, after the death of us Cæsar, was attempting to put him- in control of the state. The name lippic is applied to the whole group of eches in imitation of Demosthenes' eches against Philip of Macedon.

We are consulted to-day about matters small importance, but still perhaps essary, O conscript fathers. The con- submits a motion to us about the pian road, and about the coinage; the une of the people one about the Lu- ci. And although it seems too easy settle such matters as those, still my d cannot fix itself on such subjects, g anxious about more important mat- . For our affairs, O conscript fa- rs, are come to a crisis, and are in a e of almost extreme danger. It is without reason that I have always red, and never approved of that send- of ambassadors. And what their re- n is to bring us I know not; but who here who does not see with how much guor the expectation of it affects our ds? For those men put no restraint themselves who grieve that the senate revived so as to entertain hopes of former authority, and that the Roman ple is united to this our order; that Italy is animated by one common ing; that armies are prepared, and erals ready for the armies; even al- dy they are inventing replies for An- us, and defending them. Some pre- d that his demand is that all the ies be disbanded. I suppose then we ambassadors to him, not that he should submit and obey this our body, but that he should offer us conditions, impose laws upon us, order us to open Italy to foreign nations; especially while we were to leave him in safety from whom there is more danger to be feared than from any nation whatever. Others say that he is willing to give up the nearer Gaul to us, and that he will be satisfied with the further Gaul. Very kind of him! in order that from thence he may endeavour to bring not merely legions, but even nations against this city. Others say that he makes no demands now but such as are quite moderate. Macedonia he calls absolutely his own, since it was from thence that his brother Caius was recalled. But what province is there in which that firebrand may not kindle a conflagration? Therefore these same men, like provident citizens and diligent senators, say that I have sounded the charge, and they undertake the advocacy of peace. Is not this the way in which they argue? "Antonious ought not to have been irritated; he is a reckless and a bold man; there are many bad men besides him." (No doubt, and they may begin and count themselves first). And they warn us to be on our guard against them. Which conduct then is it which shows the more prudent caution; chastising wicked citizens when one is able to do so, or fearing them?

And these men speak in this way, who on account of their trifling disposition used to be considered friends of the people. From which it may be understood that they in their hearts have at all times been disinclined to a good constitution of the state, and they were not friends of the people from inclination. For how comes it to pass that those men who were anxious to gratify the people in evil things, now, on an occasion which above all others concerns the people's interests, because the same thing would also be salutary for the republic, now prefer being wicked to being friends of

the people? This noble cause of which I am the advocate has made me popular, a man who (as you know) have always opposed the rashness of the people. And those men are called, or rather they call themselves, consulars; though no man is worthy of that name except those who can support so high an honour. Will you favour an enemy? Will you let him send you letters about his hopes of success? Will you be glad to produce them? to read them? Will you even give them to wicked citizens to take copies of? Will you thus raise their courage? Will you thus damp the hopes and valour of the good? And then will you think yourself a consular, or a senator, or even a citizen? Caius Pansa, a most fearless and virtuous consul, will take what I say in good part. For I will speak with a disposition most friendly to him; but I should not consider him himself a consul, though a man with whom I am most intimate, unless he was such a consul as to devote all his vigilance, and care, and thoughts to the safety of the republic.

Although long acquaintance, and habit, and a fellowship and resemblance in the most honourable pursuits, have bound us together from his first entrance into life; and his incredible diligence, proved at the time of the most formidable dangers of the civil war, showed that he was a favourer not only of my safety, but also of my dignity; still, as I said before, if he were not such a consul as I have described, I should venture to deny that he was a consul at all. But now I call him not only a consul, but the most excellent and virtuous consul within my recollection; not but that there have been others of equal virtue and equal inclination, but still they have not had an equal opportunity of displaying that virtue and inclination. But the opportunity of a time of most formidable change has been afforded to his magnanimity, and dignity, and wisdom. And that is the time when the consulship is displayed at greatest advantage, when it governs republic during a time which, if not sirable, is at all events critical and mentous. And a more critical time th the present, O conscript fathers, ne was.

Therefore I, who have been at all tin an adviser of peace, and who, though good men always considered peace, a especially internal peace, desirable, ha desired it more than all of them;— the whole of the career of my indus has been passed in the forum and in senate-house, and in warding off da gers from my friends; it is by t course that I have arrived at the high honours, to moderate wealth, and at a dignity which we may be thought have: I therefore, a nursling of pea as I may call myself, I who, whatever am, (for I arrogate nothing to mysel should undoubtedly not have been su without internal peace: I am speaking peril: I shudder to think how you w receive it, O conscript fathers; but st out of regard for my unceasing desire support and increase your dignity, I b and entreat you, O conscript fathers, though it may be a bitter thing to he or an incredible thing that it should said by Marcus Cicero, still to receive first, without offence, what I am goi to say, and not to reject it before I ha fully explained what it is;—I, who, I w say so over and over again, have alwa been a panegyrist, have always been adviser of peace, do not wish to ha peace with Marcus Antonius. I a proach the rest of my speech with gr hope, O conscript fathers, since I ha now passed by that perilous point an your silence.

Why then do I not wish for peac Because it would be shameful; beca it would be dangerous; because it can possibly be real. And while I expl these three points to you, I beg of you conscript fathers, to listen to my wo

the same kindness which you usually
to me.
hat is more shameful than inconsist-
, fickleness, and levity, both to in-
duals, and to the entire senate?
eover, what can be more inconsistent
on a sudden to be willing to be
ed in peace with a man whom you
lately adjudged to be an enemy,
by words, but by actions and by
y formal decrees? Unless, indeed,
you were decreeing honours to
s Cæsar, well-deserved indeed by
fairly due to him, but still unprece-
ed and never to be forgotten, for one
e reason,—because he had levied an
against Marcus Antonius,—you
not judging Marcus Antonius to be
nemy; and unless Antonius was not
ounced an enemy by you, when the
ran soldiers were praised by your
ority, for having followed Cæsar;
unless you did not declare Antonius
nemy when you promised exemptions
money and lands to those brave le-
s, because they had deserted him who
consul while he was an enemy.
hat? when you distinguished with
highest praises Brutus, a man born
r some omen, as it were, of his race
name, for the deliverance of the
blic, and his army, which was waging
against Antonius on behalf of the
ty of the Roman people, and the
loyal and admirable province of
, did you not then pronounce An-
s an enemy? What? when you de-
l that the consuls, one or both of
, should go to the war, what war was
e if Antonius was not an enemy?
then was it that most gallant man,
own colleague and intimate friend,
s Hirtius the consul, has set out?
in what delicate health he is; how
ed away! But the weak state of his
could not repress the vigour of his
. He thought it fair, I suppose, to
se to danger in defence of the Ro-
people that life which had been pre-
served to him by their prayers. What? when you ordered levies of troops to be made throughout all Italy, when you suspended all exemptions from service, was he not by those steps declared to be an enemy? You see manufactories of arms in the city; soldiers, sword in hand, are following the consul; they are in appearance a guard to the consul, but in fact and reality to us; all men are giving in their names, not only without any shirking, but with the greatest eagerness; they are acting in obedience to your authority. Has not Antonius been declared an enemy by such acts?

"Oh, but we have sent ambassadors to him." Alas, wretched that I am! why am I compelled to find fault with the senate whom I have always praised? Why? Do you think, O conscript fathers, that you have induced the Roman people to approve of the sending ambassadors? Do you not perceive, do you not hear, that the adoption of my opinion is demanded by them? that opinion which you, in a full house, agreed to the day before, though the day after you allowed yourselves to be brought down to a groundless hope of peace. Moreover, how shameful it is for the legions to send out ambassadors to the senate, and the senate to Antonius! Although that is not an embassy; it is a denunciation that destruction is prepared for him if he do not submit to this order. What is the difference? At all events, men's opinions are unfavourable to the measure; for all men see that ambassadors have been sent, but it is not all who are acquainted with the terms of your decree.

You must, therefore, preserve your consistency, your wisdom, your firmness, your perseverance. You must go back to the old-fashioned severity, if at least the authority of the senate is anxious to establish its credit, its honour, its renown, and its dignity, things which this order has been too long deprived of. But there was some time ago some excuse

for it, as being oppressed; a miserable excuse indeed, but still a fair one; now there is none. We appeared to have been delivered from kingly tyranny; and afterwards we were oppressed much more severely by domestic enemies. We did indeed turn their arms aside; we must now wrest them from their hands. And if we cannot do so (I will say what it becomes one who is both a senator and a Roman to say), let us die. For how just will be the shame, how great will be the disgrace, how great the infamy to the republic, if Marcus Antonius can deliver his opinion in this assembly from the consular bench. For, to say nothing of the countless acts of wickedness committed by him while consul in the city, during which time he has squandered a vast amount of public money, restored exiles without any law, sold our revenue to all sorts of people, removed provinces from the empire of the Roman people, given men kingdoms for bribes, imposed laws on the city by violence, besieged the senate, and, at other times, excluded it from the senate-house by force of arms;—to say nothing, I say, of all this, do you not consider this, that he who has attacked Mutina, a most powerful colony of the Roman people—who has besieged a general of the Roman people, who is consul elect—who has laid waste the lands,—do you not consider, I say, how shameful and iniquitous a thing it would be for that man to be received into this order, by which he has been so repeatedly pronounced an enemy for these very reasons?

I have said enough of the shamefulness of such a proceeding; I will now speak next, as I proposed, of the danger of it; which, although it is not so important to avoid as shame, still offends the minds of the greater part of mankind even more.

Will it then be possible for you to rely on the certainty of any peace, when you see Antonius, or rather the Antonii, in the city? Unless, indeed, you desp Lucius; I do not despise even Cai But, as I think, Lucius will be the dor nant spirit,—for he is the patron of t five-and-thirty tribes, whose votes he to away by his law, by which he divid the magistracies in conjunction with Ca Cæsar. He is the patron of the centur of the Roman knights, which also thought fit to deprive of the suffrage he is the patron of the men who ha been military tribunes; he is the patr of the middle of Janus. O ye gods! w will be able to support this man's powe especially when he has brought all l dependents into the lands. Whoever w the patron of all the tribes? and of t Roman knights? and of the military tri unes? Do you think that the power even the Gracchi was greater than th of this gladiator will be? whom I ha called gladiator, not in the sense in whi sometimes Marcus Antonius too is call gladiator, but as men call him who a speaking plain Latin. He has fought Asia as a mirmillo. After havi equipped his own companion and in mate friend in the armour of a Thracia he slew the miserable man as he w flying; but he himself received a p pable wound, as the scar proves.

What will the man who murdered l friend in this way, when he has an o portunity, do to an enemy? And if did such a thing as this for the fun the thing, what do you think he will when tempted by the hope of plunde Will he not again meet wicked men the decuries? will he not again tamp with those men who have received land will he not again seek those who ha been banished? will he not, in short, Marcus Antonius; to whom, on the occ sion of every commotion, there will be rush of all the profligate citizens? Ev if there be no one else except those w are with him now, and these who in t body now openly speak in his favour, w they be too small in number? Especia

n all the protection which we might
e had from good men is lost, and
n those men are prepared to obey his
? But I am afraid, if at this time we
to adopt wise counsels, that that
y will in a short time appear too
erous for us. Nor have I any dislike
eace; only I do dread war disguised
er the name of peace. Wherefore, if
wish to enjoy peace we must first
e war. If we shrink from war, peace
shall never have.

ut it becomes your prudence, O con-
ot fathers, to provide as far forward
ossible for posterity. That is the ob-
for which we were placed in this
ison, and as it were, on this watch-
er; that by our vigilance and fore-
t we might keep the Roman people
from fear. It would be a shameful
g, especially in so clear a case as
for it to be notorious that wisdom
wanting to the chief council of the
d. We have such consuls, there is
eagerness on the part of the Roman
ple, we have such an unanimous feel-
of all Italy in our favour, such gen-
s, and such armies, that the republic
not possibly suffer any disaster with-
the senate being in fault. I, for my
, will not be wanting. I will warn
I will forewarn you, I will give you
ce, I will call gods and men to wit-
what I do really believe. Nor will
splay my good faith alone, which
aps may seem to be enough, but
h in a chief citizen is not enough;
ll exert all my care, and prudence,
vigilance.

have spoken about the danger. I
now proceed to prove to you that it
ot possible for peace to be firmly
ented; for of the propositions which
omised to establish this is the last.
hat peace can there be between
cus Antonius and (in the first place)
senate? with what face will he be
to look upon you, and with what
will you, in turn, look upon him?
Which of you does not hate him? which of you does not he hate? Come, are you the only people who hate him, and whom he hates? What? what do you think of those men who are besieging Mutina, who are levying troops in Gaul, who are threatening your fortunes? will they ever be friends to you, or you to them? Will he embrace the Roman knights? For, suppose their inclinations respecting, and their opinions of Antonius were very much concealed, when they stood in crowds on the steps of the temple of Concord, when they stimulated you to endeavour to recover your liberty, when they demanded arms, the robe of war, and war, and who, with the Roman people, invited me to meet in the assembly of the people, will these men ever become friends to Antonius? will Antonius ever maintain peace with them? For why should I speak of the whole Roman people? which, in a full and crowded forum, twice, with one heart and one voice, summoned me into the assembly, and plainly showed their excessive eagerness for the recovery of their liberty. So, desirable as it was before to have the Roman people for our comrade, we now have it for our leader.

What hope then is there that there can ever be peace between the Roman people and the men who are besieging Mutina and attacking a general and army of the Roman people? Will there be peace with the municipal towns, whose great zeal is shown by the decrees which they pass, by the soldiers whom they furnish, by the sums which they promise, so that in each town there is such a spirit as leaves no one room to wish for a senate of the Roman people? The men of Firmium deserve to be praised by a resolution of our order, who set the first example of promising money; we ought to return a complimentary answer to the Marrucani, who have passed a vote that all who evade military service are to be branded with infamy. These measures are

adopted all over Italy. There is great peace between Antonius and these men, and between them and him! What greater discord can there possibly be? And in discord civil peace cannot by any possibility exist. To say nothing of the mob, look at Lucius Nasidius, a Roman knight, a man of the very highest accomplishments and honour, a citizen always eminent, whose watchfulness and exertions for the protection of my life I felt in my consulship; who not only exhorted his neighbours to become soldiers, but also assisted them from his own resources; will it be possible ever to reconcile Antonius to such a man as this, a man whom we ought to praise by a formal resolution of the senate? What? will it be possible to reconcile him to Caius Cæsar, who prevented him from entering the city, or to Decimus Brutus, who has refused him entrance into Gaul? Moreover, will he reconcile himself to, or look mercifully on the province of Gaul, by which he has been excluded and rejected? You will see everything, O conscript fathers, if you do not take care, full of hatred and full of discord, from which civil wars arise. Do not then desire that which is impossible: and beware, I entreat you by the immortal gods, O conscript fathers, that out of hope of present peace you do not lose perpetual peace.

Now what is the object of this oration? For we do not yet know what the ambassadors have done. But still we ought to be awake, erect, prepared, armed in our minds, so as not to be deceived by any civil or supplicatory language, or by any pretence of justice. He must have complied with all the prohibitions and all the commands which we have sent him, before he can demand anything. He must have desisted from attacking Brutus and his army, and from plundering the cities and lands of the province of Gaul; he must have permitted the ambassadors to go to Brutus, and led his army back on this side of the Rubicon, and yet not come within two hundr miles of this city. He must have su mitted himself to the power of the se ate and of the Roman people. If he d this, then we shall have an opportun of deliberating without any decision ing forced upon us either way. If does not obey the senate, then it will be the senate that declares war agai him, but he who will have declared against the senate.

But I warn you, O conscript fathe the liberty of the Roman people, whi is entrusted to you, is at stake. The l and fortune of every virtuous man is stake, against which Antonius has lo been directing his insatiable coveto ness, united to his savage cruelty. Yo authority is at stake, which you w wholly lose if you do not maintain now. Beware how you let that foul a deadly beast escape now that you ha got him confined in chains. You t Pansa, I warn, (although you do not ne counsel, for you have plenty of wisd yourself; but still, even the most skill pilots receive often warnings from t passengers in terrible storms) not to low this vast and noble preparation whi you have made to fall away to nothi You have such an opportunity as no o ever had. It is in your power so to av yourself of this wise firmness of the se ate, of this zeal of the equestrian ord of this ardor of the Roman people, as release the Roman people from fear a danger forever. As to the matters which your motion before the senate fers, I agree with Publius Servilius.

—C. D. Yonge.

Cicero's Policy

BRUTUS

[From Cicero's *Letters to Brutus*]

Marcus Junius Brutus was born ab 79 and died in 42 B.C., when command

Cassius, of the forces of the Republic
h fought unsuccessfully at Philippi
nst Antony and Octavius Cæsar. Bru-
vas the friend and murderer of Cæsar,
noblest Roman of them all," to whom
ro dedicated a number of his treatises.
is evident, if the following letter by
tus is representative of the opinion of
day, that Cicero's contemporaries
ized his limitations as a statesman
le they admired his motives and pur-
s as a patriot.

T. Pomponius Atticus:

ou say in your letter that Cicero won-
at my never making any remark
ut his political actions. Since you
me, under compulsion from you I will
down my sentiments. I know that
ro does everything with the best in-
ions—for what could be clearer to
than his devotion to the Republic?
he, the acutest of men, appears to
in certain things to have acted with
ant of—shall I call it tact or disin-
stednesss?—in spite of the fact that
as not scrupled to incur the enmity
ntony at the height of his power on
lf of the Republic. I don't know
t to set down on paper for you except
one thing: that the boy's ambition
unscrupulousness have been rather
oked than repressed by Cicero; and
he carries this indulgence to such
itch that he does not abstain from
ive remarks—remarks which recoil
n himself with double force, because
ut more than a single person to death,
ought rather to confess himself a
derer than to taunt Casca as he does,
because he imitates in Casca's case
conduct of Bestia. Pray, because we
not always bragging of the Ides of
ch, as he always has his Nones of
ember on his lips, is Cicero in any
er position for vilifying a most glori-
deed than Bestia and Clodius were for
habitual attacks upon his consul-
? Our friend Cicero boasts to me that
has, though a civilian, successfully faced the war of Antony. What good is that to me, if as a price for crushing Antony succession into Antony's position is demanded, and if the avenger of that evil comes forward as the supporter of another destined to have a deeper foundation and to strike deeper roots, unless we prevent it? Granted that his present policy proceeds from fear—shall we say of tyranny, or of a tyrant, or of Antony? Well, but I feel no gratitude to one who, to avoid being the slave of a bad-tempered master, does not deprecate slavery itself—nay, rather proposes to give him a triumph and pay for his men, and by all manner of decrees instigates him not to shrink from coveting the high position of the man whose name he has adopted. Is this worthy of a consular or of a Cicero? Since I have not been allowed to be silent, you will have to read what must necessarily give you annoyance, for I am conscious myself of the pain with which I have written this to you; nor am I ignorant what your sentiments as to the situation are, and how desperate also you think the possibility of its cure. Nor, by heaven, do I blame you, Atticus. For your age, your habits, and your children make you unenterprising—a fact which I gathered also from our friend Flavius. But I return to Cicero. What is the difference between Salvidienus and him? What greater honour could he have proposed in the senate? "Cicero is afraid," you will say, "even now of the remnant of the civil war." Does anyone then, while fearing a war nearly concluded, think that neither the tyrannical power of the victorious army's commander nor the rashness of the boy is at all alarming? Or is his motive for this very action the idea that now, owing to the greatness of his power, every kind of honour must be spontaneously offered to him? How strange is the blindness of fear! While taking precautions against what you dread, actually to invite danger and to bring it upon you,

though you might perhaps have avoided it altogether! We are over-fearful of death, exile, and poverty: I think that these things are the worst of evils in Cicero's eyes, and that while he has people from whom to get what he wants, and by whom to be made much of and flattered, he has no aversion to servitude, if it be but tempered by a show of respect—if there can be any respect in what is the last and most wretched degradation. Therefore, though Octavius call Cicero "father," consult him in everything, praise and thank him, nevertheless the truth will come out that words do not agree with deeds. For what can be more contrary to common sense than to regard a man as a father, who is not even reckoned as free? For my part, I set no store by these accomplishments with which I know Cicero to be better furnished than anyone else: for what good to him are the speeches on behalf of his country's liberty, the essays on dignity, death, exile, poverty, which he has composed with the utmost wealth of language? What a much truer view Philippus seems to have of those things, when he refused all compliments to his own stepson, than Cicero has, who pays them to one who has no connexion with him! Let him cease then from absolutely insulting our misfortunes by his boastful language; for what does it profit us that Antony has been conquered, if the only result of his defeat is to leave his place open to another? However, even now there is a note of uncertainty in your letter. Long live Cicero—as he may well do—to cringe and serve! if ' is not ashamed to think of his age n his honour, nor his great past. For m self, at any rate, there is no conditi of servitude, however favourable, whi will deter me from waging war on t principle: that is, on royalty, uncons tutional magistracies, absolutism, a power that aims at being above the law Though Antony may be a good man, you say in your letter—which, howeve has never been my opinion—yet the la of our ancestors was that no one, n even a father, should be an absolute ma ter. Unless I had been as deeply a tached to you as Cicero believes th Octavius is devoted to him, I should n have written this to you. I am grieved think that as you read this you are ge ting angry—for you are most affectio ate to all your friends, and especially Cicero: but assure yourself of this, th my personal good-will to Cicero is in n way modified, though my opinion largely so, for you cannot ask a man judge except from what seems to him be truth in each case.

I could have wished that you had me tioned in your letter what arrangemen were being made for the betrothal of o dear Attica: I might have said som thing to you of what I felt about t matter. I am not surprised that y are anxious about Porcia's healt Lastly, I will gladly do what you ask, f my sisters ask me the same, and I kno the man and his views.

—E. S. Shuckburgh.

IV. LITERATURE AND PHILOSOPHY

When we turn from the political problems in which the Romans of the Ciceronian era were so deeply absorbed, we find a rather limited range of interests. It was characteristic of the Romans alwa to look upon literature not so much as thing to be cultivated for itself, or as expression of private and personal life, b

r as an art useful in the promotion of ical affairs. Above all it was to be oyed in the service of the state. This true even of the Augustan Age, when was no longer need or opportunity he discussion of politics, but it was cularly true of the disturbed times witnessed the downfall of the Re-c.

t, even then there were a few who d other values in literature. Cicero elf devoted much of his time to the y and writing of philosophy, and un-tood, as no one before him had under-d, the values of oratory and of poetry. retius, through his didactic poem on Epicurean system, gave a new impetus e study of things having no immediate ing of a practical nature but of vital ern to man in the more general prob- of living. There sprang up also at time a new school of poets who dared xperiment with lyrical forms of both classical Greek period and the more nt Alexandrian, and who deemed their personal experiences fit subjects for ic expression. What they accomplished hilosophy and in poetry, though small nount, was of a very high quality, and the foundations for the later work ne Augustans. It carried forward the k tradition and opened up new possi-es hitherto but vaguely sensed.

Apology for Philosophy [1]

CICERO

[From the *Offices*, Book II]

lthough my books have aroused in a few men the desire not only to read to write, yet I sometimes fear that t we term philosophy is distasteful ertain worthy gentlemen, and that wonder that I devote so much time attention to it.

ow, as long as the state was admin-ed by the men to whose care she had voluntarily entrusted herself, I devoted all my effort and thought to her. But when everything passed under the absolute control of a despot and there was no longer any room for statesmanship or authority of mine; and finally when I had lost the friends who had been associated with me in the task of serving the interests of the state, and who were men of the highest standing, I did not resign myself to grief, by which I should have been overwhelmed, had I not struggled against it; neither, on the other hand, did I surrender myself to a life of sensual pleasure unbecoming to a philosopher.

I would that the government had stood fast in the position it had begun to assume and had not fallen into the hands of men who desired not so much to reform as to abolish the constitution. For then, in the first place, I should now be devoting my energies more to public speaking than to writing, as I used to do when the republic stood; and in the second place, I should be committing to written form not these present essays but my public speeches, as I often formerly did. But when the republic, to which all my care and thought and effort used to be devoted, was no more, then, of course, my voice was silenced in the forum and in the senate. And since my mind could not be wholly idle, I thought, as I had been well-read along these lines of thought from my early youth, that the most honourable way for me to forget my sorrows would be by turning to philosophy. As a young man, I had devoted a great deal of time to philosophy as a discipline; but after I began to fill the high offices of state and devoted myself heart and soul to the public service, there was only so much time for philosophical studies as was left over from the claims of my friends and of the state; all of this was spent in reading; I had no leisure for writing.

Therefore, amid all the present most

[1] rom the Loeb Classical Library, by ission.

awful calamities I yet flatter myself that I have won this good out of evil—that I may commit to written form matters not at all familiar to our countrymen but still very much worth their knowing. For what, in the name of heaven is more to be desired than wisdom? What is more to be prized? What is better for a man, what more worthy of his nature? Those who seek after it are called philosophers; and philosophy is nothing else, if one will translate the word into our idiom, than "the love of wisdom." Wisdom, moreover, as the word has been defined by the philosophers of old, is "the knowledge of things human and divine and of the causes by which those things are controlled." And if the man lives who would belittle the study of philosophy, I quite fail to see what in the world he would see fit to praise. For if we are looking for mental enjoyment and relaxation, what pleasure can be compared with the pursuits of those who are always studying out something that will tend toward and effectively promote a good and happy life? Or, if regard is had for strength of character and virtue, then this is the method by which we can attain to those qualities, or there is none at all. And to say that there is no "method" for securing the highest blessings, when none even of the least important concerns is without its method, is the language of people who talk without due reflection and who blunder in matters of the utmost importance. Furthermore, if there is really a way to learn virtue, where shall one look for it, when one has turned aside from this field of learning?

Now, when I am advocating the study of philosophy, I usually discuss this subject at greater length, as I have done in another of my books. For the present I meant only to explain why, deprived of the tasks of public service, I have devoted myself to this particular pursuit.

—Walter Miller.

[From the *Tusculan Disputations*,[1] Book

O Philosophy, thou conductor of li
thou discoverer of virtue, and expeller
vices; what had not only I myself be
but the whole life of man without yo
To you we owe the origin of cities; y
called together the dispersed race of m
into social life; you united them togeth
first, by placing them near one anoth
then by marriages, and lastly, by t
communication of speech and languag
To you we owe the invention of law
you instructed us in morals and di
cipline. To you I fly for assistance; a
as I formerly submitted to you in a gre
degree, so now I surrender up mys
entirely to you. For one day well spe
and agreeably to your precepts, is pr
ferable to an eternity of sin. Whose a
sistance then can be of more service
me than yours, which has bestowed
us tranquillity of life, and removed t
fear of death? But philosophy is so f
from being praised, as she hath deserv
of man, that she is wholly neglected
most, and ill spoken of by many. C
any speak ill of the parent of life, a
dare to pollute himself thus with par
cide! and be so impiously ungrateful
to accuse her, whom he ought to reve
ence, had he been less acquainted wi
her? But this error, I imagine, and th
darkness, has spread itself over the min
of ignorant men, from their not bei
able to look so far back, and from the
not imagining that those by whom huma
life was first improved, were philos
phers: for though we see philosophy
have been of long standing, yet the na
must be acknowledged to be but moder

But indeed, who can dispute the a
tiquity of philosophy, either in fact
name? which acquired this excellent na
from the ancients, by the knowledge
the origin and causes of everything, bo
divine and human. Thus those sev
Sophoi, as they were held and called

[1] Reprinted from *Greek and Latin Class*
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Greeks, and wise men by us: and Lycurgus many ages before, in e time, before the building of this Homer is said to have been, as well lysses and Nestor in the heroic ages, all reported really to have been, as were called, wise men; nor would it been said, that Atlas supported the ens, or that Prometheus was bound aucasus, nor would Cepheus, with his his son-in-law, and his daughter, been enrolled among the constella-, but that their more than human ledge of the heavenly bodies had ferred their names into an erroneous . From whence, all who were exer- in the contemplation of nature, were to be, as well as called, wise men: hat name of theirs continued to the of Pythagoras, who is reported to gone to Phlius, as we find it in icus Heraclides, a very learned man, a hearer of Plato's, and to have dis- ed very learnedly and copiously on in subjects, with Leon, prince of the sii. Leon, admiring his ingenuity eloquence, asked him what art he cularly professed; his answer was, he was acquainted with no art, but he was a philosopher. Leon, sur- d at the novelty of the name, en- d what he meant by the name of sopher, and in what they differed other men: on which Pythagoras re- , "That the life of men seemed to o resemble those games, which were with the greatest entertainment of s, and the general concourse of all ce. For as there were some, whose uit was glory, and the honour of a n, for the performance of bodily ex- es; so others were induced by the of buying and selling, and mere tive motives: but there was likewise sort of them, and they by far the whose aim was neither applause, profit, but who came merely as spec- s through curiosity, to remark what done, and to see in what manner things were carried on there. Thus we come from another life and nature, unto this, as it were out of another city, to some much frequented mart: some slaves to glory, others to money: that there are some few, who, taking no account of any thing else, earnestly look into the nature of things: that these call themselves studious of wisdom, that is, philosophers; and as there it is more reputable to be a looker on, without making any acquisition, so in life, the contemplating on things, and acquainting yourself with them, greatly exceeds every other pursuit of life."

Nor was Pythagoras the inventor only of the name, but he enlarged also the thing itself, and, when he came into Italy after this conversation at Phlius, adorned that Greece, which is called Great Greece, both privately and publicly, with the most excellent institutions and arts; of whose discipline perhaps, I shall find another opportunity to speak. But numbers and motions, the beginning and end of things, were the subject of the ancient philosophy down to Socrates, who was a hearer of Archelaus, the disciple of Anaxagoras. These made diligent enquiry into the magnitude of the stars, their distances, courses, and all that relates to the heavens. But Socrates was the first who brought down philosophy from the heavens, placed it in cities, introduced it into families, and obliged it to examine into life and morals, good and evil. Whose several methods of disputing, together with the variety of his topics, and the greatness of his abilities, being immortalized by the memory and writings of Plato, gave rise to many sects of philosophers of different sentiments: of all which I have principally adhered to that, which, in my opinion, Socrates himself followed; to conceal my own opinion, clear others from their errors, and to discover what has the most probability in every question.

—W. H. Main.

Prayer for Peace

LUCRETIUS

[From Book I]

The life of the poet-philosopher Titus Lucretius Carus (about 96 to 55 B.C.) is clothed in mystery. Only legends of love potions, of madness, and of suicide have come down to us. His undertaking to write a poem on the materialistic philosophy of Epicurus was fraught with many almost insuperable difficulties, but such was his passion for his subject and the nobility of his purpose that he achieved abundant success. He is one of the very few Romans who were genuinely interested in philosophy and is an outstanding example of the peculiar Roman genius for didactic poetry. *On the Nature of Things* was his only product.

The poem opens with the following passage. Although the poem as a whole denies an intimate relation between gods and men, still so strong is epic convention that Lucretius is forced to begin with an invocation that contradicts his beliefs.

Parent of Rome! sweet Venus! source of love!
Delight of mortals and the Blest above!
Who gladst the earth, the sea, all things that lie
Beneath yon gliding spheres that beam on high;
From thee all pleasure, beauty, being, flows,
Life springs to light, and pregnant nature glows.
Thee, Goddess! thee the winds and tempests fly,
Clouds at thy presence quit the brightening sky;
The teeming Earth exerts her genial powers,
In fair profusion spreads her sweetest flowers;
The smiling seas in gentle waves appear,
And glory gilds the tranquil atmosphere.
When youthful Spring salutes the cheerful vales,
And soft Favonius wakes his balmy g
Pierced by thy flame, gay birds in e
bower
Feel thy approach, and hail thy sa
power;
Exulting herds o'er laughing verdure p
Rush through the rapid streams,
boundless stray.
Rapt into bliss by thy inspiring charr
Thy sweet allurements, and thy
alarms,
All beings burn thy pleasure to fulfil
And wait, enraptured, on thy heave
will.
Through seas and streams thy kir
power prevails,
O'erspreads the mountains and perva
the dales,
The bowery mansions of melodious bi
And open pastures of rejoicing herds;
Darts through each kindling breast lo
melting rage,
And all things renovates from age to
Thee, whom all nature's joyous wo
obey,
Whose smiles from chaos called prima
day;
Thee, in whose absence every lustre d
All beauty vanishes and pleasure flies
Thee I invoke: possess me while I si
To Memmius' ear eternal truths I br
Memmius, sweet Goddess! whom t
deignst to grace
With all endowments to adorn his ra
For him, kind Deity! inspire my tong
Immortal beauty pour into my song.
Meanwhile, by sea, by land, bid disc
cease,
And bless the world with everlas
peace.
Thou, thou alone canst peace bestow;
Mars,
Armipotent, sole arbiter of wars,
Bound by the eternal wound of l
reclines
On thy fair breast, and all his soul
signs;
With fondly-eager looks admiring lies
And drinks celestial transport at his ey

s o'er those charms which every wish
employ,
es thy ambrosial lip, and sinks in joy.
fairest Goddess! while thy heavenly
arms
d the Immortal whom thy beauty
warms,
elting words thy soft persuasion pour,
peace, sweet peace, for mighty Rome
implore!

—THOMAS BUSBY.

THE BONDAGE OF RELIGION

LUCRETIUS

[From Book I]

was the poet's announced purpose to
te all his powers to freeing men from
superstitions, their fear of the gods,
their terror of death. He was much
interested in this application of the
y of Epicurus than in the theory

o long to bondage Reason was con-
signed,
ned by Religion, tyrant of the mind:
n heaven itself she showed her baleful
head,
aspect horrible and menace dread,
ned on mankind: but a bold Grecian
rose,
ace her terrors, and her reign oppose.
Gods could awe, nor their immortal
fame,
Jove's dread thunder, nor his forky
flame.
ain his purpose heavenly wrath re-
proves,
dauntless soul no sacred murmur
moves.
Nature's bounds he scorns to be con-
fined,
calls forth all his energy of mind;
vivid power awakes! and soaring
flies
nd the flaming portals of the skies;
In might of thought the vast expanse
surveys,
Returns triumphant, and no man displays
What beings *may*, what being *ne'er* shall
rise,
And where their power's eternal limit
lies.
Hence stern Religion, our dismay before,
By him subjected, and our plague no
more,
Humbled in turn, beneath our feet is
driven,
And his brave victory equals us to
heaven.
But ah! I tremble, lest you still sup-
pose
From Reason's elements seduction flows.
Yet at Religion, and her ruthless deeds,
What soul but shudders, and what heart
but bleeds?
Behold fair Iphigenia's cruel doom!—
By the first chiefs of Greece, in youth-
ful bloom,
To Death she's led! what tears of pity
flowed,
While Dian's altar streamed with guilt-
less blood!
The attending nymphs the holy crown
prepare,
The sacred fillet binds her virgin hair,
Before the shrine her sire in sorrow
stands,
The thirsty poignard lurks in priestly
hands,
The mournful citizens are bathed in
tears,
In silent agony the fair appears;
Now, humbly kneeling, pleads with
streaming eyes,
And now, with piteous voice, for mercy
cries:
That first the king a father's name she
gave,
In vain she pleads; nor prayers, nor
tears, can save.
Lo! from her palace and her friends she's
torn,
Strait to the sanguine altar sanguine
borne;

Not as when blissful Hymen wakes his rites
Of mutual vows and solemnized delights,
But in the roseate hour of nuptial prime
A victim falls to bigotry and crime:
A parent's hands his suppliant child destroy,
Her life the purchase of a wind for Troy.
Such mighty evils holy phrenzy brings!
Such direful outrage from religion springs!!
But thou, o'er whom religious fear prevails,
Who tremblest at the poet's fictious tales,
Dar'st thou from priestly manacles be free?
Dar'st thou, my Memmius, wisdom learn from me?
Oh! what could I invent! what idle themes
Of superstition, still amused with dreams,
To blast thy fortunes, rob thee of delight,
Distract thy reason, and thy soul affright!
And well deserved; since would mankind but dare
To see in death the oblivion of their care,
In vain the baffled priests might strive to awe,
Their threats our laughter, and our reason law.
But now no nerve, no faculty, remains
To shake religion, and vile terror reigns:
That curse by knaves for our subjection given,
The terror of the eternal wrath of heaven.

—Thomas Busby.

From Wisdom's Citadel

LUCRETIUS

[From Book II]

The idea of the false estimate of the value of power, fame, and wealth as means of attaining happiness is a commonplace of Roman literature.

When the wide ocean madde
whirlwinds sweep,
And heave the billows of the boiling d
Pleased we from land the reeling
survey,
And rolling mountains of the watery
Not that we joy another's woes to
But to reflect that we ourselves are
So the dread battle ranged in dis
fields,
Ourselves secure, a secret pleasure yie
But what more charming than to gain
height
Of true philosophy? what pure deli
From Wisdom's citadel to view, belo
Deluded mortals, as they wandering
In quest of happiness! ah, blindly we
For fame, for vain nobility they seek
Labour for heapy treasures, night
day,
And pant for power and magisterial sw
Oh, wretched mortals, souls devoi
light,
Lost in the shades of intellectual nig
This transient life they miserably spe
Strangers to Nature, and to Nature's e
Nor see all human wants in these c
bined;—
A healthful body and a peaceful m
But little our corporeal part requi
To soothe our pains, and feed our
desires.
From simplest sources purest pleas
flows,
And Nature asks but pleasure and
pose.
What though no sculptured boys
burnished gold
Around thy hall the flaming torches h
Gilding the midnight banquet with t
rays,
While goblets sparkle, and while lus
blaze;
What though thy mansion with no si
shine,
Nor gold emblazon with its rich des
No fretted arch, no painted dome,
bound

apturous voice, and harps exulting
ound;
ee the swains their gliding moments
ass
eet indulgence on the tender grass,
some smooth limpid lapse of mur-
muring stream,
e bordering oaks exclude the noon-
ide beam.
y when Spring leads on the smiling
ours,
strews the brightened meads with
pening flowers,
ateful shades, soft seats of peace and
ealth,
y they lie, nor dream of needless
vealth.
in embroidery clad, you sumptuous
ie
uches blushing with the Tyrian dye,
will the raging fever sooner cease
if you pressed the peasant's humble
leece?
grandeur, then, since small the
ood that flows,
noble thoughts, nor glory, wealth
estows,
o the body true delight affords,—
real blessings yield the shining
oards?
en you see, in well-dissembled war,
active legions, stretching wide and
ar;
daring navies struggling for the day,
aring to the distant seas away;—
m these scenes religious terror fled,
you despised, and superstition
read,
e well: But here if idle fears
emain;
d the sound of clashing arms, they
eign;
into stately palaces their way;
inces, ministers, and nobles, prey;—
r the golden sceptre, nor the pride
rian purple, bid thy fears subside;
tst thou a moment, that, pursuing
hese,
Blindly we fly from pleasure, peace, and
ease?
As infants, wandering in the shades of
night,
From things innoxious shrink with sore
affright,
So we, by day, imagined evils fear,
Haunted by idle dreams, and phantoms
drear.
These clouds terrific, which the mind
involve,
Not Phœbus' brightest splendours can
dissolve:
In vain around his noontide beams may
play,
Reason alone can chase the gloom away.

—Thomas Busby.

The Progress of Man

Lucretius

[From Book V]

To Lucretius the progress of civilization did not present itself as a mere succession of events, but as an evolutionary process. Man has come a long way on his journey from crude beginnings, and is destined to go forward to yet greater perfection. The thought stands out in contrast with the general gloom that pervades the poem as a whole.

Huge the first race of men, their limbs
well strung,
Hardy as hardy earth from which they
sprung;
On strong and massy bones their struc-
ture rose,
Firm as the firmest oak that towering
grows:
Nor heat nor cold they felt, nor weakness
knew,
Nor from voluptuous feasts diseases
drew;
Through long-revolving years on nature
thrived,
And, wildly bold, in savage freedom
lived.

No sturdy husbandmen the land prepare,
Plant the young stocks, or guide the shining share:
For future crops the seed no sower throws,
Nor dresser clips the wild luxuriant boughs.
What earth spontaneous gave, and sun and showers,
Careless they took, and propt their nervid powers;
Their giant energies with acorns fed,
Wild summer-apples, indurate and red:
Such in our wintry orchards sparing hang;
But larger theirs, and more abundant, sprang.
Earth in her primal strength these things bestowed,
With rich fecundity her bosom glowed;
O'er her broad surface various plenty reigned;
Her voluntary gifts man's hapless race sustained.
Thus by her fruits the human race was nursed;
And springs and rivers slaked their parching thirst;
Called them, as now the fall from pouring heights
The thirst-afflicted savage tribes invites.
For nightly roofs to hollow caves they hied,
Or with their Gods in sylvan fanes reside;
Whence a sweet spring in silvery drops distils,
And rolls o'er polished stones its bubbling rills;
O'er polished stones, and mossy greens they flow,
Meandering through the fertile vales below.
As yet, no fire their simple food prepared;
Nor spoils of beasts their hardened bodies shared:
Naked among the rocks and woods they ran,
And hollow mountains formed the abodes of man.

Shelter from winds and rains in gr
they sought,
And nature's wants supplied as na
taught.
No common good they felt, no
ordained,
Nor public justice private wrong
strained;
What power or fortune proffered, no
spared;
Each his own welfare sought, nor fur
cared.
Then Venus' fire was all the lov
law,
And groves and woods the consum
tion saw;
Or mutual flames inspired the burn
pair;
Or manhood's force compelled the
willing fair;
Or softening presents taught her h
to yield;
Berries or acorns, fresh from bowe
field.
Bold in their native vigour—
pursued,
With flying feet, the fierce and sav
brood;
With missile weapons urged the ha
chase;
And stones and clubs subdued the br
race.
Some they hunt down, some their s
staves o'ertake,
Others they fled, and sought the shel
ing brake.
When night o'ertook them with her s
shades,
Like bristly boars they pressed the gr
glades,
In leaves enwrapt; nor mourned the
sent light,
Nor wandered through the darkness
the night;
But, in soft sleep dissolved, conte
lay,
Till rosy dawn proclaimed expected
For observation from their childh
taught,

day the night, and night the morn-
ing, brought.
ce, they ne'er dreaded an eternal
night,
woke to hail the sure return of light:
feared lest prowling beasts, that shun
the day,
ld fall destructive on their human
prey:
sed from their sleep, and filled with
timely dread
oars and lions, from their haunts
they fled;
nbling, resigned the leafy couch to
those
m nature framed for their relentless
foes.
et, fewer, then, the call of death
obeyed,—
the sweet light of life for endless
shade—
n now; though, hapless, some were
seized, o'erpowered,
i, by their fierce and savage foes
devoured:
e, as the brutes their reeking bowels
rend,
o a living grave their flesh descend;
e with their piercing screams the
affrighted skies,
fill the woods and mountains with
their cries:
those who fly, the cloud of fate
surrounds;
sing with trembling hands their
throbbing wounds,
h they implore, till gnawing worms
consume
r putrid flesh, and consummate their
doom:
then, no healing science blessed man-
kind,
kilful hand the gushing wound could
bind.
then, fell war no thousands swept
away,
ed to destruction in a single day:
ain the raging ocean rolls and roars;
No ships were dashed upon the rocky
shores:
Though calm again the sinking billows
grew,
And all their awful violence withdrew,
Yet no smooth surface, no deceitful smile,
Could the fond, thoughtless mariner be-
guile:
No dangerous art, then, traced the briny
path,
No floating castles braved the ocean's
wrath.
Grim Want o'er many urged his fatal
power;
But now to ruin Plenty hurries more.
From noxious herbs some, thoughtless,
drew their death;
Now studied poisons urge the fleeting
breath.
At length they bade the bough-built
hut aspire,
And learned the luxury of skins and fire:
Then One to One in silken bondage held,
Raised man above the savage of the field;
Connubial love a purer bliss bestowed,
And with a chaste delight the bosom
glowed;
While, pressing to the heart his smiling
boy,
The ennobled father felt a father's joy.
Then, by indulgence softened, men no
more
Braved the sharp cold, rude winds unin-
jured bore;
Hymen their fierceness tamed, and fon-
dling arts
Of darling children humanized their
hearts.
Then neighbourhoods grew, and social
compacts rose;
To reason waked, no more they lived as
foes;
To women, children, kind protection
yield;
The softer, weaker, from the stronger
shield.
Though not yet all by order's voice were
swayed,
The greater part the laws of faith obeyed;

Man the approach of peace and union hailed,
And universal war no more prevailed:
Or gradual ravage, with its wide embrace,
Had, long-ere this, suppressed the human race.
Dumb motion now no longer things proclaimed;
By nature taught, the tongue each object named;
As infants, ere they speak, by signs express
Their simple thoughts, and all their wants confess.
For its endowments every creature feels,
To its own arms for prompt defence appeals:
Calves fiercely butt before they shed their horns;
And kids, ere age their tender heads adorns;
And lion-whelps, and pards, and boars, would fain
Exert their fangs, ere scarce their fangs they gain;
And birds of every kind are wont to try
Their fluttering pinions ere they cleave the sky.
Hence, ne'er suppose that every creature's name,
Of every kind, from one inventor came;
Could one man only all his species teach?
Could one alone by name each creature call,
And no one else by names distinguish all?
Could This to all the powers of speech aspire,
And yet no Other, too, those powers acquire?
Again; if others yet no language knew,
Then, tell me whence their lingual talent grew.
If none could comprehend what one expressed,
By what rare art could one instruct the rest?
Nor one alone o'er all could domineer,
Knowledge compel, and civilize by fear:
With such no reasoning could supp
his claims,
And force on them his catalogue
names:
Nor would their wearied patience k
its bounds,
To hear his unintelligible sounds.
And is it wonderful that men, suppl
With vocal organs, and in whom reside
The powers of intellect, should nan
devise
For objects constantly before their ey
Would they of things the various natu
know,
Nor appellations on those things best
Since e'en the mute creation signals fi
To speak the thoughts and feelings
their mind;
Their love, their joy, their sorrow, a
their ire,
And all the passions which their brea
inspire?
When grim Molossian mastiffs
enraged,
And by no soothing art their wrat
assuaged;
When fierce they snarl, they grin, th
fangs display,
From their deep throats gruff murm
break their way,
Unlike the sounds that rend our start
ears,
When their loud, clamorous, voice
welkin tears.
But view them when, with soft, caressi
tongue,
Gently they lick their sprawling, playf
young;
Now feign to bite, now roll them
and o'er,
Now, fondly gaping, threaten to devo
But cautiously their harmless te
employ,
And in soft whinings tell their ten
joy:
Not as when left at home, they howl a
cry,
Or when with trembling fear they, crou
ing, eye

uplifted whip, and whimper as they
lie. . . .
nce, then, these creatures' dull per-
ceptions cause
r different notes, how clear that na-
ture's laws
nger must act on intellectual man!
sounds have varied since the world
began;
human speech was part of nature's
plan!
t thirst of knowledge still thy mind
inspire:
sings the Muse the origin of fire.
nder this element to earth conveyed,
n loud it rattled, and its lightnings
played;
heir red winds the ardent vapours
came,
wrapped whole groves and forests in
their flame.
now we see the same effect arise,
n dart the flashing terrors of the
skies:
pressed by winds, the labouring
branches meet,
e, chafe, and kindle to devouring
heat;
n tree to tree it flies, from grove to
grove;
b the broad flames, and fire the
realms above.
n friction, hence, or lightning's rage,
might spring
igniting cause, and fierce combustion
bring.
om the sun's heat men first acquired
the art
r viands to prepare; his rays that
dart,
ning the yellow corn; that flowers
unfold,
on the fruits, and change their green
to gold,
use of fire revealed: the wiser few
lesson caught, and by example drew
fellow-men; new habits were as-
sumed,

And savoury meats the clouded air per-
fumed.
Then kings arose, fair cities then
appeared,
Armies were formed, and citadels were
reared;
Lands were divided, separate beeves
assigned,
As merit claimed, of body or of mind.
But chief the powers of body held the
sway,
And strength and beauty bore the palm
away.
Then gold was found, and men for riches
burn,
And strength and beauty yielded in their
turn;
The shining ore prevailed o'er old and
young,
And gold was stronger than the brave and
strong.
But once did reason rectify the mind,
And chase the vain delusions of mankind;
The bliss of little with content and
health—
This were their noblest boon, their truest
wealth.
And say, this little who should fear to
want?
To whom this little would not fortune
grant?
But for renown and power we every day
See mortals fling the sweets of life away:
These to their wealth a lasting base will
give,
Then in soft ease and pleasure they will
live.
But vain their labours, and absurd as
vain,
Since those who anxiously aspire to gain,
Nay, who secure, high honours and estate,
(The greatest mid the wealthy and the
great,)
But journey haplessly;—for Envy arms
Her hand with thunder, and their soul
alarms;
Aims at their glory her destroying blow,
Their fame extinguishes, and lays them
low.

How happier then who peacefully obey,
Than those who struggle for imperial sway!
Who prostitute their anxious, wasted, life
In sordid efforts and ambitious strife;
Climb the steep, thorny, path, where perils wait,
And Envy urges with her deadly hate;
Arms with her bolts the candidates for power,
And most delights to see her flames devour
The highest.—These let pomp and pride excite,
And drive them struggling up the dangerous height;
Let Flattery's voice their eager ear beguile,
And stimulate their never ceasing toil.
This folly still behold,—this ancient rage,—
It maddens ours, and will the latest age.
Those monarchs slain, the glory of their throne,
And sparkling diadem, no longer shone.
The sceptre, emblem of their regal trust,
Stained with their blood, and trodden in the dust,
Mourns its lost honours; while the rabble raise
Loud clamours, where they lately shouted praise;
Base in their power, insult the mighty dead,
And triumph o'er whom living they would dread.
Now to the mob the varying sway returned,
And vulgar breasts with wild ambition burned:
Fired by the thirst for power, for power they strain;
Empire's the dazzling prize, and all would reign.
Wearied with jarring interests, fierce disputes,
Where each man reasons, and where each refutes;
Tired of a state where all mem
assailed,
Where equity nor polity prevailed;
Where the mad Many hold the Wis
awe,
And violence usurps the throne of
All the fell power of anarchy deplor
And government and order would rest
At length the sager few a code ordi
And, future feuds, and contests, too
strain,
Rulers elect, and check Contenti
reign.
Till then, revenge o'erpaid each pri
wrong,
And injured justice yielded to the str
But violence its authors but embroil
And on themselves their villainy rec
Wretched the man who lives in law
strife;
Who bursts the sacred bonds of so
life:
Though Gods and men his cunning
deceive,
In his own bosom fear and conscie
live.
Hence, oft in slumber men their g
betray;
Oft, when their fevered mind deliri
sway,
The plots discover long concealed
time,
And tell, in broken speech, the se
crime.
To Memmius now, inspiring M
disclose
Whence of the Gods our first concept
rose:
Whence altars towns adorned; wh
solemn rites,
And sacred festivals, divine delight
And smoking hecatombs whose fu
arise,
And roll in curling volumes to the sk
Whence the sad terror that all earth
vades,
Temples erects, and plants the sa
shades.
Nor sure too high my ardent zeal asp

us the course, nor keen research
equires.
st creation, forms divinely bright,—
nt in beauty,—burst upon the sight:
e'en awake, the shadows wondering
aw,
ed as they gazed, and felt a sacred
we:
o their dreams still grander visions
ame;
s of brighter, more gigantic frame;
e active limbs astonishment excite,
ed in the glories of supernal might.
ese bright forms their fancy sense
estowed,
age superb, and worthy of a God.
al, too, the shining phantoms seem,
on the sight descends a constant
tream
ages:—and then what power can
arm
mighty beings? What their fears
larm?
those whom mortal terrors ne'er
nnoy,
ful must live, and perfect bliss
njoy.
too, their shadowy wonders they
isplay;
wondrous ease their limbs their will
bey,
ver dull fatigue or lassitude betray.
order, too, the rolling heavens
ppear,
varied seasons of the circling year:
till the source of motion was con-
ealed;
Primum Mobile was unrevealed.
, men to Gods creation's frame
ssigned,
selves, and all things, to their will
esigned.
ere glide the shining orbs for ever
right,
ver rolling in refulgent light,
they established the celestial
owers,
fixed the mansions of the heavenly
owers;

There, where the sun and moon their fires
display,
The beam nocturnal, and the flame of
day;
The stars serene that shed their mingled
rays,
The flying lightnings and the meteor's
blaze;
The hail, the rain, the dews that float on
high,
The thunder's awful bolts that threatening
fly,
And all the dread commotions of the sky.
Oh, hapless mortals! blindly-pious
race!
Why with such troublous rage the Gods
disgrace?
To your own age what idle fears ye
taught!
On us what needless woes those fears have
brought!
And still what griefs, what evils, shall
supply,
What floods of tears, to our posterity!
Strange piety the crouching head to
veil!
Fondly to stocks and stones to make
appeal!
To every fane with spreading arms to fly,
Fall on the earth, and in dependence lie
Before the sacred shrines! with blood to
stain
The sprinkled altars, and with praises
vain,
And vows on vows, the heedless Gods
obtest!
Calmly all things to view, be this confest
True piety. For, when the soul surveys
The grandeur heaven's illumined dome
displays;
The blue expanse, with sparkling stars
o'erspread,
And sun and moon that constant courses
lead;
Then doubts, that other evils had sup-
prest,
Cloud the sad mind, and agitate the
breast;

Doubts whether Gods the potent sinews claim
Yon orbs to wield, and heavens stupendous frame.
To ignorance these evils mortals owe;
From doubts what terrors spring! What ceaseless woe!
From ignorance we doubt Creation's birth;
The wandering stars and stationary earth;
How long the heavens great Nature will defend;
Whether their motion and their being end;
Or if, unfading, by the Gods they're framed,
By everlasting energies inflamed;
In endless orbits formed to roll sublime,
And triumph o'er the ravages of Time.
Who calmly contemplates the Blest Abodes?
What heart but faints with terror of the Gods?
Whose limbs so nervid not to quake, when roll
The pealing thunders, and from pole to pole
Thick lightnings flash? What nations, free from fear,
Eye the blue fires, the loud explosions hear?
Proud tyrants tremble, fears their members thrill,
Forms of avenging Gods their fancy fill;
Lest their foul crimes have armed the Powers on high,
And the dread day of retribution's nigh.
And o'er the seas when winds and tempests roar,
And heave the rolling mountains to the shore,
The gallant Admiral with legions armed—
And mighty elephants — with soul alarmed,
Falls he not prostrate to the Powers above,
To soothe their anger, and their pity move?
Praying the blest Immortals to be kind,
And make his peace with the relu
wind;
Grant to his squadron soft, propit
gales,
And gently swell the bosom of his s
In vain! No prayers his tossing le
save;
Cold death awaits them, and the Sty
wave.
Such the contempt some hidden P
awards
To human greatness! Such its
regards
For rods and axes (glories of a day
And all the ensigns of Imperial swa
With scornful sport it treats the g
things,
And on the proudly-great its rec
vengeance flings!
And, then, when tremors seize
earthly ball,
And death and ruin threat to swallo
Should we, while all are trembling,
surprise
If men, their weakness see, thems
despise;
Give to the Gods omnipotence, and
With them the government of being
of Space?
Now learn that Earth disclosed
various ores,
Lead, iron, silver, brass, and g
stores,
When to her hills fierce fires devo
came,
And blazing forests fed the raging fl
Whether from heaven the wasting
spring,
Borne on the lightning's corusc
wing;
Or from fierce war the devastations
And woods were fired to scare the
tant foe;
Or men, resolved to enlarge the fr
soil,
Of their green pride the encum
wilds despoil;
Or dauntlessly their savage tenants

with their shaggy hides themselves
invest;
, ere with nets and dogs they snared
the prey,
fire they drove them to the light
of day;
vith insidious pits their feet betray;)
ther from lurid heaven's ætherial
flame,
rom mankind, the wide destruction
came;
ng the fierce fires from art, or na-
ture's power,
to their roots the crackling trees
devour;
ad unrestrained through wide-ex-
tended woods;
the burnt earth, and boil the hissing
floods;
from earth's smoking veins red
metals flow
ugh delving channels, gliding as
they glow:
n they to hardness cool, and men
behold
argent silver, and the ruddy gold;
the rich beauty of the shining ores,
wn to the day from nature's latent
stores;
hem the figures of their beds assume;
ire if molten, aptly they presume
various forms the fluid ores would
take,
pointed instruments, or edged, might
make;
ew the woods, rough timbers smooth,
or cleave,
the rude block a shapely figure give.
r and gold for this they wrought,
and strove
rigid nerves of stubborn brass to
move:
served their views, but those in vain
they try;
free they yield, the needful strength
deny,
at the forceful stroke, or shattered
fly.
e, harder brass the higher value bore,

And triumphed o'er either ductile ore.
But now to Gold, lead, brass, and silver,
yield,
And Gold usurps the honours of the field.
Thus changing Time bids power and
grandeur fly,
Exalts the humble, sinks the Proudly-
High.
What once was valued, now is trod to
earth,
And meanest things assume the noblest
worth;
Respect from All, and admiration, claim;
New glories wear, and grace the rolls of
Fame.
And now my Memmius will perceive
the source
Whence the Rude Ages learned hard
iron's force.
The earliest weapons hostile mortals tried,
Hands, teeth, and nails, and broken
boughs supplied:
With chasing fire the foe they next as-
sailed;
Then the tough brass, then iron's strength
prevailed.
But brass, less stubborn, and more
plenteous found,
Claimed the first use—with brazen shares
the ground
At first was ploughed—with brazen arms
the field
Of battle blazed—brass taught the foe
to yield;
Brass bade the suffering weak the strong
obey,
Seized on their lands, and bore their herds
away.
Then hardier iron gradual use obtained,
And brass, contemned, no more trium-
phant reigned:
The fertile glebe endured the iron share,
And iron gleamed in instruments of war.
To mount the war-horse heroes first
aspired,
With the left hand to guide, the art
acquired;
Full on the foe, with rushing force they
sprung,

And with the dexter hand the javelin flung,
Ere with the flying car, and mettled pair,
They swept the field, and crushed the ranks of war.
First with a Pair, then Double-Pair, they strove;
Fixed the keen, cleaving scythe, and slaughtering drove.
The Libyan elephants proud Carthage trained,
(Those living bulwarks that their power sustained)
With curved probosces, and incumbent towers,
Their monstrous members, and their mountain powers;
Patient to bear the wounds of war, and throw
Disorder wild among the frightened foe.
Thus maddening discord art with art combined,
To spread destruction, and to thin mankind.
Then furious bulls were ushered to the war,
And tusky boars the flying squadrons scare;
Rush on the fallen chieftains, while before
The furious Parthians raging lions roar,
Held by their armed keepers—these in vain
Their anger chide, and grasp the clanking chain.
Fired with the taste of blood, they rush on all;
On friends and foes with curbless fury fall,
Shake their dread manes, and every heart appal.
The trembling coursers scorn the useless rein,
Turn from the foe, and fly the embattled plain:
So fierce around the roaring lions flew!
So wide their spreading, savage fury threw!
Some in the rear, some in the front assault,
Now o'er the steeds, the horsemen r
they vault.
In vain the struggling chief for suc
calls,
Griped in their dreadful fold, to e
he falls;
There prest he lies beneath their c
fangs,
Sad victim of excruciating pangs!
The bulls or toss, or crush, the help
boar,
The plunging coursers and their ri
gore,
Dash to the earth whate'er their r
oppose,
And now their keepers rend, and r
their foes.
So foes and friends the bears attack,
death
Inflict around them with their gory tee
Stain with their master's blood the
broken darts,
(Those broken on themselves, the g
that starts
From their own gaping wounds, distai
and all
The steeds disorder, and the chiefs ap
Though strive the horse their fury
escape,
And paw the yielding earth, and wh
and leap,
Vain all their efforts! nerves and sin
yield
The spouting gore—they drop—and th
der on the field.
Thus creatures whom domestic man
tamed,
The battle's loud, tumultuous, rage
flamed:
Tortured with wounds, no more they
the rein,
But, wild as winds, fly snorting f
the plain;
Nor can the horseman's art their fra
fear restrain.
So joy Lucanian oxen, driven to wa
Start at the tumult, and the phre
share.
New to the battle's terrors, furious g

rample down their keepers, friend
nd foe.
se are of war the earliest arts;—
ut who
nink the inventors ne'er the effects
oreknew,
e to follow;—all the ills that rise?
catalogue of human miseries!
perchance, to say these things had
irth
rious worlds, and not alone on
arth:
ned throughout the Universal State,
nere, nor there, could claim their
arliest date.
ot alone for victory brutes were
rought
st the foe; but leaders chiefly
ought
ous combat—though, their num-
ers small,
lightly skilled in arms, they saw
neir certain fall.
ir vests the shaggy spoils of beasts
pplied,
horns, inserted, held the folding
ide:
Reason tells no weaving arts had
irth
on left the bosom of the earth:
ne chief, the grand material proved,
the treadles, shuttles, spindles,
oved.
ron still been locked from human
ght,
ese, nor rattling beams, had sprung
light.
he first wheels and distaffs Men
nployed,
more inventive powers their minds
njoyed
those of women; more they claim
arts,
ll that borrows mind, or mind im-
arts.
e rough peasant mocked the slender
il,
the male spinsters to the needy
il:

In softer hands the nimble shuttles
played,
And the smooth treadles shapelier feet
obeyed.
Men to superior tasks their efforts
turned;
For nobler arts, and hardier labours
burned.
Creative Nature, (whence all things
began,)
To sow, to plant, engraft, instructed
man:
Berries and acorns, as they fell to earth,
Giving, in season, kindred shoots to birth,
Taught him to plant; and bid the cul-
tured field
With fruitage teem, and fair abundance
yield;
Taught him to graft the tender slips, and
raise,
In ordered rows, the sucklings' blooming
sprays.
Then rising art to rising plenty led;
Improving earth enriching labour fed:
Wild fruits, to ripeness swelled, and sweet
as fair,
With mellow juice repaid the peasant's
care.
The mountain woods a narrower bound
assumed,
And vallies waved with corn, with golden
produce bloomed.
Then, cultivated Earth no longer wild,
Her meadows, rivers, lakes, and moun-
tains smiled!
Corn-fields and vineyards waked to new
delight
The peasant's heart, and charmed his
gladdened sight!
Empurpled olives hill from dale divide,
And nurturing streams through verdant
pastures glide:
As now with varied beauty, all around
Smile our fair farms, where Nature's
stores abound;
Where with the grape's the apple's sweet-
ness vies,
And spreading trees with clustering fruit-
age rise.

And with their liquid lays the birds began
To teach the ear of imitative man;
Long ere with polished notes he cheered the plains,
Or poured his extacies in measured strains.
And, moved by gentle gales, their mur-m'ring sound
The tuneful reeds, soft waving, whispered round;
To wake the hollow reed, hence, man acquired
The melting art, and all the soul inspired.
Then sounds he learned to breathe, like those we hear
When the soft pipe salutes the enchanted ear;
When to the nimble fingers it replies,
And with the blended voice in sweetness vies;
That pipe that now delights the lawns and groves,
Where'er the solitary shepherd roves,
And speaks the dulcet language of the Loves.
Thus all things by degrees their use obtain,
And by progressive skill perfection gain.
Thus Music's charms rejoiced the vocal plains,
And cheered the banquets of the labouring swains;
Their simple feast with rustic rapture crowned,
When, stretched at ease, they pressed the flowery ground;
With hearts at rest, indulged the leisure hour,
By some smooth stream; or, lulled in shady bower,
Contented lay, with peace and rosy health,
Nor tasted care, nor dreamed of needless wealth!
Chief when the Spring on gladdened Nature smiles,
Pleasure the hours of rural ease beguiles:
When laughing vallies sport their flowery pride,
With jests and jeers the frolic mo
glide:
The jocund gambol, and the rustic
And the loud laugh that stops the fli
tongue;
The rosy wreaths each honoured
that crown,
Or from the shoulders hang in cl
down;
The vigourous leap, the freak, the
terous mirth,
The antic dance that shook their M
Earth;
Successive sports that still their joy
long,
And still relieved by many a tr
song;
By many a tale that age hath st
store,
And many a trick that ne'er was p
before;
And many a tune that many a
succeeds,
When runs the bending lip along
whistling reeds;
These are the sweets the rural s
enjoyed,
These the delights that many a
employed:
That bade the simple, easy, hea
blest,
And robbed the drowsy midnight
rest.
In sports like these our wanton
indulge,
To listening night their amo
thoughts divulge;
In tutored steps lead up the mea
dance,
But ne'er beyond the joys of rud
advance.
While the glad mind no higher
conceives,
The present good delight and pl
gives:
But doth a more exalted bliss aris
The joy that lived till then, that m
dies.

acorns that could once the taste
ıvite,
ıe the pampered palate learned to
ight.
owny couch supplants the leafy bed,
lossy robes to shaggy skins succeed.
he first man these savage spoils
ıat wore,
envy raised, his earth-born fellows
ore
from his back the vest his courage
ained,
vith his blood his shaggy honours
ained;
murderous hands upon the victim
ıid;
eath the price of his invention paid.
n Hides, now Gold and Purple,
ıen delight;
ore for those, but fierce for these
ıey fight;
sure, more folly we betray than
ıose
naked limbs the shivering winter
oze:
without gold and purple, we, as
ell,
all the rigours of the winds repel:
simplest habits will protection yield,
richest vestments but the body
ield.
v vain, then, all the troubles, cares,
nd strife,
heat weak mortals of the sweets of
fe!
ıits they assign to flattering wealth,
now felicity is peace and health.
ınt of where the bounds of pleasure
e,
sea of woes they anxious fly;
unceasing court, and round the
orld
maddening rage the flames of war
re hurled.
length the Sun and Moon, that
akeful roll
radiant orbs around the steady
ole;
That to the circling skies their light
display,
To cheer the silent night, or give the
day;
Taught watchful man that Order governs
all,
And wheels the seasons round this central
ball.
Now for defence arose embattled
towers,
To castles chiefs withdrew their mar-
shalled powers;
Lands were divided, spacious seas ex-
plored,
And civic union swayed the guardian
sword:
Extending concord state with state com-
bined,
And held in welcome bondage human-
kind.
Then various arts appeared, then letters
sprung,
Poets exploit divine in strains diviner
sung:
But deeds of ages past were all unknown,
Or but by Reason's light obscurely
shone.
Custom and slow Experience knowledge
brought;
(Knowledge, with all the nobler bless-
ings fraught;)
What life improves, or fosters Virtue's
cause;
Fair Agriculture, Navigation, Laws,
Cities and Public Ways, rich Vestments,
Arms,
Aspiring Temples, and the immortal
charms
Of Painting, Sculpture, all that man
refine;
Philosophy, and Poesy divine.
Thus Time with gradual light the mind
illumes;
Thus new-born energies the soul assumes;
From art to art the brightening radiance
flies,
And to their full perfection all things
rise.

—Thomas Busby.

On Friendship [1]

CICERO

Friendship is a constantly recurring motive of classical literature and a favorite theme for philosophical discussion. Compared with Aristotle's treatment of the subject, Cicero seems to be content with mere generalizations; yet he succeeds in presenting what was regarded as the fundamental question—whether friendship springs from utility or from service. For Cicero, see above p. 95.

Lælius. Therefore, for a discussion of everything possible to be said on the subject of friendship, I advise you to apply to those who profess that art; all that I can do is to urge you to put friendship before all things human; for nothing is so conformable to nature and nothing so adaptable to our fortunes whether they be favourable or adverse.

This, however, I do feel first of all—that friendship cannot exist except among good men; nor do I go into that too deeply, as is done by those who in discussing this point with more than usual accuracy, and it may be correctly, but with too little view to practical results, say that no one is good unless he is wise. We may grant that; but they understand wisdom to be a thing such as no mortal man has yet attained. I, however, am bound to look at things as they are in the experience of everyday life and not as they are in fancy or in hope. Never could I say that Gaius Fabricius, Manius Curius, and Tiberius Coruncanius, whom our ancestors adjudged to be wise, were wise by such a standard as that. Therefore, let the Sophists keep their unpopular and unintelligible word to themselves, granting only that the men just named were good men. They will not do it though; they will say that goodness can be predicated only of the "wise" man. Let us then proceed "with our own wits," as the saying is. Those wh act and so live as to give proof of lo and uprightness, of fairness and g osity; who are free from all pas caprice, and insolence, and have strength of character—men like those mentioned—such men let us con good, as they were accounted good in and also entitled to be called by that because, in as far as that is possibl man, they follow Nature, who is the guide to good living.

For it seems clear to me that we so created that between us all there e a certain tie which strengthens with proximity to each other. Therefore, low countrymen are preferred to eigners and relatives to strangers, for them Nature herself engenders friend but it is one that is lacking in consta For friendship excels relationship in that goodwill may be eliminated fro lationship while from friendship it not; since, if you remove goodwill friendship, the very name of fri ship is gone; if you remove it relationship, the name relationship remains. Moreover, how great the p of friendship is may most clearly be re nized from the fact that, in compa with the infinite ties uniting the hu race and fashioned by Nature herself, thing called friendship has been narr that the bonds of affection always two persons only, or, at most, a few.

For friendship is nothing else tha accord in all things, human and di conjoined with mutual goodwill and a tion, and I am inclined to think that, the exception of wisdom, no better has been given to man by the imm gods. Some prefer riches, some health, some power, some public hon and many prefer sensual pleasures. last is the highest aim of brutes; others are fleeting and unstable t and dependent less upon human fore than upon the fickleness of for

[1] From the Loeb Classical Library, by permission.

n, there are those who place the f good" in virtue and that is really ble view; but this very virtue is the nt and preserver of friendship and but virtue friendship cannot exist at To proceed then, let us interpret the "virtue" by the familiar usage of everyday life and speech, and not in pous phrase apply to it the precise dards which certain philosophers use; let us include in the number of good those who are so considered—men Paulus, Cato, Gallus, Scipio, and us—who satisfy the ordinary standard fe; but let us pass by such men as nowhere to be found at all.

herefore, among men like those just ioned, friendship offers advantages st beyond my power to describe. In first place, how can life be what us calls "the life worth living," if it not repose on the mutual goodwill friend? What is sweeter than to someone with whom you may dare ss anything as if you were commun- with yourself? How could your en- ent in times of prosperity be so great u did not have someone whose joy em would be equal to your own? rsity would indeed be hard to bear, but him to whom the burden would eavier even than to yourself. In , all other objects of desire are each, he most part, adapted to a single end hes, for spending; influence, for ur; public office, for reputation; ures, for sensual enjoyment; and h, for freedom from pain and full of the bodily functions; but friend- embraces innumerable ends; turn e you will it is ever at your side; no er shuts it out; it is never untimely never in the way. Therefore, we do use the proverbial "fire and water" ore occasions than we use friendship. not now speaking of the ordinary commonplace friendship—delightful profitable as it is—but of that pure faultless kind, such as was that of the few whose friendships are known to fame. For friendship adds a brighter radiance to prosperity and lessens the burden of adversity by dividing and sharing it.

Seeing that friendship includes very many and very great advantages, it undoubtedly excels all other things in this respect, that it projects the bright ray of hope into the future, and does not suffer the spirit to grow faint or to fall. Again, he who looks upon a true friend, looks, as it were, upon a sort of image of himself. Wherefore friends, though absent, are at hand; though in need, yet abound; though weak, are strong; and—harder saying still—though dead, are yet alive; so great is the esteem on the part of their friends, the tender recollection and the deep longing that still attends them. These things make the death of the departed seem fortunate and the life of the survivors worthy of praise. But if you should take the bond of goodwill out of the universe no house or city could stand, nor would even the tillage of the fields abide. If that statement is not clear, then you may understand how great is the power of friendship and of concord from a consideration of the results of enmity and disagreement. For what house is so strong, or what state so enduring that it cannot be utterly overthrown by animosities and division?

From this it may be judged how great good there is in friendship. It is said, at any rate, that a certain learned man of Agrigentum sang in inspired strain in Greek verse that in nature and the entire universe whatever things are at rest and whatever are in motion are united by friendship and scattered by discord. And indeed this is a statement which all men not only understand but also approve. Whenever, therefore, there comes to light some signal service in undergoing or sharing the dangers of a friend, who does not proclaim it with the loudest praise? What shouts recently rang through the entire

theatre during the performance of the new play, written by my guest and friend, Marcus Pacuvius, at the scene where, the king being ignorant which of the two was Orestes, Pylades, who wished to be put to death instead of his friend, declared, "I am Orestes," while Orestes continued steadfastly to assert, as was the fact, "I am Orestes!" The people in the audience rose to their feet and cheered this incident in fiction; what, think we, would they have done had it occurred in real life? In this case Nature easily asserted her own power, inasmuch as men approved in another as well done that which they could not do themselves. . . .

The oftener, therefore, I reflect on friendship the more it seems to me that consideration should be given to the question, whether the longing for friendship is felt on account of weakness and want, so that by giving and receiving favours one may get from another and in turn repay what he is unable to procure of himself; or, although this mutual interchange is really inseparable from friendship, whether there is not another cause, older, more beautiful, and emanating more directly from Nature herself. For it is love (amor), from which the word "friendship" (amicitia) is derived, that leads to the establishing of goodwill. For while it is true that advantages are frequently obtained even from those who, under a pretence of friendship, are courted and honoured to suit the occasion; yet in friendship there is nothing false, nothing pretended; whatever there is is genuine and comes of its own accord. Wherefore it seems to me that friendship springs rather from nature than from need, and from an inclination of the soul joined with a feeling of love rather than from calculation of how much profit the friendship is likely to afford. What this feeling is may be perceived even in the case of certain animals, which, up to a certain time, so love their offspring and are so loved by them, that their impulses are easily seen. But this is much more dent in man; first, from the affection isting between children and pare which cannot be destroyed except some execrable crime, and again fi that kindred impulse of love, which ar when once we have met someone wh habits and character are congenial w our own; because in him we seem to hold, as it were, a sort of lamp of rightness and virtue. For there is no ing more lovable than virtue, nothing t more allures us to affection, since on count of their virtue and uprightness feel a sort of affection even for th whom we have never seen. Is there a one who does not dwell with some kin affection on the memory of Gaius Fab cius and Manius Curius, though he ne saw them? On the other hand, is th anyone who does not hate Tarquin Proud, Spurius Cassius, or Spur Mælius? Against two leaders we h bitter struggles for the empire of Italy Pyrrhus and Hannibal; for the form because of his uprightness, we have great enmity; for the latter, because his cruelty, this State will always ent tain hatred. . . .

Then listen, most worthy gentlemen, the points very frequently mentioned tween Scipio and me in our discussions friendship. Now he, indeed, used to that nothing was harder than for a frie ship to continue to the very end of li for it often happened either that friendship ceased to be mutually adv tageous, or the parties to it did not ent tain the same political views; and t frequently, too, the dispositions of m were changed, sometimes by adversity sometimes by the increasing burdens age. And then he would draw an ill tration of this principle from the anal of early life. "For," said he, "the m ardent attachments of boyhood are of laid aside with the boyish dress; and continued to the time of manhood, t are broken off, sometimes by rivalry

tship or sometimes by a contest for
e advantage, in which both of the
ies to the friendship cannot be suc-
ful at the same time. But should the
dship continue for a longer time, yet
often overthrown when a struggle for
e happens to arise; for while, with the
rality of men, the greatest bane of
dship is the lust for money, with the
t worthy men it is the strife for pre-
ient and glory, and from this source
uently have sprung the deadliest
ities between the dearest friends."
Then, too, disagreements of a very
ous nature, and usually justifiable,
e from a demand upon friends to do
ething that is wrong, as, for example,
ecome agents of vice or abettors in
ence, and when the demand is refused,
ever honourable the refusal, it is
ertheless charged by those to whom
compliance was denied that the laws
riendship have been disregarded; be-
s, those who dare demand anything
everything of a friend, by that very
and profess a willingness to do any-
g whatever for the sake of a friend.
their ceaseless recriminations not only
social intimacies usually destroyed,
also everlasting enmities are produced.
many dangers of this kind," he would
"hover like evil fates over friend-
s, that it seems to me to require both
lom and good luck to escape them
"

Wherefore, let us first consider, if you
se, how far love ought to go in friend-
. Supposing Coriolanus to have had
nds, were those friends in duty bound
ear arms with him against their coun-
" Or ought the friends of Vecellinus,
f Mælius, to have supported them in
r attempts to gain regal power? As
Tiberius Gracchus, when he began to
up revolution against the Republic,
saw him utterly deserted by Quintus
ero and by the friends of his own age.
yet Gaius Blossius of Cumæ, a
égé of your family, Scævola, came to
me to plead for leniency, because I was present as adviser to the consuls, Lænas and Rupilius, and offered, as a reason for my pardoning him, the fact that his esteem for Tiberius Gracchus was so great he thought it was his duty to do anything that Tiberius requested him to do. Thereupon I inquired, "Even if he requested you to set fire to the Capitol?" "He never would have requested me to do that, of course," said he, "but if he had I should have obeyed." You see what an impious remark that was! And, by heavens! he did all that he said he would do, or rather even more; for he did not follow, but he directed, the infatuation of Tiberius Gracchus, and he did not offer himself as the comrade in the latter's fury, but as the leader. And so, as a result of his madness, being in fear of the special court of inquiry, he fled into Asia, joined our enemies, and paid a heavy and righteous penalty for his crimes against the Republic.

Therefore it is no justification whatever of your sin to have sinned in behalf of a friend; for, since his belief in your virtue induced the friendship, it is hard for that friendship to remain if you have forsaken virtue. But if you should resolve that it is right, either to grant our friends whatever they wish, or get from them whatever we wish, then, assuming that we were endowed with truly faultless wisdom, no harm would result. . . .

Therefore let this be ordained as the first law of friendship: Ask of friends only what is honourable; do for friends only what is honourable and without even waiting to be asked; let zeal be ever present, but hesitation absent; dare to give true advice with all frankness; in friendship let the influence of friends who are wise counsellors be paramount, and let that influence be employed in advising, not only with frankness, but, if the occasion demands, even with sternness, and let the advice be followed when given. I say this because certain men who, I am

informed, are considered sages in Greece, have approved certain views, which, in my opinion, are astonishing (but there is nothing that those men will not pursue with their subtleties). Some of these men teach that too much intimacy in friendships should be avoided, lest it be necessary for one man to be full of anxiety for many; that each one of us has business of his own, enough and to spare; that it is annoying to be too much involved in the affairs of other people; but it is best to hold the reins of friendship as loosely as possible, so that we may either draw them up or slacken them at will; for, they say, an essential of a happy life is freedom from care, and this the soul cannot enjoy if one man is, as it were, in travail for many.

Again, there are others, I am told, who, with even less of human feeling, maintain (and I briefly touched on this point just now) that friendships must be sought for the sake of the defence and aid they give and not out of goodwill and affection; therefore, that those least endowed with firmness of character and strength of body have the greatest longing for friendship; and consequently, that helpless women, more than men, seek its shelter, the poor more than the rich, and the unfortunate more than those who are accounted fortunate. O noble philosophy! Why, they seem to take the sun out of the universe when they deprive life of friendship, than which we have from the immortal gods no better, no more delightful boon. For of what value is their vaunted "freedom from care"? In appearance it is indeed an alluring thing, but in reality often to be shunned. For it is inconsistent not to undertake any honourable business or course of conduct, or to lay it aside when undertaken, in order to avoid anxiety. Nay, if we continually flee from trouble, we must also flee from Virtue, who necessarily meets with some trouble in rejecting and loathing things contrary to herself, as when kindness rejects ill-will, temperance lust, and bravery cowardice. A so you may see that it is the just who most pained at injustice, the brave cowardice, the self-restrained at pr ligacy. It is, therefore, characteristic the well-ordered mind both to rejoice good deeds and to be pained at reverse.

Wherefore, if distress of mind befall wise man (as it certainly does unless assume that human sympathy has be rooted out of his heart), why should remove friendship entirely from our li in order that we may suffer no worries its account? For when the soul is prived of emotion, what difference there—I do not say between man and beasts of the field, but between man a a stock or a stone, or any such thin Nor are we to listen to those men w maintain that virtue is hard and unyie ing and is, as it were, something made iron; whereas, in many relations of li and especially in friendship, it is so plia and elastic that it expands, so to spe with a friend's prosperity and contra with his adversity. Wherefore, that m tal anguish of which I spoke and wh often must be felt on a friend's accou has no more power to banish friendsh from life than it has to cause us to rej virtue because virtue entails certain ca and annoyances.

But, since, as I said before, virtue kn friendship together, if there should some exhibition of shining virtue to wh a kindred spirit may attach and adj itself, then, when that happens, lo must needs spring forth. For is th anything so absurd as to delight in ma inanimate things, like public office, fa and stately buildings, or dress and p sonal adornment, and to take little or delight in a sentient being endowed w virtue and capable of loving, and—i may so term it—of loving back? I nothing gives more pleasure than the turn of goodwill and the interchange zealous service. And what if I also a

may fairly do, that nothing so
and attracts anything to itself as
ss does to friendship? Then it
will be granted as a fact that good
love and join to themselves other
men, in a union which is almost
of relationship and Nature. For
is nothing more eager or more
than Nature for what is like itself.
efore, because of this very fact, I
it should be evident, Fannius and
la, that the good have for the good,
from necessity, a kindly feeling
Nature has made the fountain of
ship. But this same goodness be-
also to the generality of men. For
is not unfeeling, unwilling to
or proudly exclusive, but it is her
to protect even whole nations and
n the best measures for their wel-
which she certainly would not do if
sdained the affection of the common

l again, it seems to me at any rate,
hose who falsely assume expediency
the basis of friendship, take from
ship's chain its loveliest link. For
ot so much the material gain pro-
through a friend as it is his love,
is love alone, that gives us delight;
at advantage which we derive from
ecomes a pleasure only when his
e is inspired by an ardent zeal. And
ar from being true that friendship
ivated because of need; rather, is it
ted by those who are most abun-
blessed with wealth and power and
ally with virtue which is man's best
e; by those least in need of an-
help; and by those most generous
ost given to acts of kindness. In-
I should be inclined to think that
ot well for friends never to need
ng at all. Wherein, for example,
my zeal have displayed itself if
had never been in need of my ad-
r assistance either at home or
? It is not the case, therefore,
riendship attends upon advantage,
but, on the contrary, that advantage attends upon friendship. . . .

We now have to determine in our discussion of friendship what are the limits and, so to speak, the boundary lines of affection. On this point I observe that three views are usually advanced, none of which I approve: first, "That we should have the same feeling for our friends that we have for ourselves"; second, "That our goodwill towards our friends should correspond in all respects to their goodwill towards us," and third, "That whatever value a man places upon himself, the same value should be placed upon him by his friends." I do not agree at all with any of these views. Certainly the first one is not true which holds that "as a man feels towards himself, so should he feel towards his friend." For how many things we do for our friends that we never would do for ourselves! At one time we beg and entreat an unworthy man, and again we assail another too sharply or too loudly rail upon him—things not quite creditable in our own affairs, but exceedingly so in behalf of our friends; and there are numerous occasions when good men forgo, or permit themselves to be deprived of, many conveniences in order that their friends rather than themselves may enjoy them.

The second view limits friendship to an equal interchange of services and feelings. It surely is calling friendship to a very close and petty accounting to require it to keep an exact balance of credits and debits. I think true friendship is richer and more abundant than that and does not narrowly scan the reckoning lest it pay out more than it has received; and there need be no fear that some bit of kindness will be lost, that it will overflow the measure and spill upon the ground, or that more than is due will be poured into friendship's bin.

But worst of all is the third limitation, which is that "whatever value a man places upon himself, the same value

should be placed upon him by his friends." For often in some men either the spirit is too dejected, or the hope of bettering their fortune is too faint. Therefore, it is not the province of a friend, in such a case, to have the same estimate of another that the other has of himself, but rather it is his duty to strive with all his might to arouse his friend's prostrate soul and lead it to a livelier hope and into a better train of thought. Hence some other limitation of true friendship must be fixed, after I have first stated a view which Scipio used to condemn in the strongest terms. He often said that no utterence could be found more at war with friendship than that of the man who had made this remark: "We should love as if at some time we were going to hate." And Scipio really could not, he said, be induced to adopt the commonly accepted belief that this expression was made by Bias, who was counted one of the Seven Sages; but he thought that it was the speech of some abandoned wretch, or scheming politician, or of someone who regarded everything as an instrument to serve his own selfish ends. For how will it be possible for anyone to be a friend to a man who, he believes, may be his foe? Nay, in such a case it will be necessary also for him to desire and pray that his friend may sin as often as possible and thereby give him, as it were, the more handles to lay hold of; and, again, he will be bound to feel grief, pain and envy at the good deeds and good fortune of his friends. Wherefore this maxim, whoever its author, really has the effect of destroying friendship: rather ought we to have been enjoined to exercise such care in forming friendships that we should never begin to love anyone whom we might sometime hate. Indeed, Scipio thought that, even if we had been unfortunate in our choice, we should endure it rather than plan an opportunity for a breach.

Therefore, these are the limits which I think ought to be observed, namely: the characters of friends are blam then there should be between them plete harmony of opinions and inclina in everything without any exception; even if by some chance the wishes friend are not altogether honourable require to be forwarded in matters w involve his life or reputation, we sh turn aside from the straight path, vided, however, utter disgrace does follow; for there are limits to the in gence which can be allowed to friend Nor indeed ought a man either to regard his reputation, or to consider goodwill of his countrymen a poor wea in the battle of life, though to hunt a it with fawning and flattery is disgr ful; as to virtue we must by no m abjure it, for it is attended by regard

But Scipio—and I often recur to my sole authority for a discourse friendship—Scipio used to complain men were more painstaking in all o things than in friendship; that everyb could tell how many goats and shee had, but was unable to tell the nun of his friends; and that men took p in getting the former, but were car in choosing the latter, and had no cer signs, or marks, so to speak, by whic determine their fitness for friends We ought, therefore, to choose men are firm, steadfast and constant, a of which there is a great dearth; an the same time it is very hard to come decision without a trial, while such can only be made in actual friends thus friendship outruns the judgen and takes away the opportunity of a t Hence it is the part of wisdom to c the headlong rush of goodwill as would that of a chariot, and thereb manage friendship that we may in s degree put the dispositions of friend we do those of horses, to a prelimi test. Some men often give proof petty money transaction how unst they are; while others, who could

been influenced by a trivial sum, are ered in one that is large. But if hall be found who think it base to money to friendship, where shall d those who do not put office, civil ilitary rank, high place and power, friendship, so that when the former tages are placed before them on one nd the latter on the other they will uch prefer the former? For feeble struggle of human nature against , and when men have attained it by the disregard of friendship they ne the sin will be forgotten because ship was not disregarded without a ty cause. Therefore, true friend- are very hard to find among those time is spent in office or in business ublic kind. For where can you find n so high-minded as to prefer his 's advancement to his own? And, g by material considerations, pray ler this: how grievous and how hard st persons does association in an- s misfortunes appear! Nor is it to find men who will go down to ity's depths for a friend. Ennius, er, is right when he says:

hen Fortune's fickle the faithful l is found;"

is on these two charges that most are convicted of fickleness: they hold a friend of little value when own affairs are prosperous, or they lon him when his are adverse. Who- therefore, in either of these con- cies, has shown himself staunch, vable, and firm in friendship ought considered to belong to that class n which is exceedingly rare—aye, t divine.

w the support and stay of that un- ing constancy, which we look for endship, is loyalty; for nothing is nt that is disloyal. Moreover, the course is to choose for a friend one frank, sociable, and sympathetic— s, one who is likely to be influenced by the same motives as yourself—since all these qualities conduce to loyalty; for it is impossible for a man to be loyal whose nature is full of twists and twinings; and, indeed, one who is untouched by the same influences as yourself and is naturally unsympathetic cannot be either loyal or steadfast. To this observation should be added a requirement tending to produce that steadfastness, which I have been discussing for some time: a friend must neither take pleasure in bringing charges against you nor believe them when made by others. And so, the truth of what I said in the beginning is established: "Friendship cannot exist except among good men."

For it is characteristic of the good man, whom I may also call the wise man, to maintain these two rules in friendship: first, let there be no feigning or hypocrisy; for it is more befitting a candid man to hate openly than to mask his real thoughts with a lying face; secondly, let him not only reject charges preferred by another, but also let him avoid even being suspicious and ever believing that his friend has done something wrong. To this should be added a certain affability of speech and manner, which gives no mean flavour to friendship. While unvarying seriousness and gravity are indeed impressive, yet friendship ought to be more unrestrained, genial, and agreeable, and more inclined to be wholly courteous and urbane.

But at this point there arises a certain question of some little difficulty: Are new friends who are worthy of friendship, at any time to be preferred to old friends, as we are wont to prefer young horses to old ones? The doubt is unworthy of a human being, for there should be no surfeit of friendships as there is of other things; and, as in the case of wines that improve with age, the oldest friendships ought to be the most delightful; moreover, the well-known adage is true: "Men must eat many a peck of salt together

before the claims of friendship are fulfilled." But new friendships are not to be scorned if they offer hope of bearing fruit like green shoots of corn that do not disappoint us at harvest-time; yet the old friendships must preserve their own place, for the force of age and habit is very great. Nay, even in the case of the horse just now referred to, everybody, nothing preventing, would rather use one to which he has grown accustomed than one that is untrained and new. And habit is strong in the case not only of animate, but also of inanimate things, since we delight even in places, though rugged and wild, in which we have lived for a fairly long time.

But it is of the utmost importance in friendship that superior and inferior should stand on an equality. . . . And this course every man should adopt and imitate, so that if he is endowed with any superiority in virtue, intellect, or fortune he may impart it to his relatives and share it with his next of kin; or if, for example, his parents are of a lowly station and his relatives are less favoured in mind or estate than himself, he may increase the means of the one and be the source of honour and influence to the other; as in legends, men who have for a long time lived the life of menials, because their lineage and family were unknown, although discovered and found to be the sons of gods or of kings, nevertheless retain affection for the shepherds whom for many years they regarded as their parents. And surely such a feeling ought to be much stronger in the case of real and undoubted parents. For the fruit of genius, of virtue, and, indeed, of every excellence, imparts its sweetest flavour when bestowed on those who are nearest and dearest to us.

As, therefore, in the intimacy existing between friends and relatives the superior should put himself on a level with his inferior, so the latter ought not to grieve that he is surpassed by the former in intellect, fortune, or position. But man the latter kind are continually utte some complaints or reproaches even, e cially if they think that they have anything which they can speak of a act of duty and of friendship, involvi certain amount of toil. A very disag able class of people, certainly, are t who are ever obtruding their own serv which ought to be kept in mind by for whom they were performed and sh not be mentioned by him who perfor them. As, therefore, in friendship, t who are superior should lower themse so, in a measure, should they lift up t inferiors. For there are certain men render friendships disagreeable by th ing themselves slighted—a thing w rarely happens, except in the case persons who think that they really serve to be slighted; but they ought t relieved of such an opinion not by w only but by action. Now, in the place, you must render to each frien much aid as you can, and, in the sec place, as much as he whom you love assist has the capacity to bear. however eminent you may be, you ca lead all your friends through the var grades to the highest official rank Scipio was able to do when he n Publius Rutilius consul, though he c not accomplish this result in the cas his brother, Lucius Rutilius. But if you could bestow upon another honour you chose, yet you must cons what he is able to bear.

As a rule decisions about friends should be formed after strength stability have been reached in mind age; nor should men who in boyhood devoted to hunting and games of keep as their intimates those whom loved at that period simply because were fond of the same pursuits. Fo that principle nurses and the slaves attended us to and from school, will right of priority of acquaintance, c the largest share of our goodwill

hit that they are not to be neglected, they are to be regarded in an entirely erent way; under no other conditions friendship remain secure. For differe of character is attended by differe of taste and it is this diversity of te that severs friendships; nor is there other cause why good men cannot be nds to wicked men, or wicked men to d men, except that there is the greatest sible distance between them in charac- and in taste.

This rule also may properly be preibed in friendship: Let not a sort of governed goodwill (as very frequently pens) hinder your friends' advantage important matters. For indeed, if I y go back to legends, Neoptolemus ld not have taken Troy if he had been ling to listen to Lycomedes, by whom had been reared and who endeavoured h many tears to hinder him from setg out. Often, too, important duties se which require the temporary separan of friends; and he who would hinder discharge of those duties because he not easily bear his grief at the absence his friends, is not only weak and eminate, but, on that very account, is from reasonable in his friendship. In ef, it is your duty on every occasion to sider carefully both what you will end from a friend and what you will mit him to obtain when he makes a nand on you.

Furthermore, there is a sort of disaster connexion with breaking off friendships or now our discussion descends from intimacies of the wise to friendships the ordinary kind—which is sometimes voidable. There are often in friends bursts of vice which affect sometimes ir actual friends, sometimes strangers, so that the infamy of the evil flows r on to the friends. Therefore the of such friendships should be dered by a gradual relaxation of intiy, and, as I have heard that Cato d to say, "They should be unravelled rather than rent apart," unless there has been some outbreak of utterly unbearable wrongdoing, so that the only course consistent with rectitude and honour, and indeed the only one possible, is to effect an immediate withdrawal of affection and association.

But if, on the other hand, as usually happens, a mere change of disposition and of tastes should occur, or if a difference in political views should arise (for I am talking now, as I said a moment ago, not of friendships existing between wise men, but of those of the ordinary kind), care must be taken lest it appear, not only that friendship has been put aside, but that open hostility has been aroused. For nothing is more discreditable than to be at war with one with whom you have lived on intimate terms. . . .

In short: there is but one security and one provision against these evils and annoyances, and that is, neither to enlist your love too quickly nor to fix it on unworthy men. Now they are worthy of friendship who have within their own souls the reason for their being loved. A rare class indeed! And really everything splendid is rare, and nothing is harder to find than something which in all respects is a perfect specimen of its kind. But the majority of men recognize nothing whatever in human experience as good unless it brings some profit and they regard their friends as they do their cattle, valuing most highly those which give hope of the largest gain. Thus do they fail to attain that loveliest, most spontaneous friendship, which is desirable in and for itself; and they do not learn from their own experience what the power of such friendship is and are ignorant of its nature and extent. For everyone loves himself, not with a view of acquiring some profit for himself from his self-love, but because he is dear to himself on his own account; and unless this same feeling were transferred to friendship, the real friend

would never be found; for he is, as it were, another self.

Now if it is evident in animals, whether of the air, water, or the land, and whether tame or wild, first, that they love themselves—for this feeling is born alike in every living creature—and, secondly, that they require and eagerly search for other animals of their own kind to which they may attach themselves—and this they do with a longing in some degree resembling human love—then how much more, by the law of his nature, is this the case with man who both loves himself and uses his reason to seek out another whose soul he may so mingle with his own as almost to make one out of two! . . .

Friendship was given to us by Nature as the handmaid of virtue, not as a comrade of vice; because virtue cannot attain her highest aims unattended, but only in union and fellowship with another. Such a partnership as this, whether it is, or was, or is yet to be, should be considered the best and happiest comradeship along the road to Nature's highest good. In such a partnership, I say, abide all things that men deem worthy of pursuit—honour and fame and delightful tranquillity of mind; so that when these blessings are at hand life is happy, and without them, it cannot be happy.

Since happiness is our best and highest aim, we must, if we would attain it, give our attention to virtue, without which we can obtain neither friendship nor any other desirable thing; on the other hand, those who slight virtue and yet think that they have friends, perceive their mistake at last when some grievous misfortune forces them to put their friends to the test. Therefore, I repeat the injunction, for it should be said again and again: you should love your friend after you have appraised him; you should not appraise him after you have begun to love him. But we are punished for our negligence in many things, and especially are we most grievously punished for our carelessness in the choice and treatm of our friends; for we deliberate after event, and we do what the ancient prov forbids—we argue the case after the v dict is found. Accordingly, after we ha become involved with others in a mutt affection, either by long association or interchange of favours, some cause offence arises and we suddenly break t bonds of friendship asunder when it h run but half its course.

Therefore carelessness so great in r gard to a relation absolutely indispen able deserves the more to be censure For the one thing in human experien about whose advantage all men with o voice agree, is friendship; even virtue self is regarded with contempt by ma and is said to be mere pretence and di play; many disdain riches, because th are content with little and take delig in meagre fare and plain dress; politic honours, too, for which some have burning desire—how many so despi them that they believe nothing mo empty and nothing more inane! Likewi other things, which seem to some to worthy of admiration, are by ma thought to be of no value at all. B concerning friendship, all, to a man, thi the same thing: those who have devot themselves to public life; those who fi their joy in science and philosophy; tho who manage their own business free fro public cares; and, finally, those who a wholly given up to sensual pleasures all believe that without friendship life no life at all, or at least they so belie if they have any desire whatever to li the life of free men. For it creeps i perceptibly, I know not how, into eve life, and suffers no mode of existence be devoid of its presence.

Nay, even if anyone were of a nature savage and fierce as to shun and loat the society of men—such, for example, tradition tells us a certain Timon Athens once was—yet even such a m could not refrain from seeking so

n before whom he might pour out enom of his embittered soul. More- the view just expressed might best praised if such a thing as this could en: suppose that a god should re- us from these haunts of men and s in some solitary place, and, while ding us there in plenteous abundance all material things for which our e yearns, should take from us alto- r the power to gaze upon our fellow —who would be such a man of iron be able to endure that sort of a And who is there from whom soli- would not snatch the enjoyment of pleasure? True, therefore, is that rated saying of Archytas of Taren- I think it was—a saying which I heard repeated by our old men who eir turn heard it from their elders. to this effect: "If a man should d alone into heaven and behold y the structure of the universe and eauty of the stars, there would be easure for him in the awe-inspiring which would have filled him with t if he had had someone to whom uld describe what he had seen."

Nature, loving nothing solitary, s strives for some sort of support, man's best support is a very dear l.

t though this same Nature declares many utterances what she wishes, she seeks, and what she ardently for, yet we somehow grow deaf and t hearken to her voice. For varied complex are the experiences of lship, and they afford many causes spicion and offence, which it is wise imes to ignore, sometimes to make of, and sometimes to endure. But is one cause of offence which must ncountered in order that both the lness and loyalty of friendship may eserved; for friends frequently must t only advised, but also rebuked, oth advice and rebuke should be received when given in a spirit of goodwill. But somehow it is true, as put by my intimate friend in his Andria:

"Complaisance gets us friends, plain speaking, hate."

A troublesome thing is truth, if it is indeed the source of hate, which poisons friendship; but much more troublesome is complaisance, which, by showing indulgence to the sins of a friend, allows him to be carried headlong away; but the greatest fault is in him who both scornfully rejects truth and is driven by complaisance to ruin.

Therefore, in this entire matter reason and care must be used, first, that advice be free from harshness, and second, that reproof be free from insult. But in showing complaisance—I am glad to adopt Terence's word, obsequium—let courtesy be at hand, and let flattery, the handmaid of vice, be far removed, as it is unworthy not only of a friend but even of a free man; for we live in one way with a tyrant and in another with a friend. Now we must despair of the safety of the man whose ears are so closed to truth that he cannot hear what is true from a friend. For there is shrewdness in that well-known saying of Cato, as there was in much that he said: "Some men are better served by their bitter-tongued enemies than by their sweet-smiling friends; because the former often tell the truth, the latter, never." And furthermore, it is absurd that men who are admonished do not feel vexation at what ought to vex them, but do feel it at what ought not; for they are annoyed, not at the sin, but at the reproof; whereas, on the contrary, they ought to grieve for the offence and rejoice at its correction.

As, therefore, it is characteristic of true friendship both to give and to receive advice and, on the one hand, to give it with all freedom of speech, but without harshness, and on the other hand, to receive it patiently, but without resentment, so nothing is to be considered a greater

bane of friendship than fawning, cajolery, or flattery; for give it as many names as you choose, it deserves to be branded as a vice peculiar to fickle and falsehearted men who say everything with a view to pleasure and nothing with a view to truth. Moreover, hypocrisy is not only wicked under all circumstances, because it pollutes truth and takes away the power to discern it, but it is also especially inimical to friendship, since it utterly destroys sincerity, without which the word friendship can have no meaning. And since the effect of friendship is to make, as it were, one soul out of many, how will that be possible if not even in one man taken by himself shall there be a soul always one and the same, but fickle, changeable, and manifold? For what can be as pliant and erratic as the soul of the man who changes not only to suit another's humour and desire, but even his expression and his nod?

"He says 'nay,' and 'nay' say I; he says 'yea,' and 'yea' say I; in fine, I bade myself agree with him in everything."

This was said by Terence whom I quoted before, but he says it in the character of Gnatho; and to have such a man for a friend on any terms is a mark of inconstancy. However, there are many like Gnatho, though his superiors in birth, fortune, and reputation, who become dangerous flatterers when their insincerity is supported by their position. But by the exercise of care a fawning friend may be separated and distinguished from a true friend, just as everything pretended and false may be distinguished from what is genuine and true. A public assembly, though composed of very ignorant men, can, nevertheless, usually see the difference between a demagogue—that is, a smooth-tongued, shallow citizen—and one who has stability, sincerity and weight. . . .

Now, if on the stage, I mean on the platform, where there is the greatest opportunity for deception and disgr truth yet prevails, provided it is m plain and brought into the light of what ought to be the case with friend which is wholly weighed in the scale truth? For in friendship, unless, as saying is, you behold and show an o heart, you can have no loyalty or tainty and not even the satisfaction loving and of being loved, since you not know what true love is. And yet flattery of which I spoke, however dea it may be, can harm no one except who receives and delights in it. It lows that the man who lends the read ear to flatterers is the one who is m given to self-flattery and is most satis with himself.

I grant that Virtue loves herself; she best knows herself and realizes h lovable she is; but it is not virtue I talking about but a reputation for vir For many wish not so much to be, as seem to be, endowed with real vir Such men delight in flattery, and whe complimentary speech is fashioned to their fancy they think the empty phr is proof of their own merits. There nothing, therefore, in a friendship which one of the parties to it does wish to hear the truth and the othe ready to lie. Nor should we see humour in the fawning parasites in co dies if there were no braggart soldier

"In truth did Thais send me many thank

It would have been enough to ansv "Many." "Millions of them," said parasite. The flatterer always magni that which the one for whose gratifica he speaks wishes to be large. Wheref although that sort of hollow flattery in ences those who court and make a for it, yet even stronger and stea men should be warned to be on t guard lest they be taken in by flatter the crafty kind.

No one, to be sure, unless he is an u

fails to detect the open flatterer, we must exercise a watchful care nst the deep and crafty one lest he upon us unawares. For he is very to recognize, since he often fawns by opposing, and flatters and cajoles retending to quarrel, until at last he s in, allowing himself to be overcome hat his dupe may appear to have seen her into the matter than himself. yet, is there anything more discredit- than to be made a dupe? If not, we should be all the more on our rd that it does not happen to us to e to confess:

-day, of all old fools that play the comic parts,
u've wheedled me the most and made your greatest dupe."

even on the stage the silliest charac- take the parts of old men lacking in sight and easily deceived.

But in some unaccountable way I have ted away from the friendship of fault- men—that is, men of wisdom, such dom I mean as is observed to fall to lot of man—and I have rambled on a discussion of friendships of the olous kind. Wherefore, let me return the topic with which I began and lly put an end even to that.

Virtue, my dear Gaius Fannius, and , my dear Quintus Musius, Virtue, I both creates the bond of friendship preserves it. For in Virtue is com- te harmony, in her is permanence, in is fidelity; and when she has raised head and shown her own light and has n and recognized the same light in ther, she moves towards it and in turn eives its beams; as a result love or endship leaps into flame; for both rds are derived from a word meaning love." But love is nothing other than great esteem and affection felt for n who inspires that sentiment, and it not sought because of material need or the sake of material gain. Neverthe- less even this blossoms forth from friend- ship, although you did not make it your aim. . . .

For me, indeed, though he was sud- denly snatched away, Scipio still lives and will always live; for it was his virtue that caused my love and that is not dead. Nor is it only in my sight and for me, who had it constantly within my reach, that his virtue lives; it will even shed its light and splendour on men un- born. No one will ever undertake with courage and hope the larger tasks of life without thinking that he must continually keep before him the memory and example of that illustrious man.

For my part, of all the blessings that fortune or Nature has bestowed on me, there is none which I can compare with Scipio's friendship. In it I found agree- ment on public questions; in it, counsel in private business, and in it, too, a leisure of unalloyed delight. And, so far as I was aware, I never offended him in even the most trivial point; nor did I ever hear a word from him that I could wish unsaid; there was one home for us both; we had the same fare and shared it in common, and we were together not only in our military campaigns, but also in our foreign tours and on our vacations in the country. Why need I speak of our constant devotion to investigation and to learning in which, remote from the gaze of men, we spent all our leisure time? If my recollection and memory of these things had died with him, I could not now by any means endure the loss of a man so very near and dear to me. But those experiences with him are not dead; rather they are nourished and made more vivid by my reflection and memory; and even if I were utterly deprived of the power to recall them, yet my age would of itself afford me great relief; for I can- not have much longer time to bear this bereavement; besides, every trial, which is of brief duration, ought to be endur- able, even if it be severe.

This is all that I had to say about friendship; but I exhort you both so to esteem virtue (without which friendship cannot exist), that, excepting virtue, you will think nothing more excellent than friendship.

—W. A. Falconer.

Qualifications of the Orator

cicero

[From *On the Orator,* Book I]

The conditions of public life in the closing days of the Republic demanded of the orator special qualifications of a very high order. Cato the Censor was credited with having defined the orator as a good man skilled in speech; to these two requisites of character and skill Cicero adds as a third a wide familiarity with the arts and sciences.

It does not escape your observation that what the Greeks call Philosophy, is esteemed by the most learned men, the originator, as it were, and parent of all the arts which merit praise; philosophy, I say, in which it is difficult to enumerate how many distinguished men there have been, and of how great knowledge, variety, and comprehensiveness in their studies, men who have not confined their labours to one province separately, but have embraced whatever they could master either by scientific investigations, or by processes of reasoning. Who is ignorant in how great obscurity of matter, in how abstruse, manifold, and subtle an art they who are called mathematicians are engaged? Yet in that pursuit so many men have arrived at excellence, that not one seems to have applied himself to the science in earnest without attaining in it whatever he desired. Who has ever devoted himself wholly to music; who has ever given himself up to the learning which they profess who are called grammarians, without compassing, in knowledge and understanding, the whole substance and matter of those sciences, though almost boundless? Of all those who have engaged in the most liberal pursuits and departments of such sciences, I think I may truly say that a smaller number of eminent poets have arisen than of men distinguished in any other branch of literature; and in the whole multitude of the learned, among whom there rarely appears one of the highest excellence, there will be found, if you will but make a careful review of our own list and that of the Greeks, far fewer good orators than good poets. This ought to seem the more wonderful, as attainments in other sciences are drawn from recluse and hidden springs; but the whole art of speaking lies before us, and is concerned with common usage and the custom and language of all men; so that while in other things that is most excellent which is most remote from the knowledge and understanding of the illiterate, it is in speaking even the greatest of faults to vary from the ordinary kind of language, and the practice sanctioned by universal reason.

Yet it cannot be said with truth, either that more are devoted to the other arts, or that they are excited by greater pleasure, more abundant hope, or more ample rewards; for to say nothing of Greece, which was always desirous to hold the first place in eloquence, and Athens, that inventress of all literature, in which the utmost power of oratory was both discovered and brought to perfection, in this very city of ours, assuredly, no studies were ever pursued with more earnestness than those tending to the acquisition of eloquence. For when our empire over all nations was established, and after a period of peace had secured tranquillity, there was scarcely a youth ambitious of praise who did not think that he must strive, with all his endeavours, to attain the art of speaking. For a time,

ndeed, as being ignorant of all method, nd as thinking there was no course of xercise for them, or any precepts of art, ney attained what they could by the ingle force of genius and thought. But fterward, having heard the Greek rators, and gained an acquaintance with Greek literature, and procured instructors, ur countrymen were inflamed with an ncredible passion for eloquence. The nagnitude, the variety, the multitude of ll kinds of causes, excited them to such degree, that to that learning which each ad acquired by his individual study, requent practice, which was superior to he precepts of all masters, was at once dded. There were then, as there are lso now, the highest inducements offered or the cultivation of this study, in reard to public favor, wealth, and dignity. The abilities of our countrymen (as we nay judge from many particulars) far xcelled those of the men of every other ation. For which reason, who would not ustly wonder that in the records of all ges, times, and states, so small a number f orators should be found?

But the art of eloquence is something reater, and collected from more sciences nd studies than people imagine. For who can suppose that, amid the greatest nultitude of students, the utmost abunance of masters, the most eminent eniuses among men, the infinite variety f causes, the most ample rewards offered o eloquence, there is any other reason o be found for the small number of rators than the incredible magnitude and ifficulty of the art? A knowledge of a ast number of things is necessary, without which volubility of words is empty nd ridiculous; speech itself is to be ormed, not merely by choice, but by areful construction of words; and all the motions of the mind, which Nature has iven to man, must be intimately known; or all the force and art of speaking must e employed in allaying or exciting the eelings of those who listen. To this must be added a certain portion of grace and wit, learning worthy of a well-bred man, and quickness and brevity in replying as well as attacking, accompanied with a refined decorum and urbanity. Besides, the whole of antiquity and a multitude of examples is to be kept in the memory; nor is the knowledge of laws in general, or of the civil law in particular, to be neglected. And why need I add any remarks on delivery itself, which is to be ordered by action of body, by gesture, by look, and by modulation and variation of the voice, the great power of which, alone and in itself, the comparatively trivial art of actors and the stage proves, on which though all bestow their utmost labor to form their look, voice, and gesture, who knows not how few there are, and have ever been, to whom we can attend with patience? What can I say of that repository for all things, the memory, which, unless it be made the keeper of the matter and words that are the fruits of thought and invention, all the talents of the orator, we see, though they be of the highest degree of excellence, will be of no avail? Let us, then, cease to wonder what is the cause of the scarcity of good speakers, since eloquence results from all those qualifications, in each of which singly it is a great merit to labor successfully; and let us rather exhort our children, and others whose glory and honor is dear to us, to contemplate in their minds the full magnitude of the object, and not to trust that they can reach the height at which they aim, by the aid of the precepts, masters, and exercises, that they are all now following, but to understand that they must adopt others of a different character.

In my opinion, indeed, no man can be an orator possessed of every praiseworthy accomplishment, unless he has attained the knowledge of everything important, and of all liberal arts, for his language must be ornate and copious from knowledge, since, unless there be be-

neath the surface matter understood and felt by the speaker, oratory becomes an empty and puerile flow of words.

—J. S. Watson.

The Delights of Poetry [1]

CICERO

[From the *Defence of Archias*]

To the average Roman the chief function of literature was to serve some practical purpose. Cicero appreciated it also as an inspiration for, as well as an escape and refuge from, the labors of everyday life. The fact that he rested the defence of his client in this case on a eulogy of literature argues his expectation of a like appreciation on the part of his hearers.

Gentlemen of the Jury: Whatever talent I possess (and I realize its limitations), whatever be my oratorical experience (and I do not deny that my practice herein has not been inconsiderable), whatever knowledge of the theoretical side of my profession I may have derived from a devoted literary apprenticeship (and I admit that at no period of my life has the acquisition of such knowledge been repellent to me),—to any advantage that may be derived from all these my friend Aulus Licinius has a pre-eminent claim, which belongs to him almost of right. For if I strain my mental vision far into the past, and strive to recall the most remote memories of my boyhood, the impression which such a survey leaves with me is that it was he who first fitted my back for its burden and my feet for their destined path. If this voice of mine, trained by his precepts and his exhortation, has on some few occasions proved of service, it is my client who has put into my hands the means of succouring others and perhaps saving some, and it is to his cause, therefore, that any power of help or protection, which it lies with me to exert, should be applied. My remarks may cause surprise; for it may be urged that the genius of the defendant is exercised in a sphere which bears no connexion with my own study and practice of oratory. But I would point out in reply that I myself have never concentrated my energies upon my professional interests to the exclusion of all others. Indeed, the subtle bond of a mutual relationship links together all arts which have any bearing upon the common life of mankind.

It may, however, be a matter for surprise in some quarters that in an inquiry dealing with statute law, in a public trial held before a specially selected prætor of the Roman people and a jury of high dignity, in the presence of a crowded audience of citizens, my speech should be made in a style out of keeping not merely with the conventions of the bar, but also with forensic language. But I crave your indulgence, an indulgence which will, I trust, cause you no inconvenience, and which is peculiarly applicable to the nature of my client's case; and I would ask you to allow me, speaking as I am on behalf of a distinguished poet and a consummate scholar, before a cultivated audience, an enlightened jury, and the prætor whom we see occupying the tribunal, to enlarge somewhat upon enlightened and cultivated pursuits, and to employ what is perhaps a novel and unconventional line of defence to suit the character of one whose studious seclusion has made him a stranger to the anxious perils of the courts. Let me but assure myself that you grant me this kind concession, and I will engage to convince you of the propriety, not only of refusing to exclude my client from the civic roll, since he is a citizen, but even of adding his name to that roll, supposing that he were not. . . .

You will no doubt ask me, Gratius, to account for the deep interest I feel in my

[1] From the Loeb Classical Library, by permission.

nd. It is because he provides refresh-
nt for my spirit after the clamour of
courts, and repose for senses jaded
their vulgar wrangling. Do you think
t I could find inspiration for my daily
eches on so manifold a variety of
ics, did I not cultivate my mind with
dy, or that my mind could endure so
at a strain, did not study too provide
vith a relaxation? I am a votary of
rature, and make the confession un-
amed; shame belongs rather to the
kish recluse, who knows not how to
ly his reading to the good of his
ows, or to manifest its fruits to the
s of all. But what shame should be
ie, gentlemen, who have made it a
e of my life for all these years never
allow the sweets of a cloistered ease
the seductions of pleasure or the en-
ments of repose to prevent me from
ing any man in the hour of his need?
w then can I justly be blamed or
sured, if it shall be found that I have
oted to literature a portion of my
ure hours no longer than others with-
blame devote to the pursuits of
terial gain, to the celebration of festi-
s or games, to pleasure and the repose
mind and body, to protracted banquet-
, or perhaps to the gaming-board or
ball-playing! I have the better right
indulgence herein, because my devo-
n to letters strengthens my oratorical
vers, and these, such as they are, have
er failed my friends in their hour of
il. Yet insignificant though these
vers may seem to be, I fully realize
n what source I draw all that is highest
them. Had I not persuaded myself
n my youth up, thanks to the moral
ons derived from a wide reading, that
hing is to be greatly sought after in
life save glory and honour, and that
their quest all bodily pains and all
gers of death or exile should be lightly
ounted, I should never have borne for
safety of you all the brunt of many a
er encounter, or bared my breast to
the daily onsets of abandoned persons. All literature, all philosophy, all history, abounds with incentives to noble action, incentives which would be buried in black darkness were the light of the written word not flashed upon them. How many pictures of high endeavour the great authors of Greece and Rome have drawn for our use, and bequeathed to us, not only for our contemplation, but for our emulation! These I have held ever before my vision throughout my public career, and have guided the workings of my brain and my soul by meditating upon patterns of excellence.

"But," an objector may ask, "were these great men, whose virtues are perpetuated in literature, themselves adepts in the learning which you describe in such fulsome terms?" It would be difficult to make a sweeping and categorical reply, but at the same time I have my answer ready. Many there have been, no doubt, exceptionally endowed in temperament and character, who, without any aid from culture, but only by a heaven-born light within their own souls, have been self-schooled in restraint and fortitude; I would even go so far as to say that natural gifts without education have more often attained to glory and virtue than education without natural gifts. Yet I do at the same time assert that when to a lofty and brilliant character is applied the moulding influence of abstract studies, the result is often inscrutably and unapproachably noble. Such a character our fathers were privileged to behold in the divine figure of Scipio Africanus; such were those patterns of continence and self-control, Gaius Lælius and Lucius Furius; such was the brave and venerable Marcus Cato, the most accomplished man of his day. These surely would never have devoted themselves to literary pursuits, had they not been aided thereby in the appreciation and pursuit of merit. But let us for the moment waive these solid advantages; let us assume that

entertainment is the sole end of reading; even so, I think you would hold that no mental employment is so broadening to the sympathies or so enlightening to the understanding. Other pursuits belong not to all times, all ages, all conditions; but this gives stimulus to our youth and diversion to our old age; this adds a charm to success, and offers a haven of consolation to failure. In the home it delights, in the world it hampers not. Through the night-watches, on all our journeying, and in our hours of country ease, it is our unfailing companion.

But it might happen that we ourselves were without literary tastes or attainments; yet even so, it would be incumbent upon us to reverence their manifestation in others. Was there a man among us so boorish or so insensible that the recent death of Roscius did not stir his deepest emotions? He died full of years, and yet we all felt that an artist of such grace and brilliance deserved immunity from our mortal lot. Merely by the motions of his body he had won all our hearts; and shall those hearts be insensible to the inscrutable motions of the soul and the agile play of genius? How often, gentlemen, have I seen my friend Archias,—I shall presume upon your kindness, since I see you give so careful a hearing to my unconventional digression,—how often, I say, have I seen him, without writing a single letter, extemporizing quantities of excellent verse dealing with current topics! How often have I seen him, when recalled, repeat his original matter with an entire change of word and phrase. To his finished and studied work I have known such approval accorded that his glory rivalled that of the great writers of antiquity. Does not such a man deserve my affection and admiration? Should I not count it my duty to strain every nerve in his defence? And yet we have it on the highest and most learned authority that while other arts are matters of science and formula and technique, poetry depends solely upon an inb faculty, is evoked by a purely men activity, and is infused with a stra supernal inspiration. Rightly, then, our great Ennius call poets "holy," they seem recommended to us by benign bestowal of God. Holy th gentlemen, in your enlightened eyes the name of poet be, inviolate hitherto the most benighted of races! The v rocks of the wilderness give back a sy pathetic echo to the voice; savage bea have sometimes been charmed into st ness by song; and shall we, who nurtured upon all that is highest, be d to the appeal of poetry? Coloph asserts that Homer is her citizen, Ch claims him for her own, Salamis app priates him, while Smyrna is so confid that he belongs to her that she has ev dedicated a shrine to him in her tow and many other cities besides engage mutual strife for his possession. Th peoples, then, are ambitious to cla even after his death, one who was an ali merely because he was a poet; and sh a living poet be repudiated by us, thou he is ours both by inclination and by laws? Shall we do so, in spite of fact that a short while ago he bent the energies of his genius to celebrat the fame and glory of the Roman peop For in his youth he wrote on the Ci brian campaign, thereby winning approbation of the great Gaius Mar himself, who was generally considered be insensible to such refinements. For deed there is no man to whom the Mu are so distasteful that he will not be g to entrust to poetry the eternal emblaz ment of his achievements. It is rela that the great Athenian hero, Them tocles, when asked what recital or w voice he loved best to hear, replied, "T which bears most eloquent testimony my prowess." On a like foundat rested the deep attachment felt by Mar towards Lucius Plotius, whose genius thought well qualified to perpetuate

loits. Again, my client has treated in entirety the great and difficult theme he war with Mithridates, pursuing all diverse operations by land and sea, his work sheds lustre not only on the lant and renowned Lucius Lucullus, also upon the fame of the Roman ple. For it was the Roman people o, with Lucullus at their head, opened the Pontus, fortified as it was not only the resources of its monarch, but also an advantageous situation. It was army of the Roman people, which, der the same commander, routed with noderate force the innumerable hordes Armenia. And it is to the Roman ple, still under the directing skill of cullus, that the credit belongs of ving torn away and saved the friendly y of Cyzicus from all the assaults of king, and from being swallowed up the ravaging jaws of war. To us shall ever be imputed with praise that under cullus again we crushed a hostile fleet, w its admirals, and fought that as-ishing naval battle at Tenedos. Ours, lienably ours, are the trophies, me-rials, and triumphs of that campaign; l it is the glories of the Roman people ich are sounded abroad by the genius those who laud exploits such as these. Our great Ennius enjoyed the close ection of the elder Africanus, and so narble statue of him is reputed to have en placed even in the tomb of the pios. Yet we may be sure that the negyric he bestowed upon his patron ds adornment not only to its theme, also to the name of the Roman peo-. He exalted to heaven the Cato ose great-grandson is now with us; and at glory is added thereby to the name the Roman people. The rule holds d in every case; the glory of universal me borrows an added lustre from those rds which distinguish the bearers of great names of Maximus, Marcellus, Fulvius. For this reason our ancestors nitted their author, a citizen of Rudiæ, to the franchise; and shall we eject from our franchise one for whom many states have striven, and whom Heraclea has gained, and constituted her citizen by due process of law?

For if anyone thinks that the glory won by the writing of Greek verse is naturally less than that accorded to the poet who writes in Latin, he is entirely in the wrong. Greek literature is read in nearly every nation under heaven, while the vogue of Latin is confined to its own boundaries, and they are, we must grant, narrow. Seeing, therefore, that the activities of our race know no barrier save the limits of the round earth, we ought to be ambitious that whithersoever our arms have penetrated there also our fame and glory should extend; for the reason that literature exalts the nation whose high deeds it sings, and at the same time there can be no doubt that those who stake their lives to fight in honour's cause find therein a lofty incentive to peril and endeavour. We read that Alexander the Great carried in his train numbers of epic poets and historians. And yet, standing before the tomb of Achilles at Sigeum, he exclaimed,—"Fortunate youth, to have found in Homer an herald of thy valour!" Well might he so exclaim, for had the *Iliad* never existed, the same mound which covered Achilles' bones would also have overwhelmed his memory. Again, did not he to whom our own age has accorded the title of Great, whose successes have been commensurate with his high qualities, present with the citizenship before a mass meeting of his troops Theophanes of Mytilene, the historian of his campaigns? Were not our brave fellows, soldiers and peasants though they were, so smitten with the glamour of renown that they loudly applauded the act, feeling that they too had a share in the glory that had been shed upon their leader? Accordingly, if Archias were not legally a Roman citizen already, it would have

been beyond his power, presumably, to win the gift of citizenship from some military commander. Sulla, no doubt, who gave it so freely to Spaniards and Gauls, would have refused it to the request of my client. It will be remembered that once at a public meeting some poetaster from the crowd handed up to that great man a paper containing an epigram upon him, improvised in somewhat unmetrical eligiacs. Sulla immediately ordered a reward to be paid him out of the proceeds of the sale which he was then holding, but added the stipulation that he should never write again. He accounted the diligent efforts of a poet worthy of some reward, bad though that poet was; and think you he would not have eagerly sought out my client, whose literary powers were so magnificent, and whose pen was so ready? Again, could not his own credit or the influence of the Luculli have gained him his desire from Quintus Metellus Pius, who was his intimate friend, and who had presented the citizenship to not a few? And it must be remembered that so ambitious was Metellus to have his deeds immortalized that he even deigned to lend a hearing to poets from Corduba, overladen and exotic though their style might be.

Ambition is an universal factor in life, and the nobler a man is, the more susceptible is he to the sweets of fame. We should not disclaim this human weakness, which indeed is patent to all; we should rather admit it unabashed. Why, upon the very books in which they bid us scorn ambition philosophers inscribe their names! They seek advertisement and publicity for themselves on the very page whereon they pour contempt upon advertisement and publicity. That gallant officer and gentleman, Decimus Brutus, adorned the vestibules of the temples and monuments which he raised with the poems of his friend Accius; more, the great Fulvius, who took Ennius with him upon his Ætolian campa had no misgivings in dedicating to Muses the spoils of the god of Surely, then, in a city where honour been paid to the name of poet and shrines of the Muses by generals have scarce doffed the panoply of ba it would ill befit a jury of peaceful zens to disdain to pay respect to Muses by extending protection to t bard.

And the more to incline you so to gentlemen of the jury, I will now ceed to open to you my heart, and fess to you my own passion, if I so describe it, for fame, a passion o keen perhaps, but assuredly honoura The measures which I, jointly with y undertook in my consulship for the saf of the empire, the lives of our citiz and the common weal of the state, h been taken by my client as the subj of a poem which he has begun; he r this to me, and the work struck me at once so forcible and so interesting, t I encouraged him to complete it. magnanimity looks for no other reco tion of its toils and dangers save pra and glory; once rob it of that, gentlem and in this brief and transitory grimace of life what further incen have we to high endeavour? If the s were haunted by no presage of futur if the scope of her imaginings w bounded by the limits set to hu existence, surely never then would break herself by bitter toil, rack her by sleepless solicitude, or struggle often for very life itself. But deep every noble heart dwells a power wh plies night and day the goad of gl and bids us see to it that the rem brance of our names should not away with life, but should endure co with all the ages of the future.

Are we to show so poor a spirit to world, we, who are exposed to all perils and toils that beset a public ca as to think that, after having lived

ur allotted span without ever drawing
ie breath of peace and repose, all is to
ie along with us? Many great men
ave been studious to leave behind them
tatues and portraits, likenesses not of
ie soul, but of the body; and how much
iore anxious should we be to bequeath
n effigy of our minds and characters,
rought and elaborated by supreme
ilent? For my part, in the very enact
ient of my exploits, I felt that I was
owing broadcast to reap an undying
iemory throughout the whole world. It
iay be that after death I shall be in-
ensible to it. It may be that, as philoso-
hers have held, some part of my being
iall yet be conscious of it. Be that as
may, now at any rate I find satisfac-
on in the thought and in the hope.

Wherefore, gentlemen, protect, I beg
f you, a man whose honour you see to
e attested both by the high position of
is friends, and the durability of their
iendship, whose genius you can esti-
iate at its true worth by the fact that
enius itself has set a premium upon it,
nd the righteousness of whose cause is
stablished by the support of the law, the
uthority of a municipality, the evidence
f Lucullus, and the burgess-rolls of
Ietellus. Throughout his career he has
ied glory upon you, upon your generals,
nd upon the history of the Roman peo-
le; he is engaged upon a work which
romises to be a glorious and undying
estimony to those public perils which
e have recently faced together; and he
elongs to a profession which has been
niversally held inviolable, both in act
nd word. I implore you therefore,
entlemen, if such high talent deserves
ny commendation from men, nay more,
om heaven, let him rest in the assur-
ice of your protection, and let it be
en that so far from being assailed by
our displeasure, he has been assisted by
our humanity.

I am sure that my statement of the case, brief and straightforward as I, true to my practice, have made it, has appealed to every one of you; and I hope that my departure from the practice and the conventions of the courts, and my digression upon the subject of my client's genius, and, in general terms, upon the art which he follows, has been welcomed by you in as generous a spirit as I am assured it has been welcomed by him who presides over this tribunal.

—N. H. Watts.

The Poet Salutes the Orator

CATULLUS

Gaius Valerius Catullus (about 87 to about 54 B.C.) was born in Verona, but spent most of his life in Rome, a brilliant member of the younger social set and the literary circle of the biographer Cornelius Nepos. The main incident of his life and the subject of much of his poetry was his love affair with the unworthy Lesbia. He is the only Roman writer who possessed the passionate heart of the genuine lyric poet. He was one of a group scornfully dubbed "new poets" by Cicero, because they were introducing new measures and themes in imitation of the Alexandrians. Catullus is most successful, however, when he is writing from personal experience, and not on subjects borrowed from books.

The following poem may have been intended as an ironical reply to Cicero's scornful criticism of Catullus and his school.

Tully, most eloquent, most sage
  Of all the Roman race,
That deck the past or present age,
  Or future days may grace.

Oh! may Catullus thus declare
  An overflowing heart;
And, though the worst of poets, dare
  A grateful lay impart!

'Twill teach thee how thou hast surpast
All others in thy line;
For, far as he in his is last,
Art thou the first in thine.

—Lamb.

Lesbia's Sparrow

CATULLUS

This and the four following poems deal with the poet's passion for Lesbia. The note of the happiness of love is rare—his experience was mainly of its bitterness.

Sparrow! my nymph's delicious pleasure!
Who with thee, her pretty treasure,
Fanciful in frolic, plays
Thousand, thousand wanton ways;
And, fluttering, lays to panting rest
On the soft orbings of her breast;
Thy beak with finger-tip incites,
And dallies with thy becks and bites;
When my beauty, my desire,
Feels her darling whim inspire,
With nameless triflings, such as these,
To snatch, I trow, a tiny ease
For some keen fever of the breast,
While passion toys itself to rest;
I would that happy lady be,
And so in pastime sport with thee,
And lighten love's soft agony.
The sweet resource were bliss untold,
Dear as that apple of ripe gold,
Which, by the nimble virgin found,
Unloos'd the zone that had so fast been bound.

—C. A. Elton.

Kisses

CATULLUS

Love, my Lesbia, while we live;
Value all the cross advice
That the surly greybeards give
At a single farthing's price.

Suns that set again may rise;
We, when once our fleeting light
Once our day in darkness dies,
Sleep in one eternal night.

Give me kisses thousand-fold,
Add to them a hundred more;
Other thousands still be told,
Other hundreds o'er and o'er.

But, with thousands when we burn,
Mix, confuse the sum at last,
That we may not blushing learn
All that have between us past.

None shall know to what amount
Envy's due for so much bliss;
None—for none shall ever count
All the kisses we will kiss.

—Lamb.

Lesbia's Inconstancy

CATULLUS

Cease from this idle fooling trade—
Cease, wretch Catullus, all is o'er;
And what thou seest has long decay'd
E'en think it lost for evermore.

Of old thy suns were bright and clear,
When thou, where'er her path was lair
Wouldst chase the damsel, loved so dea
As none will e'er be loved again.

Then were the sports of amorous jest
Still urged by thee with new delight
While she scarce chid and not repress'd—
Oh then thy suns were truly bright!

She now rejects thee—cast her off,
Nor weakly chase a flying fair;
Nor grieving live to be her scoff,
But coldly steel thy mind to bear.

Damsel, farewell! Catullus stern
Thy scorn disdains, thy love will shun
And soon thy pride to grief shall turn,
When left by him, and woo'd by none

hink, wanton, what remains for thee:
Who will pursue thy lonely way?
ho in thy form will beauty see?
Whose fervent love shalt thou repay?

hose fondling care shalt thou avow?
Whose kisses now shalt thou return?
hose lip in rapture bite?—But thou—
Hold! Hold! Catullus, cold and stern.

—LAMB.

PARTING MESSAGE TO LESBIA

CATULLUS

ompanions, who would gladly go
ith me through every toil below
To man's remotest seats:
hether Catullus should explore
ar India, on whose echoing shore
The eastern billow beats.

hether he seek Hyrcania wild,
he Tartar hordes, or Arabs mild,
Or Parthia's archer train:
r tread that intersected isle,
hence pouring forth the sev'n-fold Nile
Discolours all the main.

hether across the Alps he toil,
o view the war-ennobled soil
Where Cæsar's trophies stand;
he Rhine that saw its Gaul's disgrace,
r dare the painted Briton race
In their extremest land.

ompanions dear, prepared to wend
here'er the gods may place your friend,
And every lot to share;
few unwelcome words receive,
nd to that once-loved fair I leave
My latest message bear.

ill let her live and still be blest,
y profligates in hundreds prest,
Still sport in ease and wealth;
ill of those hundreds love not one,
ill cast off each by turns undone
In fortune and in health.

But let her deem my passion o'er:
Her guilt has crushed, to bloom no more,
The love her beauty raised;
As droops the flower, the meadow's pride,
Which springing by the furrow's side
The passing share has grazed.

—LAMB.

THE LOVER'S PETITION

CATULLUS

If virtuous deeds, if honour ever fair,
Pleasure the memory and console the mind;
And faith preserved, and pious vows that ne'er
Attested heaven to deceive mankind;

Then great the bliss that waits your future day,
From thy past passion for this thankless maid;
For all that tenderest love could do or say
By thee, Catullus, has been done and said.

'Twas vain; false Lesbia's breast forgot it all.
Why on this rack thy heart then longer stretch?
Cast off, undauntedly, your slothful thrall,
And cease, in spite of heaven, to be a wretch.

'Tis hard to lay long-cherished love aside;
'Tis hard at once. But 'tis your only plan;
'Tis all your hope. This love must be defied;
Nor think you cannot, but assert you can.

Ye gods, if pity's yours, if e'er ye raise
The wretch who sinks by hovering death oppress,

Oh! look on me.—If I have lived with praise,
Root out this plague and fury from my breast;

Which, like a torpor creeping through my frame,
Have peace and pleasure from my heart displaced.
I ask not that she should return my flame,
Or, what e'en ye could never give, be chaste:

I ask to have my life again mine own,
Eased of the languid load that on me weighs.
Oh! grant me this, ye gods; with this alone
Repay my piety, and bless my days.

—Lamb.

Sirmio

CATULLUS

Catullus had been absent in Bithynia for a year and home seemed sweet indeed. Sirmio was the name of a peninsula in the Lago di Garda, not far from the poet's birthplace Verona.

O best of all the scatter'd spots that lie
In sea or lake,—apple of landscape's eye,—
How gladly do I drop within thy nest,
With what a sigh of full, contented rest,
Scarce able to believe my journey's o'er,
And that these eyes behold thee safe once more!
Oh where's the luxury like the smile at heart,
When the mind breathing, lays its load apart,—
When we come home again, tired out, and spread
The loosen'd limbs o'er all the wish'd-for bed!
This, this alone is worth an age of toil.
Hail, lovely Sirmio! Hail, paternal soil!
Joy, my bright waters, joy: your master come!
Laugh every dimple on the cheek home!

—Leigh Hunt.

At His Brother's Grave

CATULLUS

The brother of Catullus died and wa buried in the Troad. The poet took ad vantage of his year in Bithynia to vis the grave and to perform the last sacre rights for the dead.

O'er many a realm, o'er many an ocea tost,
I come, my brother, to salute thy ghost
Thus on thy tomb sad honour to bestow
And vainly call the silent dust below.
Thou too art gone! Yes, thee I mus resign,
My more than brother—ah! no longe mine.
The funeral rites to ancient Romans paid
Duly I pay to thy lamented shade.
Take them—these tears their heart-fe homage tell;
And now—all hail for ever, and farewell

—Hodgson.

Epithalamium

CATULLUS

The marriage-song was usually sun by a chorus of boys and girls, but her the poet speaks throughout as leader of th chorus. It is an interesting combination o fun and superstition with the more seriou view of the sanctity of marriage.

O thou, Urania's heaven-born son,
Whose loved abode is Helicon;
Whose power bestows the virgin's charm
To bless the youthful bridegroom's arms
O Hymen! friend of faithful pairs;
O Hymen! hear our fervent prayers!

ınd thy brow the chaplet bind,
fragrant marjoram entwined;
bring the veil with crimson dyed,
refuge of the blushing bride.
ıe, joyous, while thy feet of snow
h yellow sandals brightly glow!

ıse thee on this happy day;
ol the hymeneal lay;
se in the strain thy silver voice,
in the festal dance rejoice;
brandish high the blissful sign,
guiding torch of flaming pine.

en Venus claim'd the golden prize,
bless'd the Phrygian shepherd's eyes;
brighter charms his judgment sway'd
n those that grace this mortal maid;
every sigh and omen fair
nuptials hail, and greet the pair.

myrtle's sweet on Asia's ground,
branches fair with blossoms crown'd
ich oft the Hamadryad crew
frolic nourish with the dew:
not less fair, but not less sweet
Manlius now does Julia meet.

n hither speed thy course to take:
ıile the Thespian hill forsake;
waste awhile the lingering hours
lining in Aonian bowers,
ere Aganippe's springing fount
reshes all the sacred mount.

pitiate here the maiden's vows,
lead her fondly to her spouse;
firm as ivy clinging holds
tree it grasps in mazy folds,
virtuous love as firmly bind
tender passions of her mind.

virgins, whom a day like this
ıits to greet with equal bliss,
join the song, your voices raise
hail the god ye love to praise.
Hymen! god of faithful pairs;
Hymen! hear our earnest prayers!

Invoked by sires, with anxious fear,
Their children's days with bliss to cheer;
By maidens, who to thee alone
Unloose the chaste, the virgin zone;
By fervid bridegrooms, whose delight
Is staid till thou hast blest the rite.

Thy influence tears, thy fond behest,
The damsel from her mother's breast;
And yields her blooming, blushing charms
To fiery man's resistless arms.
O Hymen! god of faithful pairs;
O Hymen! hear our earnest prayers!

Though wanton Venus feed the flame;
Nor grateful praise, nor virtuous fame
Can wait on those, who loose and free
Indulge a love unblest by thee.
What other god can mortals dare
With genial Hymen to compare?

No house can boast a lengthen'd race;
No heir can parents' honours grace;
They serve to deck their tombs alone,
If parents' lives thy sway disown.
What other god can mortals dare
With genial Hymen to compare?

In vain the son, if scorn'd thy band,
Seeks power or greatness in the land;
If blest by thee his natal day,
The proudest realm may own his sway.
What other god can mortals dare
With genial Hymen to compare?

Unbar the door, the gates unfold!
The bashful virgin comes.—Behold,
How red the nuptial torches glare;
How bright they shake their splendid hair!
Come, gentle bride!—The waning day
Rebukes thy lingering, cold delay.

We will not blame thy bashful fears,
Reluctant step, and gushing tears,
That chide the swift approach of night
To give thy bridegroom all his right.
Yet come, sweet bride!—The waning day
Rebukes thy lingering, cold delay.

Daughter of Cotta, cease to weep,
For love shall watch, and falsehood sleep.
The sun, at dawn that lifts his blaze
From ocean, and the world surveys,
Shall never look, shall never shine
On beauties that shall rival thine.

Thus blooms, amid the gay parterre,
Some wealthy owner's pride and care,
The hyacinth with colours proud,
The loveliest of the varied crowd.
Come, gentle bride!—The waning day
Rebukes thy lingering, cold delay.

Then come, sweet bride, and bless thy spouse,
And sanction love by nuptial vows.
At length our friendly numbers hear:
The torches high their brilliance rear,
And richly shake with glowing pride
Their golden hair.—Then come, sweet bride!

No profligate, no faithless swain,
No follower of the wanton train,
No rake, who joys in wild excess,
Now woos thee to his warm caress.
He ne'er will taste of welcome rest,
But pillow'd on thy tender breast.

As round the husband elm entwine
The tendrils of the clinging vine,
Thus will he woo thee still to place
Round him a fondling close embrace.
Come, gentle bride!—The waning day
Rebukes thy lingering, cold delay.

O festal couch; with garlands sweet,
What joys thy happy lord will greet!
What joys in many a sleepless night!
What joys in day's inspiring light!
Come, gentle bride!—the waning day
Rebukes thy lingering, cold delay.

Raise, boys, the beaming torches high!
She comes—but veil'd from every eye;
The deeper dyes her blushes hide:
With songs, with pæans greet the bride!

Hail, Hymen! god of faithful pairs!
Hail, Hymen! who hast heard prayers!

Now pour the warm Fescennine lays,
And all the bridegroom's passion raise
Now let his pure, his plighted hand
Throw nuts to all the youthful band,
Base emblems of the looser joys
He henceforth leaves to wanton boys.

Throw, bridegroom, throw thy n
away!
Enough in joy's voluptuous day
Hast thou beguiled thy youthful time
But now thy manhood's riper prime
Let pure, let bless'd Thalassus sway:
Then throw thy mystic nuts away.

'Tis whisper'd that the wanton's char
Will yet allure thee to her arms:
Oh! let no shameless rival's pride
Degrade and pain thy gentle bride.
Hail, Hymen! god of faithful pairs!
Hail, Hymen, who hast heard our praye

Unloved, unwedded youths and boys
May freely sport in wanton joys:
Let him, that's blest by wedlock's rite
In wedlock seek his sole delight.
Hail, Hymen, god of faithful pairs!
Hail, Hymen, who hast heard our praye

And let no coldness damp his fire,
Fair bride, nor coyness check desire.
Oh! make his heart less sweet confess
All lawless love, than thy caress.
Hail, Hymen! god of faithful pairs!
Hail, Hymen! who hast heard prayers!

Till dotage, with enfeebling sway,
Shall tremble in thy temples grey;
And shake the brow, as if it meant
To nod perpetual assent.
Hail, Hymen! god of faithful pairs!
Hail, Hymen! who hast heard prayers!

not the threshold, omen blest!
with thy golden slipper prest;
swiftly spring with lightness o'er,
l swiftly pass the polish'd door.
il, Hymen! god of faithful pairs!
il, Hymen! who hast heard our prayers!

, on the Tyrian couch reclining,
e bridegroom for thy summons pining:
thee are all his senses fired;
thee is all his frame inspired.
il, Hymen; god of faithful pairs!
il, Hymen! who hast heard our prayers!

warm as thine, his passion's heat,
strong his rapturous pulses beat;
y, fiercer flames must still pervade
e bridegroom than the timid maid.
il, Hymen! god of faithful pairs!
il, Hymen! who hast heard our prayers!

ple-robed boy, whose pleasing care
s been to lead the lingering fair,
ease her arm:—By others led
e now ascends the bridal bed.
il, Hymen! god of faithful pairs!
il, Hymen! who hast heard our prayers!

chaster matrons, who have known
e honour'd husband's love alone,
truth in years long virtuous tried,
s yours to place the lovely bride.
il, Hymen! god of faithful pairs!
il! Hymen! who hast heard our prayers!

w haste, young bridegroom, swiftly haste;
e bride is in the chamber placed:
piring blushes warmly streak
e fairness of her snowy cheek.
mix'd with poppies' crimson glow
e white parthenium's flow'rets blow.

Nor is thy form, by heaven above!
Unworthy such a fair one's love.
Venus in rival charms array'd
The manly youth and tender maid.
Haste, bridegroom, haste!—One western ray,
Still faintly lingering, chides delay.

Needs not to chide; thou swift hast sped.
Propitious Venus bless thy bed!
For sanction'd passion, solemn rites,
On thee bestow thy wish'd delights:
Not lust perverted, shame suppressed,
The pure desires that warm thy breast.

Whoe'er the number would define
Of sports and joys that shall be thine,
He first must count the grains of sand
That spread the Erythræan strand,
And every star and twinkling light
That stud the glistening arch of night.

Oh, boundless be your love's excess,
And soon our hopes let children bless!
Let not this ancient honour'd name
Want heirs to guard its future fame;
Nor any length of years assign
A limit to the glorious line.

Soon may we see a baby rest
Upon its lovely mother's breast;
Which, feebly playful, stretching out
Its little arms to those about,
With lips apart a tiny space,
Is laughing in its father's face.

Let young Torquatus' look avow
All Manlius' features in his brow;
That those, who know him not, may trace
The knowledge of his noble race;
And by his lineal brow declare
His lovely mother chaste as fair.

Then shall maternal virtue claim
As splendid praise, as pure a name
To deck her child, as erst was known
To young Telemachus alone,

Whom, then of all most fair and chaste,
Penelope with honour graced.

Now close the doors, ye maiden friends;
Our sports, our rite, our service ends.
With you let virtue still reside,
O bridegroom brave, and gentle bride!
And youth its lusty hours employ
Inconstant love and ardent joy.

—Lamb.

Atys

CATULLUS

Catullus projects himself into the state of mind of a frenzied worshipper of the Phrygian goddess Cybele and pictures the feelings of such a man at the moment when he regains his senses after his self-mutilation. The oriental coloring, as finely done as it is rare in the literature, is a suitable accompaniment to the wild acts of the fanatic.

Atys o'er the distant waters, driving in
his rapid bark,
Soon with foot of wild impatience touch'd
the Phrygian forest dark,
Where amid the awful shades possess'd
by mighty Cybele,
In his zealous frenzy blind,
And wand'ring in his hapless mind,
With flinty knife he gave to earth the
weights that stamp virility.
Then as the widow'd being saw its
wretched limbs bereft of man,
And the unaccustom'd blood that on the
ground polluting ran,
With snowy hand it snatch'd in haste the
timbrel's airy round on high,
That opens with the trumpet's blast thy
rites, Maternal Mystery;
And upon its whirling fingers, while the
hollow parchment rung,
Thus in outcry tremulous to its wild com-
panions sung:—
"Now come along, come along with me,
Worshippers of Cybele,
To the lofty groves of the deity!
Ye vagabond herds that bear the na
Of the Dindymenian dame!
Who seeking strange lands, like the b
ish'd of home,
With Atys, with Atys distractedly roa
Who your limbs have unmann'd in a d
perate hour,
With a frantic disdain of the Cypr
power;
Who have carried my sect through
dreadful salt sea,
Rouse, rouse your wild spirits care
ingly!
No delay, no delay,
But together away,
And follow me up to the Dame all-co
pelling,
To her high Phrygian groves, and
dark Phrygian dwelling,
Where the cymbals they clash, and
drums they resound,
And the Phrygian's curved pipe po
its mourning around;
Where the ivy-crown'd priestesses t
with their brows,
And send the shrill howl through th
deity's house;
Where they shriek, and they scour, a
they madden about,—
'Tis there we go bounding in mysti
rout."
No sooner had spoken
This voice half-broken,
When suddenly from quivering tongu
arose the universal cry.
The timbrels with a boom resound, t
cymbals with a clash reply,
And up the verdant Ida with a quicker
step the chorus flew,
While Atys with the timbrels' smite t
terrible procession drew;
Raging, panting, wild, and witle
through the sullen shades it broke
Like the fierce, unconquer'd heifer bur
ing from her galling yoke;
And on pursue the sacred crew, till at t
door of Cybele,

nt and fasting, down they sink, in
pale immovability:
e heavy sleep—the heavy sleep—
grows o'er their failing eyes,
d lock'd in dead repose the rabid
frenzy lies.
t when the Sun look'd out with eyes
of light,
ınd the firm earth, wild seas, and
skies of morning white,
Scaring the lingering shades
With echo-footed steeds,
ep took his flight from Atys, hurrying
his Pasithea's arms on tremulous
wing;
d the poor dreamer woke, oppress'd
with sadness,
memory woke, and to collected mad-
ness.—
uck with its loss, with what it was,
and where,
ck trod the wretched being in despair
the sea-shore, and stretching forth
its eye
r the wide waste of waters and of sky,
us to its country cried with tears of
misery:—
y country, oh my country, parent
state,
om like a very slave and runagate,
etch that I am, I left for wilds like
these,
s wilderness of snows and matted
trees,
house with shivering beasts and
learn their wants,
ierce intruder on their sullen haunts,—
ere shall I fancy thee? Where cheat
mine eye
h tricking out thy quarter in the sky?
n, while my wits a little space are free,
uld my poor eye-balls strain their
points on thee!
I then torn from home and far away!
om'd through these woods to trample
day by day,
from my kindred friends and native
soil,
The mall, the race, and wrestlers bright
with oil?
Ah wretch, bewail, bewail; and think for
this
On all thy past variety of bliss.
I was the charm of life, the social spring,
First in the race, and brightest in the
ring:
Warm with the stir of welcome was my
home;
And when I rose betimes, my friends
would come
Smiling and pressing in officious scores,
Thick as the flowers that hang at lovers'
doors:—
And shall I then a minist'ring madman be
To angry gods? A howling devotee?—
A slave to bear what never senses can,—
Half of myself, sexless,—a sterile man?
And must I feel, with never-varied woes,
The o'erhanging winter of these moun-
tain snows,
Skulking through ghastly woods for ever-
more,
Like the lean stag, or the brute vagrant
boar?
Ah me! ah me! Already I repent;
E'en now, e'en now I feel my shame and
punishment!"
As thus with rosy lips the wretch grew
loud,
Startling the ears of heaven's imperial
crowd,
The Mighty Mistress o'er her lion yoke
Bow'd in her wrath,—and loosening as
she spoke
The left-hand savage, scatterer of herds,
Roused his fell nature with impetuous
words.
"Fly, ruffian, fly, indignant and amain,
And scare this being, who resists my
reign,
Back to the horror-breathing woods
again.
Lash thee, and fly and shake with sinewy
might
Thine ireful hair, and as at dead of night
Fill the wild echoes with rebellowing
fright."

Threatening she spoke, and loosed the vengeance dire,
Who gathering all his rage and glaring fire,
Starts with a roar, and scours beneath her eyes,
Scattering the splinter'd bushes as he flies:
Down by the sea he spies the wretch at last,
And springs precipitous:—the wretch as fast,
Flies raving back into his living grave
And there for ever dwells, a savage a
a slave.
O Goddess! Mistress! Cybele! dre
name!
O mighty power! O Dindymenian dam
Far from my home thy visitatio
be:
Drive others mad, not me:
Drive others into impulse wild, and fie
insanity.

—Leigh Hunt.

THE PEACE OF AUGUSTUS

END OF FIRST CENTURY B.C. AND BEGINNING OF FIRST CENTURY A.D.

In contrast with the conspiracies, civil wars, and proscriptions of the Ciceronian od, the outstanding political characteristic of the succeeding decades was the restora- of peace by Augustus. The Republic had finally worn itself out, and in its place established monarchy. Republican forms were retained, republican formulæ tinued to be used, but the old freedom and the widespread participation in public irs had gone forever. The state was now controlled by an emperor and his armies. In such circumstances men's thoughts and pursuits of necessity were directed into channels. Politics, with its accompaniments of controversy and oratory, was no ger attractive or profitable as a subject for writing; even history was not altogether e, since it opened up old sores that should be allowed to heal. Practical affairs were he hands of the ruler, and, so long as he proved wise and capable, were best left there. n turned more and more to the world of the imagination and to their private lives the material of their literary expression. The time of Cicero had been an era of se, that of Augustus was an era of poetry.

The wise Augustus set about many reforms in his efforts to revive the state from exhaustion. Whether directly under his influence or indirectly through his example through his advisers, or whether because of their own convictions, the men of ers attached themselves to the emperor's program and accomplished more than any er agency in bringing about general acceptance of the new régime. They busied nselves with turning their eyes upon the past to discover the qualities of character had made Rome so great; they sang the glories of peace and the praises of the ng house; they inculcated lessons in the appreciation of the beautiful and inspired n to the rebuilding of what had been destroyed; they encouraged the peaceful suits of agriculture and pictured the glories of Italian landscape; they promoted the ival of old customs; they realized fully for the first time the meaning of Rome as a at nation instead of as a city-state; and with their interpretation of Rome's mission ociety they set aflame the pride of the people in their splendid enterprise. It was great outpouring of the Roman genius.

On the formal side there was much variety. Epic reached its supremacy in Virgil, re and lyric in Horace, and elegy in Tibullus, Propertius, and Ovid. Some success ms to have been achieved also in dramatic poetry, but no representative play has ie down to us by which we may judge. There are no finer examples of the pastoral the didactic than the *Eclogues* and the *Georgics* of Virgil. The sole important ce of prose was Livy's history, and this takes rank with the best in Roman Literature. t was an age that fostered in every way possible the production of poetry. Patrons Mæcenas and Pollio not only encouraged poets by suggestions and helpful criticism, made it possible for them to devote themselves to writing by providing them with means of livelihood. The new public library put at the disposal of writers the rature of the past, and public recitations, instituted now for the first time, provided m with a public. The profession of writing, especially of writing poetry, received recognition, and a poet became now an artist rather than an artisan.

I. ESTABLISHMENT OF EMPIRE

The death of Julius Cæsar speedily plunged the empire into anarchy and civil war once more. At first Octavius, heir and adopted son of Cæsar, supported Cicero and the consuls in an attempt to save the state from the domination of Antony. This situation soon ended when Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus formed the combination known as the second triumvirate which signalized its assumption of power by the murder of Cicero in 43 B.C. The next year the triumvirate defeated the last forces of the Republic under Brutus and Cassius at Philippi. Thereupon Antony and Octavius with Lepidus a negligible third, divided the empire between them. Antony took the East, Octavius took the West, including Italy. This settlement could not be permanent; but for some ten years, during which each leader had wars to wage in his part of the empire, peace was maintained between them. Finally, civil war broke out once more, and at Actium in 31 B.C. Octavius won a victory which soon gave him undisputed control of the Roman world.

Rome was exhausted by the series of civil wars which had extended over a period of twenty years. Peace was longed for by all citizens, and by the leadership of Octavius they believed it could be secured. Without opposition he was then enabled to reform the constitution. Using the old form of government as a basis both because of its worth and to satisfy the conservative feelings of the Romans, Octavius essentially changed the Republic to a constitutional monarchy. In theory he was himself an official of the state, his military powers being an expansion of the powers granted Pompey in the East a generation before, and his executive authority being centered largely in the tribunician power, an expansion of the age-old position of tribune. Augustus, as he was now called, in fact publicly declared that he had restored the Republic. However, with the army entirely at his disposal, there was never any doubt where power actually lay. In Tacitus' phrase, there were still the same names of offi But consul, prætor, senate still had a v real part to play, though subordinate the ruler. Emperor he really was; but term he preferred was *princeps,* c citizen of the state. From that term government is known as the princip Augustus had done wisely in not ope establishing monarchy. Time justifi him, for the structure whose foundati he laid withstood the shocks and sto of many centuries.

Achievements of the First Empero

AUGUSTUS

Gaius Julius Cæsar Octavianus Augus was born in 63 B.C. and died in 14 A When not yet twenty years of age, at death of Julius Cæsar, whose adopted and heir he was, he made himself a lea in the state by the support of many of dictator's veterans. On the conclusion the civil wars he reformed the constitut and by general consent was made head the state. During his long rule the e pire enjoyed peace and economic pr perity, while literature and the a flourished.

Augustus was himself a serious and preciative patron of letters and an aut of no little distinction. But, with exception of a few quotations from letters preserved in later authors, only of his writings is extant, the *Res Ges divi Augusti.* A plain, unadorned acco of the achievements of his career, a k of official autobiography, it is of histori significance not only for the informat it gives, but also because it comes fr the pen of the first emperor and gives interpretations of events as he would h Rome understand them. He repres the victory over Brutus and Cassius as

[1] From *Augustus,* by E. S. Shuckburgh. Co right by T. Fisher Unwin, Ltd. Reprinted permission.

enging of his father's murder, and he nsiders his reform of the constitution a restoring of the Republic. This cument Augustus caused to be inscribed bronze tablets which were placed be- e the door of his tomb. The original s not survived; but a copy in the Greek d Latin languages cut on the walls of e temple of Rome and Augustus at ncyra, Asia Minor, has preserved it to odern times.

When I was nineteen I collected an my on my own account and at my own pense, by the help of which I restored e republic to liberty, which had been slaved by the tyranny of a faction; for nich services the Senate, in compli- entary decrees, added my name to the ll of their House in the consulship of ius Pansa and Aulus Hirtius, giving me the same time consular precedence in ting; and gave me the imperium. It dered me as pro-prætor "to see along th the consuls that the republic suffered damage." Moreover, in the same ar, both consuls having fallen, the ople elected me consul and a triumvir revising the constitution.

Those who killed my father I drove o exile, after a legal trial, in punish- nt of their crime, and afterwards when ese same men rose in arms against the ublic I conquered them twice in a ched battle.

I had to undertake wars by land and , civil and foreign, all over the world, d when victorious I spared surviving izens. Those foreign nations, who uld safely be pardoned, I preferred to eserve rather than exterminate. About o,000 Roman citizens took the military th to me. Of these I settled out in onies or sent back to their own towns, er their terms of service were over, nsiderably more than 300,000; and to em all I assigned lands purchased by rself or money in lieu of lands. I otured 600 ships, not counting those ow the rank of triremes.

I twice celebrated an ovation, three times curule triumphs, and was twenty-one times greeted as Imperator. Though the Senate afterwards voted me several triumphs I declined them. I frequently also deposited laurels in the Capitol after performing the vows which I had taken in each war. For successful operations performed by myself or by my legates under my auspices by land and sea, the Senate fifty-three times decreed a supplication to the immortal gods. The number of days during which, in accordance with a decree of the Senate, supplication was offered amounted to 890. In my triumphs there were led before my chariot nine kings or sons of kings. I had been consul thirteen times at the writing of this, and am in the course of the thirty-seventh year of my tribunician power.

The Dictatorship offered me in my presence and absence by the Senate and people in the consulship of Marcus Marcellus and Lucius Arruntius I declined to accept. I did not refuse at a time of very great scarcity of corn the commissionership of corn supply, which I administered in such a way that within a few days I freed the whole people from fear and danger. The consulship—either yearly or for life—then offered to me I declined to accept.

In the consulship of M. Vinicius and Q. Lucretius, and P. and Cn. Lentulus, and of Paulus Fabius Maximus and Q. Tubero, when the Senate and the people of Rome unanimously agreed that I should be elected overseer of the laws and morals, with unlimited powers and without a colleague, I refused every office offered me which was contrary to the customs of our ancestors. But what the Senate at that time wished me to manage, I carried out in virtue of my tribunician power, and in this office I five times received at my own request a colleague from the Senate.

I was one of the triumvirate for the reestablishment of the constitution for ten

consecutive years. I have been *princeps senatus* up to the day on which I write this for forty years. I am Pontifex Maximus, Augur, one of the fifteen commissioners for religion, one of the seven for sacred feasts, an Arval Brother, a *sodalis Titius,* a fetial.

In my fifth consulship I increased the number of the patricians by order of people and Senate. I three times made up the roll of the Senate, and in my sixth consulship I took a census of the people with M. Agrippa as my colleague. I performed the *lustrum* after an interval of forty-one years; in which the number of Roman citizens entered on the census roll was 4,063,000. A second time with consular imperium I took the census by myself in the consulship of Gaius Censorinus and Gaius Asinius, in which the number of Roman citizens entered on the roll was 4,223,000. I took a third census with consular imperium, my son Tiberius Cæsar acting as my colleague, in the consulship of Sextus Pompeius and Sextus Appuleius, in which the number of Roman citizens entered on the census roll was 4,937,000. By new laws passed I recalled numerous customs of our ancestors that were falling into desuetude in our time, and myself set precedents in many particulars for the imitation of posterity.

The Senate decreed that vows should be offered for my health by consuls and priests every fifth year. In fulfilment of these vows the four chief colleges of priests or the consuls often gave games in my lifetime. Also individually and by townships the people at large always offered sacrifices at all the temples for my health.

By a decree of the Senate my name was included in the ritual of the Salii; and it was ordained by a law that my person should be sacred and that I should have the tribunician power for the term of my natural life. I refused to become Pontifex Maximus in succession to my colleague during his life, though the pe ple offered me that sacred office former held by my father. Some years later accepted that sacred office on the dea of the man who had availed himself the civil disturbance to secure it; such multitude flocking to my election fro all parts of Italy as is never recorded have come to Rome before, in the co sulship of P. Sulpicius and C. Valgius.

The Senate consecrated an altar Fortuna Redux, near the temple Honour and Virtue, by the Porta Capen for my return, on which it ordered th Vestal Virgins to offer a yearly sacrifi on the day on which in the consulship Q. Lucretius and M. Vinucius I returne to the city from Syria, and gave that da the name *Augustalia* from my cognome By a decree of the Senate at the sam time part of the prætors and tribunes the plebs, along with the consul Lucretius and leading nobles, were de patched into Campania to meet me—a honour that up to this time has bee decreed to no one else. When I returne to Rome from Spain and Gaul after su cessful operations in those provinces, the consulship of Tiberius Nero an Publius Quintilius, the Senate voted tha an altar to Pax Augusta should be cons crated for my return on the Campu Martius, upon which it ordered the ma istrates and priests and Vestal Virgins offer an annual sacrifice.

Whereas the Ianus Quirinus, whic our ancestors ordered to be closed whe peace throughout the whole dominions the Roman people by land and sea ha been obtained by victories, is recorde to have been only twice shut before m birth since the foundation of the city, th Senate three times voted its closure du ing my principate.

My sons Gaius and Lucius Cæsa whom fortune snatched from me in the early manhood, in compliment to me, th Senate and Roman people designate consuls in their fifteenth year with

oviso that they should enter on that fice after an interval of five years. rom the day of their assuming the *toga rilis* the Senate decreed that they should ke part in public business. Moreover, e Roman equites in a body gave each them the title of *Princeps Iuventutis*, d presented them with silver shields d spears.

To the Roman plebs I paid 300 sterces per head in virtue of my father's ll; and in my own name I gave 400 iece in my fifth consulship from the les of spoils of war; and a second time my tenth consulship out of my own ivate property I paid a bounty of 400 sterces per man, and in my eleventh nsulship I measured out twelve distri- tions of corn, having purchased the ain from my own resources. In the elfth year of my tribunician power, for third time I gave a bounty of 400 sterces a head. These largesses of mine fected never less than 250,000 persons. the eighteenth year of my tribunician wer and my twelfth consulship I gave 0,000 of the urban plebs sixty denarii head. In the colonies of my soldiers, my fifth consulship I gave from the le of spoils of war 1000 sesterces a ad; and among such settlers the num- r who received that triumphal largess ounted to about 120,000 men. In my irteenth consulship I gave 60 denarii iece to the plebeians then in receipt of blic corn; they amounted to somewhat re than 200,000 persons.

The money for the lands, which in my urth consulship, and afterwards in the nsulship of M. Crassus and Cn. Len- lus the augur, I assigned to the soldiers, paid to the municipal towns. The ount was about 600,000,000 sesterces, ich I paid for lands in Italy, and about 0,000,000 which I disbursed for lands the provinces.

I was the first and only one within the emory of my own generation to do this all who settled colonies in Italy and the provinces. And afterwards in the consulship of Tib. Nero and Cn. Piso, and again in the consulship of C. Antistius and D. Lælius, and of C. Calvisius and L. Pasienus, and of L. Lentulus and M. Messalla, and of L. Caninius and Q. Fabricius, to the soldiers, whom after their terms of service I sent back to their own towns, I paid good service allowances in ready money; on which I expended 400,000,000 sesterces as an act of grace.

I four times subsidised the *ærarium* from my own money, the sums which I thus paid over to the commissioners of the treasury amounting to 150,000,000 sesterces. And in the consulship of M. Lepidus and L. Arruntius, to the military treasury, which was established on my initiative for the payment of their good service allowance, to the soldiers who had served twenty years or more, I contributed from my own patrimony 170,000,000 sesterces.

From and after the year of the consulship of Gnæus and Publius Lentulus, whenever the payments of the revenues were in arrears, I paid into the treasury from my own patrimony the taxes, whether due in corn or money, sometimes of 100,000 persons, sometimes of more.

I built the curia and the chalcidicum adjoining it, and the temple of Apollo on the Palatine with its colonnades, the temple of the divine Julius, the Lupercal, the colonnade at the Flaminian circus, which I allowed to be called Octavia, from the name of the builder of the earlier one on the same site, the state box at the Circus Maximus, the temples of Jupiter Feretrius and of Jupiter Tonans on the Capitol, the temple of Quirinus, the temples of Minerva and of Juno the Queen, and of Jupiter Liberalis on the Aventine, the temple of the Lares at the head of the *Via Sacra*, the temple of the divine Penates in the Velia, the temple of Youth, the temple of the Magna Mater on the Palatine.

The Capitolium and the Pompeian

theatre—both very costly works—I restored without any inscription of my own name. Water-conduits in many places that were decaying from age I repaired; and I doubled the acqueduct called the Aqua Marcia, by turning a new spring into its channel.

The Forum Iulium and the basilica, which was between the temple of Castor and the temple of Saturn, works begun and far advanced by my father, I completed; and when the same basilica was destroyed by fire, I began its reconstruction on an extended plan, to be inscribed with the names of my sons, and in case I do not live to complete it I have ordered it to be completed by my heirs.

In my sixth consulship, I repaired eighty-two temples of the gods in the city in accordance with a decree of the Senate, none being omitted which at that time stood in need of repair. In my seventh consulship I constructed the Flaminian road from the city to Ariminum, and all the bridges except the Mulvian and Minucian.

On ground belonging to myself I built a temple to Mars Ultor and the Forum Augustum, with money arising from sale of spoils of war. I built a theatre adjoining the temple of Apollo, on ground for the most part purchased from private owners, to be under the name of my son-in-law Marcus Marcellus. Offerings from money raised by sale of war-spoil I consecrated in the temple of Apollo, and in the temple of Vesta, and in the temple of Mars Ultor, which cost me about 100,000,000 sesterces. Thirty-five thousand pounds of gold, crown money contributed by the municipia and colonies of Italy for my triumphs, I refunded in my fifth consulship, and subsequently, as often as I was greeted Imperator, I refused to receive crown money, though the municipia and colonies had decreed it with as much warmth as before.

I three times gave a show of gladiators in my own name, and five times in the name of my sons and grandsons; which shows about 10,000 men co tended. I twice gave the people a sho of athletes collected from all parts of t world in my own name, and a third tir in the name of my grandson. I ga games in my own name four times, representing other magistrates twent three times. In behalf of the quind cimviri, and as master of the college, wi M. Agrippa as colleague, I gave t Secular games in the consulship of Furnius and C. Silanus. In my thi teenth consulship, I gave for the fir time games of Mars which, since th time, the consuls have given in successi years. I gave the people wild-bea hunts, of African animals, in my ow name and that of my sons and grandson in the circus and forum, and the amph theatres twenty-six times, in which abo 3,500 animals were killed.

I gave the people the spectacle of naval battle on the other side of t Tiber, in the spot where now is the gro of the Cæsars, the ground having bee hollowed out to a length of 1,800 fee and a breadth of 1,200 feet, in whic thirty beaked ships, triremes or bireme and a still larger number of smaller ve sels contended. In these fleets, besid the rowers, there fought about three tho sand men.

In the temples of all the states of t province of Asia, I replaced the orn ments after my victory, which he wi whom I had fought had taken into h private possession from the spoliation the temples. There were about eigh silver statues of me, some on foot, son equestrian, some in chariots, in vario parts of the city. These I removed, a from the money thus obtained I place golden offerings in the temple of Apol in my own name and in the name of tho who had honoured me by the statue

I cleared the sea of pirates. In that w I captured about 30,000 slaves, who h run away from their masters, and h

ne arms against the republic, and ded them back to their owners to be ished. The whole of Italy took the h to me spontaneously, and demanded t I should be the leader in the war which I won the victory off Actium. e provinces of the Gauls, the Spains, ica, Sicily, Sardinia, took the same h. Among those who fought under my ndards were more than seven hundred ators, eighty-three of whom had been, have been since, consuls up to the time my writing this, 170 members of the red colleges.

extended the frontiers of all the vinces of the Roman people, which e bordered by tribes that had not sub- ted to our Empire. The provinces of Gauls, and Spains and Germany, nded by the Ocean from Gades to the uth of the river Elbe, I reduced to a ceful state. The Alps, from the dis- t near the Adriatic to the Tuscan sea, orced to remain peaceful without wag- unprovoked war with any tribe. My t sailed through the Ocean from the ith of the Rhine towards the rising , up to the territories of the Cimbri, which point no Roman had penetrated, to that time, either by land or sea. e Cimbri, and Charydes, and Sem- es and other peoples of the Germans, onging to the same tract of country, t ambassadors to ask for the friend- o of myself and the Roman people. my command and under my auspices, armies were marched into Æthiopia Arabia, called Felix, nearly simulta- usly, and large hostile forces of both se nations were cut to pieces in battle, a large number of towns were cap- ed. Æthiopia was penetrated as far he town Nabata, next to Meroe. Into bia the army advanced into the terri- es of the Sabæi as far as the town of riba.

added Egypt to the Empire of the nan people. When I might have le the greater Armenia a province after the assassination of its king Artaxes, I preferred, on the precedent of our ancestors, to hand over the kingdom to Tigranes, son of King Artavasdes, grandson of King Tigranes, by the hands of Tiberius Nero, who was then my stepson. The same nation being afterwards in a state of revolt and rebellion, I handed over to the government of King Ariobarzanes, son of Artabazus, king of the Medes, after it had been reduced by my son Gaius; and after his death to his son Artavasdes, upon whose assassination I sent Tigranes, a member of the royal family of the Armenians, into that kingdom. I recovered all the provinces on the other side of the Adriatic towards the East and Cyrenæ, which were by this time for the most part held by various kings, and before them Sicily and Sardinia which had been overrun by an army of slaves.

I settled colonies of soldiers in Africa, Sicily, Macedonia, both the Spains, Achaia, Asia, Syria, Gallia Narbonensis, Pisidia. Italy has twenty-eight colonies established under my auspices, which have in my lifetime become very densely inhabited and places of great resort.

A large number of military standards, which had been lost under other commanders, I recovered, after defeating the enemy, from Spain and Gaul and the Dalmatians. I compelled the Parthians to restore the spoils and standards of three Roman armies, and to seek as suppliants the friendship of the Roman people. These standards I laid up in the inner shrine belonging to the temple of Mars Ultor.

The tribes of the Pannonii, which before I was *princeps* an army of the Roman people never reached, having been subdued by Tiberius Nero, who was then my stepson and legate, I added to the Empire of the Roman people, and I extended the frontier of Illyricum to the bank of the river Danube. And when an army of the Daci crossed to the south

of that river it was conquered and put to flight under my auspices; and subsequently my army being led across the Danube, forced the tribes of the Daci to submit to the orders of the Roman people.

To me there were often sent embassies of kings from India who had never been seen in the camp of any Roman general. By embassadors the Bastarnæ and the Scythians and the kings of the Sarmatians, who live on both sides of the river Don, and the king of the Albani and of the Hiberi and of the Medes, sought our friendship.

Kings of the Parthians—Tiridates, and afterwards Phrates, son of King Phrates—fled to me for refuge; of the Medes Artavasdes; of the Adiabeni Artaxares; of the Britons Dumnobellaunus and Tim . . . ; of the Marcomanni and Suebi . . . Phrates, king of the Parthians, son of Orodes, sent all his sons and grandsons to me in Italy, not because he had been overcome in war, but seeking our friendship by means of his own sons as pledges. And a very large number of other nations experienced the good faith of the Roman people while I was *princeps,* with whom before that time there had been no diplomatic or friendly intercourse.

The nations of the Parthians and the chief men of the Medes by means of embassies sought and accepted from me kings of those peoples—the Parthians Vonones, son of King Phrates, grandson of King Orodes; the Medes Ariobarzanes, son of King Artavasdes, grandson of K Ariobarzanes.

In my sixth and seventh consulsh when I had extinguished the flames civil war, having by universal cons become possessed of the sole direction affairs, I transferred the republic fr my power to the will of the Senate a people of Rome. For which good serv on my part I was by decree of the Sen called by the name of Augustus, and door-posts of my house were covered w laurels in the name of the state, and civic crown was fixed up over my do and a golden shield was placed in Curia Iulia, which it was declared by inscription the Senate and people Rome gave me in recognition of valo clemency, justice, piety. After that ti I took precedence of all in rank, but power I had nothing more than th who were my colleagues in the seve magistracies.

While I was administering my th teenth consulship, the Senate and equ trian order and the Roman people w one consent greeted me as FATHER MY COUNTRY, and decreed that should be inscribed in the vestibule my house, and in the Senate house, a in the Forum Augustum, and under chariot which was there placed in honour in accordance with a senato decree.

When I wrote this I was in my seven sixth year.

—E. S. Shuckburgh.

II. THE EPIC OF ROME'S DESTINY: VIRGIL'S ÆNEID

Publius Vergilius Maro was born of peasant stock in the village of Andes near Mantua in 70 B.C. In his boyhood he gained at first hand an experience of farm life and a knowledge of nature which proved of inestimable value to him in his later career. His training was receiv at the schools of neighboring towns, th in Rome, and later under the Epicure philosopher Siro near Naples. His l was the quiet life of the student and m of letters, spent partly in Rome but mai

the neighborhood of Naples. He died 19 B.C. at Brundisium.

Virgil was the finest product of the tem of patronage which flourished in time of Augustus. His early activity a poet fell under the influence of Pollio l Mæcenas, and was devoted to themes t sprang directly from the farm life his youth—pastoral poems known as *Eclogues* or *Bucolics,* and the didactic m called the *Georgics.* The *Æneid,* product of his maturer years, is said have been written at the request of gustus, who encouraged poetry not only its own sake, but also as a means of ral, religious, and political reform. ere are extant also a number of other ems whose genuineness has long been subject of controversy.

The view of epic as history, exemplified Ennius in his *Annals* and again by evius in his *Punic War,* was still looked on as the proper view even in the Augustan Age. Epic, like most other forms literature, was a servant of the state, d could best perform this function by citing the achievements of the past and rifying the heroes of Rome. It was o an appropriate vehicle for celebrating deeds of contemporary leaders, for king secure their place in song and ry, and for bolstering up their follow- and their policies. There can be little ubt that the pressure of such ideas was ought to bear upon Virgil when he undertook his great task.

But Virgil skillfully found a means of isfying these demands without at the ne time suffering his work to be made ject to the limitations which history poses upon the imagination and the dects which inevitably result from the lack a unified theme. He chose the mylogical type of subject, the story of a endary hero. But by assigning to that ro the definite mission of founding me, by interpreting the meaning and nsequences of the hero's deeds, by portying his character as the embodiment Roman ideals, and by actually weaving o the narrative through devices of phecy and the like many of the great nts and personages of Roman history, gave the poem as a whole a vivid coloring of the historical and the patriotic. By choosing as his hero a mythical ancestor of the Cæsars he was able also to sing the praises of the emperor.

As Æneas had a mission among men, so Rome had a mission among peoples. It was Rome's task to bring order out of confusion, to unify the conflicting elements of the Mediterranean civilization, to establish peace, and to secure the supremacy of law. She was to rule the world through law. This is still our general understanding of the part Rome played in the progress of civilization, and it is in the *Æneid* that we find its clearest presentation.

The story of the poem is briefly as follows. Æneas, an exile from Troy at the time of its destruction by the Greeks, flees under guidance of the gods with his son and father and a small company of refugees. Gradually the divine plan of the founding of a new empire in Italy is unfolded to him, and he journeys on from place to place seeking his destined goal. After many adventures on land and sea, at the court of Dido the Carthaginian queen, and in Sicily, he comes to Italy. Before entering upon the second phase of his great task, he visits Hades to consult his father, who had died on the journey, in order to obtain guidance for his future career. Returning to the upper world, he first makes peaceable overtures to the native king Latinus and is cordially received. But a local prince, Turnus, seeing in Æneas a rival for the hand of the king's daughter, betrothed to himself, and a foreign invader of his country, stirs up war against him. Epic battles follow, the tide of fortune shifting now this way, now that. The fighting finally resolves itself into a duel between the two leaders, and with the slaying of Turnus by Æneas the story ends.

Æneas at Carthage

[From Book I]

The opening of the *Æneid,* like that of Homer's *Odyssey,* plunges the reader *in medias res.* The first book gives the account of the hero's landing in Africa

and of his reception by Dido; in the two following books Æneas himself tells the story of the antecedent circumstances.

Arms and the man I sing, who forc'd by fate,
And haughty Juno's unrelenting hate;
Expell'd and exil'd, left the Trojan shore,
Long labours both by sea and land he bore;
And in the doubtful war, before he won
The Latian realm, and built the destin'd town:
His banish'd gods restor'd to rites divine,
And settl'd sure succession in his line:
From whence the race of Alban fathers come,
And the long glories of majestic Rome.
O! Muse, the causes and the crimes relate,
What goddess was provok'd, and whence her hate;
For what offence the queen of heav'n began
To persecute so brave, so just a man!
Involv'd his anxious life in endless cares,
Expos'd to wants, and hurry'd into wars!
Can heav'nly minds such high resentment show,
Or exercise their spite in human woe?
Against the Tiber's mouth, but far away,
An ancient town was seated on the sea:
A Tyrian colony, the people made
Stout for the war, and studious of their trade,
Carthage the name, belov'd by Juno more
Than her own Argos, or the Samian shore.
Here stood her chariot, here, if heav'n were kind,
The seat of awful empire she design'd.
Yet she had heard an ancient rumour fly,
(Long cited by the people of the sky)
That times to come should see the Trojan race
Her Carthage ruin, and her tow'rs deface:
Nor thus confin'd, the yoke of sov'rei
sway,
Should on the necks of all the nations l
She ponder'd this, and fear'd it was
fate,
Nor could forget the war she wag'd
late,
For conqu'ring Greece against the Troj
state.
Besides long causes working in her mi
And secret seeds of envy lay behind.
Deep graven in her heart, the doom
main'd
Of partial Paris, and her form disdain'
The grace bestow'd on ravish'd Ganym
Electra's glories, and her injur'd bed.
Each was a cause alone, and all combi
To kindle vengeance in her haughty mi
For this, far distant from the Lati
coast,
She drove the remnants of the Troj
host:
And sev'n long years th' unhappy wa
d'ring train,
Were toss'd by storms, and scatte
through the main.
Such time, such toil requir'd the Rom
name,
Such length of labour for so vast a fa
Now scarce the Trojan fleet with sa
and oars
Had left behind the fair Sicilian shor
Ent'ring with cheerful shouts the wat'
reign,
And ploughing frothy furrows in t
main:
When lab'ring still, with endless disco
tent,
The queen of heav'n did thus her fu
vent.
"Then am I vanquish'd, must I yiel
said she,
"And must the Trojans reign in Italy?
So fate will have it, and Jove adds
force,
Nor can my pow'r divert their hap
course.
Could angry Pallas, with revenge
spleen,

he Grecian navy burn, and drown the men?
ne for the fault of one offending foe,
he bolts of Jove himself presum'd to throw:
ith whirlwinds from beneath she toss'd the ship,
nd bare expos'd the bosom of the deep:
hen, as an eagle gripes the trembling game,
he wretch yet hissing with her father's flame,
he strongly seiz'd, and with a burning wound,
ransfix'd and naked, on a rock she bound.
ut I, who walk in awful state above,
he majesty of heav'n, the sister-wife of Jove,
or length of years my fruitless force employ
gainst the thin remains of ruin'd Troy.
hat nations now to Juno's pow'r will pray,
r off'rings on my slighted altars lay?"
Thus rag'd the goddess, and with fury fraught,
he restless regions of the storms she sought.
here in a spacious cave of living stone,
he tyrant Æolus from his airy throne,
ith pow'r imperial curbs the struggling winds,
nd sounding tempests in dark prisons binds.
his way, and that, th' impatient captives tend,
nd pressing for release, the mountains rend.
igh in his hall, th' undaunted monarch stands,
nd shakes his sceptre, and their rage commands:
hich did he not, their unresisted sway
ould sweep the world before them in their way:
arth, air and seas through empty space would roll,
And heav'n would fly before the driving soul.
In fear of this the father of the gods
Confin'd their fury to those dark abodes,
And lock'd 'em safe within, oppress'd with mountain loads:
Impos'd a king with arbitrary sway,
To loose their fetters, or their force allay.
To whom the suppliant queen her pray'rs addrest,
And thus the tenor of her suit express'd:
"O Æolus! for to thee the king of heav'n
The pow'r of tempests, and of winds has giv'n:
Thy force alone their fury can restrain,
And smooth the waves, or swell the troubl'd main:
A race of wand'ring slaves, abhorr'd by me,
With prosp'rous passage cut the Tuscan sea:
To fruitful Italy their course they steer,
And for their vanquish'd gods design new temples there.
Raise all thy winds, with night involve the skies,
Sink or disperse my fatal enemies.
Twice sev'n, the charming daughters of the main,
Around my person wait, and bear my train:
Succeed my wish, and second my design,
The fairest, Deiopeia, shall be thine,
And make thee father of a happy line."
To this the god:—"'Tis yours, O queen! to will
The work, which duty binds me to fulfil.
These airy kingdoms, and this wide command,
Are all the presents of your bounteous hand;
Yours is my sov'reign grace, and as your guest,
I sit with gods at their celestial feast,
Raise tempests at your pleasure, or subdue,
Dispose of empire, which I hold from you."

He said, and hurl'd against the mountain side
His quiv'ring spear, and all the god apply'd.
The raging winds rush through the hollow wound,
And dance aloft in air, and skim along the ground:
Then settling on the sea, the surges sweep,
Raise liquid mountains, and disclose the deep.
South, east, and west, with mix'd confusion roar,
And roll the foaming billows on the shore.
The cables crack, the sailors' fearful cries
Ascend; and sable night involves the skies,
And heav'n itself is ravish'd from their eyes.
Loud peals of thunder from the poles ensue,
Then flashing fires the transient light renew;
The face of things a frightful image bears,
And present death in various forms appears.
Struck with unusual fright, the Trojan chief,
With lifted hands and eyes, invokes relief.
"And thrice and four times happy those," he cried,
"That under Ilian walls before their parents died.
Tydides, bravest of the Grecian train,
Why could not I by that strong arm be slain,
And lie by noble Hector on the plain:
Or great Sarpedon in those bloody fields,
Where Simois rolls the bodies and the shields
Of heroes, whose dismember'd hands yet bear
The dart aloft, and clench the pointed spear?"
Thus while the pious prince his fate bewails,
Fierce Boreas drove against his flyin sails,
And rent the sheets; the raging billow rise,
And mount the tossing vessel to th skies:
Nor can the shiv'ring oars sustain th blow,
The galley gives her side, and turns h prow:
While those astern descending down th steep,
Through gaping waves behold the boilin deep.
Three ships were hurried by the southern blast,
And on the secret shelves with fury cas
Those hidden rocks th' Ausonian sailor knew,
They call'd them altars, when they ros in view,
And show'd their spacious backs abov the flood.
Three more, fierce Eurus in his angr mood
Dash'd on the shallows of the movin sand,
And in mid ocean left them moor'd a-land.
Orontes' barque that bore the Lycia crew,
(A horrid sight) ev'n in the hero's viev From stem to stern, by waves was ove born,
The trembling pilot from his rudder tor Was headlong hurl'd, thrice round th ship was tost,
Then bulg'd at once, and in the deep wa lost;
And here and there above the waves wer seen
Arms, pictures, precious goods, and floa ing men.
The stoutest vessel to the storm gave way And suck'd through loosen'd planks th rushing sea.
Ilioneus was her chief: Aletes old,
Achates faithful, Abas young and bol

dur'd not less; their ships, with gaping seams,
mit the deluge of the briny streams.
Meantime imperial Neptune heard the sound
raging billows breaking on the ground:
spleas'd, and fearing for his wat'ry reign,
rear'd his awful head above the main:
ene in majesty, then roll'd his eyes
ound the space of earth, and seas, and skies.
e saw the Trojan fleet dispers'd, distress'd,
stormy winds and wintry heav'n oppress'd.
ll well the god his sister's envy knew,
d what her aims and what her arts pursue:
e summon'd Eurus and the western blast,
d first an angry glance on both he cast:
en thus rebuk'd: "Audacious winds! from whence
is bold attempt, this rebel insolence?
it for you to ravage seas and land,
authoriz'd by my supreme command?
raise such mountains on the troubled main?
hom I—But first 'tis fit, the billows to restrain,
d then you shall be taught obedience to my reign.
nce, to your lord my royal mandate bear,
e realms of ocean and the fields of air
e mine, not his; by fatal lot to me
e liquid empire fell, and trident of the sea.
s pow'r to hollow caverns is confin'd,
ere let him reign, the jailor of the wind:
ith hoarse commands his breathing subjects call,
d boast and bluster in his empty hall."
spoke, and while he spoke he smooth'd the sea,
Dispell'd the darkness, and restor'd the day:
Cymothoe, Triton, and the sea-green train
Of beauteous nymphs, the daughters of the main,
Clear from the rocks the vessels with their hands;
The god himself with ready trident stands,
And opes the deep and spreads the moving sands;
Then heaves them off the shoals, where'er he guides
His finny coursers, and in triumph rides,
The waves unruffle, and the sea subsides.
As when in tumults rise the ignoble crowd,
Mad are their motions, and their tongues are loud;
And stones and brands in rattling vollies fly,
And all the rustic arms that fury can supply;
If then some grave and pious man appear,
They hush their noise, and lend a list'ning ear;
He soothes with sober words their angry mood,
And quenches their innate desire of blood:
So when the father of the flood appears,
And o'er the seas his sov'reign trident rears,
Their fury fails; he skims the liquid plains,
High on his chariot, and with loosen'd reins,
Majestic moves along, and awful peace maintains.
The weary Trojans ply their shatter'd oars,
To nearest land, and make the Libyan shores.
Within a long recess there lies a bay,
An island shades it from the rolling sea,
And forms a port secure for ships to ride,
Broke by the jutting land on either side:
In double streams the briny waters glide.
Betwixt two rows of rocks, a sylvan scene

Appears above, and groves for ever green:
A grot is form'd beneath, with mossy seats,
To rest the Nereids, and exclude the heats:
Down through the crannies of the living walls
The crystal streams descend in murm'ring falls.
No haulsers need to bind the vessels here,
Nor bearded anchors, for no storms they fear.
Sev'n ships within this happy harbour meet,
The thin remainders of the scatter'd fleet.
The Trojans worn with toils, and spent with woes,
Leap on the welcome land, and seek their wish'd repose.
First, good Achates, with repeated strokes
Of clashing flints, their hidden fire provokes;
Short flame succeeds a bed of wither'd leaves,
The dying sparkles in their fall receives:
Caught into life, in fiery fumes they rise,
And, fed with stronger food, invade the skies.
The Trojans, dropping wet, or stand around
The cheerful blaze, or lie along the ground;
Some dry their corn infected with the brine,
Then grind with marbles, and prepare to dine.
Æneas climbs the mountain's airy brow,
And takes a prospect of the seas below:
If Capys thence, or Antheus he could spy,
Or see the streamers of Caicus fly:
No vessels were in view; but, on the plain,
Three beamy stags command a lordly train
Of branching heads, the more ignoble throng
Attend their stately steps, and slowly graze along.
He stood, and while secure they fed low,
He took the quiver and the trusty b
Achates us'd to bear, the leaders first
He laid along and then the vulg pierc'd;
Nor ceas'd his arrows, till the shady pl
Sev'n mighty bodies with their blo distain.
For the sev'n ships he made an equ share,
And to the port return'd triumphant fr the war.
The jars of gen'rous wine (Acestes' gi
When his Trinacrian shores the na left),
He set abroach, and for the feast p par'd,
In equal portions with the ven'son shar
Thus while he dealt it round, the pio chief,
With cheerful words allay'd the comm grief:
"Endure and conquer, Jove will soon d pose
To future good our past and prese woes.
With me the rocks of Scylla you ha tried,
Th' inhuman Cyclops and his den defi
What greater ills hereafter can you bea
Resume your courage, and dismiss yo care.
An hour will come, with pleasure to late
Your sorrows past, as benefits of fate.
Through various hazards and events move
To Latium and the realms foredoom'd Jove,
Call'd to the seat (the promise of skies)
Where Trojan kingdoms once again m rise.
Endure the hardships of your pres state,
Live and reserve yourselves for bet fate."

These words he spoke, but spoke not from his heart;
s outward smiles conceal'd his inward smart:
ıe jolly crew, unmindful of the past,
ıe quarry share, their plenteous dinner haste;
me strip the skin, some portion out the spoil,
ıe limbs yet trembling in the cauldrons boil:
retch'd on the grassy turf, at ease they dine,
estore their strength with meat, and cheer their souls with wine.
heir hunger thus appeas'd, their care attends
he doubtful fortune of their absent friends;
lternate hopes and fears their minds possess,
hether to deem 'em dead or in distress.
ove the rest, Æneas mourns the fate
f brave Orontes, and th' uncertain state
f Gyas, Lycus, and of Amycus:
ıe day, but not their sorrows ended thus.
hen, from aloft, almighty Jove surveys
ırth, air, and shores, and navigable seas,
length on Libyan realms he fix'd his eyes,
hom, pond'ring thus on human miseries,
hen Venus saw, she with a lovely look,
ot free from tears, her heav'nly sire bespoke.
"O king of gods and men, whose awful hand
isperses thunder on the seas and land,
isposes all with absolute command:
ow could my pious son thy pow'r incense,
what, alas! is vanquish'd Troy's offence?
ır hope of Italy not only lost
various seas, by various tempests tost,
ıt shut from ev'ry shore, and barr'd from ev'ry coast.
ou promis'd once a progeny divine,
Of Romans rising from the Trojan line,
In after-times should hold the world in awe,
And to the land and ocean give the law.
How is your doom revers'd, which eas'd my care,
When Troy was ruin'd in that cruel war?
Then fates to fates I could oppose; but now,
When fortune still pursues her former blow,
What can I hope? What worse can still succeed?
What end of labours has our will decreed?
Antenor, from the midst of Grecian hosts,
Could pass secure, and pierce th' Illyrian coasts:
Where rolling down the steep, Timavus raves,
And through nine channels disembogues his waves.
At length he founded Padua's happy seat,
And gave his Trojans a secure retreat:
There fix'd their arms, and there renew'd their name,
And there in quiet rules, and crown'd with fame:
But we, descended from your sacred line,
Entitled to your heav'n, and rites divine,
Are banish'd earth, and for the wrath of one,
Remov'd from Latium, and the promis'd throne.
Are these our sceptres? these our due rewards?
And is it thus that Jove his plighted faith regards?"
To whom the father of immortal race,
Smiling with that serene indulgent face,
With which he drives the clouds, and clears the skies,
First gave a holy kiss, then thus replies:
"Daughter, dismiss thy fears: to thy desire
The fates of thine are fix'd, and stand entire.

Thou shalt behold thy wish'd Lavinian walls,
And, ripe for heav'n, when fate Æneas calls,
Then shalt thou bear him up, sublime, to me;
No councils have revers'd my firm decree:
And lest new fears disturb thy happy state,
Know, I have search'd the mystic rolls of fate:
Thy son (nor is th' appointed season far)
In Italy shall wage successful war;
Shall tame fierce nations in the bloody field,
And sov'reign laws impose, and cities build.
Till, after ev'ry foe subdued, the sun
Thrice through the signs his annual race shall run:
This is his time prefix'd. Ascanius then,
Now call'd Iulus, shall begin his reign.
He thirty rolling years the crown shall wear,
Then from Lavinium shall the seat transfer,
And, with hard labour, Alba Longa build,
The throne with his succession shall be fill'd;
Three hundred circuits more, then shall be seen,
Ilia the fair, a priestess and a queen;
Who full of Mars, in time, with kindly throws,
Shall at a birth two goodly boys disclose.
The royal babes a tawny wolf shall drain,
Then Romulus his grandsire's throne shall gain;
Of martial tow'rs the founder shall become,
The people Romans call, the city Rome.
To them no bounds of empire I assign,
Nor term of years to their immortal line.
Ev'n haughty Juno, who with endless broils
Earth, seas, and heav'n, and Jove himself turmoils;
At length aton'd, her friendly pow'r shall join,
To cherish and advance the Trojan lin
The subject world shall Rome's dominio
own,
And prostrate shall adore the nation
the gown.
An age is ripening in revolving fate,
When Troy shall overturn the Grecia
state;
And sweet revenge her conqu'ring son
shall call,
To crush the people that conspir'd h
fall.
Then Cæsar from the Julian stock sha
rise,
Whose empire ocean, and whose fame th
skies
Alone shall bound: whom, fraught wit
eastern spoils,
Our heav'n, the just reward of huma
toils,
Securely shall repay with rites divine;
And incense shall ascend before his sa
cred shrine.
Then dire debate and impious war sha
cease,
And the stern age be soften'd into peace
Then banish'd faith shall once agai
return,
And vestal fires in hallow'd temples burn
And Remus with Quirinus shall sustain
The righteous laws, and fraud and forc
restrain.
Janus himself before his fane shall wai
And keep the dreadful issues of his gat
With bolts and iron bars: within remain
Imprison'd fury, bound in brazen chains
High on a trophy rais'd of useless arm
He sits, and threats the world with vai
alarms."
He said, and sent Cyllenius with com
mand
To free the ports, and ope the Punic lan
To Trojan guests, lest, ignorant of fat
The queen might force them from h
town and state.
Down from the steep of heav'n Cylleniu
flies,
And cleaves with all his wings the yield
ing skies:

on on the Libyan shore descends the god,
rforms his message, and displays his rod;
he surly murmurs of the people cease,
nd as the fates requir'd they give the peace.
he queen herself suspends the rigid laws,
he Trojans pities, and protects their cause.
Meantime, in shades of night Æneas lies;
are seiz'd his soul, and sleep forsook his eyes.
ut when the sun restor'd the cheerful day,
e rose, the coast and country to survey,
nxious and eager to discover more:
look'd a wild uncultivated shore;
ut whether human kind, or beasts alone
ossess'd the new-found region, was unknown.
eneath a ledge of rocks his fleet he hides;
all trees surround the mountain's shady sides;
he bending brow above a safe retreat provides.
rm'd with two pointed darts, he leaves his friends,
nd true Achates on his steps attends.
, in the deep recesses of the wood,
efore his eyes his goddess mother stood;
huntress in her habit and her mien,
er dress a maid, her air confess'd a queen.
are were her knees, and knots her garments bind;
ose was her hair, and wanton'd in the wind;
er hand sustain'd a bow, a quiver hung behind.
e seem'd a virgin of the Spartan blood;
ith such array Harpalice bestrode
er Thracian courser, and outstripp'd the rapid flood.

"Ho! strangers! have you lately seen," she said,
"One of my sisters, like myself array'd,
Who cross'd the lawn, or in the forest stray'd?
A painted quiver at her back she bore,
Varied with spots, a lynx's hide she wore,
And at full cry pursued the tusky boar."
Thus Venus; thus her son replied again:
"None of your sisters have we heard or seen,
O virgin! or what other name you bear
Above that stile; O more than mortal fair!
Your voice and mien celestial birth betray!
If, as you seem, the sister of the day;
Or one at least of chaste Diana's train,
Let not an humble suppliant sue in vain;
But tell a stranger, long in tempest toss'd,
What earth we tread, and who commands the coast?
Then on your name shall wretched mortals call,
And offer'd victims at your altars fall."
"I dare not," she replied, "assume the name
Of goddess, or celestial honours claim;
For Tyrian virgins bows and quivers bear,
And purple buskins o'er their ankles wear.
Know, gentle youth, in Libyan lands you are,
A people rude in peace, and rough in war.
The rising city which from far you see
Is Carthage, and a Tyrian colony.
Phœnician Dido rules the growing state,
Who fled from Tyre to shun her brother's hate:
Great were her wrongs, her story full of fate,
Which I will sum in short. Sichæus known
For wealth, and brother to the Punic throne,
Possess'd fair Dido's bed; and either heart
At once was wounded with an equal dart.

Her father gave her, yet a spotless maid;
Pygmalion then the Tyrian sceptre sway'd;
One who contemn'd divine and human laws.
Then strife ensued, and cursed gold the cause.
The monarch, blinded with desire of wealth,
With steel invades his brother's life by stealth;
Before the sacred altar made him bleed;
And long from her conceal'd the cruel deed;
Some tale, some new pretence he daily coin'd,
To soothe his sister, and delude her mind.
At length, in dead of night, the ghost appears
Of her unhappy lord: the spectre stares,
And with erected eyes his bloody bosom bares.
The cruel altars, and his fate he tells,
And the dire secret of his house reveals.
Then warns the widow, and her household gods,
To seek a refuge in remote abodes.
Last, to support her in so long a way,
He shows her where his hidden treasure lay.
Admonish'd thus, and seiz'd with mortal fright,
The queen provides companions of her flight:
They meet, and all combine to leave the state,
Who hate the tyrant, or who fear his hate.
They seize a fleet, which ready rigg'd they find;
Nor is Pygmalion's treasure left behind.
The vessels, heavy laden, put to sea
With prosp'rous winds; a woman leads the way.
I know not, if by stress of weather driv'n,
Or was their fatal course dispos'd by heav'n!
At last they landed, where from your eyes
May view the turrets of new Cartha rise:
There bought a space of ground, wh Byrsa call'd
From the bull's hide, they first inclos and wall'd.
But whence are you, what count claims your birth?
What seek you, strangers, on our Liby earth?"
To whom, with sorrow streaming fro his eyes,
And deeply sighing, thus her son replie
"Could you with patience hear, or relate,
O nymph! the tedious annals of our fat
Through such a train of woes if I shou run,
The day would sooner than the tale done!
From ancient Troy, by force expell'd, came,
If you by chance have heard the Troja name:
On various seas, by various tempes toss'd,
At length we landed on your Libya coast:
The good Æneas am I call'd, a name,
While fortune favour'd, not unknown fame:
My household gods, companions of m woes,
With pious care I rescued from our foe
To fruitful Italy my course was bent,
And from the king of heav'n is m descent.
With twice ten sail I cross'd the Phrygia sea;
Fate and my mother goddess led the wa
Scarce sev'n, the thin remainder of m fleet,
From storms preserv'd, within your ha bour meet:
Myself distress'd, an exile, and unknow
Debarr'd from Europe, and from As thrown,

Libyan deserts wander thus alone."
His tender parent could no longer bear,
, interposing, sought to soothe his
care.
hoe'er you are, not unbelov'd by
heav'n,
ce on our friendly shore your ships
are driv'n,
ve courage: to the gods permit the
rest,
d to the queen expose your just re-
quest.
w take this earnest of success for
more:
ur scatter'd fleet is join'd upon the
shore;
e winds are chang'd, your friends from
danger free,
I renounce my skill in augury.
elve swans behold in beauteous order
move,
d stoop with closing pinions from
above;
om late the bird of Jove had driv'n
along,
d through the clouds pursued the scat-
t'ring throng;
w all united in a goodly team,
ey skim the ground, and seek the quiet
stream.
they with joy returning clap their
wings,
d ride the circuit of the skies in rings;
t otherwise your ships, and ev'ry
friend,
eady hold the port, or with swift sails
descend.
more advice is needful, but pursue
e path before you, and the town in
view."
us having said, she turn'd, and made
appear
r neck refulgent, and dishevell'd hair;
ich, flowing from her shoulders
reach'd the ground,
d widely spread ambrosial scents
around:
length of train descends her sweeping
gown,
And by her graceful walk the queen of
love is known.
The prince pursued the parting deity
With words like these: "Ah, whither
dost thou fly?
Unkind and cruel, to deceive your son
In borrow'd shapes, and his embrace to
shun;
Never to bless my sight but thus un-
known,
And still to speak in accents not your
own."
Against the goddess these complaints he
made,
But took the path, and her commands
obey'd.
They march obscure, for Venus kindly
shrouds
With mists their persons, and involves
in clouds;
That thus unseen their passage none
might stay,
Or force to tell the causes of their way.
This part perform'd, the goddess flies
sublime,
To visit Paphos, and her native clime;
Where garlands ever green and ever fair,
With vows are offer'd, and with solemn
pray'r;
A hundred altars in her temple smoke,
A thousand bleeding hearts her pow'r
invoke.
They climb the next ascent, and look-
ing down,
Now at a nearer distance view the town:
The prince with wonder sees the stately
tow'rs,
Which late were huts and shepherds'
homely bow'rs;
The gates and streets; and hears from
ev'ry part
The noise and busy concourse of the
mart.
The toiling Tyrians on each other call,
To ply their labour: some extend the
wall,
Some build the citadel; the brawny
throng
Or dig, or push unwieldy stones along.

Some for their dwellings choose a spot of ground,
Which first design'd with ditches they surround.
Some laws ordain, and some attend the choice
Of holy senates, and elect by voice.
Here some design a mole, while others there
Lay deep foundations for a theatre:
From marble quarries mighty columns hew,
For ornaments of scenes, and future view.
Such is their toil, and such their busy pains,
As exercise the bees in flow'ry plains;
When winter past, and summer scarce begun,
Invites them forth to labour in the sun.
Some lead their youth abroad, while some condense
Their liquid store, and some in cells dispense.
Some at the gate stand ready to receive
The golden burden, and their friends relieve.
All with united force combine to drive
The lazy drones from the laborious hive;
With envy stung, they view each other's deeds;
The fragrant work with diligence proceeds.
"Thrice happy you, whose walls already rise,"
Æneas said, and view'd with lifted eyes,
Their lofty tow'rs; then entering at the gate,
Conceal'd in clouds (prodigious to relate),
He mix'd unmark'd among the busy throng,
Borne by the tide, and pass'd unseen along.
Full in the center of the town there stood,
Thick set with trees, a venerable wood:
The Tyrians landed near this holy ground,
And digging here, a prosp'rous omen found:
From under earth a courser's head tl
drew,
Their growth and future fortune to fc
shew:
This fated sign their foundress Juno ga
Of a soil fruitful, and a people bra
Sidonian Dido here with solemn st
Did Juno's temple build and consecra
Enrich'd with gifts, and with a gol
shrine,
But more the goddess made the pla
divine.
On brazen steps the marble thresh
rose,
And brazen plates the cedar beams
close:
The rafters are with brazen cov'rin
crown'd,
The lofty doors on brazen hinges sou
What first Æneas in this place beheld
Reviv'd his courage, and his fear expell
For while, expecting there the queen,
rais'd
His wond'ring eyes, and round the temp
gaz'd;
Admir'd the fortune of the rising town,
The striving artists, and their art's
nown;
He saw in order painted on the wall,
Whatever did unhappy Troy befall;
The wars that fame around the wo
had blown,
All to the life, and ev'ry leader know
There Agamemnon, Priam here he spi
And fierce Achilles, who both kings defi
He stopp'd, and weeping said, "O frien
ev'n here
The monuments of Trojan woes appea
Our known disasters fill ev'n forei
lands:
See there, where old unhappy Pri
stands!
Ev'n the mute walls relate the warri
fame,
And Trojan griefs the Tyrians' p
claim."
He said: his tears a ready passage fi
Devouring what he saw so well design
And with an empty picture fed his mi

there he saw the fainting Grecians yield,
l here the trembling Trojans quit the field,
sued by fierce Achilles through the plain,
his high chariot driving o'er the slain.
e tents of Rhesus next his grief renew,
their white sails betray'd to nightly view.
l wakeful Diomede, whose cruel sword
e sentries flew, nor spar'd their slumb'ring lord,
en took the fiery steeds, ere yet the food
Troy they taste, or drink the Xanthian flood.
ewhere he saw where Troilus defied
iilles, and unequal combat tried.
en where the boy disarm'd, with loosen'd reins,
s by his horses hurried o'er the plains:
ng by the neck and hair, and dragg'd around,
e hostile spear yet sticking in his wound,
h tracks of blood inscrib'd the dusty ground.
antime the Trojan dames, oppress'd with woe,
Pallas' fane in long procession go,
hopes to reconcile their heav'nly foe:
ey weep, they beat their breasts, they rend their hair,
l rich embroider'd vests for presents bear:
the stern goddess stands unmov'd with pray'r.
ice round the Trojan walls Achilles drew
e corpse of Hector, whom in fight he slew.
e Priam sues; and there for sums of gold
e lifeless body of his son is sold.
sad an object, and so well express'd,
w sighs and groans from the griev'd hero's breast:
see the figure of his lifeless friend,
And his old sire his helpless hand extend.
Himself he saw amidst the Grecian train,
Mix'd in the bloody battle on the plain.
And swarthy Memnon in his arms he knew,
His pompous ensigns, and his Indian crew.
Penthesilea there, with haughty grace,
Leads to the wars an Amazonian race:
In their right hands a pointed dart they wield,
The left for ward sustains the lunar shield.
Athwart her breast a golden belt she throws,
Amidst the press alone provokes a thousand foes,
And dares her maiden arms to manly force oppose.
Thus while the Trojan prince employs his eyes,
Fix'd on the walls with wonder and surprise,
The beauteous Dido, with a num'rous train,
And pomp of guards, ascends the sacred fane.
Such on Eurotas' banks, or Cynthus' height,
Diana seems; and so she charms the sight,
When in the dance the graceful goddess leads
The quire of nymphs, and overtops their heads.
Known by her quiver and her lofty mien,
She walks majestic, and she looks their queen:
Latona sees her shine above the rest,
And feeds with secret joy her silent breast.
Such Dido was; with such becoming state,
Amidst the crowd she walks serenely great.
Their labour to her future sway she speeds,
And passing with a gracious glance proceeds;

Then mounts the throne, high plac'd before the shrine;
In crowds around, the swarming people join.
She takes petitions, and dispenses laws,
Hears and determines ev'ry private cause.
Their tasks in equal portions she divides,
And where unequal, there by lots decides.
Another way by chance Æneas bends
His eyes, and unexpected sees his friends:
Antheus, Sergestus grave, Cloanthus strong,
And at their backs a mighty Trojan throng,
Whom late the tempest on the billows toss'd,
And widely scatter'd on another coast.
The prince, unseen, surpriz'd with wonder stands,
And longs with joyful haste to join their hands:
But doubtful of the wish'd event, he stays,
And from the hollow cloud his friend surveys:
Impatient till they told their present state,
And where they left their ships, and what their fate;
And why they came, and what was their request:
For these were sent commission'd by the rest,
To sue for leave to land their sickly men,
And gain admission to the gracious queen.
Ent'ring, with cries they fill'd the holy fane;
Then thus with lowly voice Ilioneus began:
"O queen, indulg'd by favour of the gods
To found an empire in these new abodes;
To build a town, with statutes to restrain
The wild inhabitants beneath thy reign;
We wretched Trojans, toss'd on ev'ry shore,
From sea to sea, thy clemency implore:
Forbid the fires our shipping to deface,
Receive th' unhappy fugitives to grace,
And spare the remnant of a pious race.
We come not with design of waste
prey,
To drive the country, force the swa
away;
Nor such our strength, nor such is
desire:
The vanquish'd dare not to such thoug
aspire.
A land there is, Hesperia nam'd of old
The soil is fruitful, and the men are bo
Th' Œnotrians held it once by comm
fame,
Now call'd Italia, from the leader's nam
To that sweet region was our voya
bent,
When winds, and ev'ry warring eleme
Disturb'd our course, and far from si
of land,
Cast our torn vessels on the mov
sand:
The sea came on; the south with migh
roar
Dispers'd and dash'd the rest upon
rocky shore.
Those few you see escap'd the storm, a
fear,
Unless you interpose, a shipwreck he
What men, what monsters, what inhum
race,
What laws, what barb'rous customs
the place,
Shut up a desert shore to drowning m
And drive us to the cruel seas again!
If our hard fortune no compassion dra
Nor hospitable rites, nor human laws
The gods are just, and will revenge
cause.
Æneas was our prince, a juster lord,
Or nobler warrior, never drew a swo
Observant of the right, religious of
word.
If yet he lives, and draws this vital a
Nor we his friends of safety shall desp
Nor you, great queen, these offices rep
Which he will equal, and perhaps a
ment.
We want not cities, nor Sicilian coast
Where king Acestes Trojan lineage boa
Permit our ships a shelter on your sho

fitted from your woods with planks
and oars;
at if our prince be safe, we may renew
r destin'd course, and Italy pursue.
t if, O best of men, the fates ordain
at thou art swallow'd in the Libyan
main:
d if our young Iulus be no more,
smiss our navy from the friendly
shore;
at we to good Acestes may return,
d with our friends our common losses
mourn."
us spoke Ilioneus; the Trojan crew
ith cries and clamours his request
renew.
e modest queen awhile, with downcast
eyes,
nder'd the speech; then briefly thus
replies:
"Trojans, dismiss your fears: my cruel
fate,
d doubts attending an unsettled state,
rce me to guard my coast from foreign
foes:
ho has not heard the story of your
woes?
e name and fortune of your native
place,
e fame and valour of the Phrygian
race?
e Tyrians are not so devoid of sense,
r so remote from Phœbus' influence.
hether to Latian shores your course is
bent,
driv'n by tempests from your first
intent,
u seek the good Acestes' government,
ur men shall be receiv'd, your fleet
repair'd,
d sail, with ships of convoy for your
guard:
would you stay, and join your friendly
pow'rs,
raise and to defend the Tyrian tow'rs,
y wealth, my city, and myself are
yours.
d would to heav'n the storm you felt
would bring
On Carthaginian coasts your wand'ring
king.
My people shall, by my command, explore
The ports and creeks of ev'ry winding
shore;
And towns, and wilds, and shady woods,
in quest
Of so renown'd and so desir'd a guest."
Rais'd in his mind the Trojan hero stood,
And long'd to break from out his ambient
cloud;
Achates found it, and thus urg'd his way:
"From whence, O goddess-born, this long
delay?
What more can you desire, your welcome
sure,
Your fleet in safety, and your friends
secure?
One only wants, and him we saw in vain
Oppose the storm, and swallow'd in the
main.
Orontes in his fate our forfeit paid,
The rest agrees with what your mother
said."
Scarce had he spoken, when the cloud
gave way,
The mists flew upward, and dissolv'd in
day.
The Trojan chief appear'd in open sight,
August in visage, and serenely bright.
His mother goddess, with her hands
divine,
Had form'd his curling locks, and made
his temples shine;
And giv'n his rolling eyes a sparkling
grace,
And breathed a youthful vigour on his
face;
Like polish'd iv'ry, beauteous to behold,
Or Parian marble, when enchas'd in gold:
Thus radiant from the circling cloud he
broke,
And thus with manly modesty he spoke:
"He whom you seek am I; by tempests
toss'd,
And sav'd from shipwreck on your Libyan
coast;
Presenting, gracious queen, before your
throne,

A prince that owes his life to you alone,
Fair majesty, the refuge and redress
Of those whom fate pursues, and wants
oppress.
You, who your pious offices employ
To save the relics of abandon'd Troy,
Receive the shipwreck'd on your friendly
shore,
With hospitable rites relieve the poor:
Associate in your town a wand'ring train,
And strangers in your palace entertain.
What thanks can wretched fugitives
return,
Who scatter'd through the world in exile
mourn?
The gods (if gods to goodness are in-
clin'd)
If acts of mercy touch their heav'nly
mind;
And more than all the gods, your gen'rous
heart,
Conscious of worth, requite its own
desert!
In you this age is happy, and this earth;
And parents more than mortal gave you
birth.
While rolling rivers into seas shall run,
And round the space of heav'n the radiant
sun;
While trees the mountain-tops with shades
supply,
Your honour, name, and praise shall never
die.
Whate'er abode my fortune has assign'd,
Your image shall be present in my mind."
Thus having said, he turn'd with pious
haste,
And joyful his expecting friends em-
brac'd:
With his right hand Ilioneus was grac'd,
Sergestus with his left; then to his breast
Cloanthus and the noble Gyas press'd;
And so by turns descended to the rest.
The Tyrian queen stood fix'd upon
his face,
Pleas'd with his motions, ravish'd with
his grace;
Admir'd his fortunes, more admir'd the
man;
Then recollected stood, and thus beg
"What fate, O goddess-born, w
angry pow'rs
Have cast you shipwreck'd on our barr
shores?
Are you the great Æneas known to fam
Who from celestial seed your linea
claim!
The same Æneas whom fair Venus bo
To fam'd Anchises on th' Idean shore?
It calls into my mind, though then
child,
When Teucer came from Salamis exil'
And sought my father's aid to be restor'
My father Belus then with fire and swo
Invaded Cyprus, made the region ba
And conqu'ring, finish'd the successf
war.
From him the Trojan siege I understoo
The Grecian chiefs, and your illustrio
blood.
Your foe himself the Dardan valo
prais'd,
And his own ancestry from Trojans rais'
Enter, my noble guest, and you sha
find,
If not a costly welcome, yet a kind:
For I myself, like you, have been di
tress'd,
Till heav'n afforded me this place of re
Like you an alien in a land unknown,
I learn to pity woes so like my own."
She said, and to the palace led her gue
Then offer'd incense, and proclaim'd
feast.
Nor yet less careful for her absent friend
Twice ten fat oxen to the ships she send
Besides a hundred boars, a hundr
lambs,
With bleating cries attend their mill
dams.
And jars of gen'rous wine, and spacio
bowls,
She gives, to cheer the sailors' droopi
souls.
Now purple hangings clothe the pala
walls,
And sumptuous feasts are made in sple
did halls:

Tyrian carpets, richly wrought, they
dine,
h loads of massy plate the sideboards
shine.
l antique vases all of gold emboss'd,
he gold itself inferior to the cost)
curious work, where on the sides were
seen
e fights and figures of illustrious men,
m their first founder to the present
queen.

—JOHN DRYDEN.

THE TRAGEDY OF DIDO

[From Book IV]

The episode of Dido supplies the ro-
ntic cause for the wars of later times
ween Rome and Carthage. The con-
t of the hero, however, is not to be
ged by modern romantic standards.
e poet pictures Æneas as true to his
ine mission in the face of great tempta-
n. Loyalty to God is a matter of in-
tely greater importance than loyalty
Dido.

The rosy morn was risen from the
main,
l horns and hounds awake the princely
train:
ey issue early through the city gate,
ere the more wakeful huntsmen ready
wait,
h nets, and toils, and darts, beside
the force
Spartan dogs, and swift Massylian
horse:
e Tyrian peers and officers of state,
the slow queen, in antechambers
wait:
lofty courser, in the court below
ho his majestic rider seems to know),
ud of his purple trappings, paws the
ground,
l champs his golden bit, and spreads
the foam around.

The queen at length appears: on either
hand,
The brawny guards in martial order
stand.
A flow'r'd cymar with golden fringe she
wore,
And at her back a golden quiver bore:
Her flowing hair a golden caul restrains:
A golden clasp the Tyrian robe sustains.
Then young Ascanius, with a sprightly
grace,
Leads on the Trojan youth to view the
chase.
But far above the rest in beauty shines
The great Æneas, when the troop he
joins;
Like fair Apollo, when he leaves the frost
Of wintry Xanthus, and the Lycian coast,
When to his native Delos he resorts,
Ordains the dances, and renews the
sports;
Where painted Scythians, mixed with
Cretan bands,
Before the joyful altars join their hands:
Himself, on Cynthus walking, sees below
The merry madness of the sacred show.
Green wreaths of bays his length of hair
enclose:
A golden fillet binds his awful brows:
His quiver sounds.—Not less the prince
is seen
In manly presence, or in lofty mien.
Now had they reached the hills, and
storm'd the seat
Of savage beasts in dens, their last
retreat.
The cry pursues the mountain-goats:
they bound
From rock to rock, and keep the craggy
ground:
Quite otherwise the stags, a trembling
train,
In herds unsingled scour the dusty plain,
And a long chase, in open view, maintain.
The glad Ascanius, as his courser guides,
Spurs through the vale, and these and
those outrides.
His horse's flanks and sides are forced
to feel

The clanking lash, and goring of the steel.
Impatiently he views the feeble prey,
Wishing some nobler beast to cross his way,
And rather would the tusky boar attend,
Or see the tawny lion downward bend.
Meantime the gath'ring clouds obscure the skies:
From pole to pole the forky lightning flies;
The rattling thunders roll; and Juno pours
A wintry deluge down, and sounding show'rs.
The company, dispersed, to coverts ride,
And seek the homely cots, or mountain's hollow side.
The rapid rains, descending from the hills,
To rolling torrents raise the creeping rills.
The queen and prince, as Love or Fortune guides,
One common cavern in her bosom hides.
Then first the trembling earth the signal gave;
And flashing fires enlighten all the cave,
Hell from below, and Juno from above,
And howling nymphs, were conscious to their love.
From this ill-omen'd hour, in time arose
Debate and death, and all succeeding woes.
The queen, whom sense of honour could not move,
No longer made a secret of her love,
But called it marriage, by that specious name
To veil the crime, and sanctify that shame.
The loud report through Libyan cities goes.
Fame, the great ill, from small beginnings grows—
Swift from the first; and ev'ry movement brings
New vigour to her flights, new pinions to her wings.
Soon grows the pigmy to gigantic size;
Her feet on earth, her forehead in skies.
Enraged against the gods, revenge Earth
Produced her, last of the Titanian birth
Swift is her walk, more swift her wing haste—
A monstrous phantom, horrible and va
As many plumes as rise her lofty fligh
So many piercing eyes enlarge her sig
Millions of op'ning mouths to Fame long;
And ev'ry mouth is furnished with tongue;
And round with list'ning ears the fly plague is hung.
She fills the peaceful universe with cri
No slumbers ever close her wakeful ey
By day, from lofty tow'rs her head s shows,
And spreads through trembling crow disastrous news;
With court informers' haunts, and ro spies;
Things done relates; not done she feig and mingles truth with lies.
Talk is her bus'ness; and her chief delig
To tell of prodigies, and cause affrigh
She fills the people's ears with Did name,
Who, "lost to honour and the sense shame,
Admits into her throne and nuptial be
A wand'ring guest, who from his coun fled:
Whole days with him she passes in lights,
And wastes in luxury long winter nigh
Forgetful of her fame, and royal trust
Dissolv'd in ease, abandoned to her lus
The goddess widely spreads the lo report,
And flies at length to King Iarbas' cou
When first possess'd with this unwelco news,
Whom did he not of men and g accuse?
This prince, from ravish'd Garama born,

undred temples did with spoils adorn,
mmon's honour, his celestial sire,
undred altars fed with wakeful fire;
, through his vast dominions, priests
ordain'd,
se watchful care these holy rites
maintain'd.
gates and columns were with gar-
lands crown'd,
blood of victim beasts enriched the
ground.
e, when he heard a fugitive could
move
Tyrian princess, who disdain'd his
love,
breast with fury burn'd, his eyes
with fire—
with despair, impatient with de-
sire—
n on the sacred altars pouring wine,
thus with pray'rs implored his sire
divine:
eat Jove, propitious to the Moorish
race,
o feast on painted beds, with off'rings
grace
temples, and adore thy pow'r divine
h blood of victims, and with sparkling
wine;
t thou not this? or do we fear in
vain
boasted thunder, and thy thought-
less reign?
thy broad hands the forky lightnings
lance?
ie are the bolts, or the blind work of
chance?
vand'ring woman builds within our
state
ttle town, bought at an easy rate;
pays me homage (and my grants
allow
narrow space of Libyan land to
plough);
scorning me, by passion blindly led,
nits a banish'd Trojan to her bed!
now this other Paris, with his train
conquer'd cowards, must in Afric
reign!
(Whom, what they are, their looks and
garb confess,
Their locks with oil perfumed, their
Lydian dress.)
He takes the spoil, enjoys the princely
dame;
And I, rejected I, adore an empty name!"
His vows, in haughty terms, he thus
preferr'd,
And held his altar's horns: the mighty
thund'rer heard,
Then cast his eyes on Carthage, where he
found
The lustful pair in lawless pleasure
drown'd,
Lost in their loves, insensible of shame,
And both forgetful of their better fame.
He calls Cyllenius; and the god attends,
By whom this menacing command he
sends:
"Go mount the western winds, and cleave
the sky;
Then, with a swift descent, to Carthage
fly:
There find the Trojan chief, who wastes
his days
In slothful riot and inglorious ease,
Nor minds the future city, giv'n by fate.
To him this message from my mouth
relate:
Not so fair Venus hoped, when twice she
won
Thy life with pray'rs; nor promised such
a son.
Hers was a hero, destined to command
A martial race, and rule the Latian land;
Who should his ancient line from Teucer
draw;
And on the conquer'd world impose his
law.
If glory cannot move a mind so mean,
Nor future praise from fading pleasure
wean,
Yet why should he defraud his son of
fame,
And grudge the Romans their immortal
name?
What are his vain designs? what hopes
he more

From his long ling'ring on a hostile shore,
Regardless to redeem his honour lost,
And for his race to gain th' Ausonian coast?
Bid him with speed the Tyrian court forsake:
With this command the slumb'ring warrior wake."
Hermes obeys; with golden pinions binds
His flying feet, and mounts the western winds:
And, whether o'er the seas or earth he flies,
With rapid force they near him down the skies.
But first he grasps within his awful hand
The mark of sov'reign pow'r, his magic wand:
With this he draws the ghosts from hollow graves;
With this he drives them down the Stygian waves;
With this he seals in sleep the wakeful sight,
And eyes, though closed in death, restores to light.
Thus arm'd, the god begins his airy race,
And drives the racking clouds along the liquid space;
Now sees the top of Atlas, as he flies,
Whose brawny back supports the starry skies—
Atlas, whose head, with piney forests crown'd,
Is beaten by the wind—with foggy vapours bound.
Snows hide his shoulders: from beneath his chin
The founts of rolling streams their race begin:
A beard of ice on his large breast depends.—
Here, poised upon his wings, the god descends:
Then, rested thus, he from the tow'ring height
Plunged downward with precipitated flight,
Lights on the seas, and skims along flood.
As waterfowl, who seek their fishy fo
Less, and yet less, to distant prosp show:
By turns they dance aloft, and d below:
Like these, the steerage of his wings plies,
And near the surface of the water flie
Till, having pass'd the seas, and cros the sands,
He clos'd his wings, and stoop'd Libyan lands,
Where shepherds once were housed homely sheds;
Now tow'rs within the clouds adva their heads.
Arriving there, he found the Tro prince
New ramparts raising for the town's fence.
A purple scarf, with gold embroide o'er
(Queen Dido's gift) about his waist wore;
A sword, with glitt'ring gems diversifi
For ornament, not use, hung idly by side.
Then thus, with winged words, the began,
Resuming his own shape—"Degener man!
Thou woman's property! what mak thou here,
These foreign walls and Tyrian tow'rs rear,
Forgetful of thy own? All-pow'rful J
Who sways the world below and hea above,
Has sent me down with this sev command:
What means thy ling'ring in the Liby land?
If glory cannot move a mind so mean
Nor future praise from flitting pleas wean,
Regard the fortunes of thy rising hei

promised crown let young Ascanius
wear,
vhom the Ausonian sceptre, and the
state
Rome's imperial name, is owed by
Fate."
poke the god: and, speaking, took
his flight,
lved in clouds; and vanished out of
sight.
ıe pious prince was seized with sud-
den fear:
e was his tongue, and upright stood
his hair.
olving in his mind the stern com-
mand,
ongs to fly, and loathes the charming
land.
t should he say? or how should he
begin?
t course, alas! remains, to steer be-
tween
offended lover and the pow'rful
queen?
way, and that, he turns his anxious
mind,
all expedients tries, and none can
find.
l on the deed, but doubtful of the
means—
r long thought, to this advice he
leans:
e chiefs he calls, commands them to
repair
fleet, and ship their men, with silent
care:
e plausible pretence he bids them
find,
olour what in secret he design'd.
self, meantime, the softest hours
would choose,
re the love-sick lady heard the news;
move her tender mind, by slow
degrees,
suffer what the sov'reign pow'r
decrees:
will inspire him, when, and what to
say.—

They hear with pleasure, and with haste
obey.
But soon the queen perceives the thin
disguise:
(What arts can bind a jealous woman's
eyes?)
She was the first to find the secret fraud,
Before the fatal news was blazed abroad.
Love the first motions of the lover hears,
Quick to presage, and ev'n in safety fears.
Nor impious Fame was wanting, to report
The ships repair'd, the Trojans' thick
resort,
And purpose to forsake the Tyrian court.
Frantic with fear, impatient of the
wound,
And impotent of mind, she roves the city
round.
Less wild the Bacchanalian dames appear,
When, from afar, their nightly god they
hear,
And howl about the hills, and shake the
wreathy spear.
At length she finds the dear perfidious
man;
Prevents his form'd excuse, and thus
began:
"Base and ungrateful! could you hope
to fly,
And undiscover'd 'scape a lover's eye?
Nor could my kindness your compassion
move,
Nor plighted vows, nor dearer bands of
love?
Or is the death of a despairing queen
Not worth preventing, though too well
foreseen?
Ev'n when the wintry winds command
your stay,
You dare the tempests, and defy the sea.
False, as you are, suppose you were not
bound
To lands unknown, and foreign coasts to
sound;
Were Troy restored, and Priam's happy
reign,
Now durst you tempt, for Troy, the
raging main?

See whom you fly! am I the foe you shun?
Now, by these holy vows, so late begun,
By this right hand (since I have nothing more
To challenge, but the faith you gave before),
I beg you by these tears too truly shed,
By the new pleasures of our nuptial bed;
If ever Dido, when you most were kind,
Were pleasing in your eyes, or touch'd your mind:
By these my pray'rs, if pray'rs may yet have place,
Pity the fortunes of a falling race!
For you I have provoked a tyrant's hate,
Incensed the Libyan and the Tyrian state;
For you alone I suffer in my fame,
Bereft of honour, and exposed to shame!
Whom have I now to trust, ungrateful guest?
(That only name remains of all the rest!)
What have I left? or whither can I fly?
Must I attend Pygmalion's cruelty,
Or till Iarbas shall in triumph lead
A queen, that proudly scorn'd his proffer'd bed!
Had you deferr'd, at least, your hasty flight,
And left behind some pledge of our delight,
Some babe to bless the mother's mournful sight,
Some young Æneas to supply your place,
Whose features might express his father's face;
I should not then complain to live bereft
Of all my husband, or be wholly left."
Here paused the queen. Unmoved he holds his eyes,
By Jove's command; nor suffer'd love to rise,
Though heaving in his heart; and thus at length replies:
"Fair queen, you never can enough repeat
Your boundless favours, or I own my debt;
Nor can my mind forget Eliza's nam
While vital breath inspires this mo frame.
This only let me speak in my defenc
I never hoped a secret flight from he
Much less pretended to the lawful cl
Of sacred nuptials, or a husband's na
For if indulgent heav'n would leave free,
And not submit my life to Fate's dec
My choice would lead me to the Tr shore,
Those relics to review, their dust ad
And Priam's ruin'd palace to restore
But now the Delphian oracle comma
And Fate invites me to the Latian la
That is the promised place to whic steer;
And all my vows are terminated ther
If you, a Tyrian and a stranger born
With walls and tow'rs a Libyan t adorn,
Why may not we—like you, a for race—
Like you, seek shelter in a foreign pl
As often as the night obscures the s
With humid shades, or twinkling s arise,
Anchises' angry ghost in dreams appe
Chides my delay, and fills my soul fears:
And young Ascanius justly may comp
Defrauded of his fate and destined re
Ev'n now the herald of the gods pear'd—
Waking I saw him, and his mes heard.
From Jove he came commissi heav'nly bright
With radiant beams, and manifes sight:
(The sender and the sent I both at
These walls he enter'd, and those w express'd:
Fair queen, oppose not what the command:
Forced by my fate, I leave your h land."
Thus while he spoke, already she b

h sparkling eyes to view the guilty man,
m head to foot surveyed his person o'er,
longer these outrageous threats forbore:
lse as thou art, and more than false, forsworn!
sprung from noble blood, nor goddess-born,
hewn from harden'd entrails of a rock!
l rough Hyrcanian tigers gave thee suck!
y should I fawn? What have I worse to fear?
he once look, or lent a list'ning ear,
'd when I sobb'd, or shed one kindly tear?
symptoms of a base ungrateful mind,
foul, that which is worse 'tis hard to find.
man's injustice why should I complain?
gods, and Jove himself, behold in vain
umphant treason: yet no thunder flies;
Juno views my wrongs with equal eyes:
thless is earth, and faithless are the skies!
tice is fled, and truth is now no more!
aved the shipwreck'd exile on the shore:
h needful food his hungry Trojans fed;
ok the traitor to my throne and bed:
l that I was!—'tis little to repeat
rest—I stored and rigg'd his ruin'd fleet.
ave, I rave! A god's command he pleads,
l makes heav'n accessory to his deeds.
w Lycian lots, and now the Delian god,
v Hermes is employed from Jove's abode,
To warn him hence; as if the peaceful state
Of heav'nly pow'rs were touch'd with human fate!
But go! thy flight no longer I detain—
Go! seek thy promised kingdom through the main!
Yet, if the heav'ns will hear my pious vow,
The faithless waves, not half so false as thou,
Or secret sands, shall sepulchres afford
To thy proud vessels, and their perjured lord.
Then shalt thou call on injured Dido's name:
Dido shall come in a black sulph'ry flame,
When death has once dissolved her mortal frame—
Shall smile to see the traitor vainly weep:
Her angry ghost, arising from the deep,
Shall haunt thee waking, and disturb thy sleep.
At least my shade thy punishment shall know;
And Fame shall spread the pleasing news below."
Abruptly here she stops—then turns away
Her loathing eyes, and shuns the sight of day.
Amazed he stood, revolving in his mind
What speech to frame, and what excuse to find.
Her fearful maids their fainting mistress led,
And softly laid her on her iv'ry bed.
But good Æneas, though he much desired
To give that pity which her grief required—
Though much he mourn'd, and labour'd with his love—
Resolved at length, obeys the will of Jove;
Reviews his forces: they with early care
Unmoor their vessels, and for sea prepare.
The fleet is soon afloat, in all its pride;

And well-caulk'd galleys in the harbour ride.
Then oaks for oars they fell'd; or, as they stood,
Of its green arms despoil'd the growing wood,
Studious of flight. The beach is cover'd o'er
With Trojan bands that blacken all the shore:
On ev'ry side are seen, descending down,
Thick swarms of soldiers, loaden from the town.
Thus, in battalia, march imbodied ants,
Fearful of winter, and of future wants,
T'nvade the corn, and to their cells convey
The plunder'd forage of their yellow prey.
The sable troops, along their narrow tracks,
Scarce bear the weighty burdens on their backs:
Some set their shoulders to the pond'rous grain;
Some guard the spoil, some lash the lagging train;
All ply their sev'ral tasks, and equal toil sustain.
What pangs the tender breast of Dido tore,
When, from the tow'r, she saw the cover'd shore,
And heard the shouts of sailors from afar,
Mix'd with the murmurs of the wat'ry war!
All-powerful Love! what changes canst thou cause
In human hearts, subjected to thy laws!
Once more her haughty soul the tyrant bends:
To pray'rs and mean submissions she descends.
No female arts or aids she left untried,
Nor counsels unexplored, before she died.
"Look, Anna! look! the Trojans crowd the sea;
They spread their canvass, and their anchors weigh.
The shouting crew their ships with g
lands bind,
Invoke the sea-gods, and invite the wi
Could I have thought this threat'n
blow so near,
My tender soul had been forewarn'd
bear.
"But do not you my last request de
With yon perfidious man your int'r
try,
And bring me news, if I must live or d
You are his fav'rite: you alone can fi
The dark recesses of his inmost mind:
In all his trusted secrets you have pa
And know the soft approaches to
heart.
Haste then, and humbly seek my haugh
foe;
Tell him, I did not with the Grecians
Nor did my fleet against his frie
employ,
Nor swore the ruin of unhappy Troy,
Nor moved with hands profane
father's dust:
Why should he then reject a suit so ju
Whom does he shun, and whither wo
he fly?
Can he this last, this only pray'r deny
Let him at least his dang'rous fli
delay,
Wait better winds, and hope a calmer s
The nuptials he disclaims I urge no mo
Let him pursue the promised Latian sh
A short delay is all I ask him now—
A pause of grief, an interval from wo,
Till my soft soul be temper'd to susta
Accustom'd sorrows, and inured to pa
If you in pity grant this one request,
My death shall glut the hatred of
breast."
This mournful message pious Anna be
And seconds, with her own, her siste
tears:
But all her arts are still employ'd in va
Again she comes, and is refused again.
His harden'd heart nor pray'rs
threat'nings move:
Fate, and the god, had stopp'd his e
to love.

As, when the winds their airy quarrel try,
stling from ev'ry quarter of the sky,
is way and that the mountain oak they bend;
s boughs they shatter, and his branches rend;
th leaves and falling mast they spread the ground;
e hollow valleys echo to the sound:
moved, the royal plant their fury mocks,
, shaken, clings more closely to the rocks:
r as he shoots his tow'ring head on high,
deep in earth his fix'd foundations lie.
less a storm the Trojan hero bears,
ick messages and loud complaints he hears,
d bandied words, still beating on his ears.
hs, groans, and tears, proclaim his inward pains;
t the firm purpose of his heart remains.
The wretched queen, pursued by cruel Fate,
gins at length the light of heav'n to hate,
d loathes to live. Then dire portents she sees,
hasten on the death her soul decrees—
ange to relate! for when, before the shrine,
e pours in sacrifice the purple wine,
e purple wine is turn'd to putrid blood;
d the white offer'd milk converts to mud.
is dire presage, to her alone reveal'd,
om all, and ev'n her sister, she conceal'd.
marble temple stood within the grove,
cred to death, and to her murder'd love;
at honour'd chapel she had hung around
th snowy fleeces, and with garlands crown'd:
Oft, when she visited this lonely dome,
Strange voices issued from her husband's tomb:
She thought she heard him summon her away,
Invite her to his grave, and chide her stay.
Hourly 'tis heard, when, with a boding note,
The solitary screech-owl strains her throat,
And, on a chimney's top or turret's height,
With songs obscene disturbs the silence of the night.
Besides, old prophecies augment her fears;
And stern Æneas in her dreams appears,
Disdainful as by day: she seems, alone,
To wander in her sleep, through ways unknown,
Guideless and dark; or in a desert plain,
To seek her subjects, and to seek in vain—
Like Pentheus, when, distracted with his fear,
He saw two suns, and double Thebes appear;
Or mad Orestes, when his mother's ghost
Full in his face infernal torches toss'd,
And shook her snaky locks: he shuns the sight,
Flies o'er the stage, surprised with mortal fright;
The Furies guard the door, and intercept his flight.
Now, sinking underneath a load of grief,
From death alone she seeks her last relief:
The time and means resolved within her breast,
She to her mournful sister thus address'd
(Dissembling hope, her cloudy front she clears,
And a false vigour in her eyes appears):
"Rejoice!" she said. "Instructed from above,
My lover I shall gain, or lose my love.

Nigh rising Atlas, next the falling sun,
Long tracts of Ethiopian climates run:
There a Massylian priestess I have found,
Honour'd for age, for magic arts renown'd:
Th' Hesperian temple was her trusted care;
'Twas she supplied the wakeful dragon's fare.
She poppy-seeds in honey taught to steep,
Reclaim'd his rage, and sooth'd him into sleep.
She watched the golden fruit. Her charms unbind
The chains of love, or fix them on the mind:
She stops the torrents, leaves the channel dry,
Repels the stars, and backward bears the sky.
The yawning earth rebellows to her call;
Pale ghosts ascend, and mountain ashes fall.
Witness, ye gods, and thou my better part,
How loath I am to try this impious art!
Within the secret court, with silent care,
Erect a lofty pile, exposed in air:
Hang, on the topmost part, the Trojan vest,
Spoils, arms, and presents, of my faithless guest.
Next, under these, the bridal bed be placed,
Where I my ruin in his arms embraced.
All relics of the wretch are doom'd to fire:
For so the priestess and her charms require."
Thus far she said, and further speech forbears.
A mortal paleness in her face appears:
Yet the mistrustless Anna could not find
The secret fun'ral in these rites design'd;
Nor thought so dire a rage possess'd her mind.
Unknowing of a train conceal'd so well,
She fear'd no worse than when Sichæus fell:
Therefore obeys. The fatal pile th
rear,
Within the secret court, exposed in air
The cloven holms and pines are heap
on high,
And garlands on the hollow spaces lie.
Sad cypress, vervain, yew, compose t
wreath,
And ev'ry baleful green denoting deat
The queen, determined to the fatal dee
The spoils and sword he left in ord
spread,
And the man's image on the nuptial be
And now (the sacred altars plac
around)
The priestess enters, with her hair u
bound,
And thrice invokes the pow'rs below t
ground.
Night, Erebus, and Chaos, she proclaim
And threefold Hecate, with her hundr
names,
And three Dianas: next she sprinkl
round,
With feign'd Avernian drops, the hallow
ground;
Culls hoary simples, found by Phœbe
light,
With brazen sickles reap'd at noon
night;
Then mixes baleful juices in the bowl,
And cuts the forehead of a new-born fo
Robbing the mother's love.—The de
tined queen
Observes, assisting at the rites obscen
A leaven'd cake in her devoted hands
She holds; and next the highest alt
stands:
One tender foot was shod, her other bar
Girt was her gather'd gown, and loose h
hair.
Thus dress'd, she summon'd, with h
dying breath,
The heav'ns and planets, conscious of h
death;
And ev'ry pow'r, if any rules above,
Who minds or who revenges injured lo
'Twas dead of night, when wea
bodies close

ir eyes in balmy sleep and soft repose:
e winds no longer whisper through the woods,
r murm'ring tides disturb the gentle floods.
e stars in silent order moved around;
l Peace, with downy wings, was brooding on the ground.
e flocks and herds, and party-coloured fowl,
ich haunt the woods or swim the weedy pool,
etch'd on the quiet earth, securely lay,
getting the past labours of the day.
else of Nature's common gift partake:
happy Dido was alone awake.
r sleep nor ease the furious queen can find:
ep fled her eyes, as quiet fled her mind.
spair, and rage, and love, divide her heart;
spair and rage had some, but love the greater part.
Then thus she said within her secret mind:
hat shall I do? what succour can I find?
come a suppliant to Iarbas' pride,
l take my turn to court and be denied?
ll I with this ungrateful Trojan go,
sake an empire, and attend a foe?
nself I refuged, and his train relieved—
s true—but am I sure to be received?
ı gratitude in Trojan souls have place?
omedon still lives in all his race!
en shall I seek alone the churlish crew,
with my fleet their flying sails pursue?
at force have I but those, whom scarce before
rew reluctant from their native shore?
ll they again embark at my desire,
ce more sustain the seas, and quit their second Tyre?
her with steel thy guilty breast invade,
l take the fortune thou thyself hast made.
ır pity, sister, first seduced my mind,
seconded too well what I design'd.
These dear-bought pleasures had I never known—
Had I continued free, and still my own—
Avoiding love, I had not found despair,
But shared with savage beasts the common air.
Like them, a lonely life I might have led,
Not mourn'd the living, nor disturb'd the dead."
These thoughts she brooded in her anxious breast.—
On board, the Trojan found more easy rest.
Resolved to sail, in sleep he pass'd the night;
And order'd all things for his early flight.
To whom once more the winged god appears:
His former youthful mien and shape he wears,
And with this new alarm invades his ears:
"Sleep'st thou, O goddess-born? and canst thou drown
Thy needful cares so near a hostile town,
Beset with foes; nor hear'st the western gales
Invite thy passage, and inspire thy sails?
She harbours in her heart a furious hate
(And thou shalt find the dire effects too late),
Fix'd on revenge, and obstinate to die.
Haste swiftly hence, while thou hast pow'r to fly.
The sea with ships will soon be cover'd o'er,
And brazen firebrands kindle all the shore.
Who knows what hazards thy delay may bring?
Woman's a various and a changeful thing."
Thus Hermes in the dream; then took his flight,
Aloft in air unseen, and mix'd with night.
Twice warn'd by the celestial messenger,
The pious prince arose with hasty fear;
Then roused his drowsy train without delay:

"Haste to your banks! your crooked anchors weigh,
And spread your flying sails, and stand to sea!
A god commands: he stood before my sight,
And urged us once again to speedy flight.
O sacred pow'r! what pow'r soe'er thou art,
To thy bless'd orders I resign my heart.
Lead thou the way; protect thy Trojan bands,
And prosper the design thy will commands."
He said: and drawing forth his flaming sword,
His thund'ring arm divides the many-twisted cord.
An emulating zeal inspires his train:
They run; they snatch; they rush into the main.
With headlong haste they leave the desert shores,
And brush the liquid seas with lab'ring oars.
Aurora now had left her saffron bed,
And beams of early light the heav'ns o'erspread,
When, from a tow'r, the queen, with wakeful eyes,
Saw day point upward from the rosy skies.
She look'd to seaward: but the sea was void,
And scarce in ken the sailing ships descried.
Stung with despite, and furious with despair,
She struck her trembling breast, and tore her hair.
"And shall the ungrateful traitor go," she said,
"My land forsaken, and my love betray'd?
Shall we not arm? not rush from ev'ry street,
To follow, sink, and burn his perjured fleet?
Haste! haul my galleys out! pursue
foe!
Bring flaming brands! set sail,
quickly row!
What have I said? Where am I? E
turns
My brain; and my distemper'd bo
burns.
Then, when I gave my person and
throne,
This hate, this rage, had been more tin
shown.
See now the promised faith, the vaun
name,
The pious man, who, rushing through
flame,
Preserved his gods, and to the Phryg
shore
The burden of his feeble father bore!
I should have torn him piecemeal
strew'd in floods
His scatter'd limbs, or left exposed
woods—
Destroy'd his friends and son—and f
the fire
Have set the reeking boy before the s
Events are doubtful which on battle w
Yet where's the doubt to souls secure
fate?
My Tyrians, at their injured que
command,
Had tossed their fires amid the Tro
band;
At once extinguish'd all the faith
name;
And I myself, in vengeance of my sha
Had fall'n upon the pile, to mend
fun'ral flame.
Thou Sun, who view'st at once the w
below!
Thou Juno, guardian of the nuptial v
Thou Hecate, hearken from thy d
abodes!
Ye furies, fiends, and violated gods!
All pow'rs invoked with Dido's dy
breath,
Attend her curses, and avenge her dea
If so the Fates ordain, and Jove c
mands,

ungrateful wretch should find the
Latian lands,
let a race untamed, and haughty foes,
peaceful entrance with dire arms
oppose:
ress'd with numbers in th' unequal
field,
men discouraged, and himself ex-
pell'd,
him for succour sue from place to
place,
n from his subjects, and his son's
embrace.
st let him see his friends in battle
slain,
l their untimely fate lament in vain:
l when, at length, the cruel war shall
cease,
hard conditions may he buy his peace:
r let him then enjoy supreme com-
mand;
fall, untimely, by some hostile hand,
l lie unburied on the barren sand!
ese are my pray'rs, and this my dying
will:
l you, my Tyrians, ev'ry curse fulfil.
petual hate and mortal wars proclaim
inst the prince, the people, and the
name.
ese grateful off'rings on my grave be-
stow;
league, nor love, the hostile nations
know!
w, and from hence in ev'ry future age,
en rage excites your arms, and strength
supplies the rage,
e some avenger of our Libyan blood,
h fire and sword pursue the perjured
brood—
arms, our seas, our shores, opposed
to theirs—
l the same hate descend on all our
heirs!"
his said, within her anxious mind she
weighs
means of cutting short her odious
days.
n to Sichæus' nurse she briefly said,
(For, when she left her country, hers
was dead),
"Go, Barce, call my sister. Let her care
The solemn rites of sacrifice prepare:
The sheep, and all th' atoning off'rings,
bring;
Sprinkling her body from the crystal
spring
With living drops: then let her come; and
thou
With sacred fillets bind thy hoary brow.
Thus will I pay my vows to Stygian
Jove,
And end the cares of my disastrous love;
Then cast the Trojan image on the fire;
And, as that burns, my passion shall
expire."
The nurse moves onward with officious
care,
And all the speed her aged limbs can bear.
But furious Dido, with dark thoughts
involved,
Shook at the mighty mischief she re-
solved.
With livid spots distinguish'd was her
face;
Red were her rolling eyes, and discom-
posed her pace:
Ghastly she gazed; with pain she drew
her breath;
And nature shiver'd at approaching death.
Then swiftly to the fatal place she
pass'd,
And mounts the fun'ral pile with furious
haste:
Unsheaths the sword the Trojan left be-
hind
(Not for so dire an enterprise design'd).
But when she view'd the garments loosely
spread,
Which once he wore, and saw the con-
scious bed,
She paused, and, with a sigh, the robes
embraced;
Then on the couch her trembling body
cast,
Repress'd the ready tears, and spoke her
last:

"Dear pledges of my love, while heav'n so pleased,
Receive a soul, of mortal anguish eased.
My fatal course is finished; and I go,
A glorious name, among the ghosts below.
A lofty city by my hands is raised;
Pygmalion punish'd, and my lord appeased.
What could my fortune have afforded more,
Had the false Trojan never touch'd my shore?"
Then kiss'd the couch; and "must I die," she said,
"And unrevenged? 'tis doubly to be dead!
Yet ev'n this death with pleasure I receive:
On any terms, 'tis better than to live.
These flames, from far, may the false Trojan view;
These boding omens his base flight pursue!"
She said, and struck: deep enter'd in her side
The piercing steel, with reeking purple died:
Clogg'd in the wound the cruel weapon stands;
The spouting blood came streaming on her hands.
Her sad attendants saw the deadly stroke,
And with loud cries the sounding palace shook.
Distracted from the fatal sight they fled,
And through the town the dismal rumour spread.
First from the frighted court the yell began;
Redoubled, thence from house to house it ran:
The groans of men, with shrieks, laments, and cries
Of mixing women, mount the vaulted skies.
Not less the clamour, than if—ancient Tyre,
Or the new Carthage, set by foes on fire—
The rolling ruin, with their loved abod
Involved the blazing temples of th
gods.
Her sister hears; and, furious wi
despair,
She beats her breasts, and rends h
yellow hair,
And, calling on Eliza's name aloud,
Runs breathless to the place, and brea
the crowd.
"Was all that pomp of wo for this pr
pared,
These fires, this fun'ral pile, these alta
rear'd?
Was all this train of plots contrived
said she,
"All only to deceive unhappy me?
Which is the worst? Didst thou in dea
pretend
To scorn thy sister, or delude thy frien
Thy summon'd sister and thy friend h
come:
One sword had served us both, one co
mon tomb.
Was I to raise the pile, the pow'rs invok
Not to be present at the fatal stroke?
At once thou hast destroy'd thyself a
me,
Thy town, thy senate, and thy colony!
Bring water! bathe the wound: while
in death
Lay close my lip to hers, and catch t
flying breath."
This said, she mounts the pile with eag
haste,
And in her arms the gasping queen e
braced:
Her temples chafed; and her own ga
ments tore,
To stanch the streaming blood, a
cleanse the gore.
Thrice Dido tries to raise her droopi
head,
And, fainting, thrice fell grov'ling on t
bed;
Thrice op'd her heavy eyes, and saw t
light,
But, having found it, sicken'd at t
sight,

l closed her lids at last in endless
night.
n Juno, grieving that she should
sustain
eath so ling'ring, and so full of pain,
t Iris down, to free her from the strife
lab'ring nature, and dissolve her life.
, since she died, not doom'd by
heav'n's decree,
her own crime, but human casualty,
l rage of love, that plunged her in
despair,
e sisters had not cut the topmost hair,
ich Proserpine and they can only
know;
r made her sacred to the shades below.
wnward the various goddess took her
flight,
l drew a thousand colours from the
light;
en stood above the dying lover's head,
l said, "I thus devote thee to the
dead.
is off'ring to th' infernal gods I bear."
us while she spoke, she cut the fatal
hair,
e struggling soul was loosed, and life
dissolved in air.

—JOHN DRYDEN.

VISION OF ROME'S DESTINY

[From Book VI]

Arrived in the promised land of Italy,
neas visits the underworld to seek guid-
e for his future conduct. The poet
kes use of the supernatural to picture,
ough prophecy, the glorious destiny of
ne. He avails himself also of the op-
tunity to eulogize the reigning house
Cæsar. The doctrine of immortality
n direct contradiction to the teachings
Lucretius and to the belief of many
his contemporaries.

Arrived at last,
e prince, with living water, sprinkled
o'er
His limbs and body; then approach'd the
door,
Possess'd the porch, and on the front
above
He fix'd the fatal bough, required by
Pluto's love.
These holy rites perform'd, they took
their way,
Where long extended plains of pleasure
lay.
The verdant fields with those of heav'n
may vie,
With ether vested, and a purple sky—
The blissful seats of happy souls below:
Stars of their own, and their own suns,
they know.
Their airy limbs in sports they exercise,
And, on the green, contend the wrestler's
prize.
Some, in heroic verse, divinely sing:
Others in artful measures lead the ring.
The Thracian bard, surrounded by the
rest,
There stands conspicuous in his flowing
vest.
His flying fingers, and harmonious quill,
Strike sev'n distinguish'd notes, and sev'n
at once they fill.
Here found they Teucer's old heroic race,
Born better ties and happier years to
grace.
Assaracus and Ilus here enjoy
Perpetual fame, with him who founded
Troy.
The chief beheld their chariots from afar,
Their shining arms, and coursers train'd
to war.
Their lances fix'd in earth—their steeds
around,
Free from their harness, graze the flow'ry
ground.
The love of horses which they had, alive,
And care of chariots, after death survive.
Some cheerful souls were feasting on the
plain;
Some did the song, and some the choir,
maintain,
Beneath a laurel shade, where mighty Po

Mounts up to woods above, and hides his head below.
Here patriots live, who, for their country's good,
In fighting fields, were prodigal of blood:
Priests of unblemish'd lives here make abode,
And poets worthy their inspiring god;
And searching wits, of more mechanic parts,
Who graced their age with new-invented arts;
Those who to worth their bounty did extend,
And those who knew that bounty did commend,
The heads of these with holy fillets bound,
And all their temples were with garlands crown'd.
To these the Sibyl thus her speech address'd,
And first to him surrounded by the rest—
(Tow'ring his height, and ample was his breast)
"Say, happy souls! divine Musæus! say,
Where lives Anchises, and where lies our way
To find the hero, for whose only sake
We sought the dark abodes, and cross'd the bitter lake?"
To this the sacred poet thus replied:
"In no fix'd place the happy souls reside.
In groves we live, and lie on mossy beds,
By crystal streams, that murmur through the meads:
But pass yon easy hill, and thence descend;
The path conducts you to your journey's end."
This said, he led them up the mountain's brow,
And showed them all the shining fields below.
They wind the hill, and through the blissful meadows go.
But old Anchises, in a flow'ry vale,
Review'd his muster'd race, and took the tale—
Those happy spirits which, ordain'd
Fate,
For future being and new bodies wai
With studious thought observed th' ill
trious throng,
In Nature's order as they pass'd along
Their names, their fates, their condu
and their care,
In peaceful senates, and successful wa
He, when Æneas on the plain appears
Meets him with open arms, and falli
tears.
"Welcome," he said, "the gods' undoubt
race!
O long expected to my dear embrace!
Once more 'tis giv'n me to behold yo
face!
The love and pious duty which you p
Have pass'd the perils of so hard a way
'Tis true, computing times, I have l
lieved
The happy day approach'd; nor, are
hopes deceived.
What length of lands, what oceans ha
you pass'd,
What storms sustain'd, and on wh
shores been cast!
How have I fear'd your fate! but fea
it most
When love assail'd you on the Liby
coast."
To this the filial duty thus replies:
"Your sacred ghost, before my sleepi
eyes,
Appear'd, and often urged this pain
enterprise.
After long tossing on the Tyrrhene s
My navy rides at anchor in the bay.
But reach your hand, oh parent shad
nor shun
The dear embraces of your longing son
He said: and falling tears his face bede
Then thrice around his neck his arms
threw;
And thrice the flitting shadow slipp
away,
Like winds, or empty dreams that fly t
day.
Now, in a secret vale, the Trojan sees

ep'rate grove, through which a gentle breeze
ys with a passing breath, that whispers through the trees:
l, just before the confines of the wood,
e gliding Lethe leads her silent flood.
ut the boughs an airy nation flew,
ck as the humming bees, that hunt the golden dew
summer's heat; on tops of lilies feed,
l creep within their bells, to suck the balmy seed:
e winged army roams the field around;
e rivers and the rocks remurmur to the sound.
eas wond'ring stood, then ask'd the cause
ich to the stream the crowding people draws.
en thus the sire: "The souls that throng the flood
those to whom, by Fate, are other bodies owed.
Lethe's lake they long oblivion taste,
future life secure, forgetful of the past.
g has my soul desired this time and place,
set before your sight your glorious race,
t this presaging joy may fire your mind
eek the shores by destiny design'd."—
father! can it be, that souls sublime
urn to visit our terrestrial clime,
that the gen'rous mind, released by death,
covet lazy limbs, and mortal breath?"
hises then, in order, thus begun
clear those wonders to his godlike son:
ow, first, that heav'n, and earth's compacted frame,
flowing waters, and the starry flame,
both the radiant lights, one common soul
ires and feeds—and animates the whole.
s active mind, infused through all the space,
Unites and mingles with the mighty mass.
Hence men and beasts the breath of life obtain,
And birds of air, and monsters of the main.
Th' ethereal vigour is in all the same;
And ev'ry soul is fill'd with equal flame—
As much as earthy limbs, and gross allay
Of mortal members subject to decay,
Blunt not the beams of heav'n and edge of day.
From this coarse mixture of terrestrial parts,
Desire and fear by turns possess their hearts,
And grief, and joy: nor can the grovelling mind,
In the dark dungeon of the limbs confined,
Assert the native skies, or own its heav'nly kind:
Nor death itself can wholly wash their stains;
But long-contracted filth ev'n in the soul remains.
The relics of invet'rate vice they wear;
And spots of sin obscene in ev'ry face appear.
For this are various penances enjoin'd;
And some are hung to bleach upon the wind,
Some plunged in waters, others purged in fires,
Till all the dregs are drain'd, and all the rust expires.
All have their manes, and those manes bear:
The few, so cleansed, to these abodes repair,
And breathe, in ample fields, the soft Elysian air.
Then are they happy, when by length of time
The scurf is worn away of each committed crime;
No speck is left of their habitual stains;
But the pure ether of the soul remains.
But, when a thousand rolling years are past

(So long their punishments and penance last),
Whole droves of minds are, by the driving god,
Compell'd to drink the deep Lethean flood,
In large forgetful draughts to steep the cares
Of their past labours and their irksome years,
That, unrememb'ring of its former pain,
The soul may suffer mortal flesh again."
Thus having said, the father spirit leads
The priestess and his son through swarms of shades,
And takes a rising ground, from thence to see
The long procession of his progeny.
"Survey," pursued the sire, "this airy throng,
As, offer'd to the view, they pass along.
These are th' Italian names, which Fate will join
With ours, and graft upon the Trojan line.
Observe the youth who first appears in sight,
And holds the nearest station to the light,
Already seems to snuff the vital air,
And leans just forward on a shining spear:
Sylvius is he, thy last begotten race,
But first in order sent, to fill thy place—
An Alban name, but mix'd with Dardan blood:
Born in the covert of a shady wood,
Him fair Lavinia, thy surviving wife,
Shall breed in groves to lead a solitary life.
In Alba he shall fix his royal seat,
And, born a king, a race of kings beget:—
Then Procas, honour of the Trojan name,
Capys, and Numitor, of endless fame.
A second Sylvius after these appears—
Sylvius Æneas, for thy name he bears—
For arms and justice equally renown'd.
How great they look! how vigorously they wield
Their weighty lances, and sustain the shield!
But they, who crown'd with oa
wreaths appear,
Shall Gabian walls and strong Fide
rear;
Nomentum, Bola, with Pometia found
And raise Collatian tow'rs on ro
ground.
All these shall then be towns of mig
fame,
Though now they lie obscure, and la
without a name.
See Romulus the great, born to restor
The crown that once his injured gra
sire wore.
This prince a priestess of our blood sh
bear;
And like his sire in arms he shall appe
Two rising crests his royal head ado
Born from a god, himself to godh
born,
His sire already signs him for the sk
And marks his seat amid the deities.
Auspicious chief! thy race, in times
come,
Shall spread the conquests of impe
Rome—
Rome, whose ascending tow'rs sh
heav'n invade,
Involving earth and ocean in her sha
High as the mother of the gods in pl
And proud, like her, of an immortal ra
Then, when in pomp she makes
Phrygian round,
With golden turrets on her temp
crown'd:
A hundred gods her sweeping tr
supply;
Her offspring all, and all command
sky.
Now fix your sight, and stand intent,
see
Your Roman race, and Julian progeny
There mighty Cæsar waits his vital ho
Impatient for the world, and grasps
promised pow'r.
But next behold the youth of fo
divine—
Cæsar himself, exalted in his line—
Augustus, promised oft, and long foret

t to the realm that Saturn ruled of old;
n to restore a better age of gold.
ic and India shall his pow'r obey;
shall extend his propagated sway
ond the solar year, without the starry way,
ere Atlas turns the rolling heav'ns round,
d his broad shoulders with their lights are crown'd.
his foreseen approach, already quake
e Caspian kingdoms and Mæotian lake.
eir seers behold the tempest from afar;
d threat'ning oracles denounce the war.
e hears him knocking at his sev'nfold gates,
d seeks his hidden spring, and fears his nephew's fates.
r Hercules more lands or labours knew,
t though the brazen-footed hind he slew,
ed Erymanthus from the foaming boar,
d dipp'd his arrows in Lernæan gore;
r Bacchus, turning from his Indian war,
tigers drawn triumphant in his car,
m Nysa's top descending on the plains,
th curling vines around his purple reins.
d doubt we yet through dangers to pursue
e paths of honour, and a crown in view?
t what's the man, who from afar appears,
head with olive crown'd, his hand a censer bears?
hoary beard and holy vestments bring
lost idea back: I know the Roman king.
shall to peaceful Rome new laws ordain,
l'd from his mean abode, a sceptre to sustain.
n Tullus next in dignity succeeds,
active prince, and prone to martial deeds.
He shall his troops for fighting fields prepare,
Disused to toils, and triumphs of the war.
By dint of sword his crown he shall increase,
And scour his armour from the rust of peace.
Whom Ancus follows, with a fawning air,
But vain within, and proudly popular.
Next view the Tarquin kings, th' avenging sword
Of Brutus, justly drawn, and Rome restored.
He first renews the rods and axe severe,
And gives the consuls royal robes to wear.
His sons, who seek the tyrant to sustain,
And long for arbitrary lords again,
With ignominy scourged in open sight,
He dooms to death deserved, asserting public right.
Unhappy man! to break the pious laws
Of Nature, pleading in his children's cause!
Howe'er the doubtful fact is understood,
'Tis love of honour, and his country's good:
The consul, not the father, sheds the blood.
Behold Torquatus the same track pursue;
And, next, the two devoted Decii view—
The Drusian line, Camillus loaded home
With standards well redeem'd, and foreign foes o'ercome.
The pair you see in equal armour shine,
Now, friends below, in close embraces join;
But, when they leave the shady realms of night,
And, clothed in bodies, breathe your upper light,
With mortal hate each other shall pursue:
What wars, what wounds, what slaughter, shall ensue!
From Alpine heights the father first descends;
His daughter's husband in the plain attends:
His daughter's husband arms his eastern friends.

Embrace again, my sons! be foes no more;
Nor stain your country with her children's gore!
And thou, the first, lay down thy lawless claim,
Thou, of my blood, who bear'st the Julian name!
Another comes, who shall in triumph ride,
And to the capitol his chariot guide,
From conquer'd Corinth, rich with Grecian spoils.
And yet another, famed for warlike toils,
On Argos shall impose the Roman laws,
And, on the Greeks, revenge the Trojan cause;
Shall drag in chains their Achillean race;
Shall vindicate his ancestors' disgrace,
And Pallas, for her violated place.
Great Cato there, for gravity renown'd,
And conqu'ring Cossus goes with laurels crown'd.
Who can omit the Gracchi, who declare
The Scipios' worth, those thunderbolts of war,
The double bane of Carthage? Who can see
Without esteem for virtuous poverty,
Severe Fabricius, or can cease t' admire
The ploughman consul in his coarse attire?
Tired as I am, my praise the Fabii claim;
And thou, great hero, greatest of thy name,
Ordain'd in war to save the sinking state,
And, by delays, to put a stop to fate!
Let others better mould the running mass
Of metals, and inform the breathing brass,
And soften into flesh a marble face;
Plead better at the bar; describe the skies,
And when the stars ascend, and when they rise.
But, Rome! 'tis thine alone, with awful sway,
To rule mankind, and make the world obey.
Disposing peace and war thy own majestic way;
To tame the proud, the fetter'd slave free:
These are imperial arts, and worthy the
He paused—and, while with wond'r eyes they view'd
The passing spirits, thus his speech new'd:
"See great Marcellus! how, untired toils,
He moves with manly grace, how r with regal spoils!
He, when his country (threaten'd w alarms)
Requires his courage and his conqu'r arms,
Shall more than once the Punic ban affright;
Shall kill the Gaulish king in single figl
Then to the capitol in triumph move:
And the third spoils shall grace Feretri Jove."
Æneas here beheld, of form divine
A godlike youth in glitt'ring armo shine,
With great Marcellus keeping equ pace:
But gloomy were his eyes, dejected w his face.
He saw, and, wond'ring, ask'd his a guide,
What and of whence was he, who pres the hero's side.
"His son, or one of his illustrious nam
How like the former, and almost t same!
Observe the crowds that compass h around:
All gaze, and all admire, and raise shouting sound:
But hov'ring mists around his brows spread;
And night, with sable shades, involv his head."
"Seek not to know," the ghost repl with tears,
"The sorrows of thy sons in future yea
This youth (the blissful vision of a da
Shall just be shown on earth, and snatch away.

e gods too high and raised the Roman state,
re but their gifts as permanent as great.
at groans of men shall fill the Martian Field!
w fierce a blaze his flaming pile shall yield!
at fun'ral pomp shall floating Tiber see,
en, rising from his bed, he views the sad solemnity!
youth shall equal hopes of glory give,
youth afford so great a cause to grieve.
e Trojan honour, and the Roman boast,
mired when living, and adored when lost!
rror of ancient faith in early youth!
daunted worth, inviolable truth!
foe, unpunish'd, in the fighting field
ll dare thee, foot to foot, with sword and shield,
ch less in arms oppose thy matchless force,
en thy sharp spurs shall urge thy foaming horse.
! couldst thou break through Fate's severe decree!
ew Marcellus shall arise in thee!
ll canisters of fragrant lilies bring,
x'd with the purple roses of the spring:
me with fun'ral flow'rs his body strow:
is gift which parents to their children owe,
is unavailing gift, at least, I may bestow!"
us having said, he led the hero round
e confines of the bless'd Elysian ground;
ich when Anchises to his son had shown,
d fired his mind to mount the promised throne,
tells the future wars ordain'd by Fate:
e strength and customs of the Latin state;
The prince, and people; and forearms his care
With rules, to push his fortune, or to bear.
Two gates the silent house of Sleep adorn:
Of polish'd iv'ry this, that of transparent horn:
True visions through transparent horn arise;
Through polish'd iv'ry pass deluding lies.
Of various things discoursing as he pass'd,
Anchises hither bends his steps at last.
Then, through the gate of iv'ry he dismiss'd
His valiant offspring, and divining guest.
Straight to the ships Æneas took his way,
Embark'd his men, and skimm'd along the sea,
Still coasting, till he gain'd Caieta's bay.
At length on oozy ground his galleys moor:
Their heads are turn'd to sea, their sterns to shore.

—JOHN DRYDEN.

THE OUTBREAK OF WAR

[From Book VII]

Æneas has sought to establish a settlement on Italian soil by peaceful means, but the attitude of the native peoples who looked upon him as an intruder made war a necessity. Whatever the causes of wars may be, their actual outbreak, according to Virgil, is due to trivial misunderstandings and falsehood. If the ugly passions of leaders could be controlled, wars might be avoided.

But jealous Juno, from Pachynus' height,
As she from Argos took her airy flight,
Beheld, with envious eyes, this hateful sight.
She saw the Trojan and his joyful train
Descend upon the shore, desert the main,
Design a town, and, with unhoped success,

Th' ambassadors return with promised peace.
Then, pierced with pain, she shook her haughty head,
Sigh'd from her inward soul, and thus she said:
"O hated offspring of my Phrygian foes!
O fates of Troy, which Juno's fates oppose!
Could they not fall unpitied on the plain,
But, slain, revive, and, taken, 'scape again?
When execrable Troy in ashes lay,
Through fires and swords and seas they forced their way.
Then vanquish'd Juno must in vain contend,—
Her rage disarm'd, her empire at an end!
Breathless and tired, is all my fury spent?
Or does my glutted spleen at length relent?
As if 'twere little from their town to chase,
I through the seas pursued their exiled race;
Engaged the heav'ns, opposed the stormy main:
But billows roar'd and tempests raged in vain.
What have my Scyllas and my Syrtes done,
When these they overpass, and those they shun?
On Tiber's shores they land, secure of fate,
Triumphant o'er the storms and Juno's hate!
Mars could in mutual blood the Centaurs bathe;
And Jove himself gave way to Cynthia's wrath,
Who sent the tusky boar to Calydon:
(What great offence had either people done?)
But I, the consort of the Thunderer,
Have waged a long and unsuccessful war,
With various arts and arms in vain have toil'd,
And by a mortal man at length a
foil'd!
If native pow'r prevail not, shall I dou
To seek for needful succour from wit
out?
If Jove and heav'n my just desires den
Hell shall the pow'r of heav'n and Jo
supply.
Grant that the Fates have firm'd, by the
decree,
The Trojan race to reign in Italy:
At least I can defer the nuptial day,
And, with protracted wars, the pea
delay:
With blood the dear alliance shall
bought,
And both the people near destructio
brought.
So shall the son-in-law and father join,
With ruin, war, and waste of either lin
O fatal maid! thy marriage is endow'd
With Phrygian, Latian, and Rutulia
blood!
Bellona leads thee to thy lover's hand
Another queen brings forth anoth
brand,
To burn with foreign fires another land
A second Paris, diff'ring but in name,
Shall fire his country with a secon
flame."
Thus having said, she sinks beneath th
ground,
With furious haste, and shoots th
Stygian sound,
To rouse Alecto from th' infernal seat
Of her dire sisters, and their dark retrea
This fury, fit for her intent, she chose;
One who delights in wars and huma
woes.
Ev'n Pluto hates his own misshapen race
Her sister Furies fly her hideous face;
So frightful are the forms the monst
takes,
So fierce the hissings of her speckle
snakes.
Her Juno finds, and thus inflames h
spite:
"O virgin daughter of eternal night,
Give me this once thy labour, to susta

y right, and execute my just disdain.
t not the Trojans, with a feign'd pretence
proffer'd peace, delude the Latian prince:
xpel from Italy that odious name,
nd let not Juno suffer in her fame.
is thine to ruin realms, o'erturn a state,
etween the dearest friends to raise debate,
nd kindle kindred blood to mutual hate.
hy hand o'er towns the fun'ral torch displays,
nd forms a thousand ills ten thousand ways.
ow shake, from out thy fruitful breast, the seeds
f envy, discord, and of cruel deeds:
onfound the peace establish'd, and prepare
heir souls to hatred, and their hands to war."
near'd as she was with black Gorgonean blood,
he Fury sprang above the Stygian flood:
nd on her wicked wings, sublime through night,
ne to the Latian palace took her flight;
here sought the queen's apartment, stood before
he peaceful threshold, and besieged the door.
estless Amata lay, her swelling breast
ired with disdain for Turnus dispossess'd,
nd the new nuptials of the Trojan guest.
rom her black bloody locks the Fury shakes
er darling plague, the fav'rite of her snakes:
ith her full force she threw the pois'nous dart,
nd fix'd it deep within Amata's heart,
hat, thus envenom'd, she might kindle rage,
nd sacrifice to strife her house and husband's age.
nseen, unfelt, the fiery serpent skims
etween her linen and her naked limbs,
His baneful breath inspiring as he glides.
Now like a chain around her neck he rides,
Now like a fillet to her head repairs,
And with his circling volumes folds her hairs.
At first the silent venom slid with ease,
And seized her cooler senses by degrees;
Then, ere th' infected mass was fired too far,
In plaintive accents she began the war,
And thus bespoke her husband: "Shall," she said,
"A wand'ring prince enjoy Lavinia's bed?
If Nature plead not in a parent's heart,
Pity my tears, and pity her desert.
I know, my dearest lord, the time will come
You would, in vain, reverse your cruel doom:
The faithless pirate soon will set to sea,
And bear the royal virgin far away!
A guest like him, a Trojan guest before,
In show of friendship sought the Spartan shore,
And ravish'd Helen from her husband bore.
Think on a king's inviolable word;
And think on Turnus, her once plighted lord.
To this false foreigner you give your throne,
And wrong a friend, a kinsman, and a son.
Resume your ancient care; and, if the god
Your sire, and you, resolve on foreign blood,
Know all are foreign, in a larger sense,
Not born your subjects, or derived from hence.
Then, if the line of Turnus you retrace,
He springs from Inachus of Argive race."
But when she saw her reasons idly spent,
And could not move him from his fix'd intent,
She flew to rage; for now the snake possess'd

Her vital parts, and poison'd all her breast.
She raves, she runs with a distracted pace,
And fills, with horrid howls, the public place.
And, as young striplings whip the top for sport,
On the smooth pavement of an empty court;
The wooden engine flies and whirls about,
Admired, with clamours, of the beardless rout;
They lash aloud; each other they provoke,
And lend their little souls at ev'ry stroke:
Thus fares the queen; and thus her fury blows
Amid the crowd, and kindles as she goes.
Nor yet content, she strains her malice more,
And adds new ills to those contrived before:
She flies the town, and, mixing with the throng
Of madding matrons, bears the bride along,
Wand'ring through woods and wilds, and devious ways,
And with these arts the Trojan match delays.
She feign'd the rites of Bacchus; cried aloud,
And to the buxom god the virgin vow'd.
"Euoi! O Bacchus!" thus began the song;
And "Euoi!" answer'd all the female throng.
"O virgin worthy thee alone!" she cried;
"O worthy thee alone!" the crew replied.
"For thee she feeds her hair, she leads thy dance,
And with thy winding ivy wreathes her lance."
Like fury seized the rest: the progress known,
All seek the mountains, and forsake the town:
All, clad in skins of beasts, the javelin bear,

Give to the wanton winds their flowin hair;
And shrieks and shoutings rend th suff'ring air.
The queen herself, inspired with ra divine,
Shook high above her head a flamin pine,
Then roll'd her haggard eyes around th throng,
And sang, in Turnus' name, the nupti song:
"Io! ye Latian dames, if any here
Hold your unhappy queen, Amata, dea
If there be here," she said, "who da maintain
My right, nor think the name of moth vain;
Unbind your fillets, loose your flowin hair,
And orgies and nocturnal rites prepare.
Amata's breast the Fury thus invades,
And fires with rage, amid the sylva shades.
Then, when she found her venom sprea so far,
The royal house embroil'd in civil war,
Raised on her dusky wings, she cleave the skies,
And seeks the palace where young Turnu lies.
His town, as fame reports, was built old
By Danae, pregnant with almighty gol
Who fled her father's rage, and, with train
Of following Argives, through the storm main,
Driven by the southern blasts, was fate here to reign.
'Twas Ardua once: now Ardea's nam it bears;
Once a fair city, now consumed wit years.
Here, in his lofty palace, Turnus lay,
Between the confines of the night an day,
Secure in sleep.—The Fury laid aside

r looks and limbs, and with new
methods tried
e foulness of th' infernal form to hide.
ɔpp'd on a staff, she takes a trembling
mien;
r face is furrow'd, and her front
obscene;
ep-dinted wrinkles on her cheek she
draws;
ık are her eyes, and toothless are her
jaws;
r hoary hair with holy fillets bound,
r temples with an olive wreath are
crown'd.
l Chalybe, who kept the sacred fane
Juno, now she seem'd, and thus
began,
pearing in a dream, to rouse the care-
less man:
hall Turnus then such endless toil
sustain
fighting fields, and conquer towns in
vain?
n, for a Trojan head to wear the prize,
urp thy crown, enjoy thy victories?
e bride and sceptre, which thy blood
has bought,
e king transfers; and foreign heirs are
sought!
now, deluded man, and seek again
w toils, new dangers, on the dusty
plain!
pel the Tuscan foes; their city seize;
ɔtect the Latians in luxurious ease!
is dream all-pow'rful Juno sends: I
bear
r mighty mandates; and her words
you hear.
ıste! arm your Ardeans; issue to the
plain;
th faith to friend, assault the Trojan
train:
eir thoughtless chiefs, their painted
ships that lie
Tiber's mouth, with fire and sword
destroy.
e Latian king, unless he shall submit,
n his old promise, and his new forget—
Let him, in arms, the pow'r of Turnus
prove,
And learn to fear whom he disdains to
love.
For such is heav'n's command."—The
youthful prince
With scorn replied, and made this bold
defence:
"You tell me, mother, what I knew before,
The Phrygian fleet is landed on the
shore.
I neither fear nor will provoke the war:
My fate is Juno's most peculiar care.
But time has made you dote, and vainly
tell
Of arms imagined in your lonely cell.
Go! be the temple and the gods your
care:
Permit to men the thought of peace and
war."
These haughty words Alecto's rage
provoke;
And frighted Turnus trembled as she
spoke.
Her eyes grow stiffen'd, and with sulphur
burn,
Her hideous looks and hellish form
return:
Her curling snakes with hissings fill the
place,
And open all the furies of her face:
Then, darting fire from her malignant
eyes,
She cast him backward as he strove to
rise,
And, ling'ring, sought to frame some new
replies.
High on her head she rears her twisted
snakes:
Her chains she rattles, and her whip she
shakes;
And, churning bloody foam, thus loudly
speaks:
"Behold whom time has made to dote,
and tell
Of arms, imagined in her lonely cell;
Behold the Fates' infernal minister!
War, death, destruction, in my hand I
bear."

Thus having said, her smould'ring torch, impress'd
With her full force, she plunged into his breast.
Aghast he waked; and starting from his bed,
Cold sweat, in clammy drops, his limbs o'erspread.
"Arms! arms!" he cries: "my sword and shield prepare!"
He breathes defiance, blood and mortal war.
So, when with crackling flames a caldron fries,
The bubbling waters from the bottom rise:
Above the brims they force their fiery way;
Black vapours climb aloft, and cloud the day.
The peace polluted thus, a chosen band
He first commissions to the Latian land,
In threat'ning embassy; then raised the rest,
To meet in arms th' intruding Trojan guest,
To force the foes from the Lavinian shore,
And Italy's endanger'd peace restore.
Himself alone an equal match, he boasts,
To fight the Phrygian and Ausonian hosts.
The gods invoked, the Rutuli prepare
Their arms, and warm each other to the war.
His beauty these, and those his blooming age,
The rest his house, and his own fame engage.
While Turnus urges thus his enterprise,
The Stygian Fury to the Trojans flies;
New frauds invents, and takes a steepy stand,
Which overlooks the vale with wide command;
Where fair Ascanius and his youthful train
With horns and hounds a hunting match ordain,
And pitch their toils around the sha
plain.
The Fury fires the pack; they snuff, th
vent,
And feed their hungry nostrils with t
scent.
'Twas of a well-grown stag, whose antl
rise
High o'er his front, his beams invade t
skies.
From this light cause, th' infernal ma
prepares
The country churls to mischief, hate, a
wars.
The stately beast the two Tyrridæ bre
Snatch'd from his dam, and the ta
youngling fed.
Their father Tyrrheus did his fodd
bring;
Tyrrheus, chief ranger to the Latian kin
Their sister Sylvia cherish'd with h
care
The little wanton, and did wreathes pr
pare
To hang his budding horns, with riban
tied
His tender neck, and comb'd his silk
hide,
And bathed his body. Patient of co
mand
In time he grew, and growing used
hand,
He waited at his master's board f
food;
Then sought his savage kindred in t
wood,
Where grazing all the day, at night
came
To his known lodgings, and his count
dame.
This household beast, that used the woo
land grounds,
Was view'd at first by the young herc
hounds,
As down the stream he swam, to se
retreat
In the cool waters, and to quench h
heat.
Ascanius, young, and eager of his gam

n bent his bow, uncertain in his aim:
the dire fiend the fatal arrow guides,
ich pierced his bowels through his
panting sides.
bleeding creature issues from the
floods,
sess'd with fear, and seeks his known
abodes,
old familiar hearth, and household
gods.
falls; he fills the house with heavy
groans,
lores their pity, and his pain be-
moans.
ng Sylvia beats her breast, and cries
aloud
succour from the clownish neighbour-
hood:
churls assemble; for the fiend, who
lay
the close woody covert, urged their
way.
with a brand yet burning from the
flame,
'd with a knotty club another came:
ate'er they catch or find, without their
care,
ir fury makes an instrument of war.
rheus, the foster-father of the beast,
n clench'd a hatchet in his horny fist,
held his hand from the descending
stroke,
left his wedge within the cloven oak,
whet their courage, and their rage
provoke.
now the goddess, exercised in ill,
watch'd an hour to work her impious
will,
ends the roof, and to her crooked
horn,
h as was then by Latian shepherds
borne,
s all her breath. The rocks and
woods around,
mountains, tremble at th' infernal
sound.
sacred lake of Trivia from afar,
Veline fountains, and sulphureous
Nar,
Shake at the baleful blast, the signal of
the war.
Young mothers wildly stare, with fear
possess'd,
And strain their helpless infants to their
breast.
The clowns, a boist'rous, rude, ungov-
ern'd crew,
With furious haste to the loud summons
flew.
The pow'rs of Troy, then issuing on the
plain,
With fresh recruits their youthful chief
sustain:
Nor theirs a raw and unexperienced train,
But a firm body of embattled men.
At first, while fortune favour'd neither
side,
The fight with clubs and burning brands
was tried:
But now, both parties reinforced, the
fields
Are bright with flaming swords and
brazen shields.
A shining harvest either host displays,
And shoots against the sun with equal
rays.
Thus, when a black-brow'd gust begins
to rise,
White foam at first on the curl'd ocean
fries;
Then roars the main, the billows mount
the skies;
Till, by the fury of the storm full blown,
The muddy bottom o'er the clouds is
thrown.
First Almon falls, old Tyrrheus eldest
care,
Pierced with an arrow from the distant
war:
Fix'd in his throat the flying weapon
stood,
And stopp'd his breath, and drank his
vital blood.
Huge heaps of slain around the body rise:
Among the rest, the rich Galesus lies;
A good old man, while peace he preach'd
in vain,
Amid the madness of th' unruly train:

Five herds, five bleating flocks his pastures fill'd;
His lands a hundred yoke of oxen till'd.
Thus, while in equal scales their fortune stood,
The Fury bathed them in each other's blood;
Then, having fix'd the fight, exulting flies,
And bears fulfill'd her promise to the skies.
To Juno thus she speaks: "Behold; 'tis done,
The blood already drawn, the war begun;
The discord is complete; nor can they cease
The dire debate, nor you command the peace.
Now, since the Latian and the Trojan brood
Have tasted vengeance, and the sweets of blood,
Speak, and my pow'r shall add this office more:
The neighb'ring nations of th' Ausonian shore
Shall hear the dreadful rumour from afar,
Of arm'd invasion, and embrace the war."
Then Juno thus: "The grateful work is done,
The seeds of discord sow'd, the war begun:
Frauds, fears, and fury have possess'd the state,
And fix'd the causes of a lasting hate.
A bloody Hymen shall th' alliance join
Between the Trojan and Ausonian line:
But thou with speed to night and hell repair;
For not the gods, nor angry Jove, will bear
Thy lawless wand'ring walks in upper air.
Leave what remains to me." Saturnia said:
The sullen fiend her sounding wings display'd,
Unwilling left the light, and sought the nether shade.

—John Dryden.

At the Site of Rome

[From Book VIII]

Faced with the prospect of war, Æn goes out to seek allies. He comes to city of Evander, located on the site aft wards to be occupied by Rome. T episode is a fine example of Virgil's terest in the historical and religious orig of Rome, and of his skill in weaving s material into the main narrative. A p sage like this must have caused a patri thrill in every Roman heart.

The Trojans mount their ships; th
put from shore,
Borne on the waves, and scarcely dip
oar.
Shouts from the land give omen to th
course,
And the pitch'd vessels glide with ea
force.
The woods and waters wonder at t
gleam
Of shields, and painted ships that st
the stream.
One summer's night and one whole d
they pass
Between the greenwood shades, and
the liquid glass.
The fiery sun had finish'd half his ra
Look'd back and doubted in the mid
space,
When they from far beheld the risi
tow'rs,
The tops of sheds, and shepherds' lo
bow'rs,
Thin as they stood, which, then,
homely clay,
Now rise in marble, from the Rom
sway.
These cots (Evander's kingdom, me
and poor)
The Trojan saw, and turn'd his ships
shore.
'Twas on a solemn day: th' Arcad
states,
The king and prince, without the
gates,

en paid their off'rings in a sacred grove
Hercules, the warrior son of Jove.
ick clouds of rolling smoke involve the skies;
d fat of entrails on his altar fries.
But, when they saw the ships that stemm'd the flood,
d glitter'd through the covert of the wood,
ey rose with fear, and left th' unfinish'd feast,
l dauntless Pallas reassured the rest
pay the rites. Himself without delay
lav'lin seized, and singly took his way,
en gain'd a rising ground, and call'd from far:
esolve me, strangers, whence and what you are;
ur bus'ness here, and bring you peace or war?"
gh on the stern Æneas took his stand,
d held a branch of olive in his hand,
ile thus he spoke: "The Trojans and their chief
ng holy peace, and beg the king's relief."
uck with so great a name, and all on fire,
e youth replies: "Whatever you require
ur fame exacts. Upon our shores descend,
welcome guest, and, what you wish, a friend."
said, and, downward hastening to the strand,
braced the stranger prince, and join'd his hand.
nducted to the grove, Æneas broke
e silence first, and thus the king bespoke:
est of the Greeks! to whom, by fate's command,
ear these peaceful branches in my hand—
daunted I approach you, though I know
Your birth is Grecian, and your land my foe;
From Atreus though your ancient lineage came,
And both the brother kings your kindred claim;
Yet, my self-conscious worth, your high renown,
Your virtue, through the neighb'ring nations blown,
Our fathers' mingled blood, Apollo's voice,
Have led me hither, less by need than choice.
Our father Dardanus, as fame has sung,
And Greeks acknowledge, from Electra sprung;
Electra from the loins of Atlas came—
Atlas, whose head sustains the starry frame.
Your sire is Mercury, who long before
On cold Cyllene's top fair Maia bore.
Maia the fair, on fame if we rely,
Was Atlas' daughter, who sustains the sky.
Thus from one common source our streams divide:
Ours is the Trojan, yours th' Arcadian side.
Raised by these hopes, I sent no news before,
Nor ask'd your leave, nor did your faith implore;
But come, without a pledge, my own ambassador.
The same Rutulians, who with arms pursue
The Trojan race, are equal foes to you.
Our host expell'd, what further force can stay
The victor troops from universal sway?
Then will they stretch their pow'r athwart the land,
And either sea from side to side command.
Receive our offer'd faith, and give us thine:
Ours is a gen'rous and experienced line:

We want not hearts nor bodies for the war:
In councils cautious, and in fields we dare."
He said: and while he spoke, with piercing eyes
Evander view'd the man with vast surprise—
Pleased with his action, ravish'd with his face;
Then answer'd briefly, with a royal grace:
"O valiant leader of the Trojan line,
In whom the features of thy father shine!
How I recall Anchises! how I see
His motions, mien, and all my friend, in thee!
Long though it be, 'tis fresh within my mind,
When Priam to his sister's court design'd
A welcome visit, with a friendly stay,
And through th' Arcadian kingdom took his way.
Then, pass'd a boy, the callow down began
To shade my chin, and call me first a man.
I saw the shining train with vast delight;
And Priam's goodly person pleased my sight:
But great Anchises, far above the rest,
With awful wonder fired my youthful breast.
I long'd to join, in friendship's holy bands,
Our mutual hearts, and plight our mutual hands.
I first accosted him: I sued, I sought,
And, with a loving force, to Pheneus brought.
He gave me, when at length constrain'd to go,
A Lycian quiver and a Gnossian bow,
A vest embroider'd, glorious to behold,
And two rich bridles, with their bits of gold,
Which my son's coursers in obedience hold.
The league you ask, I offer, as your right;
And, when tomorrow's sun reveals t
light,
With swift supplies you shall be se
away.
Now celebrate, with us, this solemn da
Whose holy rites admit no long delay.
Honour our annual feast; and take yo
seat,
With friendly welcome, at a home
treat."
Thus having said, the bowls (remov
for fear)
The youths replaced, and soon restor
the cheer.
On sods of turf he set the soldiers roun
A maple throne, raised higher from t
ground,
Received the Trojan chief; and, o'er t
bed,
A lion's shaggy hide, for ornament, th
spread.
The loaves were served in canisters; t
wine
In bowls; the priest renew'd the ri
divine:
Broil'd entrails are their food, and bee
continued chine.
But, when the rage of hunger was
press'd,
Thus spoke Evander to his royal gue
"These rites, these altars, and this fea
O king,
From no vain fears or superstition spri
Or blind devotion, or from blinder chan
Or heady zeal, or brutal ignorance:
But, saved from danger, with a grate
sense,
The labours of a god we recompense.
See, from afar, yon rock that mates t
sky,
About whose feet such heaps of rubbi
lie;
Such indigested ruin; bleak and bare,
How desert now it stands, exposed in a
'Twas once a robber's den, enclos
around
With living stone, and deep beneath t
ground

monster Cacus, more than half a
beast,
hold, impervious to the sun, pos-
sess'd.
pavement ever foul with human
gore;
ds, and their mangled members, hung
the door.
an this plague begot: and, like his
sire,
k clouds he belch'd, and flakes of
livid fire.
e, long expected, eased us of our load,
brought the needful presence of a
god.
avenging force of Hercules, from
Spain,
ved in triumph, from Geryon slain:—
ce lived the giant, and thrice lived
in vain.
prize, the lowing herds, Alcides drove
Tiber's banks, to graze the shady
grove.
red with hope of plunder, and intent
orce to rob, by fraud to circumvent,
brutal Cacus, as by chance they
stray'd,
oxen thence, and four fair kine
convey'd.
lest the printed footsteps might be
seen,
dragg'd them backwards to his rocky
den.
tracks averse a lying notice gave,
led the searcher backward from the
cave.
ntime the herdsman hero shifts his
place,
find fresh pasture, and untrodden
grass.
beasts, who miss'd their mates, fill'd
all around
bellowings; and the rocks restored
the sound.
heifer, who had heard her love com-
plain,
'd from the cave, and made the
project vain.

Alcides found the fraud: with rage he
shook,
And toss'd about his head his knotted
oak.
Swift as the winds, or Scythian arrow's
flight,
He climb'd, with eager haste, th' aerial
height.
Then first we saw the monster mend his
pace:
Fear in his eyes, and paleness in his
face,
Confess'd the god's approach. Trem-
bling he springs,
As terror had increased his feet with
wings;
Nor staid for stairs; but down the depth
he threw
His body: on his back the door he drew
(The door, a rib of living rock; with
pains
His father hew'd it out, and bound with
iron chains):
He broke the heavy links, the mountain
closed,
And bars and levers to his foe opposed.
The wretch had hardly made his dungeon
fast;
The fierce avenger came with bounding
haste;
Survey'd the mouth of the forbidden
hold;
And here and there his raging eyes he
roll'd.
He gnash'd his teeth; and thrice he com-
pass'd round
With winged speed the circuit of the
ground.
Thrice at the cavern's mouth he pull'd
in vain,
And, panting, thrice desisted from his
pain.
A pointed flinty rock, all bare and black,
Grew gibbous from behind the moun-
tian's back:
Owls, ravens, all ill omens of the night,
Here built their nests, and hither wing'd
their flight.

The leaning head hung threat'ning o'er
the flood,
And nodded to the left. The hero stood
Averse, with planted feet, and, from the
right,
Tugg'd at the solid stone with all his
might.
Thus heav'd, the fix'd foundations of the
rock
Gave way: heav'n echo'd at the rattling
shock.
Tumbling, it choked the flood: on either
side
The banks leap backward, and the
streams divide:
The sky shrunk upward with unusual
dread;
And trembling Tiber dived beneath his
bed.
The court of Cacus stands reveal'd to
sight;
The cavern glares with new-admitted
light.
So the pent vapours, with a rumbling
sound,
Heave from below, and rend the hollow
ground;
A sounding flaw succeeds; and, from on
high,
The gods with hate behold the nether
sky:
The ghosts repine with violated night,
And curse th' invading sun, and sicken
at the sight.
The graceless monster, caught in open
day,
Enclosed, and in despair to fly away,
Howls horrible from underneath, and
fills
His hollow palace with unmanly yells.
The hero stands above, and from afar
Plies him with darts, and stones, and
distant war.
He, from his nostrils and huge mouth,
expires
Black clouds of smoke, amid his father's
fires,
Gath'ring, with each repeated blast, the
night,
To make uncertain aim, and erring si
The wrathful god then plunges fi
above,
And, where in thickest waves the spar
drove,
There lights; and wades through fu
and gropes his way,
Half singed, half stifled, till he gr
his prey.
The monster, spewing fruitless flames
found;
He squeezed his throat; he writhed
neck around,
And in a knot his crippled mem
bound;
Then, from their sockets, tore his burn
eyes.
Roll'd on a heap, the breathless rob
lies.
The doors, unbarr'd, receive the rush
day;
And thorough lights disclose the ravis
prey.
The bulls, redeem'd, breathe open
again.
Next, by his feet, they drag him fr
his den.
The wond'ring neighbourhood, with g
surprise,
Beheld his shagged breast, his giant s
His mouth that flames no more, and
extinguish'd eyes.
From that auspicious day, with ri
divine,
We worship at the hero's holy shrine
Potitius first ordain'd these annual vo
As priests, were added the Pina
house,
Who raised this altar in the sacred sha
Where honours, ever due, for ever s
be paid.
For these deserts, and this high vi
shown,
Ye warlike youths, your heads with
lands crown:
Fill high the goblets with a spark
flood;
And with deep draughts invoke our c
mon god."

said, a double wreath Evander twined;
poplars black and white his temples bind.
brims his ample bowl. With like design
rest invoke the gods with sprinkled wine.
eantime the sun descended from the skies,
the bright ev'ning star began to rise.
now the priests, Potitius at their head,
kins of beasts involved, the long procession led:
high the flaming tapers in their hands,
custom had prescribed their holy bands;
with a second course the tables load,
with full chargers offer to the god.
Salii sing, and 'cense his altar round
Saban smoke, their heads with poplar bound—
choir of old, another of the young,
lance, and bear the burden of the song.
lay records the labours, and the praise,
all th' immortal acts of Hercules:
how the mighty babe, when swathed in bands,
serpents strangled with his infant hands;
as in years and matchless force he grew,
Œchalian walls, and Trojan, overthrew.
les, a thousand hazards they relate,
ured by Juno's and Eurystheus' hate.
hands, unconquer'd hero, could subdue
cloud-born Centaurs, and the monster crew.
thy resistless arm the bull withstood,
he, the roaring terror of the wood.
tripled porter of the Stygian seat,
With lolling tongue, lay fawning at thy feet,
And, seized with fear, forgot his mangled meat.
Th' infernal waters trembled at thy sight;
Thee, god! no face of danger could affright;
Not huge Typhœus, nor th' unnumber'd snake,
Increased with hissing heads, in Lerna's lake.
Hail, Jove's undoubted son! an added grace
To heav'n and the great author of thy race!
Receive the grateful off'rings which we pay,
And smile propitious on thy solemn day!"
In numbers thus they sung: above the rest,
The den and death of Cacus crown the feast.
The woods to hollow vales convey the sound;
The vales to hills; and hills the notes rebound.
The rites perform'd, the cheerful train retire.
Between young Pallas and his aged sire
The Trojan pass'd, the city to survey;
And pleasing talk beguiled the tedious way.
The stranger cast around his curious eyes,
New objects viewing still with new surprise;
With greedy joy inquires of various things,
And acts and monuments of ancient kings.
Then thus the founder of the Roman tow'rs:
"These woods were first the seat of sylvan pow'rs,
Of nymphs and fauns, and savage men who took
Their birth from trunks of trees and stubborn oak.
Nor laws they knew, nor manners, nor the care

Of lab'ring oxen, nor the shining share,
Nor arts of gain, nor what they gain'd to spare.
Their exercise the chase: the running flood
Supplied their thirst; the trees supplied their food.
Then Saturn came, who fled the pow'r of Jove,
Robb'd of his realms, and banish'd from above.
The men, dispersed on hills, to towns he brought,
And laws ordain'd, and civil customs taught,
And Latium call'd the land where safe he lay
From his unduteous son, and his usurping sway.
With his mild empire, peace and plenty came;
And hence the golden times derived their name.
A more degen'rate and discolour'd age
Succeeded this, with avarice and rage.
Th' Ausonians then, and bold Sicanians, came;
And Saturn's empire often changed the name.
Then kings—gigantic Tybris, and the rest—
With arbitrary sway the land oppress'd:
For Tiber's flood was Albula before,
Till, from the tyrant's fate, his name it bore.
I last arrived, driv'n from my native home
By fortune's pow'r, and fate's resistless doom.
Long toss'd on seas, I sought this happy land,
Warn'd by my mother-nymph, and call'd by heav'n's command."
Thus, walking on, he spoke, and show'd the gate
Since call'd Carmental by the Roman state;
Where stood an altar, sacred to the name
Of old Carmenta, the prophetic dame,
Who to her son foretold th' Ænean r
Sublime in fame, and Rome's impe
place;—
Then shows the forests, which, in af
times,
Fierce Romulus, for perpetrated crin
A sacred refuge made;—with this
shrine
Where Pan below the rock had r
divine;
Then tells of Argus' death, his murd
guest,
Whose grave and tomb his innocence
test.
Thence, to the steep Tarpeian rock
leads—
Now roof'd with gold, then thatch'd w
homely reeds—
A rev'rent fear (such superstition rei
Among the rude) ev'n then possess'd
swains.
Some god, they knew—what god, t
could not tell—
Did there amid the sacred horror dw
Th' Arcadians thought him Jove:
said they saw
The mighty thund'rer with majestic a
Who shook his shield, and dealt his b
around,
And scatter'd tempests on the teem
ground.
Then saw two heaps of ruins (once t
stood
Two stately towns, on either side
flood),
Saturnia's and Janiculum's remains;
And either place the founder's na
retains.
Discoursing thus together, they reso
Where poor Evander kept his cou
court.
They view'd the ground of Rome's
gious hall
(Once oxen low'd, where now the law
bawl):
Then, stooping, through the narrow
they press'd,
When thus the king bespoke his Tr
guest:

ean as it is, this palace, and this door,
ceived Alcides, then a conqueror.
re to be poor: accept our homely food,
ich feasted him; and emulate a god."
en underneath a lowly roof he led
e weary prince and laid him on a bed;
e stuffing leaves with hides of bears
o'erspread.

—JOHN DRYDEN.

HE FIGHT OF ÆNEAS AND TURNUS

[From Book XII]

Var is a matter of kings, not of peoples;
should be settled by those responsible
Homeric combat hand to hand.

Both armies from their bloody work
desist,
d, bearing backward, form a spacious
list.
e Trojan hero, who received from
fame
e welcome sound, and heard the cham-
pion's name,
n leaves the taken works and mounted
walls;
eedy of war where greater glory calls,
springs to fight, exulting in his force;
s jointed armour rattles in the course.
e Eryx, or like Athos, great he shows,
father Appennine, when, white with
snows,
s head divine obscure in clouds he
hides,
d shakes the sounding forest on his
sides.
The nations overaw'd, surcease the
fight;
movable their bodies, fix'd their sight;
'n death stands still; nor from above
they throw
eir darts, nor drive their batt'ring-
rams below.
silent order either army stands,
d drop their swords, unknowing, from
their hands.

Th' Ausonian king beholds, with won-
d'ring sight,
Two mighty champions match'd in single
fight,
Born under climes remote, and brought
by fate
With swords to try their title to the state.
Now, in closed field, each other from
afar
They view; and, rushing on, begin the
war.
They launch their spears; then hand to
hand they meet.
The trembling soil resounds beneath their
feet:
Their bucklers clash; thick blows descend
from high,
And flakes of fire from their hard helmets
fly.
Courage conspires with chance; and both
engage
With equal fortune yet, and mutual rage.
As, when two bulls for their fair female
fight
In Sila's shades, or on Taburnus' height,
With horns adverse they meet: the
keeper flies:
Mute stands the herd; the heifers roll
their eyes,
And wait th' event—which victor they
shall bear,
And who shall be the lord to rule the
lusty year:
With rage of love the jealous rivals burn,
And push for push, and wound for wound
return.
Their dewlaps gored, their sides are
laved in blood:
Loud cries and roaring sounds rebellow
through the wood.
Such was the combat in the listed ground;
So clash their swords, and so their shields
resound.
Jove sets the beam: in either scale
he lays
The champions' fate, and each exactly
weighs.
On this side, life, and lucky chance
ascends:

Loaded with death, that other scale descends.
Raised on the stretch, young Turnus aims a blow
Full on the helm of his unguarded foe:
Shrill shouts and clamours ring on either side,
As hopes and fears their panting hearts divide.
But all in pieces flies the traitor sword,
And, in the middle stroke, deserts his lord.
Now 'tis but death or flight: disarm'd he flies,
When in his hand an unknown hilt he spies.
Fame says that Turnus, when his steeds he join'd,
Hurrying to war, disorder'd in his mind,
Snatch'd the first weapon which his haste could find.
'Twas not the fated sword his father bore,
But that his charioteer Metiscus wore.
This, while the Troans fled, the toughness held:
But vain against the great Vulcanian shield.
The mortal-temper'd steel deceived his hand:
The shiver'd fragments shone amid the sand.
Surprised with fear, he fled along the field,
And now forthright, and now in orbits wheel'd:
For here the Trojan troops the list surround,
And there the pass is closed with pools and marshy ground.
Æneas hastens, though with heavier pace—
His wound, so newly knit, retards the chase,
And oft his trembling knees their aid refuse,
Yet, pressing foot by foot, his foe pursues.
Thus, when a fearful stag is closed around
With crimson toils, or in a river found,
High on a bank the deep-mouth'd hou
appears,
Still op'ning, following still, where'er
steers;
The persecuted creature, to and fro,
Turns here and there, to 'scape his U
brian foe:
Steep is the ascent, and, if he gains t
land,
The purple death is pitch'd along t
strand:
His eager foe, determin'd to the cha
Stretch'd at his length, gains ground
ev'ry pace:
Now to his beamy head he makes l
way,
And now he holds, or thinks he holds l
prey:
Just at the pinch, the stag springs o
with fear:
He bites the wind, and fills his soundi
jaws with air:
The rocks, the lakes, the meadows, ri
with cries;
The mortal tumult mounts, and thund
in the skies.
Thus flies the Daunian prince, a
flying, blames
His tardy troops, and, calling by th
names,
Demands his trusty sword. The Troj
threats
The realm with ruin, and their ancie
seats
To lay in ashes, if they dare supply,
With arms or aid, his vanquish'd enem
Thus menacing, he still pursues the cou
With vigour, though diminish'd of
force.
Ten times already, round the listed pla
One chief had fled, and t'other giv'n
chase:
No trivial prize is play'd; for, on the
Or death of Turnus, now depends
strife.
Within the space an olive tree h
stood,
A sacred shade, a venerable wood,

vows to Faunus paid, the Latins' guardian god.
hung the vests, and tablets were engraved,
sinking mariners from shipwreck saved.
heedless hands the Trojans fell'd the tree,
hake the ground enclosed for combat free.
in the root, whether by fate or chance,
erring haste, the Trojan drove his lance;
stoop'd, and tugg'd with force immense, to free
encumber'd spear from the tenacious tree:
, whom his fainting limbs pursued in vain,
flying weapon might from far attain.
nfused with fear, bereft of human aid,
Turnus to the gods, and first to Faunus, pray'd:
Faunus! pity! and thou, mother Earth,
re I, thy foster-son, received my birth,
fast the steel! If my religious hand
plant has honour'd, which your foes profaned,
itious hear my pious pray'r!" He said,
with successless vows invoked their aid.
ncumbent hero wrench'd, and pull'd, and strain'd;
still the stubborn earth the steel detain'd.
na took her time; and, while in vain
trove, assumed Metiscus' form again,
in that imitated shape, restored
he despairing prince his Daunian sword.
queen of love—who, with disdain and grief,
Saw the bold nymph afford this prompt relief—
T' assert her offspring with a greater deed,
From the tough root the ling'ring weapon freed.
Once more erect, the rival chiefs advance:
One trusts the sword, and one the pointed lance;
And both resolved alike to try their fatal chance.
Meantime imperial Jove to Juno spoke,
Who from a shining cloud beheld the shock:
"What new arrest, O queen of heav'n! is sent
To stop the Fates now lab'ring in th' event?
What further hopes are left thee to pursue?
Divine Æneas (and thou know'st it too)
Foredoom'd, to these celestial seats is due.
What more attempts for Turnus can be made,
That thus thou ling'rest in this lonely shade?
Is it becoming of the due respect
And awful honour of a god elect,
A wound unworthy of our state to feel,
Patient of human hands, and earthly steel?
Or seems it just the sister should restore
A second sword, when one was lost before,
And arm a conquer'd wretch against his conqueror?
For what, without thy knowledge and avow,
Nay more, thy dictate, durst Juturna do?
At last, in def'rence to my love, forbear,
To lodge within thy soul this anxious care:
Reclined upon my breast, thy grief unload:—
Who should relieve the goddess but the god?
Now all things to their utmost issue tend,
Push'd by the Fates to their appointed end.

While leave was giv'n thee, and a lawful hour
For vengeance, wrath, and unresisted pow'r,
Toss'd on the seas thou couldst thy foes distress,
And, driv'n ashore, with hostile arms oppress;
Deform the royal house; and, from the side
Of the just bridegroom, tear the plighted bride:
Now cease at my command." The thund'rer said;
And, with dejected eyes, this answer Juno made:
"Because your dread decree too well I knew,
From Turnus and from earth unwilling I withdrew.
Else should you not behold me here, alone,
Involved in empty clouds, my friends bemoan,
But, girt with vengeful flames, in open sight,
Engaged against my foes in mortal fight.
'Tis true, Juturna mingled in the strife
By my commands, to save her brother's life.
At least to try; but (by the Stygian lake—
The most religious oath the gods can take)
With this restriction, not to bend the bow,
Or toss the spear, or trembling dart to throw.
And now resign'd to your superior might,
And tired with fruitless toils, I loath the fight.
This let me beg (and this no fates withstand)
Both for myself and for your father's land,
That, when the nuptial bed shall bind the peace,
(Which I, since you ordain, consent to bless)
The laws of either nation be the sa
But let the Latins still retain their na
Speak the same language which t
spoke before,
Wear the same habits which their gra
sires wore.
Call them not Trojans: perish the ren
And name of Troy, with that detes
town.
Latium be Latium still; let Alba re
And Rome's immortal majesty rema
Then thus the founder of mank
replies,
(Unruffled was his front, serene his ey
"Can Saturn's issue, and heaven's o
heir,
Such endless anger in her bosom be
Be mistress, and your full desires obta
But quench the choler you foment in v
From ancient blood th' Ausonian pe
sprung,
Shall keep their name, their habit,
their tongue:
The Trojans to their customs shall
tied.
I will myself their common rites prov
The natives shall command, the foreig
subside.
All shall be Latium; Troy withou
name;
And her lost sons forget from whe
they came.
From blood so mix'd a pious race s
flow,
Equal to gods, excelling all below.
No nation more respect to you shall p
Or greater off'rings on your altars la
Juno consents, well pleased that
desires
Had found success, and from the cl
retires.
The peace thus made, the thund
next prepares
To force the wat'ry goddess from
wars.
Deep in the dismal regions void of li
Three daughters, at a birth, were bor
Night;

e their brown mother, brooding on
her care,
ued with windy wings, to flit in air,
serpents girt alike, and crown'd with
hissing hair.
eav'n the Diræ call'd, and still at
hand,
re the throne of angry Jove they
stand,
ministers of wrath, and ready still
minds of mortal men with fears to
fill,
ne'er the moody sire, to wreak his
hate
realms or towns deserving of their
fate,
s down diseases, death, and deadly
care,
terrifies the guilty world with war.
sister plague of these from heav'n
he sent
right Juturna with a dire portent.
pest comes whirling down: by far
more slow,
gs the swift arrow from the Parthian
bow,
ydon yew, when, traversing the skies,
drench'd in pois'nous juice, the pure
destruction flies.
such a sudden, and unseen a flight,
through the clouds the daughter of
the Night.
as the field enclosed she had in view,
from afar her destined quarry
knew—
tracted, to the boding bird she turns,
ch haunts the ruin'd piles and hol-
low'd urns,
beats about the tombs with nightly
wings,
re songs obscene on sepulchres she
sings.
s lessen'd in her form, with frightful
cries
Fury round unhappy Turnus flies,
s on his shield, and flutters o'er his
eyes.
zy chillness crept along his blood;
Choked was his voice; his hair with
horror stood.
Juturna from afar beheld her fly,
And knew th' ill omen, by her screaming
cry,
And stridor of her wing. Amazed with
fear,
Her beauteous breast she beat, and rent
her flowing hair.
"Ah me!" she cries—" in this unequal
strife,
What can thy sister more to save thy life?
Weak as I am, can I alas! contend
In arms with that inexorable fiend?
Now, now I quit the field! forbear to
fright
My tender soul, ye baleful birds of night!
The lashing of your wings I know too
well,
The sounding flight, and fun'ral screams
of hell!
These are the gifts you bring from
haughty Jove,
The worthy recompense of ravish'd love!
Did he for this exempt my life from
fate?
O hard conditions of immortal state!
Though born to death, not privileged
to die,
But forced to bear imposed eternity!
Take back your envious bribes, and let
me go
Companion to my brother's ghost below!
The joys are vanish'd: nothing now re-
mains
Of life immortal, but immortal pains.
What earth will open her devouring
womb
To rest a weary goddess in the tomb?"
She drew a length of sighs; nor more she
said,
But in her azure mantle wrapp'd her
head,
Then plunged into her stream, with deep
despair;
And her last sobs came bubbling up in
air.
Now stern Æneas waves his weighty
spear

Against his foe, and thus upbraids his fear:
"What farther subterfuge can Turnus find?
What empty hopes are harbour'd in his mind?
'Tis not thy swiftness can secure thy flight:
Not with their feet, but hands, the valiant fight.
Vary thy shape in thousand forms, and dare
What skill and courage can attempt in war;
Wish for the wings of winds, to mount the sky;
Or hid within the hollow earth to lie!"
The champion shook his head, and made this short reply:
"No threats of thine my manly mind can move:
'Tis hostile heav'n I dread, and partial Jove."
He said no more, but, with a sigh, repress'd
The mighty sorrow in his swelling breast.
Then, as he roll'd his troubled eyes around,
An antique stone he saw, the common bound
Of neighb'ring fields, and barrier of the ground—
So vast, that twelve strong men of modern days
Th' enormous weight from earth could hardly raise.
He heaved it at a lift, and, poised on high,
Ran stagg'ring on against his enemy,
But so disorder'd, that he scarcely knew
His way, or what unwieldy weight he threw.
His knocking knees are bent beneath the load;
And shiv'ring cold congeals his vital blood.
The stone drops from his arms, and, falling short
For want of vigour, mocks his vain effort.
And as, when heavy sleep has closed sight,
The sickly fancy labours in the nigh
We seem to run; and, destitute of fo
Our sinking limbs forsake us in course:
In vain we heave for breath; in vain cry:
The nerves, unbraced, their usual stren deny;
And on the tongue the falt'ring acc die:
So Turnus fared: whatever means tried,
All force of arms, and points of employ'd,
The fury flew athwart, and made endeavour void.
A thousand various thoughts his confound:
He stared about; nor aid nor is found:
His own men stop the pass; and his walls surround.
Once more he pauses, and looks out ag
And seeks the goddess charioteer in v
Trembling he views the thund'ring c advance.
And brandishing aloft the deadly lan
Amazed he cow'rs beneath his conqu'r foe,
Forgets to ward, and waits the com blow.
Astonish'd while he stands, and fix'd w fear,
Aim'd at his shield he sees th' impend spear.
The hero measured first, with nar view,
The destined mark; and, rising as threw,
With its full swing the fatal weapon fl
Not with less rage the rattling thun falls,
Or stones from batt'ring engines br the walls:
Swift as a whirlwind, from an arm strong,

lance drove on, and bore the death
along.
ght could his sev'nfold shield the
prince avail,
aught, beneath his arms, the coat of
mail:
erced through all, and with a grisly
wound
sfix'd his thigh and doubled him to
ground.
groans the Latins rend the vaulted
sky:
ls, hills, and valleys, to the voice
reply.
w low on earth the lofty chief is
laid,
eyes cast upwards, and with arms
display'd,
recreant, thus to the proud victor
pray'd:
ow my death deserved, nor hope to
live:
what the gods and thy good fortune
give.
think, oh! think, if mercy may be
shown
u hadst a father once, and hast a
son),
my sire, now sinking to the grave;
for Anchises' sake, old Daunus
save!
if thy vow'd revenge pursue my
death,
to my friends my body void of
breath!
Latian chiefs have seen me beg my
life:
Thine is the conquest, thine the royal
wife:
Against a yielded man, 'tis mean ignoble
strife."
In deep suspense the Trojan seemed to
stand,
And, just prepared to strike, repress'd his
hand.
He roll'd his eyes, and ev'ry moment felt
His manly soul with more compassion
melt;
When, casting down a casual glance, he
spied
The golden belt that glitter'd on his side,
The fatal spoil which haughty Turnus
tore
From dying Pallas, and in triumph wore;
Then roused anew to wrath, he loudly
cries
(Flames while he spoke came flashing
from his eyes):
"Traitor! dost thou—dost thou to grace
pretend,
Clad, as thou art, in trophies of my
friend?
To his sad soul a grateful off'ring go!
'Tis Pallas—Pallas gives this deadly
blow!"
He raised his arm aloft, and, at the
word,
Deep in his bosom drove the shining
sword.
The streaming blood distain'd his arms
around;
And the disdainful soul came rushing
through the wound.

—JOHN DRYDEN.

III. THE JOYS OF PEACE

e agricultural problem had become
cute one long before the time of
l. The accumulation of vast estates
e rich, the extension of tenant-farm-
he increasing use of slave labor by
landholders, the devastations and
cations incident to war, the increase
of wealth and luxury, the securing by conquest of new sources of food supply, had all contributed to the neglect of what had formerly been a most important industry of Italy. Under the régime of Augustus a move was set on foot to build it up anew into some semblance of its old position

of leadership. The interest in agriculture had always been one of the keenest among the Romans, and the new peace fostered such a policy. It quickly became a commonplace among the Augustan poets to contrast the glories of country life with the turmoil of the city. But to Virgil the theme was far more than a mere convention of poetry. It had been the very substance of his early life, he knew its toil and its rewards thoroughly, and he could bring to it a deep and genuine love and enthusiasm. His shepherd songs, the *Eclogues,* though artificial and consciously modelled after the *Idylls* of Theocritus, nevertheless display in unforgetable phrases his close kinship with the soil and his appreciation of the simple life of the country. But it was in his *Georgics* that he gave himself whole-heartedly to the subject and through his knowledge and sympathy metamorphosed a didactic material into the most exquisite poetry.

The Shepherd's Gratitude

VIRGIL

[*Eclogue* I]

Virgil introduces into his pastoral poems, much more freely than his model Theocritus did, allusions to personal affairs and to contemporary happenings of the outside world. This poem is an allegory in which Virgil, represented as Tityrus, gives expression to the poet's gratitude to Augustus for restoring to him property which had been confiscated for the benefit of veteran soldiers of the civil wars.

Melibœus. Stretched in the shadow of the broad beech, thou
Rehearsest, Tityrus, on the slender pipe
Thy woodland music. We our fatherland
Are leaving, we must shun the fields we love:
While, Tityrus, thou, at ease amid the shade,
Bidd'st answering woods call Amaryllis 'fair.'

Tityrus. O Melibœus! 'Tis a god made
For me this holiday: for god I'll ay
Account him; many a young lamb f my fold
Shall stain his altar. Thanks to him, kine
Range, as thou seest them: thank him, I play
What songs I list upon my shephe pipe.
M. For me, I grudge thee not; I ma much:
So sore a trouble is in all the land.
Lo! feeble *I* am driving hence my goa
Nay *dragging,* Tityrus, one, and that pain.
For, yearning here amidst the ha stems,
She left her twin kids—on the na flint
She left them; and I lost my prom flock.
This evil, I remember, oftentimes,
(Had not my wits been wandering) c foretold
By heaven's hand smitten: oft the wic crow
Croaked the same message from the ri holm.
—Yet tell me, Tityrus, of this "God" thine.
T. The city men call *Rome* my f deemed
Was e'en like this of ours, where w by week
We shepherds journey with our wean flocks.
So whelp to dog, so kid (I knew) to d
Was likest: and I judged great things small.
But o'er all cities this so lifts her hea
As doth o'er osiers lithe the cypress t
M. What made thee then so keen look on Rome?
T. Freedom: who marked, at last, helpless state:
Now that a whiter beard than that yore

from my razor: still she marked, and came
late) to help me—now that all my thought
maryllis, Galatea gone.
le Galatea's, I despaired, I own,
reedom, and of thrift. Though from my farm
many a victim stept, though rich the cheese
ssed for yon thankless city: still my hand
urned not, heavy with brass pieces, home.
I wondered, Amaryllis, whence that woe,
those appeals to heav'n: for whom the peach
ng undisturbed upon the parent tree.
yrus was gone! Why, Tityrus, pine and rill,
all these copses, cried to thee, "Come home!"
What could I do? I could not step from out
bonds; nor meet, save there, with Pow'rs so kind.
re, Melibœus, I beheld that youth
whom each year twelve days my altars smoke.
is answered he my yet unanswered prayer;
ed still, my lads, your kine, and yoke your bulls."
Happy old man! Thy lands are yet thine own!
ds broad enough for thee, although bare stones
marsh choke every field with reedy mud.
nge pastures shall not vex thy teeming ewes,
neighboring flocks shed o'er them rank disease.
py old man! Here, by familiar streams
holy springs, thou'lt catch the leafy cool.
Here, as of old, yon hedge, thy boundary line,
Its willow-buds a feast for Hybla's bees,
Shall with soft whisperings woo thee to thy sleep.
Here, 'neath the tall cliff, shall the vintager
Sing carols to the winds: while all the time
Thy pets, the stockdoves, and the turtles make
Incessantly their moan from aery elms.
T. Aye, and for this shall slim stags graze in air,
And ocean cast on shore the shrinking fish;
For this, each realm by either wandered o'er,
Parthians shall Arar drink, or Tigris Gauls;
Ere from this memory shall fade that face!
M. And we the while must thirst on Libya's sands,
O'er Scythia roam, and where the Cretan stems
The swift Oaxes; or, with Britons, live
Shut out from all the world. Shall I e'er see,
In far-off years, my fatherland? the turf
That roofs my meagre hut? see, wondering last,
Those few scant cornblades that are realms to me?
What! must rude soldiers hold these fallows trim?
That corn barbarians? See what comes of strife,
Poor people—where we sowed, what hands shall reap!
Now, Melibœus, pr'thee graft thy pears,
And range thy vines! Nay on, my she-goats, on,
Once happy flock! For never more must I,
Outstretched in some green hollow, watch you hang
From tufted crags, far up: no carols more

I'll sing: nor, shepherded by me, shall ye
Crop the tart willow and the clover-bloom.
T. Yet here, this one night, thou may'st rest with me,
Thy bed green branches. Chestnuts soft have I
And mealy apples, and our fill of cheese.
Already, see, the far-off chimneys smoke,
And deeper grow the shadows of the hills.
—C. S. Calverley.

Dawn of the Golden Age

virgil

[*Eclogue* IV]

From fairly early times the *Fourth Eclogue* was looked upon as a pagan prophecy of the coming of Christ, and is still frequently called the *Messianic Eclogue*. The golden age pictured is the happy era of peace under Augustus, which coincides with the period into which Christ was born.

Muses of Sicily, a loftier song
Wake we! Some tire of shrubs and myrtles low.
Are woods our theme? Then princely be the woods.

Come are those last days that the Sibyl sang:
The ages' mighty march begins anew.
Now comes the virgin, Saturn reigns again:
Now from high heaven descends a wondrous race.
Thou on the newborn babe—who first shall end
That age of iron, bid a golden dawn
Upon the broad world—chaste Lucina, smile:
Now thy Apollo reigns. And, Pollio, thou
Shalt be our prince, when he that grander age
Opens, and onward roll the mi
moons:
Thou, trampling out what prints
crimes have left,
Shalt free the nations from perpe
fear.
While he to bliss shall waken; with
Blest
See the Brave mingling, and be seen
them,
Ruling that world o'er which his fath
arm shed peace.—

On thee, child, everywhere shall ea
untilled,
Show'r, her first baby-offerings, vagr
stems
Of ivy, foxglove, and gay briar, and be
Unbid the goats shall come big-udde
home,
Nor monstrous lions scare the her
kine.
Thy cradle shall be full of pretty flowe
Die must the serpent, treacherous pois
plants
Must die; and Syria's roses spring
weeds.

But, soon as thou canst read of he
deeds
Such as thy father wrought, and und
stand
What is true worth: the champaign
by day
Shall grow more yellow with the wav
corn;
From the wild bramble purpling t
shall hang
The grape; and stubborn oaks d
honeydew.
Yet traces of that guile of older days
Shall linger; bidding men tempt seas
ships,
Gird towns with walls, cleave furrows
the land.
Then a new Tiphys shall arise, to
New argosies with heroes: then shall
New wars; and once more shall be bo
for Troy

ightier Achilles. After this,
en thou hast grown and strengthened
into man,
pilot's self shall range the seas no
more;
, each land teeming with the wealth
of all,
floating pines exchange their mer-
chandise.
es shall not need the pruning-hook,
nor earth
harrow: ploughmen shall unyoke
their steers.
then need wool be taught to counter-
feit
s hue and that. At will the meadow
ram
ll change to saffron, or the gorgeous
tints
Tyre, his fair fleece; and the grazing
lamb
will put crimson on. So grand an age
those three Sisters bid their spindles
spin;
ee, telling with one voice the change-
less will of Fate.

)h draw—the time is all but present—
near
thy great glory, cherished child of
heaven,
e's mighty progeny! And lo! the
world,
round and ponderous world, bows
down to thee;
earth, the ocean-tracts, the depths of
heaven.
nature revels in the coming age.
may the evening of my days last on,
y breath be mine, till I have told thy
deeds!
Orpheus then, not Linus, shall out-
sing
though each vaunts his mother or
his sire,
liopea this, Apollo that.
Pan strive with me, Arcady his judge;
, Arcady his judge, shall yield the
palm.

Learn, tiny babe, to read a mother's
smile:
Already ten long months have wearied
her.
Learn, tiny babe. Him, who ne'er knew
such smiles,
Nor god nor goddess bids to board or
bed.

—C. S. CALVERLEY.

INVOCATION OF THE RURAL POWERS

VIRGIL

[From the *Georgics*, Book I]

This prayer to Augustus suggests the later idea of deification and the divine right of kings.

What makes a plenteous harvest, when
to turn
The fruitful soil, and when to sow the
corn;
The care of sheep, of oxen, and of kine;
The birth and genius of the frugal bee,
I sing, Mæcenas, and I sing to thee.
Ye deities! who fields and plains pro-
tect,
Who rule the seasons, and the year di-
rect;
Bacchus and fostering Ceres, powers
divine,
Who gave us corn for mast, for water
wine:
Ye fawns, propitious to the rural swains,
Ye nymphs, that haunt the mountains and
the plains,
Join in my work, and to my numbers
bring
Your needful succour, for your gifts I
sing.
And thou, whose trident struck the teem-
ing Earth,
And made a passage for the courser's
birth;
And thou, for whom the Cæan shore sus-
tains

The milky herds, that graze the flowery plains;
And thou, the shepherds' tutelary god,
Leave for a while, O Pan! thy lov'd abode:
And, if Arcadian fleeces be thy care,
From fields and mountains to my song repair.
Inventor, Pallas, of the fattening oil,
Thou founder of the plough and ploughman's toil;
And thou, whose hands the shroud-like cypress rear;
Come, all ye gods and goddesses that wear
The rural honours, and increase the year.
You, who supply the ground with seeds of grain;
And you, who swell those seeds with kindly rain:
And chiefly thou, whose undertermin'd state
Is yet the business of the gods' debate;
Whether in after-times to be declar'd
The patron of the world, and Rome's peculiar guard,
Or o'er the fruits and seasons to preside,
And the round circuit of the year to guide;
Powerful of blessings, which thou strew'st around,
And with thy goddess mother's myrtle crown'd.
Or wilt thou, Cæsar, choose the watery reign,
To smooth the surges, and correct the main?
Then mariners, in storms, to thee shall pray,
Ev'n utmost Thule shall thy power obey;
And Neptune shall resign the fasces of the sea.
The watery virgins for thy bed shall strive,
And Tethys all her waves in dowry give.
Or wilt thou bless our summers with thy rays,
And seated near the Balance, poise the days:
Where in the void of Heaven a space free,
Betwixt the Scorpion and the Maid, thee.
The Scorpion, ready to receive thy la
Yields half his region, and contracts claws.
Whatever part of Heaven thou shalt tain,
For let not Hell presume of such a reig
Nor let so dire a thirst of empire m
Thy mind, to leave thy kindred g above.
Though Greece admires Elysium's b retreat,
Though Proserpine affects her sil seat,
And, importun'd by Ceres to remove,
Prefers the fields below to those abo
But thou, propitious Cæsar! guide course,
And, to my bold endeavours, add t force.
Pity the poet's and the ploughma cares,
Interest thy greatness in our men's fairs,
And use thyself betimes to hear a grant our prayers.

—JOHN DRYDEN

LABOR OMNIA VINCIT

VIRGIL

[From the *Georgics*, Book I]

Virgil delights to sing the dignity common labor. To him rural life was mere pastime, a retreat from the fret a bustle of the city, but a life of hard wo But hard work was a wholly worthy thi and brought its own rewards of r happiness. It was a lesson much nee by his contemporaries.

Nor yet the ploughman, nor the labo ing steer,
Sustain alone the hazards of the year;

glutton geese, and the Strymonian
crane,
foreign troops, invade the tender
grain:
towering weeds malignant shadows
yield;
spreading succory chokes the rising
field.
sire of gods and men, with hard
decrees,
ids our plenty to be bought with
ease:
wills that mortal men, inur'd to toil,
ld exercise, with pains, the grudging
soil.
self invented first the shining share,
whetted human industry by care:
self did handycrafts and arts ordain,
suffer'd sloth to rust his active reign.
this, no peasant vex'd the peaceful
ground,
h only turfs and greens for altars
found:
fences parted fields, nor marks nor
bounds
nguish'd acres of litigious grounds:
all was common, and the fruitful
Earth
free to give her unexacted birth.
added venom to the viper's brood,
swell'd, with raging storms, the
peaceful flood:
mission'd hungry wolves t' infest the
fold,
shook from oaken leaves the liquid
gold:
ov'd from human reach the cheerful
fire,
from the rivers bade the wine re-
tire:
studious need might useful arts
explore:
furrow'd fields to reap the foodful
store;
force the veins of clashing flints t'
expire
urking seeds of their celestial fire.
first o'er seas the hollow'd alder
swam;
Then sailors quarter'd Heaven, and found
a name
For every fix'd and every wandering star:
The Pleiads, Hyads, and the Northern
Car.
Then toils for beasts, and lime for birds
were found,
And deep-mouth'd dogs did forest-walks
surround:
And casting-nets were spread in shallow
brooks,
Drags in the deep, and baits were hung
on hooks.
Then saws were tooth'd, and sounding
axes made
(For wedges first did yielding wood in-
vade);
And various arts in order did succeed.
(What cannot endless labour, urg'd by
need?)
First Ceres taught, the ground with
grain to sow,
And arm'd with iron shares the crooked
plough,
When now Dodonian oaks no more sup-
ply'd
Their mast, and trees their forest-fruit
deny'd.
Soon was his labour doubled to the
swain,
And blasting mildews blackened all his
grain.
Tough thistles chok'd the fields, and kill'd
the corn,
And an unthrifty crop of weeds was
born.
Then burs and brambles, an unbidden
crew
Of graceless guests, th' unhappy field
subdue:
And oats unblest, and darnel domineers,
And shoots its head above the shining
ears.
So that unless the land with daily care
Is exercis'd, and with an iron war
Of rakes and harrows the proud foes ex-
pell'd,
And birds with clamours frighted from
the field;

Unless the boughs are lopp'd that shade
the plain,
And Heaven invok'd with vows for fruit-
ful rain,
On other crops you may with envy look,
And shake for food the long abandon'd
oak.

—JOHN DRYDEN.

SWORDS AND PLOUGHSHARES

VIRGIL

[From the *Georgics*, Book I]

This and the following passages from the *Georgics* are digressions from the main theme of agriculture. It was by means of such digressions that Virgil, like Lucretius, lifted his subject from the level of a practical manual to the plane of poetry.

The Sun reveals the secrets of the sky;
And who dares give the source of light
the lie?
The change of empires often he declares,
Fierce tumults, hidden treasons, open
wars.
He first the fate of Cæsar did foretell,
And pity'd Rome, when Rome in Cæsar
fell,
In iron clouds conceal'd the public light;
And impious mortals fear'd eternal night.
Nor was the fact foretold by him alone:
Nature herself stood forth, and seconded
the Sun.
Earth, air, and seas, with prodigies were
sign'd,
And birds obscene, and howling dogs
divin'd.
What rocks did Ætna's bellowing mouth
expire
From her torn entrails; and what floods
of fire!
What clanks were heard, in German skies
afar,
Of arms and armies rushing to the v
Dire earthquakes rent the solid
below,
And from their summits shook th' ete
snow:
Pale spectres in the close of night
seen;
And voices heard of more than mo
men,
In silent groves, dumb sheep and
spoke,
And streams ran backward, and t
beds forsook:
The yawning Earth disclos'd th' a
of Hell:
The weeping statues did the wars f
tell;
And holy sweat from brazen idols fel
Then rising in his might, the king
floods
Rush'd through the forests, tore the l
woods;
And rolling onward, with a sweepy sw
Bore houses, herds, and labouring hi
away.
Blood sprang from wells, wolves hov
in towns by night,
And boding victims did the priests
fright.
Such peals of thunder never pour'd f
high,
Nor forky lightnings flash'd from s
a sullen sky.
Red meteors ran across th' ethereal spa
Stars disappear'd, and comets took t
place.
For this, th' Emathian plains once m
were strew'd
With Roman bodies, and just Hea
thought good
To fatten twice those fields with Ro
blood.
Then, after length of time, the labou
swains,
Who turn the turfs of those unha
plains,
Shall rusty piles from the plough'd
rows take,

over empty helmets pass the rake,
z'd at antique titles on the stones,
mighty relics of gigantic bones.
e homeborn deities, of mortal birth!
ı, father Romulus, and mother Earth,
dess unmov'd, whose guardian arms extend
Tuscan Tiber's course, and Roman towers defend;
ı youthful Cæsar your joint powers engage,
hinder him to save the sinking age.
et the blood, already spilt, atone
the past crimes of curst Laomedon!
ven wants thee there; and long the gods, we know,
e grudg'd thee, Cæsar, to the world below:
re fraud and rapine, right and wrong confound!
re impious arms from every part resound,
monstrous crimes in every shape are crown'd.
peaceful peasant to the wars is prest;
fields lie fallow in inglorious rest;
plain no pasture to the flock affords,
crooked scythes are straighten'd into swords:
there Euphrates her soft offspring arms,
here the Rhine rebellows with alarms;
neighbouring cities range on several sides,
dious Mars long plighted leagues divides,
o'er the wasted world in triumph rides.
four fierce coursers starting to the race,
r through the plain, and lengthen every pace:
reins, nor curbs, nor threatening cries they fear,
force along the trembling charioteer.

—JOHN DRYDEN.

THE PRAISES OF ITALY

VIRGIL

[From the *Georgics*, Book II]

But neither Median woods, (a plenteous land)
Fair Ganges, Hermus rolling golden sand,
Nor Bactria, nor the richer Indian fields,
Nor all the gummy stores Arabia yields;
Nor any foreign earth of greater name,
Can with sweet Italy contend in fame.
No bulls, whose nostrils breathe a living flame,
Have turn'd our turf, no teeth of serpents here
Were sown, an armed host, an iron crop to bear.
But fruitful vines, and the fat olive's freight,
And harvest heavy with their fruitful weight,
Adorn our fields; and on the cheerful green,
The grazing flocks and lowing herds are seen.
The warrior horse, here bred, is taught to train:
There flows Clitumnus through the flowery plain;
Whose waves for triumphs, after prosperous war,
The victim ox and snowy sheep prepare.
Perpetual spring our happy climate sees;
Twice breed the cattle, and twice bear the trees;
And summer suns recede by slow degrees.
Our land is from the rage of tigers freed,
Nor nourishes the lion's angry seed;
Nor poisonous aconite is here produc'd,
Or grows unknown, or is, when known, refus'd.
Nor in so vast a length our serpents glide,
Or rais'd on such a spiry volume ride.
Next add our cities of illustrious name,
Their costly labour, and stupendous frame:

Our forts on steepy hills, that far below
See wanton streams in winding valleys flow.
Our twofold seas, that, washing either side,
A rich recruit of foreign stores provide.
Our spacious lakes; thee, Larius, first; and next
Benacus, with tempestuous billows vext.
Or shall I praise thy ports, and mention make
Of the vast mound that binds the Lucrine lake;
Or the disdainful sea, that, shut from thence,
Roars round the structure, and invades the fence;
There, where secure the Julian waters glide,
Or where Avernus' jaws admit the Tyrrhene tide;
Our quarries deep in Earth were fam'd of old
For veins of silver, and for ore of gold;
Th' inhabitants themselves their country grace;
Hence rose the Marsian and Sabellian race;
Strong-limb'd and stout, and to the wars inclin'd,
And hard Ligurians, a laborious kind;
And Volscians, arm'd with iron-headed darts,
Besides an offspring of undaunted hearts,
The Decii, Marii, great Camillus came
From hence, and greater Scipio's double name:
And mighty Cæsar, whose victorious arms
To farthest Asia carry fierce alarms;
Avert unwarlike Indians from his Rome;
Triumph abroad, secure our peace at home.
Hail, sweet Saturnian soil! of fruitful grain
Great parent, greater of illustrious men,
For thee my tuneful accents will I raise,
And treat of arts disclos'd in ancient days:
Once more unlock for thee the sac
spring,
And old Ascræan verse in Roman ci
sing.

—JOHN DRYDEN

SPRING

VIRGIL

[From the *Georgics*, Book II]

Be not seduc'd with wisdom's em
shows,
To stir the peaceful ground when Bo
blows.
When winter frosts constrain the f
with cold,
The fainty root can take no steady h
But when the golden spring reveals
year,
And the white bird returns, whom
pents fear;
That season deem the best to plant
vines,
Next that, is when autumnal warmth
clines;
Ere heat is quite decay'd, or cold beg
Or Capricorn admits the winter Su
The spring adorns the woods, ren
the leaves,
The womb of Earth the genial seed
ceives.
For then almighty Jove descends,
pours
Into his buxom bride his fruitful show
And, mixing his large limbs with hers
feeds
Her birth with kindly juice, and fos
teeming seeds.
Then joyous birds frequent the lo
grove,
And beasts, by Nature stung, re
their love.
Then fields the blades of bury'd corn
close,
And, while the balmy western sp
blows,

th to the breath her bosom dares expose.
h kindly moisture then the plants abound,
e grass securely springs above the ground;
e tender twig shoots upward to the skies,
d on the faith of the new Sun relies.
e swerving vines on the tall elms prevail,
hurt by southern showers or northern hail.
ey spread their gems the genial warmth to share,
d boldly trust the buds in open air.
this soft season (let me dare to sing)
e world was hatch'd by Heaven's imperial king:
prime of all the year, and holydays of spring.
en did the new creation first appear;
other was the tenour of the year:
en laughing Heaven did the great birth attend,
d eastern winds their wintry breath suspend:
en sheep first saw the Sun in open fields;
d savage beasts were sent to stock the wilds:
d golden stars flew up to light the skies,
d man's relentless race from stony quarries rise.
could the tender, new creation bear
excessive heats or coldness of the year;
, chill'd by winter, or by summer fir'd,
e middle temper of the spring requir'd,
en warmth and moisture did at once abound,
d Heaven's indulgence brooded on the ground.

—John Dryden.

Happy the Man

VIRGIL

[From the *Georgics*, Book II]

O happy, if he knew his happy state!
The swain, who, free from business and debate,
Receives his easy food from Nature's hand,
And just returns of cultivated land!
No palace, with a lofty gate, he wants,
T' admit the tides of early visitants,
With eager eyes devouring, as they pass,
The breathing figures of Corinthian brass;
No statues threaten from high pedestals;
No Persian arras hides his homely walls,
With antic vests; which, through their shady fold,
Betray the streaks of ill-dissembled gold.
He boasts no wool, whose native white is dy'd
With purple poison of Assyrian pride.
No costly drugs of Araby defile
With foreign scents the sweetness of his oil.
But easy quiet, a secure retreat,
A harmless life that knows not how to cheat,
With homebred plenty the rich owner bless,
And rural pleasures crown his happiness.
Unvex'd with quarrels, undisturb'd with noise,
The country king his peaceful realm enjoys:
Cool grots, and living lakes, the flowery pride
Of meads, and streams that through the valley glide,
And shady groves that easy sleep invite,
And after toilsome days a soft repose at night.
Wild beasts of nature in his woods abound;
And youth, of labour patient, plough the ground,
Inur'd to hardship, and to homely fare,

Nor venerable age is wanting there,
In great examples to the youthful train;
Nor are the gods ador'd with rites profane.
From hence Astrea took her flight, and here
The prints of her departing steps appear.
Ye sacred Muses, with whose beauty fir'd,
My soul is ravish'd, and my brain inspir'd;
Whose priest I am, whose holy fillets wear,
Would you your poet's first petition hear:
Give me the ways of wandering stars to know:
The depths of Heaven above, and Earth below.
Teach me the various labours of the Moon,
And whence proceed th' eclipses of the Sun.
Why flowing tides prevail upon the main,
And in what dark recess they shrink again,
What shakes the solid earth, what cause delays
The summer nights, and shortens winter days.
But if my heavy blood restrain the flight
Of my free soul, aspiring to the height
Of Nature and unclouded fields of light;
My next desire is, void of care and strife,
To lead a soft, secure, inglorious life:
A country cottage near a crystal flood,
A winding valley, and a lofty wood.
Some god conduct me to the sacred shades,
Where bacchanals are sung by Spartan maids,
Or lift me high to Hemus' hilly crown;
Or in the plains of Tempe lay me down:
Or lead me to some solitary place,
And cover my retreat from human race.
Happy the man, who, studying Nature's laws,
Through known effects can trace the secret cause.
His mind possessing in a quiet state,
Fearless of Fortune, and resign'd to Fa
And happy too is he, who decks bowers
Of sylvans, and adores the rural powe
Whose mind, unmov'd, the bribes courts can see;
Their glittering baits and purple slave
Nor hopes the people's praise, nor fe their frown,
Nor when contending kindred tear crown,
Will set up one, or pull another down.
Without concern he hears, but he from far,
Of tumults and descents, and distant w
Nor with a superstitious fear is aw'd,
For what befals at home, or what abro
Nor envies he the rich their heapy sto
Nor his own peace disturbs, with pity the poor.
He feeds on fruits, which, of their o accord,
The willing ground and laden trees affo
From his lov'd home no lucre him c draw;
The senate's bad decrees he never sa
Nor heard, at bawling courts, corrupt law.
Some to the seas and some to cam resort,
And some with impudence invade t court.
In foreign countries others seek renow
With wars and taxes others waste th own,
And houses burn, and household g deface,
To drink in bowls which glittering ge enchase:
To loll on couches, rich with cytr steds,
And lay their guilty limbs on Tyri beds;
This wretch in earth entombs his gold ore,
Hovering and brooding on his bur store.
Some patriot fools to popular pra aspire

public speeches, which worse fools admire;
le from both benches, with redoubled sounds,
applause of lords and commoners abounds.
e through ambition, or through thirst of gold,
e slain their brothers, or their country sold;
leaving their sweet homes, in exile run
lands that lie beneath another sun.
he peasant, innocent of all these ills,
n crooked ploughs the fertile fallows tills;
the round year with daily labour fills.
hence the country-markets are supply'd:
ugh remains for household charge beside:
wife and tender children to sustain,
gratefully to feed his dumb deserving train.
cease his labours, till the yellow field
ll return of bearded harvest yield:
op so plenteous as the land to load,
come the crowded barns, and lodge on ricks abroad.
s every several season is employ'd:
e spent in toil, and some in ease enjoy'd.
yeaning ewes prevent the springing year;
laded boughs their fruits in autumn bear:
then the vine her liquid harvest yields,
'd in the sunshine of ascending fields.
winter comes, and then the falling mast
greedy swine provides a full repast.
n olives, ground in mills, their fatness boast,
winter fruits are mellow'd by the frost.
cares are eas'd with intervals of bliss;
His little children climbing for a kiss,
Welcome their father's late return at night;
His faithful bed is crown'd with chaste delight.
His kine, with swelling udders, ready stand,
And, lowing for the pail, invite the milker's hand.
His wanton kids, with budding horns prepar'd,
Fight harmless battles in his homely yard:
Himself in rustic pomp, on holidays,
To rural powers a just oblation pays;
And on the green his careless limbs displays.
The hearth is in the midst; the herdsmen, round
The cheerful fire, provoke his health in goblets crown'd.
He calls on Bacchus, and propounds the prize;
The groom his fellow-groom at buts defies;
And bends his bows, and levels with his eyes,
Or, stript for wrestling, smears his limbs with oil,
And watches with a trip his foe to foil.
Such was the life the frugal Sabines led;
So Remus and his brother god were bred:
From whom th' austere Etrurian virtue rose,
And this rude life our homely fathers chose.
Old Rome from such a race deriv'd her birth,
(The seat of empire, and the conquer'd Earth;)
Which now on seven high hills triumphant reigns,
And in that compass all the world contains.
Ere Saturn's rebel son usurp'd the skies,
When beasts were only slain for sacrifice;
While peaceful Crete enjoy'd her ancient lord;

Ere sounding hammers forg'd th' inhuman sword;
Ere hollow drums were beat, before the breath
Of brazen trumpets rung the peals of death;
The good old god his hunger did assuage
With roots and herbs, and gave the golden age.

—JOHN DRYDEN.

THE SIMPLE LIFE

TIBULLUS

[From Book I]

Albius Tibullus (about 54 to 19 B.C.) was of equestrian rank and possessed of sufficient means to be independent. Of the details of his life little is known. Like the other Augustan elegists, though following in general the Alexandrians as his models, he draws his material directly from his own experience. Indeed the personal subjective character of all Roman elegy is that which gives it a distinction not attained by the Greek writers of the same form. Tibullus writes only of love, and the whole product of his pen fills but part of a very small collection of elegies that has come down to us under his name. The poet's ideal is "love in a cottage." The pastoral note in elegy is peculiar to Tibullus.

Their piles of golden ore let others heap,
And hold their countless roods of cultured soil,
Whom neighbouring foes in constant terror keep—
The weary victims of unceasing toil.

Let clang of arms and trumpet's blast dispel
The balmy sleep their hearts in vain desire;
At home in poverty and ease I'd dwell,
My heart aye gleaming with a cheerful fire.

In season due I'd plant the pliant vin
With skilful hand my swelling ap
rear;
Nor fail, blest Hope! but still to
consign
Rich fruits and vats abrim with
cheer.

For the lone stump afield I still rever
Or ancient stone, whence flowery
lands nod,
In cross-roads set: the first-fruits of
year
I duly offer to the peasant's god.

O fair-haired Ceres! let the spiky cr
Culled from my field, adorn thy shr
door aye;
Amid my orchards red Priapus frown,
And with his threatening bill the b
dismay.

Guards of a wealthy once, now p
domain,
Ye Lares! still my gift your ward
cheers;
A fatted calf did then your altars sta
To purify innumerable steers.

A lambkin now—a meagre offering—
From the few fields that still I re
mine,
Shall fall for you while rustic voices s
"Oh grant the harvest, grant the
erous wine!"

Now I can live content on scanty far
Nor for long travels do I bear the
'Neath some tree's shade I'd shun
Dog's fierce glare,
Beside the waters of a running rill.

Nor let me blush the while to wield
rake,
Or with the lash the laggard oxen
The straggling lamb within my bo
take,
Or kid, by heedless dam left lon
die.

re my small flock, ye thieves and
wolves! away
Where wealthier cotes an ampler booty
hold;
r my swain lustrations yearly pay,
nd soothe with milk the Goddess of
the fold.

n smile, ye gods! nor view with high
disdain
he frugal gifts clean earthen bowls
convey;
h earthen vessels erst the ancient
swain
Moulded and fashioned from the plas-
tic clay.

wealth and harvest-stores my sires
possessed
covet not: few sheaves will yield me
bread;
ugh; reclining on my couch to rest,
nd stretch my limbs upon the wonted
bed.

w sweet to lie and hear the wild winds
roar,
While to our breast the lovèd one we
strain;
when the cold South's sleety torrents
pour,
o sleep secure, lulled by the plashing
rain!

s lot be mine: let him be rich, 'tis fair,
Who braves the wrathful sea and
tempests drear:
rather perish gold and gems than
e'er
ne fair one for my absence shed a
tear!

ntless, Messala, scour the earth and
main
o deck thy home with warfare's
spoils; 'tis well:
here a lovely maiden's bonds enchain,
t her hard door, a sleepless sentinel.

Delia, I court not praise, if mine thou be;
Let men cry lout and clown, I'll bear
the brand;
In my last moments let me gaze on thee,
And dying, clasp thee with my falter-
ing hand!

Thou'lt weep to see me laid upon the bier,
That will too soon the flames' mad fury
feel;
Thou'lt mingle kisses with the bitter tear,
For thine no heart of stone, no breast
of steel.

Nor only thou wilt weep; no youth, no
maid,
With tearless eye, will from my tomb
repair:
But, Delia, vex not thou thy lover's
shade;
Thy tender cheeks, thy streaming
tresses spare!

Love's joys be ours while still the Fates
allow,
Soon death will come with darkly-
mantled head;
Dull age creeps on, and love-cup or love-
vow
Becomes no forehead when its snows
are shed.

Then let us worship Venus while we may,
With brow unblushing, burst the bolted
door
And join with rapture in the midnight
fray,
Your leader I—Love's soldier proved
of yore.

Hence flags and trumpets! me ye'll never
lure;
Bear wounds and wealth to warriors
bent on gain:
I, in my humble competence secure,
Shall wealth and poverty alike disdain.

—James Cranstoun.

War and Peace

TIBULLUS

[From Book I]

The love poets were made the objects of reproach because they kept themselves entirely apart from all activities of public life and were interested only in their own passion. Peace was a theme to be celebrated by all men, but avoidance of war for personal comfort met only with scorn. The lover hates war not because of what it is, but because it separates him from his mistress.

Who was the man first forged the fatal blade?
Oh! cruel he and of an iron soul!
Then war and carnage first made gory raid,
Opening a shorter way to life's drear goal.

Yet blameless he: we've turned to woe, I ween,
The weapons formed to slay the savage beast.
'Tis gold's to blame: no wars had ever been
While still the beechen platter graced the feast.

Man reared nor towers nor forts: from all alarms
Swains slept secure, while roamed their flocks around:
Would then I'd lived, nor known of baneful arms,
Nor heard with quivering heart the trumpet's sound.

I'm dragged to war, and now, perchance, some foe
Bears the dread shaft that's doomed to pierce my side;
Save! ye paternal gods who watched me grow
And gambol at your feet, an infant pride.

Blush not ye're fashioned from an ancie
tree,
So were ye in my grandsire's lov
domain;
Then faith was fair, and offerings po
but free
Were yours, dear hearth-gods, in yo
humble fane.

And ye were blessed if vintage ev
flowed,
Or spiky garland girt your holy bro
The swain gave cakes, while maid
hands bestowed
Pure honeycomb, when ye had hea
his vow.

Drive hence the brazen shaft, and fro
my sty
A pig to you, dear gods, shall be co
signed;
While, robed in white, brow myrtl
wreathed, I'll hie
Behind you bearing baskets myrtl
twined.

Still smile on me, let valiant breas
assail
And smite down hostile chiefs along tl
line;
Here let me drink and hear the soldier
tale,
And see him sketch his battle-fiel
with wine.

Ah me! why court dark death in war? a
round
It creeps unseen and silent, ever nea
Below, no crops—no vines—but the fier
hound
And the grim boatman of the Stygia
mere.

And there with sunken chaps and hal
burnt hair
By the dark lake the wan-faced tenan
roam;
Far happier he who with his own ma
share

age and competence the joys of
home.

tends his sheep, his son the lambs,
and aye
is loving wife her weary husband
cheers.
nay I live and see my hair grow grey,
nd tell, when old, the deeds of early
years.

e dwell with us! fair Peace and none
before
oked to the curvèd plough the sturdy
steer;
e reared the vine—with vine-juice
filled the store
ith which the sire his loving son
might cheer.

rish in peace the mattock and the
share,
hile rust in darkness rots the war-
rior's arms—
jolly swains from groves in waggons
bear
heir wives and children back to smil-
ing farms.

rage the wars of Love: her tresses
rent
he maiden mourns, and weeps o'er
broken doors,
tender cheeks all bruised, till, peni-
tent,
he victor e'en his ruthlessness de-
plores.

sits and fills with taunts the angry
pair,
he tricksome elf enjoying all the
scene—
steel and stone the man who'd strike
the fair;
he gods are wroth at such a deed, I
ween.

gh, if he should tear her silken vest,
spoil the wreaths that round her
tresses creep,
Or move her heart to tears: oh! four
times blest
Is he whose ire can make a maiden
weep!

Let savage warriors wield the sword and
spear,
But keep aloof from gentle damsel's
door;
Come, bounteous Peace! still hold the
wheaten ear,
And from thy joyous lap rich fruits
outpour.

—James Cranstoun.

A Rural Festival

TIBULLUS

[From Book II]

We cleanse the fruits and fields: be mute
each tongue:
This rite our fathers did of old ordain.
Come, Bacchus, come! thy horns with
clusters hung!
Come, Ceres, crowned with ears of
golden grain!

Let soil and tiller keep this feast alway,
Suspend the share—be no hard labour
here;
Unchain the yoke; at well-filled stalls
to-day
'Tis meet with garlands ye should
crown the steer.

Let rapt devotion reign, nor woman dare
To ply the spindle while we pay the
rite;
Hence far and from the altars all repair,
Who've sought the joys of Venus
yesternight.

Chaste things please heaven: with
raiment pure attend:
Make clean your hands with water
from the spring;

See the doomed lamb the blazing mound ascend,
White crowds with olive chaplets following.

Gods of our sires! we lustrate hind and plain,
Drive from our confines every cause of bale;
May ne'er unfruitful blades deceive the swain,
Nor fleet-foot wolves his helpless lambs assail.

Then the sleek rustic, cheered with hopes benign,
Large fagots on his blazing hearth will pile,
And crowds of born-thralls—comfort's surest sign—
Play round the Lar, and make twig bowers the while.

My prayers are heard: the auspicious entrails, see!
Declare the rural gods of peaceful mind;
Now bring the smoked Falernian jars for me
Of ancient date: the Chian casks unbind.

Pass round the wine; on this glad morn be gay;
To reel and stagger now be held no shame;
Let each one drink Messala's health to-day,
Each tongue resound the absent hero's name.

Famed for thy triumphs over Aquitaine,
Shedding great glory o'er thy bearded sires!
Oh come, Messala! aid me in the strain
Which homage to the vernal powers inspires.

The fields and rural gods are now
theme,
Who made our sires for acorns c
to roam,
Taught them to build their log-huts b
by beam,
And thatch with leafy boughs t
humble home.

They trained the steer the bended y
to bear,
Placed wheels beneath the cart, a
by degrees,
Weaned man primeval from his sav
fare,
And bade the orchards smile w
fruitful trees.

Then fertile gardens drank the water
wave—
Then first the purple fruitage of
vine,
Pressed by fair feet, immortal nec
gave;
Then water first was blent with g
erous wine.

The fields bear harvests, when the D
star's heat
Bids earth each year her golden h
ours shed;
And in spring's lap bees gather ho
sweet,
And fill their combs from many a flo
bed.

Returning from the plough, the we
swain
First sang his rustic lays in measu
tread,
And, supper o'er, tried on oat-pipe so
strain
To play before his gods brow-chaplet

He, vermil-stained, great Bacchus! f
made bold
To lead the untutored chorus on
floor,

(valued prize!) from forth a numer-
ous fold
ceived a goat to swell his household
store.

g hands first strung spring flow'rets
in the fields,
d with a wreath the ancient gods
arrayed;
its soft fleece the tender lambkin
yields,
form a task for many a tender maid.

e wool and distaffs fill the house-
wife's room,
d nimble thumbs deft spindles keep
in play;
e maidens sing and ply the busy
loom,
nce rings the web beneath the driven
ay.

Cupid, too, 'tis said, was born and
nursed
ong sheep and cattle and unbroken
mares;
with unskilful bow he practised
first—
w with a skilful hand the weapon
bears.

cattle now, as heretofore, his prey,
t blooming maids and men of stal-
wart frame;
bs the youth, and makes the grey-
beard say,

At scornful maiden's threshold, words
of shame.

Yea, led by love, alone the maiden steals
'Mid sleeping guards, to her fond lover
bound,
Breathless with fear her way on tiptoe
feels—
Her fingers groping through the dark-
ness round.

O wretched they who drain love's bitter
draughts!
O happy they who 'neath his smiles
abide!
Hie to our feast, blest Boy! but leave thy
shafts,
And far away thy flaming torches hide.

Swains! laud and call him to your flocks
aloud,
But to yourselves in silence and alone,
Or loud and free—now rave the jocund
crowd,
And the curved pipe outpours its
Phrygian tone.

Sport on! Night yokes her steeds: with
nimble tread
The golden stars behind her chariot
wheel;
Then silent sleep, with tawny wings out-
spread,
And gloom-wrapt dreams, behind them
tottering steal.

—James Cranstoun.

IV. THE POET LAUREATE: HORACE

intus Horatius Flaccus was born at
sia in southern Italy in 65 B.C. His
r, a freedman, gave him the best
ling the town afforded, and then ac-
anied him to Rome to attend him
he pursued his studies further under
est teachers of the capital. Horace
s that he owes the best things in his
training to the common sense and wise
guidance of his uneducated father. After
his military experience under Brutus at
Philippi in 42 B.C. he returned to Rome
and supported himself as a quæstor's
clerk. He was introduced to Mæcenas by
Virgil and received from him the cele-
brated Sabine farm, which afforded him

sufficient independence to free him for the writing of poetry. He died in 8 B.C.

Horace may be called the poet laureate of the Augustan court not because of any formal appointment to such a position, but because better than any other writer of the time he gave expression to the ideas current among persons of the court and on occasion wrote official poems by request. In the early days of his career he had been an ardent republican, but later he accepted the new régime and gradually became one of its most eloquent promoters.

The principle of contrast is probably the secret of the intimacy of the two great protégés of Mæcenas, Virgil and Horace—the former serious, mystic, withdrawn, and the latter fun-loving, matter-of fact, and a keen observer of contemporary life. Horace's *Epodes* and *Satires* reveal the critical bent of his mind and his fine sense of humor. His *Odes,* graceful and quite perfect in phrasing, treat of a great variety of subjects of common experience—of love and wine, of friendship, of nature, of the gods, of the virtues. The *Epistles* are the product of his maturity, when he had become mellowed by long experience and found his happiness in meditation on philosophical and literary themes.

THE PRAISES OF AUGUSTUS

Augustus Regent

[*Odes* I, 12]

Horace gives Augustus full credit for the happy era of peace and prosperity enjoyed during his administration. The contrast with the preceding period of civil wars heightened the appreciation of the value of peace. Of the many poems singing the praises of the emperor only three are given here.

Clio, what man, what hero, or what God
Shall wake thy lyre—thy flute with sweetness thrill;
Whose name shall playful echo send abroad
In whispers from her hill?

Whether on Helicon's umbrageous sic
Or Pindus' height, or Hæmus' peak
snow,
Whence suddenly, self-woo'd, the for
glide
As Orpheus' numbers flow.

And by the art his goddess mother ga
He bids the rivers pause, the wi
delay;
The oaks as in gigantic strength t
wave
Hear and his lute obey.

Father Supreme, of earth and oc
King—
Ruler of all things human and divin
Guide of the world, whose praises ca
sing
Before I utter thine?

None greater than thyself has spru
from thee;
None like, none second to thy pow'r
found;
Yet Pallas next, thy wondrous progen
Is after thee renown'd.

Victorious Bacchus, how can I abstain
To laud thy name? Or thine, th
virgin foe
Of the fierce forest tribes? Or th
refrain,
Lord of the fatal bow?

Alcides sing I,—and each royal twin,-
The wild-steed tamer and the arm
might;—
When on the mariners their stars beg
To pour their silver light,

Down from the cliffs the showers of sp
distil,
The winds are lulled, the clo
obedient flee;
The mountain waves, subservient to th
will,
Sink down upon the sea.

l Romulus, or Numa's tranquil reign,
fford the fittest theme to celebrate?—
l Tarquin's haughty rule awake the
strain,
r Cato's noble fate?

Regulus, the Scauri and (of life
oo prodigal on Cannæ's bloody
field)
us, and old Fabricius, verses rife
ith grace their fame shall yield.

n poverty and the ancestral farm
rained these, and Curius rough with
tangled hair,
war; and nerved Camillus' mighty
arm
he battle's toil to dare.

spreads a tree, so grows Marcellus'
fame
ith every year; the Julian orb afar
ms bright, as when the moonbeam's
lambent flame
hines each minor star.

ier and guardian of the human race—
ffspring of Saturn—thine by destiny,
it Cæsar's charge. Thou art su-
preme; his place
cond to none but thee:—

ther when Parthia threatened with
her hosts
air Latium, their repulse his triumph
gained;
ndia's tribes, or hordes from China's
coasts
is mighty hand restrained.

hy behalf still may he rule the world;
ake with thy ponderous car the
worlds above!
thee th' avenging bolts of heaven be
hurled
n each polluted grove.

—William Dowe.

The Peace of Augustus

[*Odes* IV, 5]

God-given guardian of Quirinus' sons,
The sacred Senate holds thy promise
dear;
Return, return; too long his absence runs
Who spake of brief delay and is not
here.

Restore to Rome the radiance of that
face
Which, smiling on us like the budding
year,
Can lend to gracious day a novel grace,
And gift the sunshine with a warmer
cheer:

For as some mother hungering for her
son—
Fast bound beyond the far Carpa-
thean swell
By jealous gales till all the year be done,
In exile from the home that loves him
him well,—

Calls him with vows and prayers and
augur's art,
Her eyes still set toward the sinuous
sand,
So from a grateful people's faithful heart
A cry for Cæsar echoes through the
land.

For safe the cattle range the peaceful
mead,—
Ceres the mead and glad Abundance
bless;
O'er bloodless seas the flying galleys
speed;
And faith is fearful of unfaithfulness.

Our homes are pure and happy, every
one;
Good laws, good customs cleanse our
leprosies;
The father's face is imaged in the son;
Immediate vengeance follows hard on
vice.

Who recks of dwellers in the Scythian
snows?
Who dreads the Mede? Who fears, if
Cæsar reign,
Yon savage brood the Teuton forest
knows?
Or who is troubled for the war with
Spain?

Each sees the sun down in his native
glen,
There wedding widower elm and tender
vine;
Then blithely hies him homeward, and
again
Crowns his glad cup and bids thee bless
the wine.

Thee with all prayer, with all libation
thee,
Thee in the number of his Lares set
He worships; so Hellenic piety
To Castor and Alcides paid its debt.

Good chief, with years of joy thy coun-
try dower!
Thus at the dawn of days not yet be-
gun
Dry-lipped we pray; and thus in wassail
hour
When couched in ocean sleeps the
weary sun.

—T. R. Clark.

The Restorer[1]

[*Odes* IV, 15]

On siege and battlefield I mused,
Of martial themes I wished to sing,
But Phœbus chid—my lyre refused
To speak, and mute was every string;
He bade me furl my little sails,
Nor rashly tempt Tyrrhenian gales.

'Tis thine, O Cæsar, to restore
To wasted fields their wealth of c
And standards that we lost of yore,
From haughty Parthia's colu
torn,—
Bring back in triumph to our shrin
Of Jupiter Capitoline.

Beneath thy sway we live in peace,
The double gates of Janus close,
Outbursts of vagrant license cease,
And all is order and repose;
Thy hand that stays the people's cri
Restores the arts of olden times;

Arts which have spread the Latin na
Increased the might of Italy,
Founded the empire's matchless fam
And all embracing majesty,
Till they have spanned the earth's ex
From sunset to the Orient.

While we have Cæsar at our head,
Serene custodian of the State,
No civil fury shall we dread,
Nor feuds that cities desolate;
The rage that fires barbarian hordes
Shall never sharpen Roman swords.

Not they who dwell upon its banks
And the deep Danube's waters dr
No faithless Parthian's quivered rank
No natives of the Tanais' brink,
No tribes about the Larian lake,
The Julian edicts dare to break.

These themes I leave; the lot be n
On common and on festal days,
With Bacchus' gifts of flowers and w
To mingle my congenial lays,—
And while our wives and children sh
In offerings of peace and prayer,

We'll, like our fathers, celebrate—
In songs that blend with Lydian pipe
The men in simple virtues great,
Our captains of the ancient types;
Anchises, Troy, our themes shall b
And genial Venus' progeny.

—J. O. Sargen

[1] Reprinted from J. O. Sargent, *Horatian Echoes*, by permission of Miss Georgiana W. Sargent.

The Century Song

fter ten years of the rule of Augustus new age was celebrated by elaborate es and ceremonies. Among the latter the singing of a choral ode by boys girls. That Horace was chosen to e the song indicates an official recog- n of him as poet laureate.

hœbus, and O forest-queen Diana,
he twin lustrous ornament of heaven,
ugh ever holy, in this time most hal- lowed,
e most benign to prayer!

duly now, as Sibyl verse enjoins us,
youths, with chosen virgins linked in chorus,
Powers divine o'er the Seven Hills presiding,
plift the solemn hymn.

un, the nurturer, in bright chariot leading
into light to hide it under shadow,
still the same, yet other, mayst thou never
e aught more great than Rome!

t Ilithyia, mild to watch o'er mothers,
aid the timely coming of the new- born,
ther thou rather wouldst be as Lucina
r Genetalis hailed,

dess as each, mature our offspring; prosper
law that guards the sanctity of marriage,
may it give new blossom and new fruitage
the grand parent-stem!

at as each eleventh solemnial decade
nd to its close, this sacred feast re- newing,

In song and sport, assembled Rome may hallow
Three days and joyful nights.

And ye, O Parcæ, who have sung pro- phetic
Truths, which, once said, the sure events determine,
Fixed as divine decrees,—a glorious fu- ture
Join to the glorious past.

Fertile in fruits and flocks, let Earth maternal
With spiked corn-wreath crown the brow of Ceres;
Pure from all taint let airs and dews of heaven
Nourish the new-born life.

Mild, all thine arrows sheathed within the quiver,
Hear thy boy-suppliants, merciful Apollo;
Hear thy girl-votaries, crescent-crowned Luna,
Queen of the clustered stars.

If Rome be your work—if beneath your safeguard
A band of wanderers, Ilion's scanty rem- nant,
Ordained to change their cities and their Lares,
Have held this Tuscan land—

They, unto whom, through Troy that blazed unharming,
Pure-souled Æneas, his lost land's sur- vivor,
Opened free path, and heritage more ample
Than aught relinquished gave;

Gods, grant to docile youth worth's up- right manners—
Gods, grant to placid age worth's calm contentment—

Grant to the Roman race growth, power, and riches,
And all that can adorn!

Bless him who nears with milk-white steers your altars,
Whose blood flows bright from Venus and Anchises;
Still every foe in battle may he conquer,
And after conquest spare.

Awed by our arms, and by the Alban lictors,
Now the Mede owns our power on land and ocean;
Now Ind and Scythia, she of late so haughty,
To Rome for pardon sue.

Now Faith and Peace, and antique Shame and Honor
Flock fearless back, and Virtue long-neglected;
And with them comes their sure companion Plenty,
Rich with o'erflowing horn.

May he adorned with fulgent bow—the Augur,
Phœbus, the darling of the nine Camenæ—
He the mild Healer, lifting the sore burden
That weighs down weary limbs—

If shrines in Palatine he views with favor,
The coming lustre bless, and link it onward
To those yet brighter, through all time prolonging
Rome and the Latian race.

And oh, may she who holds the sacred hill-tops
Of Aventine and Algidus, Diana,
To the Fifteen, and to her own young vot'ries,
Lend an approving ear!

So we, the choir of Dian and of Phœb
Versed in their praise, take home with
hope certain
That, heard by Jove and each divine
mortal,
These words are felt in heaven.
—Bulwer-Lytton

ROMAN VIRTUES

Simplicity

[*Odes* III, 1]

Augustus wisely made use of his
of letters to aid him in his measures
reform. A large proportion of Horac
Odes is devoted to the celebration of th
virtues which he regarded as forming
very foundation of the state. Of th
given below five are from a series writt
more or less officially in his capacity
court poet, but themes of like nature a
to be found throughout his work.

I loathe an uninitiate ear!
Hush! Let the Muses' minion raise
A psalm unsung in elder days
For youths and maids alone to hear.

Kings keep their subject flocks in aw
Themselves to Jove obedience owe,
Triumphant o'er his Titan foe,
And nodding universal law.

And man than man in planted lands
Is richer; one in right of birth
Seeks office, one pleads moral wor
And one the clients he commands:

But destiny assigns in turn
To king and clown impartial doom;
And every name hath ample room
To jostle in her ballot urn.

A naked sword the guilty keep
Poised overhead: to tempt their ta
Sicilian feasts their science waste;
Nor harp nor song-bird summon sleep.

› undisdainful of the herd,
veet sleep in lowly cots abides,
nd in the shade of river sides,
dells of Tempe zephyr-stirred.

› asks the needful, nothing more,
im no tumultuous seas appal;
e frets not, though Arcturus fall,
Hædus rise in wild uproar;

ugh fields deny the promised gain,
nd vines be beaten down of hail,
nd orchards tell a piteous tale
›arching stars, and frost, and rain.

ding earthworks leave a dearth
f ocean for the scaly race,
here builders' gangs usurp its space
ouse a master tired of earth.

fear and menace dog his track,
beit from tower to tower he flits;
lack care in brazen galleys sits,
clings behind the horseman's back.

n why, since souls with sorrow rent
›t Phrygian stone, Falernian jars,
wear of purples bright as stars,
Achæmenian balms content,

build—to win but envy thus—
pillared mansion huge and strange?
why my Sabine vale exchange
riches more laborious?

—T. R. Clark.

Endurance and Faithfulness

[*Odes* III, 2]

teach our sturdy youth the trade of war,
to sustain the mean estate and poor,
school the camp, until the harassed Mede
error turn before his spear and steed,
ake the inclement sky, till from the town
warring emperor's dame with sighs look down,
And royal maid may gaze with sighs, and say:
"O grant my lord, unskilled in war's array,
Cross not with yonder lion in the fray,
With angry-chafing ravin as he goes
O'er fields of carnage to amaze his foes."
How blest is he who for his country dies,
Since death pursues the coward as he flies!
The youth in vain would fly from Fate's attack,
With trembling knees, and Terror at his back;
Though Fear should lend him pinions like the wind.
Yet swifter fate will seize him from behind.
Virtue repulsed yet knows not to repine;
But shall with unattainted honour shine;
Nor stoops to take the staff, nor lays it down,
Just as the rabble please to smile or frown.
Virtue that spurns on upward pinions bound
The crowd low-thoughted, and the humid ground,
Virtue, to crown her favourites, loves to try
Some new unbeaten passage to the sky;
Where Jove a seat among the gods will give
To those who die for meriting to live.
Next, faithful Silence hath a sure reward;
Within our breast be every secret barr'd!
He who betrays his friend shall never be
Under one roof, or in one ship with me:
For who with traitors would his safety trust,
Lest with the wicked, Heaven involve the just?
And though the villain 'scape a while, he feels
Slow vengeance, like a bloodhound, at his heels.

—Jonathan Swift.

Steadfastness

[From *Odes* III, 3]

The righteous man of purpose fixed and strong
Scorns the depraved commands
Of angry Faction clamouring for wrong,
Nor fears the Despot's frown. Not Auster's roar
Whitening the restless wave on Adria's shore,
Not the red thunder hurled
From Jove's avenging hands
Can shake his solid will. Unmoved he stands
Erect amid the ruins of a world.
Thus rose Alcides to the flaming skies:
Thus Leda's son to those Divine abodes
Where couched among th' Immortals Cæsar lies
Drinking with purpled lip the nectar of the Gods.
Thus Bacchus clomb to Jove's Olympian throne
Drawn by wild tigers, ivy garlanded:
Thus, strong and true, Rome's mighty founder sped,
Wafted by steeds of Mars to Heaven, not Acheron.

—Stephen DeVere.

Wisdom

[From *Odes* III, 4]

Force lacking judgment falls by its own weight:
Force held in rein the gods to high estate
Advance, but hate the soul
Whose strength makes any guilt its goal.

The hundred-handed Gyas to my view
Bears witness, and ill-famed Orion too,
Who Dian sought to stain,
And fell by maiden's arrow slain.

Earth sorrows as she folds her mons
deep,
And mourns her sons by lightning's b
ing sweep
To Orcus hurled: fleet flame
Has failed to gnaw through Æt
frame;

And, sentry set o'er guilt, the warder
From lustful Tityos hath never stir
And weight of countless chains
Pirithous from love restrains.

—J. H. Deazeley

Courage

[*Odes* III, 5]

Jove rules the skies, his thunder wieldi
Augustus Cæsar, thou on earth shalt
Enthroned a present Deity;
Britons and Parthian hordes to R
their proud necks yielding.

Woe to the Senate that endures to se
(O fire extinct of old nobility!)
The soldier dead to honour and to p
Ingloriously abide
Grey-headed mate of a Barbarian br
Freeman of Rome beneath a Med
King:

Woe to the land that fears to fling
Its curse, not ransom, to the slave
Forgetful of the shield of Mars,
Of Vesta's unextinguished flame,
Of Roman garb, of Roman name;
The base unpitied slave who dares
From Rome his forfeit life to crave
In vain;—Immortal Jove still reigns
high:
Still breathes in Roman hearts the Sp
Liberty.

With warning voice of stern rebuke
Thus Regulus the Senate shook:
He saw, prophetic, in far days to co

heart corrupt, and future doom of
Rome.
ese eyes," he cried, "these eyes have
seen
bloodied swords from warriors torn,
l Roman standards nailed in scorn
)n Punic shrines obscene;
ve seen the hands of free-born men
enched back and bound; th' un-
guarded gate;
d fields our war laid desolate
Romans tilled again.
iat! will the gold-enfranchised slave
turn more loyal and more brave?
Ye heap but loss on crime!
e wool that Cretan dyes distain
n ne'er its virgin hue regain;
d valour fallen and disgraced
vives not in a coward breast
Its energy sublime.
e stag released from hunter's toils
)m the dread sight of man recoils.
he more brave than when of old
ranged his forest free? Behold
him your soldier! He has knelt
faithless foes; he too has felt
e knotted cord; and crouched beneath
Fear, not of shame, but Death,

'e sued for peace, tho' vowed to war:
ll such men, girt in arms once more,
sh headlong on the Punic shore?
! they will buy their craven lives
th Punic scorn and Punic gyves.
mighty Carthage, rearing high
y fame upon our infamy,
city, aye, an empire built
Roman ruins, Roman guilt."

)m the chaste kiss, and wild embrace
wife and babes he turned his face,
A man self-doomed to die;
en bent his manly brow, in scorn,
solved, relentless, sad, but stern,
To earth, all silently;
l counsel never heard before
d nerved each wavering Senator;
l flushed each cheek with patriot
shame,
And surging rose the loud acclaim;—
Then, from his weeping friends, in haste,
To exile and to death he passed.

He knew the tortures that Barbaric hate
Had stored for him. Exulting in his fate
With kindly hand he waved away
The crowds that strove his course to
stay.

He passed from all, as when in days of
yore,
His judgment given, thro' client throngs
he pressed
In glad Venafrian fields to seek his
rest,
Or Greek Tarentum on the Southern
shore.

—Stephen DeVere.

Purity

[*Odes* I, 22]

Fuscus, the man of upright life and pure,
Needeth nor javelin nor bow of Moor,
Nor arrows tipped with venom deadly-
sure.
Loading his quiver;

Whether o'er Afric's burning sands he
rides,
Or frosty Caucasus' bleak mountain-sides,
Or wanders lonely, where Hydaspes
glides,
That storied river.

For as I strayed along the Sabine wood,
Singing my Lalage in careless mood,
Lo, all at once a wolf before me stood,
Then turned and fled:

Creature so huge did warlike Daunia
ne'er
Engender in her forests' wildest lair,
Not Juba's land, parched nurse of lions,
e'er
Such monster bred.

Place me where no life-laden summer breeze
Freshens the meads, or murmurs 'mongst the trees,
Where clouds oppress, and withering tempests freeze
From shore to shore.

Place me beneath the sunbeam's fiercest glare,
On arid sands, no dwelling anywhere,
Still Lalage's sweet smile, sweet voice even there
I will adore.

—Theodore Martin.

CONTENTMENT

The Golden Mean

[*Odes* II, 10]

Horace's idea of contentment, as indicated in the poems below, is that of a golden mean. He would advocate a simple life, but not one wholly devoid of certain comforts and luxuries necessary to peace of mind. His opposition to great wealth and to the fame that comes of high position leaves out of the reckoning the opportunities for service which they offer. His thought is fixed upon what one gets from them rather than upon what one may give through them. But in the main he is fighting the general laxity of morals which was the accompaniment of luxurious living, and is holding up as a standard the ideals of the simple life of the good old days.

You better sure shall live, not evermore
Trying high seas; nor, while sea's rage you flee,
Pressing too much upon ill-harboured shore.

The golden mean who loves, lives safely free
From filth of foreworn house, and qu
lives,
Releas'd from court, where envy ne
must be.

The wind most oft the hugest pine t
grieves:
The stately towers come down w
greater fall:
The highest hills the bolt of thunc
cleaves.

Evil haps do fill with hope, good ha
appal
With fear of change, the courage w
prepar'd:
Foul winters, as they come, away th
shall.

Though present times, and past with ev
be snar'd,
They shall not last: with cithern sile
muse
Apollo wakes, and bow hath sometir
spar'd.

In hard estate, with stout shows, valo
use,
The same man still, in whom wisdom pr
vails;
In too full wind draw in thy swelli
sails.

—Philip Sidney.

Moderation in All Things

[*Satires* I, 1]

How comes it, say, Mæcenas, if you ca
That none will live like a contented m
Where choice or chance directs, but ea
must praise
The folk who pass through life by oth
ways?
"Those lucky merchants!" cries the s
dier stout,
When years of toil have well-nigh wo
him out:

t says the merchant, tossing o'er the
brine?
ı soldier's lot is happier, sure, than
mine:
short, sharp shock, and presto! all
is done:
h in an instant comes, or victory's
won."
lawyer lauds the farmer, when a
knock
urbs his sleep at crowing of the cock:
farmer, dragged to town on business,
swears
only citizens are free from cares.
ed not run through all: so long the
list,
us himself would weary and desist:
ake in brief my meaning: just sup-
pose
e God should come, and with their
wishes close:
, here am I, come down of my mere
grace
ight you: soldier, take the merchant's
place!
counsellor, the farmer's! go your
way,
here, one there! None stirring? all
say nay?
now? you won't be happy when you
may."
, after this, would Jove be aught to
blame
ith both cheeks he burst into a flame,
vowed, when next they pray, they
shall not find
temper easy, or his ear inclined?
ell, not to treat things lightly
(though for me,
truth may not be gay, I cannot see:
as, we know, judicious teachers coax
ı sugar-plum or cake their little folks
earn their alphabet):—still, we will
try
aver tone, and lay our joking by.
man that with his plough subdues
the land,
soldier stout, the vintner sly and
bland,
The venturous sons of ocean, all declare
That with one view the toils of life they
bear,
When age has come, and labour has
amassed
Enough to live on, to retire at last:
E'en so the ant (for no bad pattern she),
That tiny type of giant industry,
Drags grain by grain, and adds it to the
sum
Of her full heap, foreseeing cold to come:
Yet she, when winter turns the year to
chill,
Stirs not an inch beyond her moulded hill,
But lives upon her savings: you, more
bold,
Ne'er quit your gain for fiercest heat or
cold:
Fire, ocean, sword, defying all, you strive
To make yourself the richest man alive.
Yet where's the profit, if you hide by
stealth
In pit or cavern your enormous wealth?
"Why, once break in upon it, friend, you
know,
And, dwindling piece by piece, the whole
will go."
But, if 'tis still unbroken, what delight
Can all that treasure give to mortal
wight?
Say, you've a million quarters on your
floor:
Your stomach is like mine: it holds no
more:
Just as the slave who 'neath the bread-
bag sweats
No larger ration than his fellows gets.
What matters it to reasonable men
Whether they plough a hundred fields or
ten?
"But there's a pleasure, spite of all you
say,
In a large heap from which to take
away."
If both contain the modicum we lack,
Why should your barn be better than my
sack?
You want a draught of water: a mere urn,

Perchance a goblet, well would serve your turn:
You say, "The stream looks scanty at its head;
I'll take my quantum where 'tis broad instead."
But what befalls the wight who yearns for more
Than Nature bids him? down the waters pour,
And whelm him, bank and all; while he whose greed
Is kept in check, proportioned to his need,
He neither draws his water mixed with mud,
Nor leaves his wife behind him in the flood.
But there's a class of persons, led astray
By false desires, and this is what they say:
"You cannot have enough: what you possess,
That makes your value, be it more or less."
What answer would you make to such as these?
Why, let them hug their misery if they please,
Like the Athenian miser, who was wont
To meet men's curses with a hero's front:
"Folks hiss me," said he, "but myself I clap
When I tell o'er my treasures on my lap."
So Tantalus catches at the waves that fly
His thirsty palate—Laughing, are you? why?
Change but the name, of you the tale is told:
You sleep, mouth open, on your hoarded gold;
Gold that you treat as sacred, dare not use,
In fact, that charms you as a picture does.
Come, will you hear what wealth can fairly do?
'Twill buy you bread, and vegetables too,
And wine, a good pint measure: add this
Such needful things as flesh and blo would miss.
But to go mad with watching, nights a days
To stand in dread of thieves, fires, rur ways
Who filch and fly,—in these if wea consist,
Let me rank lowest on the paupe list.
"But if you suffer from a chill atta Or other chance should lay you on yo back,
You then have one who'll sit by yo bed-side,
Will see the needful remedies applied, And call in a physician, to restore
Your health, and give you to yo friends once more."
Nor wife nor son desires your welfar all
Detest you, neighbors, gossips, great a small.
What marvel if, when wealth's your c concern,
None offers you the love you never ear Nay, would you win the kinsmen Natu sends
Made ready to your hand, and keep the friends,
'Twere but lost labour, as if one shou train
A donkey for the course by bit a rein.
Make then an end of getting: kno the more
Your wealth, the less the risk of bei poor;
And, having gained the object of yo quest,
Begin to slack your efforts and take re Nor act like one Ummidius (never fe The tale is short, and 'tis the last you hear),
So rich, his gold he by the peck would t So mean, the slave that served h dressed as well;

to his dying day he went in dread
erishing for simple want of bread,
a brave damsel, of Tyndarid line
true descendant, clove him down the
chine.
What? would have me live like some
we know,
ius or Nomentanus?" There you go!
in extremes! in bidding you forsake
iser's ways, I say not, Be a rake.
xt Tanais and Visellius' sire-in-law
ep there is, and broader than a straw.
there's a mean in morals: life has
lines,
north and south of which all virtue
pines.
ow to resume our subject: Why, I
say,
ld each man act the miser in his way,
discontented with his natural lot,
praising those who have what he
has not?
should he waste with very spite, to
see
neighbour has a milkier cow than he,
think how much he's richer than
the mass,
always strive this man or that to
pass?
uch a contest, speed we as we may,
e's some one wealthier ever in the
way.
rom their base when vying chariots
pour,
driver presses on the car before,
es not a thought on rivals overpast;
leaves them to lag on among the
last.
e comes it that the man is rarely
seen
owns that his a happy life has been,
thankful for past blessings, with
good will
es, like one who has enjoyed his fill.
gh: you'll think I've rifled the scru-
tore
lind Crispinus, if I prose on more.

—John Conington.

On Luxury

[*Odes* II, 15]

These kingly piles the acres take
Once ploughed. The ponds dug round
us gain
Bounds wider than the Lucrine lake.
For elms, we plant the unwedded plane.

Myrtles abound, and violet beds,
And every flower, that yields a scent,
O'er olive-ground its perfume sheds,
That whilome brought its lord a rent.

Dense laurel shade shall stop the rays
Of summer. Ah! not such the rule
Of Romulus, nor Cato's ways
Too rude, nor all the elder school.

Romans were poor: but yet they made
Rome greatly rich. No measuring then
With ten-foot rod the colonnade
Tow'rd the cool North, for private men.

The common turf, that grew at large,
Those ancient laws bade all respect,
But freely at the public charge
With stone our towns and temples
decked.

—W. E. Gladstone.

True Happiness

[*Odes* II, 16]

Quiet! the trembling Merchant cries,
Into Egean Seas driven far:
When the Moon winks, and he descries
No guiding star.
Quiet! In war the Thracian bold;
Quiet! the Medes with quivers dight;
Not to be bought with gems, nor gold,
Nor purple bright.
For 'tis not wealth, nor armed troops,
Can tumults of the mind remove,
And cares, which about fretted roofs
Hover above.

His little's much, whose thrifty board
  Shines with a salt that was his sire's:
Who easie sleeps nor fears disturb,
  Nor base desires.
Why in short life eternal care?
  Why changing for another Sun?
Who having shun'd his native air,
  Himself could shun?
Take horse, rude Care will ride behind;
  Embarque, into thy ship she crouds:
Fleeter than stags, and the East-wind
  Chasing the Clouds.
Let minds of any joy possest,
  Sweeten with that whatever gall
Is mixt. No soul that ere was blest,
  Was blest in all.
The fam'd Achilles timeless dy'd,
  Old Tithon did his bliss outlive,
And Chance, what she to thee deny'd
  To me may give.
A hundred flocks about thee bleat,
  And fair Sicilian heifers low;
To thee large neighing mares curvete:
  In scarlet thou,
Twice-dipt, art clad. Indulgent fate
  Gave me a grange; a versing vein;
A heart which (injur'd) cannot hate
  But can disdain.

—Richard Fanshawe.

The Vanity of Riches

[*Odes* II, 18]

My ceiling shows not brave
  With gold or ivories;
No marble architrave
  On quarried pillars lies,
Which utmost Libya gave.

No despot did devise
  On me, a stranger heir,
His royal treasuries;
  No dames of birth prepare
For me Laconian dyes.

Pure faith is all my store,
  Faith, and so rich a vein
Of poet power and lore
  That wealth itself is fain
To seek this humble door.

I ask not Heaven to send
  Aught else; I never pressed
For more, my puissant friend,
  Who am entirely blessed
One Sabine farm to tend.

To-morrow ousts to-day;
  Young moons grow large and less;
Death dogs thy steps; but aye
  On marble palaces,
O fool, thy fancies stray,

Who, reckless of the tomb,
  Dost build, and 'mid the roar
Of Baian surf presume
  On the great sea, whose shore
Yields not ambition room.

What, shall this lust of gain
  Not even the landmarks keep
Which that is thine contain?
  This avarice o'er leap
Thy client's scant domain?

Thence the poor exiles fare,
  Husband and wife; and, strained
To their sad bosoms, bear
  Young babes all squalor-stained,
And gods, their father's care.

Natheless no other hall
  More surely shalt thou find,
Thou gilded prodigal,
  Than that by Death designed,
The greediest of us all.

What would'st thou? Earth's embrace
  Impartial shall enfold
King's son and peasant base:—
  Prometheus' guile and gold
From Charon gained no grace.

Proud Tantalus, he wears
  He and his race, the chains

Death, who needs no prayers
o lighten of their pains
world's worn labourers.
—T. R. Clark.

The Power of Gold

[*Odes* III, 16]

ower of brass held Danae immured;—
ng oaken doors and watch-dog's mid-
night bay
nst love too bold the royal maid
secured;
ut Jove and Venus smiled
cking her Sire, for gold will work its
way
ough guarded gates and sentinels be-
guiled.

old cleaves the fortress and the rock
h force more potent than the thun-
der's shock.
he Argive augur, sold
his false wife, Eriphyle, for gold,
d with his sons. The man of
Macedon
dued with bribes proud kings in arms
arrayed:
And Menas, won
Roman gold, a Roman fleet betrayed.

cenas! knighthood's boast! thou
knowest how
e thee I shrank from lifting of my
brow
ve my peers. To him whose modest
thrift
ies itself, Heaven sends its ampler
gift.
ed I fly the standard of the great,
seek the ranks of those who nought
desire,
e honoured thus despising vulgar
state
n if I should my bursting garners fill
h rich Apulia's grain heaped daily
higher,
Sitting 'mid worthless wealth, a beggar
still.

Enough for me my little wood, my
spring
Where Zephyr's cooling wing
Fans the crisp stream; my garden plot
Whose promised crop deceiveth not:—
The Afric despot knows no happier lot.

What though Calabrian bees for me
No honey filch from flower or tree—
What though no Gallic flocks increase
For me their wealth of snowy fleece—
What though no Formian vine
Ripens not in my bin its mellowing wine—
Content I live; not rich; yet free
From harsh unfortunate penury:
If more I claimed thou would'st not more
refuse.

True riches mean not revenues:
Care clings to wealth: the thirst for
more
Grows as our fortunes grow. I stretch
my store
By narrowing my wants; far wealthier
thus
Than if the treasures of Alatteus
And Phrygia's plains were mine. We
are not poor
While nought we seek. Happiest to
whom high Heaven
Enough—no more—with sparing hand
has given.
—Stephen DeVere.

ORIENTALISM

The Fall of Cleopatra

[*Odes* I, 37]

This cry of triumph is inspired not only by the thought of the removal of an enemy, but also by the feeling that Cleopatra's death was a definite check put upon the further invasion into Roman civilization of the undermining influences of the Orient.

Drink we now, and dancing round,
Press with footsteps free the ground;
Pour we now the rosy wine,
And, in honour of the gods,
Comrades, in their own abodes
Pile we the banquet on each holy shrine.

Sin it were ere now to pour
Forth the cellar's generous store;
While the haughty queen of Nile,
With her base and scurvy crew,
Dared unbridled to pursue
Wild hopes, and drunk with Fortune's favouring smile,

Madly dreamed the Capitol
Soon should totter to its fall,
And the Empire's self should die;
But her spirit quailed awhile,
When of all the ships of Nile
From Rome's avenging fires scarce one could fly.

Then assailed her stricken soul
Frenzied with the wassail bowl
Terrors true, and wild despair,
When (as falcon from above
Pounces on the timorous dove,
Or hunters o'er Hæmon's snow the hare)

Oar and sail incessant plying
As he marked her galleys flying,
Cæsar urged her headlong race:
Deeming that his wondrous prize
Soon would gladden Roman eyes,
And bound in chains his haughty triumph grace.

Nobly she to death resigned,
Not with woman's shrinking mind,
Gazed upon the deadly knife;
Nor within some friendly creek
Basely lurking, did she seek
To save from death a now dishonoured life.

On her prostrate Citadel
Dared her dauntless eye to dwell:
Firm of purpose, calm she stood,
Holding with unflinching grasp,
To her breast applied the asp,
Whose venom dire she drank through her blood.

Sternly resolute she died;
Nor could stoop her royal pride,
That, reserved to swell a show,
She a Woman and a Queen,
Should be led like captive mean
Through streets of Rome to grace conquering foe.

—Earl of Derby

Persian Luxury

[*Odes* I, 38]

Boy, I hate their empty shows,
Persian garlands I detest,
Bring not me the late-blown rose,
Lingering after all the rest.
Plainer myrtle pleases me,
Thus outstretched beneath my vine;
Myrtle more becoming thee
Waiting with thy master's wine.

—W. Cowper.

The Ship of State

[*Odes* I, 14]

This poem is generally regarded as allegory, and may be taken as a confession on the part of the poet of his chan of heart in matters political.

O Ship! new billows sweep thee out
Seaward. What wilt thou? hold the po
be stout.
See'st not? thy mast
How rent by stiff south-western bla

Thy side, of rowers how forlorn?
Thine hull, with groaning yards, wi
rigging torn,
Can ill sustain
The fierce, and ever fiercer main;

hy gods, no more than sails entire,
n whom yet once thy need might aid require,
O Pontic pine,
he first of woodland stocks is thine,

et race and name are but as dust,
painted sterns give storm-tost seamen trust.
Unless thou dare
o be the sport of storms, beware.

f old at best a weary weight,
earning care and constant strain of late,
O shun the seas
hat gird those glittering Cyclades.

—W. E. Gladstone.

Dedication of Apollo

[*Odes* I, 31]

he official poet must needs speak when emperor dedicates a temple to the god is the object of his special worship. ace turns the utterance into a characstic plea for simplicity and contentt.

at asks the Poet, who adores
pollo's virgin shrine,
at asks he, as he freely pours
he consecrating wine?

the rich grain, that waves along
ardinia's fertile land,
the unnumbered herds, that throng
alabria's sultry strand;

gold, nor ivory's snowy gleam,
he spoil of far Cathay,
fields, which Liris, quiet stream,
naws silently away.

Fortune's favoured sons the vine
f fair Campania hold;
merchant quaff the rarest wine
rom cups of gleaming gold;

For to the gods the man is dear
Who scathelessly can brave,
Three times or more in every year,
The wild Atlantic wave.

Let olives, endive, mallows light
Be all my fare; and health
Give thou, Latöus, so I might
Enjoy my present wealth!

Give me but these, I ask no more,
These, and a mind entire—
An old age, not unhonoured, nor
Unsolaced by the lyre!

—Theodore Martin.

THE POET

His Career

[From the *Epistles* II, 2]

With the possible exception of Ovid no Roman poet tells us so much about his life and personality as Horace. His was a remarkable career—from a nobody to the intimate of kings. With it all, he retained his charming naturalness of outlook, resisting all temptations to snobbery, honoring his simple father as the best influence in his life, asking no more than he merited, and giving genuine gratitude for what fortune had bestowed upon him.

At Rome I had my schooling, and was taught
Achilles' wrath, and all the woes it brought;
At classic Athens, where I went ere long,
I learnt to draw the line 'twixt right and wrong,
And search for truth, if so she might be seen,
In academic groves of blissful green;
But soon the stress of civil strife removed
My adolescence from the scenes it loved,
And ranged me with a force that could not stand
Before the might of Cæsar's conquering hand.

Then when Philippi turned me all adrift
A poor plucked fledgeling, for myself to shift,
Bereft of property, impaired in purse,
Sheer penury drove me into scribbling verse:
But now, when times are altered, having got
Enough, thank heaven, at least to boil my pot,
I were the veriest madman if I chose
To write a poem rather than to doze.
Our years keep taking toll as they move on;
My feasts, my frolics are already gone,
And now, it seems, my verses must go too:
Bestead so sorely, what's a man to do?
—JOHN CONINGTON.

PRECEPT AND EXAMPLE

[From the *Satires* I, 4]

But if I still seem personal and bold,
Perhaps you'll pardon, when my story's told.
When my good father taught me to be good,
Scarecrows he took of living flesh and blood.
Thus, if he warned me not to spend but spare
The moderate means I owe to his wise care,
'Twas, "See the life that son of Albius leads!
Observe that Barrus, vilest of ill weeds!
Plain beacons these for heedless youth, whose taste
Might lead them else a fair estate to waste:"
If lawless love were what he bade me shun,
"Avoid Scetanius' slough," his words would run:
"Wise men," he'd add, "the reasons will explain
Why you should follow this, from
refrain:
For me, if I can train you in the w
Trod by the worthy folks of earlier d
And, while you need direction, keep y
name
And life unspotted, I've attained my a
When riper years have seasoned b
and limb,
You'll drop your corks, and like a Tri
swim."
'Twas thus he formed my boyhood: if
sought
To make me do some action that I oug
"You see your warrant there," he'd s
and clench
His words with some grave member
the bench:
So too with things forbidden: "can y
doubt
The deed's a deed an honest man sho
scout.
When, just for this same matter, th
and those,
Like open drains, are stinking 'neath y
nose?"
Sick gluttons of a next-door funeral he
And learn self-mastery in the school
fear:
And so a neighbor's scandal many a ti
Has kept young minds from running i
crime.
Thus I grew up, unstained by seri
ill,
Though venial faults, I grant you, ha
me still:
Yet items I could name retrenched e
there
By time, plain speaking, individual ca
For, when I chance to stroll or lou
alone,
I'm not without a Mentor of my own:
"This course were better: that might h
to mend
My daily life, improve me as a friend:
There some one showed ill-breeding: c
I say
I might not fall into the like one day
So with closed lips I ruminate, and th

leisure moments play with ink and pen:
that's an instance, I must needs avow,
those small faults I hinted at just now:
int it your prompt indulgence, or a throng
poets shall come up, some hundred strong,
d by mere numbers, in your own despite,
rce you, like Jews, to be our proselyte.
—JOHN CONINGTON.

POET AND PATRON

[From the *Satires* I, 6]

Now on myself, the freedman's son, I touch,
e freedman's son, by all contemned as such,
ce, when a legion followed my command,
w, when Mæcenas takes me by the hand.
t this and that are different: some stern judge
military rank with cause might grudge,
t not your friendship, studious as you've been
choose good men, not pushing, base, or mean.
truth, to luck I care not to pretend,
r 'twas not luck that mark'd me for your friend:
gil at first, that faithful heart and true,
d Varius after, named my name to you.
ought to your presence, stammeringly I told
or modesty forbade me to be bold)
vaunting tale of ancestry of pride,
good broad acres and sleek nags to ride,
But simple truth: a few brief words you say,
As is your wont, and wish me a good day.
Then, nine months after, graciously you send,
Desire my company, and hail me friend.
O, 'tis no common fortune, when one earns
A friend's regard, who man from man discerns,
Not by mere accident of lofty birth
But by unsullied life, and inborn worth!
Yet, if my nature, otherwise correct,
But with some few and trifling faults is flecked,
Just as a spot or mole might be to blame,
Upon some body else of comely frame,
If none can call me miserly and mean
Or tax my life with practices unclean,
If I have lived unstained and unreproved
(Forgive self-praise), if loving and beloved,
I owe it to my father, who, though poor,
Passed by the village school at his own door,
The school where great tall urchins in a row,
Sons of great tall centurions, used to go,
With slate and satchel on their backs, to pay
Their monthly quota punctual to the day,
And took his boy to Rome, to learn the arts
Which knight or senator to his imparts.
Who'er had seen me, neat and more than neat,
With slave behind me, in the crowded street,
Had surely thought a fortune fair and large,
Two generations old, sustained the charge.
Himself the true tried guardian of his son,
Whene'er I went to class, he still made one.
Why lengthen out the tale? he kept me chaste,
Which is the crown of virtue, undisgraced

In deed and name: he feared not lest one day
The world should talk of money thrown away,
If after all I plied some trade for hire,
Like him, a tax-collector, or a crier:
Nor had I murmured: as it is, the score
Of gratitude and praise is all the more.
No: while my head's unturned, I ne'er shall need
To blush for that dear father, or to plead
As men oft plead, 'tis Nature's fault, not mine,
I came not of a better, worthier line.
Not thus I speak, not thus I feel: the plea
Might serve another, but 'twere base in me.
Should Fate this moment bid me to go back
O'er all my length of years, my life retrack
To its first hour, and pick out such descent
As man might wish for e'en to pride's content,
I should rest satisfied with mine, nor choose
New parents, decked with senatorial shoes,
Mad, most would think me, sane, as you'll allow,
To waive a load ne'er thrust on me till now.
More gear 'twould make me get without delay,
More bows there'd be to make, more calls to pay,
A friend or two must still be at my side,
That all alone I might not drive or ride,
More nags would want their corn, more grooms their meat,
And waggons must be bought, to save their feet.
Now on my bobtailed mule I jog at ease,
As far as e'en Tarentum, if I please,
A wallet for my things behind me tied,
Which galls his crupper, as I gall his side,
And no one rates my meanness, as th rate
Yours, noble Tillius, when you ride state
On the Tiburtine road, five slaves suite,
Wineholder and et-ceteras all complete.
'Tis thus my life is happier, man pride,
Than yours and that of half the wor beside.
When the whim leads, I saunter for alone,
Ask how are herbs, and what is flour stone,
Lounge through the Circus with its crow of liars,
Or in the Forum, when the sun retires,
Talk to a soothsayer, then go home seek
My frugal meal of fritter, vetch, an leek:
Three youngsters serve the food: a sla of white
Contains two cups, one ladle, clean an bright:
Next, a cheap basin ranges on the shel
With jug and saucer of Campanian del
Then off to bed, where I can close m eyes
Not thinking how with morning I mu rise
And face grim Marsyas, who is know to swear
Young Novius' looks are what he canno bear.
I lie a-bed till ten: then stroll a bit,
Or read or write, if in a silent fit,
And rub myself with oil, not take whence
Natta takes his, at some poor lamp expense.
So to the field and ball; but when th sun
Bids me go bathe, the field and ball shun:
Then eat a temperate luncheon, just stay

nking stomach till the close of day,
time in-doors, and so forth. Here
you see
areless life, from stir and striving free,
pier (O be that flattering unction
mine!)
n if three quæstors figured in my
line.

—John Conington.

As a Soldier

[From *Odes* II, 7]

oft with me in troublous times
nvolved, when Brutus warred in
Greece,
o gives you back to your own clime
nd your own gods, a man of peace,
npey, the earliest friend I knew,
Vith whom I oft cut short the hours
h wine, my bright hair bathed in dew
f Syrian oils, and wreathed with
flowers?
h you I shared Philippi's rout,
nseemly parted from my shield,
en Valour fell, and warriors stout
Vere tumbled on the inglorious field:
I was saved by Mercury,
Vrapped in thick mist, yet trembling
sore,
le you to that tempestuous sea
Vere swept by battle's tide once more.

—John Conington.

Title to Fame

[*Odes* III, 30]

have I reared a monument more
durable than brass,
one that doth the royal scale of
pyramids surpass,
shall defeated Aquilo destroy, nor
soaking rain,
yet the countless tide of years, nor
seasons in their train.

Not all of me shall die: my praise shall
grow, and never end
While pontiff and mute vestal shall the
Capitol ascend,
And so a mighty share of me shall
Libitina foil.
Where bellows headstrong Aufidus, where,
on his arid soil,
King Daunus ruled a rural folk, of me
it shall be told
That, grown from small to great, I first
of all men subtly wrought
Æolian strains to unison with our Italian
thought.
So take thine honours earned by deeds;
and graciously do thou,
Melpomene, with Delphic bays adorn thy
poet's brow.

—W. E. Gladstone.

The Poet's Conversion

[*Odes* I, 34]

One that has seldom worshipped; one
that strays
As to a mad sect too much given, and
lore
So falsely called, now set my sails once
more
Backward, to follow in rejected ways.
For he, the cloud-dividing lightning's
blaze
Not through the region cloud, as wont
before,
Divided, but with thundering horses
o'er
The serene skies his winged car con-
veys;

Whereon the huge earth shuddered at the
sound,
And wandering streams, and Tænarus'
seat abhorred,
And Styx, and Atlas at Creation's
bound;
It shook me too: The high, He changes
them,

And from the cloud withdraws all is obscured,
And plucks from brow to brow the diadem.

—M. Jourdain.

LITERARY CRITICISM

Apology for Satire

[From the *Satires* I, 4]

Satire as a distinct branch of poetry is the only one claimed by the Romans as their own invention. As they developed it, it was a running commentary, mainly ethical in spirit, on the common vices, great and trivial, of contemporary society. Its weapon was ridicule. Horace defines it as "telling the truth in jest." In his hands it is not mere destructive criticism, but it advocates constructively better standards and points ways of attaining them. Horace is usually gentle, though at times he can be quite stinging, and laughs with us as well as at us. He often includes himself among those at whom his shafts are aimed. In the following passage, he lays no claim to the name of poetry for his satires; he regards them only as metrical "talks." The writing of satire is justified by social conditions which call for criticism.

Cratinus, Aristophanes, and all
The elder comic poets, great and small,
If e'er a worthy in those ancient times
Deserved peculiar notice for his crimes,
Adulterer, cut-throat, ne'er-do-well, or thief,
Portrayed him without fear in strong relief.
From these, as lineal heir, Lucilius springs,
The same in all points save the tune he sings,
A shrewd keen satirist, yet somewhat hard
And rugged, if you view him as a bard.
For this was his mistake: he liked to stand,
One leg before him, leaning on one ha
Pour forth two hundred verses in an h
And think such readiness a proof power.
When like a torrent he bore down, yc find
He left a load of refuse still behind:
Fluent, yet indolent, he would rebel
Against the toil of writing, writing w
Not writing much; for that I grant y See,
Here comes Crispinus, wants to bet w me,
And offers odds: "A meeting, if y please:
Take we our tablets each, you those these:
Name place, and time, and umpires: us try
Who can compose the faster, you or
Thank Heaven, that formed me of u fertile mind,
My speech not copious, and my thoug confined!
But you, be like the bellows, if y choose,
Still puffing, puffing, till the metal fuse,
And vent your windy nothings with sound
That makes the depth they come fr seem profound.
Happy is Fannius, with immort classed,
His bust and bookcase canonized at la
While, as for me, none reads the thing write.
Loath as I am in public to recite,
Knowing that satire finds small favo since
Most men want whipping, and who wa it, wince.
Choose from the crowd a casual wig 'tis seen
He's place-hunter or miser, vain or mea
One raves of others' wives: one stan agaze
At silver dishes: bronze is Albius' craz
Another barters goods the whole wo o'er,

n distant east to furthest western
shore,
ing along like dust-cloud through the
air
ncrease his capital or not impair:
se, one and all, the clink of metre
fly,
look on poets with a dragon's eye.
ware! he's vicious: so he gains his
end,
lfish laugh, he will not spare a friend:
ate'er he scrawls, the mean malignant
rogue
ll alive to get it into vogue:
e him a handle, and your tale is
known
every giggling boy and maundering
crone."
eighty accusation! now, permit
e few brief words, and I will answer
it:
t, be it understood, I make no claim
rank with those who bear a poet's
name:
not enough to turn out lines com-
plete,
h with its proper quantum of five
feet;
oquial verse a man may write like me,
(trust an author) 'tis not poetry.
keep that name for genius, for a soul
Heaven's own fire, for words that
grandly roll.
ce some have questioned if the Muse
we call
Comic Muse be really one at all:
subject ne'er aspires, her style ne'er
glows,
, save that she talks metre, she talks
prose.
e, but the angry father shakes the
stage,
n on his graceless son he pours his
rage,
, smitten with the mistress of the
hour,
cts a well-born wife with ample
dower,
Gets drunk, and (worst of all) in public
sight
Reels with a blazing flambeau while 'tis
light."
Well, could Pomponius' sire to life return,
Think you he'd rate his son in tones less
stern?
So then 'tis not sufficient to combine
Well-chosen words in a well-ordered line,
When, take away the rhythm, the self-
same words
Would suit an angry father off the
boards.
Strip what I write, or what Lucilius
wrote,
Of cadence and succession, time and note,
Reverse the order, put those words
behind
That went before, no poetry you'll find:
But break up this, "When Battle's brazen
door
Blood boltered Discord from its fasten-
ings tore,"
'Tis Orpheus mangled by the Mænads:
still
The bard remains, unlimb him as you
will.
Enough of this: some other time we'll
see
If Satire is or is not poetry:
To-day I take the question, if 'tis just
That men like you should view it with
distrust.
Sulcius and Caprius promenade in force,
Each with his papers, virulently hoarse,
Bugbears to robbers both: but he that's
true
And decent living may defy the two.
Say, you're first cousin to that goodly
pair
Cælius and Birrus, and their foibles
share:
No Sulcius nor yet Caprius here you see
In your unworthy servant: why fear me?
No books of mine on stall or counter
stand,
To tempt Tigellius' or some clammier
hand,

Nor read I save to friends, and that when pressed,
Not to chance auditor or casual guest.
Others are less fastidious; some will air
Their last production in the public square:
Some choose the bath-room, for the walls all round
Make the voice sweeter and improve the sound:
Weak brains, to whom the question ne'er occurred
If what they do be vain, ill-timed, absurd.
"But you give pain: your habit is to bite,"
Rejoins the foe, "of set deliberate spite."
Who broached that slander? of the men I know,
With whom I live, have any told you so?
He who maligns an absent friend's fair fame,
Who says no word for him when others blame,
Who courts a reckless laugh by random hits,
Just for the sake of ranking among wits,
Who feigns what he ne'er saw, a secret blabs,
Beware him, Roman! that man steals or stabs!
Oft you may see three couches, four on each,
Where all are wincing under one man's speech,
All, save the host: his turn too comes at last,
When wine lets loose the humour shame held fast:
And you, who hate malignity, can see
Nought here but pleasant talk, well-bred and free.
I, if I chance in laughing vein to note
Rufillus' civet and Gargonius' goat,
Must I be toad or scorpion? Look at home:
Suppose Petillius' theft, the talk of Rome,
Named in your presence, mark how you defend
In your accustomed strain your ab
friend:
"Petillius? yes, I know him well: in tr
We have been friends, companions,
from youth:
A thousand times he's served me, an
joy
That he can walk the streets with
annoy:
Yet 'tis a puzzle, I confess, to me
How from that same affair he got
free."
Here is the poison-bag of malice, here
The gall of fell detraction, pure
sheer:
And these, I swear, if man such ple
may give,
My pen and heart shall keep from, w
I live.

—John Conington

Lucilius

[*Satires* I, 10]

Horace's great forerunner in satire
been Lucilius (about 180 to 103 B.C
a brilliant independent critic of men a
manners, of literature, politics, and p
losophy in the time of Lælius and
younger Scipio. In such universal
teem was he held by Romans of later d
that Horace's criticism of his defects
style brought upon him the censure of
critics for having dared to find fault w
the Father of Satire.

Yes, I did say that, view him as a ba
Lucilius is unrhythmic, rugged, hard
Lives there a partisan so weak of br
As to join issue on a fact so plain?
But that he had a gift of biting wit
In the same page I hastened to admit
Now understand me: that's a point c
fessed;
But he who grants it grants not all
rest:
For, were a bard a bard because
smart,

erius' mimes were products of high art.
not enough to make your reader's face
ar a broad grin, though that too has its place:
seness there wants, to make the thought ring clear,
with a crowd of words confuse the ear:
ere wants a plastic style, now grave, now light,
w such as bard or orator would write,
l now the language of a well-bred man,
o masks his strength, and says not all he can:
l pleasantry will often cut clean through
rd knots that gravity would scarce undo.
this the old comedians rested: hence
ey're still the models of all men of sense,
spite Tigellius and his ape, whose song
Calvus and Catullus all day long.
But surely that's a merit quite unique,
gift of mixing Latin up with Greek."
que, you lags in learning? what? a knack
ght by Pitholeon with his hybrid clack?
ay, but the mixture gives the style more grace,
Chian, plus Falernian, has more race."
ne, tell me truly: is this rule applied
verse-making by you, and nought beside,
would you practise it, when called to plead
poor Petillius, at his direst need?
sooth, you choose that moment, to disown
ur old forefathers, Latin to the bone,
l while great Pedius and Corvinus strain
inst you in pure Latin lungs and brain,
Like double-tongued Canusian, try to speak
A piebald speech, half native and half Greek!
Once when, though born on this side of the sea,
I tried my hand at Attic poetry,
Quirinus warned me, rising to my view
An hour past midnight, just when dreams are true:
"Seek you the throng of Grecian bards to swell?
Take sticks into a forest just as well."
So, while Alpinus spills his Memnon's blood,
Or gives his Rhine a headpiece of brown mud,
I toy with trifles such as this, unmeet
At Tarpa's grave tribunal to compete,
Or, mouthed by well-graced actors, be the rage
Of mobs, and hold possession of the stage.
No hand can match Fundanius at a piece
Where slave and mistress clip an old man's fleece:
Pollio in buskins chants the deeds of kings:
Varius outsoars us all on Homer's wings:
The Muse that loves the woodland and the farm
To Virgil lends her gayest, tenderest charm.
For me, this walk of satire, vainly tried
By Atacinus and some few beside,
Best suits my gait: yet readily I yield
To him who first set footstep on that field,
Nor meanly seek to rob him of the bay
That shows so comely on his locks of grey.
Well, but I called him muddy, said you'd find
More sand than gold in what he leaves behind.
And you, sir Critic, does your finer sense
In Homer mark no matter for offence?
Or e'en Lucilius, our good-natured friend,

Sees he in Accius nought he fain would
mend?
Does he not laugh at Ennius' halting
verse,
Yet own himself no better, if not worse?
And what should hinder me, as I peruse
Lucilius' works, from asking, if I choose,
If fate or chance forbade him to attain
A smoother measure, a more finished
strain,
Than he (you'll let me fancy such a man)
Who anxious only to make sense and
scan,
Pours forth two hundred verses ere he
sups,
Two hundred more, on rising from his
cups?
Like to Etruscan Cassius' stream of song,
Which flowed, men say, so copious and
so strong
That, when he died, his kinsfolk simply
laid
His works in order, and his pyre was
made.
No; grant Lucilius arch, engaging, gay;
Grant him the smoothest writer of his
day;
Lay stress upon the fact that he'd to
seek
In his own mind what others find in
Greek;
Grant all you please, in turn you must
allow,
Had fate postponed his life from then to
now,
He'd prune redundancies, apply the file
To each excrescence that deforms his style,
Oft in the pangs of labour scratch his
head,
And bite his nails, and bite them, till
they bled.
Oh! yes! believe me, you must draw
your pen
Not once nor twice but o'er and o'er again
Through what you've written, if you
would entice
The man that reads you once to read you
twice,
Not making popular applause your cue,
But looking to fit audience, although fe
Say, would you rather have the thin
you scrawl
Doled out by pedants for their boys
drawl?
Not I: like hissed Arbuscula, I slight
Your hooting mobs, if I can please
knight.
Shall bug Pantilius vex me? shall
choke
Because Demetrius needs must have H
joke
Behind my back, and Fannius, when
dines
With dear Tigellius, vilifies my lines?
Mæcenas, Virgil, Varius, if I please
In my poor writings these and such
these,
If Plotius, Valgius, Fuscus will commen
And good Octavius, I've achieved my en
You, noble Pollio (let your friend di
claim
All thought of flattery when he nam
your name),
Messala and his brother, Servius too,
And Bibulus, and Furnius kind and tru
With others whom, despite their sens
and wit
And friendly hearts, I purposely omit;
Such I would have my critics; men
gain
Whose smiles were pleasure, to foreg
them pain.
Demetrius and Tigellius, off! go pule
To the bare benches of your ladie
school!
Hallo there, youngster! take my bool
you rogue,
And write this in, by way of epilogue.

—John Conington.

On the Drama

[From the *Art of Poetry*]

Horace's purpose is not, like Aristotle'
to inquire into the essential nature
various forms of poetry, but rather to r
duce established practice to clearly form

d rules. It is interesting that he places emphasis on dramatic poetry, although imself produced nothing in that branch although Roman opinion was generally eed in giving epic the highest place.

Now listen, dramatists, and I will tell at I expect, and all the world as well. ou would have your auditors to stay curtain-rise and plaudit end the play, erve each age's temper, and impart each the grace and finish of your art. ote first the boy who just knows how to talk
l feels his feet beneath him in his walk:
likes his young companions, loves a game,
n vexed, soon soothed, and not two hours the same.
he beardless youth, at last from tutor freed,
es playing—field and tennis, dog and steed:
nt as wax to those who lead him wrong,
all impatience with a faithful tongue;
rudent, lavish, hankering for the moon,
takes things up and lays them down as soon.
is nature revolutionized, the man
kes friends and money when and how he can:
n-eyed and cool, though on ambition bent,
shuns all acts of which he may repent.
rey hairs have many evils: without end
old man gathers what he dares not spend,
ile, as for action, do he what he will,
all half-hearted, spiritless and chill:
rt, irresolute, his neck he cranes
the future, grumbles, and complains,
ols his own young years with peevish praise,
rates and censures these degenerate days.

Years, as they come, bring blessings in their train;
Years, as they go, take blessings back again:
Yet haste or chance may blink the obvious truth,
Make youth discourse like age, and age like youth:
Attention fixed on life alone can teach
The traits and adjuncts which pertain to each.
Sometimes an action on the stage is shown,
Sometimes 'tis done elsewhere, and there made known.
A thing when heard, remember, strikes less keen
On the spectator's mind than when 'tis seen.
Yet 'twere not well in public to display
A business best transacted far away,
And much may be secluded from the eye
For well-graced tongues to tell of by and by.
Medea must not shed her children's blood,
Nor savage Atreus cook man's flesh for food,
Nor Philomel turn bird or Cadmus snake,
With people looking on and wide awake.
If scenes like these before my eyes be thrust,
They shock belief and generate disgust.
Would you your play should prosper and endure?
Then let it have five acts, nor more nor fewer.
Bring in no god save as a last resource,
Nor make four speakers join in the discourse.
An actor's part the chorus should sustain
And do their best to get the plot in train:
And whatsoe'er between the acts they chant
Should all be apt, appropriate, relevant.
Still let them give sage counsel, back the good,

Attemper wrath, and cool impetuous blood,
Praise the spare meal that pleases but not sates,
Justice, the law, and peace with unbarred gates,
Conceal all secrets, and the gods implore
To crush the proud and elevate the poor.
Not trumpet-tongued, as now, nor brass-belayed,
The flute was used to lend the chorus aid:
Simple and slight and moderately loud,
It charmed the ears of not too large a crowd,
Which, frugal, rustic, primitive, severe,
Flocked in those early days to see and hear.
Then, when the city gained increase of land,
And wider walls its waxing greatness spanned,
When the good Genius, frolicsome and gay,
Was soothed at festivals with cups by day,
Change spread to scenic measures: breadth, and ease,
And freedom unrestrained were found in these:
For what (said men) should jovial rustic, placed
At random 'mid his betters, know of taste?
So graceful dance went hand in hand with song,
And robes of kingly splendour trailed along:
So by the side of music words upgrew,
And eloquence came rolling, prompt and new:
Shrewd in things mundane, wise in things divine,
Its voice was like the voice of Delphi's shrine.
The aspiring bard who served the tragic muse,
A paltry goat the summit of his views,
Soon brought in Satyrs from the woods, and tried
If grave and gay could flourish side side,
That the spectator, feasted to his fill,
Noisy and drunk, might ne'ertheless still.
Yet, though loud laugh and frolic je commend
Your Satyr folk, and mirth and mora blend,
Let not your heroes doff their robes red
To talk low language in a homely she
Nor, in their fear of crawling, mount t high,
Catching at clouds and aiming at the sk
Melpomene, when bidden to be gay,
Like matron dancing on a festal day,
Deals not in idle banter, nor consorts
Without reserve with Satyrs and the sports.
In plays like these I would not de alone
In words and phrases trite and too we known,
Nor, stooping from the tragic height, dr down
To the low level of buffoon and clown,
As though pert Davus, or the saucy jad
Who sacks the gold and jeers the gu she made,
Were like Silenus, who, though quai and odd,
Is yet the guide and tutor of a god.
A hackneyed subject I would take an treat
So deftly, all should hope to do the fea
Then, having strained and struggle should concede
To do the feat were difficult indeed.
So much may order and arrangement d
To make the cheap seem choice, t threadbare new.
Your rustic Fauns, methinks, should ha a care
Lest people deem them bred in city ai
Should shun the cant of exquisites, a shun
Coarse ribaldry no less and blackgua fun.

r those who have a father or a horse
an estate will take offence of course,
)r think they're bound in duty to admire
hat gratifies the vetch-and-chestnut-buyer.
The Iambic foot is briefly thus defined:
vo syllables, a short with long behind:
epeat it six times o'er, so quick its beat,
is trimeter, three measures for six feet:
first it ran straight on; but, years ago,
hearers begged that it would move more slow;
which it took, with a good-natured air,
out spondees in, its native rights to share,
t so that none should ask it to resign
ie sixth, fourth, second places in the line.
ut search through Attius' trimeters, or those
hich Ennius took such pleasure to compose,
u'll rarely find it: on the boards they groan,
den with spondees, like a cart with stone,
d brand our tragedy with want of skill
want of labour, call it what you will.
hat then? false rhythm few judges can detect,
d Roman bards of course are all correct.
What shall a poet do? make rules his sport,
d dash through thick and thin, through long and short?
pick his steps, endeavour to walk clean,
d fancy every mud-stain will be seen?
iat good were that, if though I mind my ways
d shun all blame, I do not merit praise?
friends, make Greece your model when you write,
d turn her volumes over day and night.

"But Plautus pleased our sires, the good old folks;
They praised his numbers, and they praised his jokes."
They did: 'twas mighty tolerant in them
To praise where wisdom would perhaps condemn;
That is, if you and I and our compeers
Can trust our tastes, our fingers, and our ears,
Know polished wit from horse-play, and can tell
What verses do, and what do not, run well.
Thespis began the drama: rumour says
In travelling carts he carried round his plays,
Where actors, smeared with lees, before the throng
Performed their parts with gesture and with song.
Then Æschylus brought in the mask and pall,
Put buskins on his men to make them tall,
Turned boards into a platform, not too great,
And taught high monologue and grand debate.
The elder Comedy had next its turn,
Nor small the glory it contrived to earn:
But freedom passed into unbridled spite,
And law was soon invoked to set things right:
Law spoke: the chorus lost the power to sting,
And (shame to say) thenceforth refused to sing.
Our poets have tried all things; nor do they
Deserve least praise, who follow their own way,
And tell in comedy or history-piece
Some story of home growth, not drawn from Greece.
Nor would the land we love be now more strong
In warrior's prowess than in poet's song,

Did not her bards with one consent decline
The tedious task, to alter and refine.
Dear Pisos! as you prize old Numa's blood,
Set down that work, and that alone, as good,
Which, blurred and blotted, checked and counterchecked,
Has stood all tests, and issued forth correct.

—John Conington.

COMMENTS ON LIFE

Invitation to the Country

[*Odes* I, 17]

Swift-footed Faunus oft delights to roam
From snow-clad peaks of Arcady, and find
Here in my soft Lucretilis a home,
Where in sequestered brake
Safe from hot suns and pitiless wind
From ledge to ledge my nimble younglings climb,
Nipping fresh Arbutus and fragrant Thyme,
Fearless of prowling wolf or venomed snake,
While from Ustica's vale profound
The polished rocks the Wood-god's pipe resound.

The gods protect me. They approve
My piety; my song they love.
Haste, Tyndaris, haste! partake my store
Of rural honours brimming o'er
From plenteous horn. This cool retreat
Shall guard thee from the Dog-star's heat.
Here that white hand the Teian lyre shall strike;
That sweet voice sing the old Greek melody
Of him, the wand'ring Prince beloved alike
By that true wife, Penelope,
And Circe glittering as a summer sea.

Tyndaris! 'neath the arching vine
Lift to thy lips the Lesbian wine,
An innocent draught! Not here shall Mars
And Bacchus wage their customed wars;
Not here shall jealous Cyrus dare
To rend thy guiltless robe, or tear
The clinging garland from thy hair.

—Stephen DeVere.

Joys of the Country

[From *Epodes* II]

Happy the man, in busy schemes unskilled,
Who, living simply, like our sires of old,
Tills the few acres which his father tilled
Vexed by no thoughts of usury or gold

The shrilling clarion ne'er his slumbers mars,
Nor quails he at the howl of angry seas
He shuns the forum with its wordy jars
Nor at a great man's door consents to freeze.

The tender vine-shoots, budding into life
He with the stately poplar-tree dotted,
Lopping the fruitless branches with his knife,
And grafting shoots of promise in their stead;

Or in some valley, up among the hills,
Watches his wandering herds of lowing kine,
Or fragrant jars with liquid honey fills,
Or shears his silly sheep in sunny shine

when Autumnus o'er the smiling land
ifts up his head with rosy apples crowned,
ful he plucks the pears, which erst his hand
raffed on the stem they're weighing to the ground;

cks grapes in noble clusters purple-dyed,
gift for thee, Priapus, and for thee,
her Sylvanus, where thou dost preside,
Varding his bounds beneath thy sacred tree.

w he may stretch his careless limbs to rest,
Where some old ilex spreads its sacred roof;
w in the sunshine lie, as likes him best,
On grassy turf or close elastic woof.

l streams the while glide on with murmurs low,
And birds are singing 'mong the thickets deep,
l fountains babble, sparkling as they flow,
And with their noise invite to gentle sleep.

t when grim winter comes, and o'er his grounds
Scatters its biting snows with angry roar,
takes the field, and with a cry of hounds
Hunts down into the toils the foaming boar;

seeks the thrush, poor starveling, to ensnare,
n filmy net with bait delusive stored,
raps the travelled crane, and timorous hare,
Rare dainties these to glad his frugal board.

Who amid joys like these would not forget
The pangs which love to all its victims bears,
The fever of the brain, the ceaseless fret,
And all the heart's lamentings and despairs?

But if a chaste and blooming wife, beside,
His cheerful home with sweet young blossoms fills,
Like some stout Sabine, or the sunburnt bride
Of the lithe peasant of the Apulian hills,

Who piles the hearth with logs well dried and old
Against the coming of her wearied lord,
And, when at eve the cattle seek the fold,
Drains their full udders of the milky hoard;

And bringing forth from her well-tended store
A jar of wine, the vintage of the year,
Spreads an unpurchased feast,—oh then, not more
Could choicest Lucrine oysters give me cheer,

Or the rich turbot, or the dainty char,
If ever to our bays the winter's blast
Should drive them in its fury from afar;
Nor were to me a welcomer repast

The Afric hen or the Ionic snipe,
Than olives newly gathered from the tree,
That hangs abroad its clusters rich and ripe,
Or sorrel, that doth love the pleasant lea,

Or mallows wholesome for the body's need,
Or lamb foredoomed upon some festal day
In offering to the guardian gods to bleed,
Or kidling which the wolf hath marked for prey.

What joy, amidst such feasts, to see the sheep,
Full of the pasture, hurrying homewards come,
To see the wearied oxen, as they creep,
Dragging the upturned ploughshare slowly home!

Or, ranged around the bright and blazing hearth,
To see the hinds, a house's surest wealth,
Beguile the evening with their simple mirth,
And all the cheerfulness of rosy health!

—THEORDORE MARTIN.

TOWN AND COUNTRY

[From the *Satires* II, 6]

Should someone be unwise enough to praise
Arellius' toilsome wealth, he straightway says:
"One day a country mouse in his poor home
Received an ancient friend, a mouse from Rome:
The host, though close and careful, to a guest
Could open still: so now he did his best.
He spares not oats or vetches: in his chaps
Raisins he brings and nibbled bacon-scraps,
Hoping by varied dainties to entice
His town-bred guest, so delicate and nice,
Who condescended graciously to touch
Thing after thing, but never would take much,
While he, the owner of the mansion, sate
On threshed-out straw, and spelt and darnels ate.
At length the townsman cries: 'I wonder how
You can live here, friend, on this hill's rough brow:
Take my advice, and leave these ups a
downs,
This hill and dale, for humankind a
towns.
Come now, go home with me; rememb
all
Who live on earth are mortal, great a
small:
Then take, good sir, your pleasure wh
you may;
With life so short, 'twere wrong to lose
day.'
This reasoning made the rustic's he
turn round;
Forth from his hole he issues with
bound,
And they two make together for th
mark,
In hopes to reach the city during dark.
The midnight sky was bending over a
When they set foot within a stately ha
Where couches of wrought ivory had be
spread
With gorgeous coverlets of Tyrian red,
And viands piled up high in baskets la
The relics of a feast of yesterday.
The townsman does the honours, lays h
guest
At ease upon a couch with crims
dressed,
Then nimbly moves in character of ho
And offers in succession boiled and roas
Nay, like a well-trained slave, each wi
prevents,
And tastes before the tit-bits he presen
The guest, rejoicing in his altered fare,
Assumes in turn a genial diner's air,
When hark! a sudden banging of t
door:
Each from his couch is tumbled on t
floor:
Half dead, they scurry round the roo
poor things,
While the whole house with barki
mastiffs rings.
Then says the rustic: 'It may do
you,
This life, but I don't like it; so adieu:

me my hole, secure from all alarms,
rove that tares and vetches still have
charms.' "

—John Conington.

Fountain of Bandusia

[*Odes* III, 13]

ll, whose waters are as glass to shine,
ndusia, worthy vintage to be shed,
d not without a flower visited,
d with swelling brow to-morrow is
thine,
se horns to war and wantonness
destine.
vain; in vain, for his dark blood
shall spread,
nild of the frolic fold, in thy chill
bed;
n the hot Dog-star's hours to rage
incline,
pierce thee not, that profferest
pleasant cold
flocks that range, and labour-weary
bulls;
u too from all time forward shalt be
told
t among wells of name, by me that
sing
ilex shadowing thy stone-bound
spring
hence issues all the tumult of thy
pools.

—M. Jourdain.

Carpe Diem

[*Odes* I, 11]

e not, Leuconoe, to know what end
gods above to me or thee will send:
with astrologers consult at all,
thou mayst better know what can
befall;
ther thou liv'st more winters, or thy
last
this, which Tyrrhen waves 'gainst
rocks do cast.

Be wise! Drink free, and in so short a
space
Do not protracted hopes of life embrace:
Whilst we are talking, envious time doth
slide;
This day's thine own; the next may be
denied.

—Thomas Hawkins.

Enjoy Your Youth

[*Odes* II, 11]

What the Cantabrian stout, or Scythian
think
Divided with opposed Adria's brink,
Quintus Hirpinus, do not thou enquire;
Nor for life's use, which little doth desire,
Be thou too careful: smooth-faced youth
apace
Doth backward fly, and with it beauty's
grace,
Dry aged hoariness with furrows deep,
Dispelling amorous fires and gentle sleep.
The summer flowers keep not their native
grace,
Nor shines the bright moon with a con-
stant face.
Why dost thou tire thy mind, subordinate
Unto the counsels of eternal fate?
Why under this high plane or pine-tree's
shade
In discomposèd manner, careless laid,
Our hoary hair perfumed with fragrant
rose,
And odours, which Assyria doth disclose,
Do we, anointed, not to drink prepare?
Free Bacchus dissipates consuming care:
But oh! what boy Falernian wine's hot
rage
Will soon for me, with gliding stream,
assuage?
Ah, who retirèd Lyde will require,
Hither to come? Boy, with her ivory lyre
Bid her make haste, and hair to tie not
shame
In careless knot, like a Laconian dame.

—Thomas Hawkins.

Life Is Short

[*Odes* II, 3]

When life is hard, your soul possess
In calm serene; when times are fair,
Refrain from triumph's haughty air,
For Dellius, death will come no less

If length of days be wholly spanned
With grief, or if as glad hours laugh
You lie in quiet meads and quaff
Falernum's wine of choicest brand;

Where lofty pines and poplars white
Their boughs in friendly shade entwine
Together, and with winding line
The brooklet babbles in its flight.

Here call for wine and nard and bloom
Of roses fading all too fast,
While youth remains and fortunes last
And Fate still spares the thread of doom.

The lawns you buy you must forsake,
That home by tawny Tiber's wave;
The growing stores for which you slave
In heirship will another take.

What boots your wealth or long descent
From Inachus? As well to lie
A lowly beggar 'neath the sky
For any ruth in Death's intent.

One bourn constrains us all; for all
The lots are shaken in the urn,
Whence, soon or late, will fall our turn
Of exile's barge without recall.

—J. H. Deazeley.

Death Inevitable

[*Odes* II, 14]

The whirling Year, ah, Friend! the whirling Year
Rolls on apace,
And soon shall Wrinkles plough thy withered Face:
In vain you waste your breath,
No Prayers can stay nor Vows def
The swift approach of Age, and
quering Death:

No, tho' ten thousand Oxen stain'd
Shrines
With sacred Blood,
Should'st thou appease th' inexor
God:
He opens, and he shuts the grave;
Geryon's triple Soul confines,
And stubborn Gyges with the Sty
Wave:

That fatal Wave that must be pass'd
all,
The Rich, the Poor
Are doomed alike to view the Sty
shore;
The Knaves and Fools, the Wise
Just,
The Kings as well as Clowns must f
And undistinguished lie with mea
Dust:

In vain we all retreat from danger
War,
And live in ease;
In vain we shun the Rage of angry Se
The burning Fevers Autumn bring
In vain we fly, and idly fear
The Plagues that South-winds bear
sickly Wings.

For all the Stygian Waves are doome
pass;
We all must go
And view Cocytus' wand'ring Stre
below:
We all must see the lasting Chains
That hold curst Danaus his Race,
And Sisyphus condemned to end
Pains.

Thy Children must be left, thy Lands
House,
Thy pleasing Wife,
That happy Comfort and Delight of L

all the Trees thy hands restor'd,
one but the Cypress' hated Boughs
follow their short-lived decaying Lord.

Wines you keep so close thy worthier Heir
Shall soon possess,
waste 'midst wanton Luxury and Ease;
uch nobler Wine the squand'ring Youth
all spill, and costlier Feasts prepare,
n ever pleas'd a Pampered Abbot's Tooth.

—Thomas Creech.

In Praise of Wine

[*Odes* III, 21]

val mine of Manlius' year,
r be thy content woe or wit,
r feuds by lovers' frenzy lit,
gentle jar, be slumber here,

n whatsoever purpose sealed
Massic meet for golden days
hou guardest; come; Corvinus prays
mellower wine 'tis ours to yield.

he so rude as spurn the bowl,
eep though he drink of Plato's well,—
hat bowl which many a time, they tell,
h warmed old Cato's honest soul.

u hast a pleasing pang for breasts
bdurate, wringing from the wise
heir deep designs and secret sighs
ealed to Bacchus, God of jests.

e to the hopeless, pride again
nd prowess to the trodden down
hou lendest, till he mocks the frown
nonarchs and the swords of men.

r, the Queen of happy love,
nd Graces slow to sever, they
Shall watch with thee the taper's ray
Till Phœbus fright the stars above.

—T. R. Clark.

To a Flirt

[*Odes* I, 5]

What slender youth, bedew'd with liquid odours,
Courts thee on roses in some pleasant cave,
Pyrrha? For whom bind'st thou
In wreaths thy golden hair,
Plain in thy neatness? O how oft shall he
On faith and changed gods complain, and seas
Rough with black winds, and storms
Unwonted shall admire!
Who now enjoys thee credulous, all gold,
Who always vacant, always amiable,
Hopes thee, of flattering gales
Unmindful. Hapless they
T' whom thou untried seem'st fair. Me in my vow'd
Picture, the sacred wall declares to have hung
My dank and dropping weeds
To the stern God of the sea.

—John Milton.

The Reconciliation

[*Odes* III, 9]

Hor. Whilst, Lydia, I was lov'd of thee,
And 'bout thy ivory neck no youth did fling
His arms more acceptably free,
I thought me richer than the Persian king.

Lyd. Whilst Horace lov'd no mistress more,

Nor after Chloe did his Lydia sound;
In name I went all names before,
The Roman Ilia was not more renown'd.

HOR. 'Tis true, I'm Thracian Chloe's I,
Who sings so sweet, and with such cunning plays,
As, for her, I'd not fear to die,
So fate would give her life, and longer days.

LYD. And I am mutually on fire
With gentle Calais, Thurine Ornith's son,
For whom I doubly would expire,
So fate would let the boy a long thread run.

HOR. But say old love return should make,
And us disjoin'd force to her brazen yoke;
That I bright Chloe off should shake,
And to left Lydia now the gate stood ope?

LYD. Though he be fairer than a star;
Thou lighter than the bark of any tree,
And than rough Adria angrier far;
Yet would I wish to love, live, die with thee.

—BEN JONSON.

WINTER

[*Odes* I, 9]

Behold yon mountain's hoary height
Made higher with new mounts of snow;
Again behold the winter's weight
Oppress the lab'ring woods below:
And streams, with icy fetters bound,
Benumb'd and crampt to solid ground.

With well-heap'd logs dissolve the col
And feed the genial hearth with fi
Produce the wine that makes us bold
And sprightly wit and love inspires
For what hereafter shall betide,
God, if 'tis worth his care, provide.

Let him alone, with what he made,
To toss and turn the world below;
At his command the storms invade;
The winds by his commission blow;
Till with a nod he bids them cease,
And then the calm returns, and all
peace.

To-morrow and her works defy,
Lay hold upon the present hour,
And snatch the pleasures passing by,
To put them out of fortune's power
Nor love, nor love's delights disdain;
Whate'er thou get'st to-day, is gain.

Secure those golden early joys,
That youth unsour'd with sorrows
bears,
Ere with'ring time the taste destroys,
With sickness and unwiedly years.
This is the time to be possest;
The best is but in season best.

Th' appointed hour of promis'd bliss,
The pleasing whisper in the dark,
The half unwilling willing kiss,
The laugh that guides thee to the ma
When the kind nymph would coy
feign,
And hides but to be found again;
These, these are joys the gods for yo
ordain.

—JOHN DRYDEN

SPRING [1]

[*Odes* I, 4]

Hard Winter melts; the welcome Spr
again
Comes back, and in her train

[1] Reprinted from J. O. Sargent, *Hora Echoes*, by permission of Miss Georgiana Sargent.

West wind, and the laid-up keels once more
e launched from the dry shore.
longer do the herds the stalls desire,
or husbandman his fire;
meadows that but now were white with frost
heir pallid hues have lost.
ance by Cytherean Venus led,
ith the moon overhead,
ed with the Nymphs the sister Graces beat
he earth with rhythmic feet,
le at the Cyclops' ponderous forge the light
akes swarthy Vulcan bright.
round the tresses that with unguents shine
reen myrtles we may twine,
lowers with which from icy fetters freed
arth garnishes the mead.
Now is the time to make in shady groves
The offerings Pan loves,
Whether he may demand a lamb or bid
Oblation of a kid.
Pale Death before them stalks impartially
Whether the portals be
Of peasant or of prince—hovel or tower
Alike all feel his power.
O happy Sestius! Life's little span
Forbids long hope to man;
Thy sunny day impending night invades,
Thee wait the fabled shades,
And Pluto's narrow house; where, once thou go,
No more by lucky throw
Of dice wilt thou in banquet hall recline
King of the realms of wine;
No tender Lycidas will love inspire,
Whose charms thou dost admire,—
Whom rival youths regard with jealous eye,
And maids will by and by.

—J. O. Sargent.

V. MYTH AND LEGEND

STORIES FROM MYTHOLOGY: OVID

iblius Ovidius Naso (43 B.C. to about .D.), a native of Sulmo in the eastern of central Italy, began his career as lliant and successful poet of pleasure, was forced by imperial command to g it to a close in disgrace and exile. vas a prolific writer of elegy and of ative poems on mythological subjects. s credited also with a tragedy which not survived. His best known titles *The Loves, The Art of Love, Letters Heroines, The Calendar, Metamorses, The Lament,* and *Letters from the us.* He brings into play more than other Roman poet a penetrating in- into human nature; his wit and or, even if flippant and cynical, make at all times interesting; he is a sue master of metrical expression.

Pyrrha and Deucalion

[From the *Metamorphoses,* Book I]

In his *Metamorphoses* Ovid undertook and carried to successful completion the immense task of re-telling practically all the stories of Greek mythology, and many from Roman legend, that yielded to narrative treatment. The complete work is the most exhaustive manual of mythology extant, a manual made rich and entertaining by the poet's vivid imagination and his unusual powers in dramatic narration.

A mountain of stupendous height there stands
Betwixt th' Athenian and Bœotian lands,
The bound of fruitful fields, while fields they were,
But then a field of waters did appear:
Parnassus is its name; whose forky rise

Mounts thro' the clouds, and mates the lofty skies.
High on the summit of this dubious cliff,
Deucalion wafting, moor'd his little skiff.
He with his wife were only left behind
Of perish'd man; they two were human kind.
The mountain nymphs, and Themis they adore,
And from her oracles relief implore.
The most upright of mortal men was he;
The most sincere, and holy woman, she.
When Jupiter, surveying Earth from high,
Beheld it in a lake of water lie,
That where so many millions lately liv'd,
But two, the best of either sex, surviv'd;
He loos'd the northern wind; fierce Boreas flies
To puff away the clouds, and purge the skies:
Serenely, while he blows, the vapours driv'n
Discover Heav'n to Earth, and Earth to Heav'n.
The billows fall, while Neptune lays his mace
On the rough sea, and smooths its furrow'd face.
Already Triton at his call appears
Above the waves; a Tyrian robe he wears;
And in his hand a crooked trumpet bears.
The sovereign bids him peaceful sounds inspire,
And give the waves the signal to retire.
His writhen shell he takes; whose narrow vent
Grows by degrees into a large extent;
Then gives it breath; the blast with doubling sound,
Runs the wide circuit of the world around:
The Sun first heard it, in his early east,
And met the rattling echoes in the west.
The waters list'ning to the trumpet's roar,
Obey the summons, and forsake the shore.
A thin circumference of land appears;
And Earth, but not at once, her visi
rears,
And peeps upon the seas from up
grounds;
The streams, but just contain'd wit
their bounds,
By slow degrees into their channels cra
And Earth increases, as the waters
In longer time the tops of trees appe
Which mud on their dishonour'd branc
bear.
At length the world was all restor'd
view;
But desolate, and of a sickly hue:
Nature beheld herself, and stood agha
A dismal desert, and a silent waste.
Which when Deucalion, with a pite
look,
Beheld, he wept, and thus to Pyr
spoke;
"Oh wife, oh sister, oh of all thy kind
The best, and only creature left behi
By kindred, love, and now by dang
join'd;
Of multitudes, who breath'd the comm
air,
We two remain: a species in a pair:
The rest the seas have swallow'd; n
have we
Ev'n of this wretched life a certainty.
The clouds are still above; and while
speak,
A second deluge o'er our heads m
break.
Should I be snatcht from hence, and th
remain,
Without relief, or partner of thy pain
How couldst thou such a wretched l
sustain?
Should I be left, and thou be lost,
sea,
That bury'd her I love, should bury m
Oh could our father his old arts inspi
And make me heir of his informing fi
That so I might abolish'd man retri
And perish'd people in new souls mi
live!
But Heav'n is pleas'd, nor ought we
complain,

we, th' examples of mankind, remain."
aid; the careful couple join their ears;
then invoke the gods with pious prayers.
, in devotion having eas'd their grief,
sacred oracles they seek relief;
to Cephisus' brook their way pursue:
stream was troubled, but the ford they knew;
living waters, in the fountain bred,
sprinkle first their garments, and their head,
took the way, which to the temple led.
roofs were all defil'd with moss and mire,
desert altars void of solemn fire.
e the gradual, prostrate they ador'd:
pavement kiss'd; and thus the saint implor'd.
righteous Themis! if the pow'rs above
ray'rs are bent to pity, and to love;
man miseries can move their mind;
t they can forget, and yet be kind;
now we may restore, by second birth,
kind, and people desolated Earth."
thus the gracious goddess, nodding, said;
art, and with your vestments veil your head:
stooping lowly down, with loosen'd zones,
w each behind your backs, your mighty mother's bones."
'd the pair, and mute with wonder, stand,
Pyrrha first refus'd the dire command.
oid it Heav'n," said she, "that I should tear
e holy relics from the sepulchre."
ponder'd the mysterious words again,
ome new sense; and long they sought n vain:
At length Deucalion clear'd his cloudy brow,
And said, "The dark enigma will allow
A meaning, which if well I understand,
From sacrilege will free the god's command:
This Earth our mighty mother is, the stones
In her capacious body are her bones:
These we must cast behind." With hope, and fear,
The woman did the new solution hear:
The man diffides in his own augury,
And doubts the gods; yet both resolve to try.
Descending from the mount, they first unbind
Their vest, and veil'd they cast the stones behind;
The stones (a miracle to mortal view,
But long tradition makes it pass for true)
Did first the rigour of their kind expel,
And suppled into softness as they fell;
Then swell'd, and swelling, by degrees grew warm,
And took the rudiments of human form;
Imperfect shapes: in marble such are seen,
When the rude chisel does the man begin;
While yet the roughness of the stone remains,
Without the rising muscles, and the veins.
The sappy parts, and next resembling juice,
Were turn'd to moisture, for the body's use:
Supplying humours, blood, and nourishment;
The rest, too solid to receive a bent,
Converts to bones; and what was once a vein,
Its former name and nature did retain.
By help of pow'r divine, in little space,
What the man threw, assum'd a manly face;
And what the wife, renew'd the female race.
Hence we derive our nature; born to bear
Laborious life; and harden'd into care.

—JOHN DRYDEN.

Narcissus

[From the *Metamorphoses*, Book III]

There stands a fountain in a darksome wood,
Nor stain'd with falling leaves nor rising mud;
Untroubled by the breath of winds it rests,
Unsully'd by the touch of men or beasts;
High bow'rs of shady trees above it grow,
And rising grass and cheerful greens below.
Pleas'd with the form and coolness of the place,
And over-heated by the morning chase,
Narcissus on the grassy verdure lies:
But whilst within the crystal fount he tries
To quench his heat, he feels new heat arise.
For, as his own bright image he survey'd,
He fell in love with the fantastic shade;
And o'er the fair resemblance hung unmov'd,
Nor knew, fond youth! it was himself he lov'd.
The well-turned neck and shoulders he descries,
The spacious forehead, and the sparkling eyes;
The hands that Bacchus might not scorn to show,
And hair that round Apollo's head might flow;
With all the purple youthfulness of face,
That gently blushes in the wat'ry glass.
By his own flames consum'd the lover lies,
And gives himself the wound by which he dies.
To the cold water oft he joins his lips,
Oft catching at the beauteous shade he dips
His arms, as often from himself he slips.
Nor knows he who it is his arms pursue
With eager clasps, but loves he knows not who.
What could, fond youth, this helpless passion move?
What kindled in thee this unpity'd lo
Thy own warm blush within the w
glows,
With thee the colour'd shadow comes
goes,
Its empty being on thyself relies;
Step thou aside, and the frail char
dies.
Still o'er the fountain's wat'ry gl
he stood,
Mindless of sleep, and negligent of fo
Still view'd his face, and languish'd a
view'd.
At length he rais'd his head, and t
began
To vent his grief, and tell the woods
pain.
"You trees," says he, "and thou surrou
ing grove,
Who oft have been the kindly scene
love,
Tell me, if e'er within your shades did
A youth so tortur'd, so perplex'd as I
I, who before me see the charming fai
Whilst there he stands, and yet he sta
not there:
In such a maze of love my thoughts
lost:
And yet no bulwark'd town, nor dist
coast,
Preserve the beauteous youth from be
seen,
No mountains rise, nor oceans flow
tween.
A shallow water hinders my embrace;
And yet the lovely mimic wears a fac
That kindly smiles, and when I bend
join
My lips to his, he fondly bends to mi
Hear, gentle youth, and pity my co
plaint;
Come from thy well, thou fair inhabita
My charms an easy conquest have
tain'd
O'er other hearts, by thee alone disdai
But why should I despair? I'm sure
burns
With equal flames, and languishes
turns.

ene'er I stand, he offers at a kiss,
l when my arms I stretch, he stretches his.
eyes with pleasure on my face he keeps,
smiles my smiles, and when I weep he weeps.
ene'er I speak, his moving lips appear
utter something which I cannot hear.
Ah, wretched me! I now begin too late
find out all the long-perplex'd deceit;
s myself I love, myself I see;
gay delusion is a part of me.
ndle up the fires by which I burn,
l my own beauties from the well re-turn.
om should I court? how utter my com-plaint?
oyment but produces my restraint,
l too much plenty makes me die for want.
v gladly would I from myself remove!
l at a distance set the thing I love.
breast is warm'd with such unusual fire,
ish him absent whom I most desire.
l now I faint with grief; my fate draws nigh;
ll the pride of blooming youth I die:
th will the sorrows of my heart re-lieve.
might the visionary youth survive,
ould with joy my latest breath resign!
oh! I see his fate involv'd in mine."
his said, the weeping youth again return'd
the clear fountain, where again he burn'd;
tears defac'd the surface of the well,
h circle after circle, as they fell:
now the lovely face but half appears,
-run with wrinkles, and deform'd with tears.
, whither," cries Narcissus, "dost thou fly?
me still feed the flame by which I die;
Let me still see, though I'm no further blest."
Then rends his garment off, and beats his breast;
His naked bosom reddens with the blow,
In such a blush as purple clusters show,
Ere yet the Sun's autumnal heats refine
Their sprightly juice, and mellow it to wine.
The glowing beauties of his breast he spies,
And with a new redoubled passion dies.
As wax dissolves, as ice begins to run,
And trickle into drops before the Sun;
So melts the youth, and languishes away,
His beauty withers, and his limbs decay;
And none of those attractive charms remain,
To which the slighted Echo su'd in vain.
She saw him in his present misery,
Whom, spite of all her wrongs, she griev'd to see.
She answer'd sadly to the lover's moan,
Sigh'd back his sighs, and groan'd to ev'ry groan:
"Ah youth! belov'd in vain," Narcissus cries;
"Ah youth! belov'd in vain," the nymph replies.
"Farewell;" says he; the parting sound scarce fell
From his faint lips, but she reply'd "Farewell."
Then on th' unwholesome earth he gasping lies,
Till death shuts up those self-admiring eyes.
To the cold shades his flitting ghost retires,
And in the Stygian waves itself admires.
For him the Naiads and the Dryads mourn,
Whom the sad Echo answers in her turn;
And now the sister nymphs prepare his urn:
When, looking for his corpse, they only found
A rising stalk, with yellow blossoms crown'd.

—Joseph Addison.

Pyramus and Thisbe

[From the *Metamorphoses,* Book IV]

In Babylon, where first her queen, for state,
Rais'd walls of brick magnificently great,
Liv'd Pyramus and Thisbe, lovely pair!
He found no eastern youth his equal there,
And she beyond the fairest nymph was fair.
A closer neighbourhood was never known,
Though two the houses, yet the roof was one.
Acquaintance grew, th' acquaintance they improve
To friendship, friendship ripen'd into love:
Love had been crown'd, but impotently mad,
What parents could not hinder, they forbad.
For with fierce flames young Pyramus still burn'd,
And grateful Thisbe flames as fierce return'd.
Aloud in words their thoughts they dare not break,
But silent stand; and silent looks can speak.
The fire of love, the more it is suppress,
The more it glows, and rages in the breast.
When the division-wall was built, a chink
Was left, the cement unobserv'd to shrink.
So slight the cranny, that it still had been
For centuries unclos'd, because unseen.
But oh! what thing so small, so secret lies,
Which 'scapes, if form'd for love, a lover's eyes?
Ev'n in this narrow chink they quickly found
A friendly passage for a trackless sound.
Safely they told their sorrows, and their joys,
In whisper'd murmurs, and a dying noi
By turns to catch each other's breath th
strove,
And suck'd in all the balmy breeze
love.
Oft as on diff'rent sides they stood, th
cry'd,
"Malicious wall, thus lovers to divid
Suppose, thou should'st awhile to us gi
place
To lock, and fashion in a close embrac
But if too much to grant so sweet a bli
Indulge at least the pleasure of a ki
We scorn ingratitude: to thee, we kno
This conveyance of our minds we owe
Thus they their vain petition did
new
Till night, and then they softly sigh
adieu.
But first they strove to kiss, and that w
all;
Their kisses dy'd untasted on the wall.
Soon as the morn had o'er the sta
prevail'd,
And, warm'd by Phœbus, flow'rs th
dews exhale,
The lovers to their well-known pla
return,
Alike they suffer, and alike they mou
At last their parents they resolve
cheat,
(If to deceive in love be call'ed deceit)
To steal by night from home, and then
unknown
To seek the fields, and quit th' unfaith
town.
But, to prevent their wand'ring in
dark,
They both agree to fix upon a mark;
A mark, that could not their desig
expose:
The tomb of Ninus was the mark th
chose.
There they might rest secure beneath
shade,
Which boughs, with snowy fruit
cumber'd, made:
A wide-spread mulberry its rise had to

on the margin of a gurgling brook.
ıtient for the friendly dusk they stay,
chide the slowness of departing day;
vestern seas down sunk at last the
light.
ı western seas uprose the shades of
night.
loving Thisbe ev'n prevents the hour,
ı cautious silence she unlocks the
door,
veils her face, and marching thro'
the gloom
tly arrives at th' assignation-tomb.
still the fearful sex can fearless
prove;
ly they act, if spirited by love.
n lo! a lioness rush'd o'er the plain,
ıly besmear'd with blood of oxen
slain:
what to the dire sight new horrours
brought,
lake her thirst the neighb'ring spring
she sought.
ch, by the Moon, when trembling
Thisbe spies,
g'd with her fear, swift as the wind,
she flies;
in a cave recovers from her fright,
dropt her veil, confounded in her
flight.
n sated with repeated draughts, again
queen of beasts scour'd back along
the plain,
found the veil, and mouthing it all
o'er,
ı bloody jaws the lifeless prey she
tore.
ıe youth, who could not cheat his
guards so soon,
came, and noted by the glimmering
Moon
e savage feet, now printed on the
ground,
cheeks turn'd pale, his limbs no
vigour found:
when, advancing on, the veil he spy'd
ain'd with blood, and ghastly torn,
he cry'd,

"One night shall death to two young
lovers give,
But she deserv'd unnumber'd years to
live!
'Tis I am guilty, I have thee betray'd,
Who came not early, as my charming
maid.
Whatever slew thee, I the cause remain;
I nam'd, and fix'd the place where thou
wast slain.
Ye lions from your neighb'ring dens re-
pair,
Pity the wretch, this impious body tear!
But cowards thus for death can idly cry;
The brave still have it in their pow'r to
die."
Then to th' appointed tree he hastes
away,
The veil first gather'd, though all rent it
lay:
The veil all rent yet still endears,
He kiss'd and kissing, wash'd it with
his tears.
"Tho' rich," he cry'd, "with many a
precious stain,
Still from my blood a deeper tincture
gain."
Then in his breast his shining sword he
drown'd,
And fell supine, extended on the ground.
As out again the blade he dying drew,
Out spun the blood, and streaming up-
wards flew.
So if a conduit-pipe e'er burst you saw,
Swift spring the gushing waters thro' the
flaw:
Then spouting in a bow, they rise on high,
And a new fountain plays amid the sky.
The berries, stain'd with blood, began to
show
A dark complexion, and forgot their
snow;
While fatten'd with the flowing gore, the
root
Was doom'd for ever to a purple fruit.
Meantime poor Thisbe fear'd, so long
she stay'd,
Her lover might suspect a perjur'd maid.

Her fright scarce o'er, she strove the youth to find
With ardent eyes, which spoke an ardent mind.
Already in his arms, she hears him sigh
At her destruction, which was once so nigh.
The tomb, the tree, but not the fruit she knew;
The fruit she doubted for its alter'd hue.
Still as she doubts, her eyes a body found
Quiv'ring in death, and gasping on the ground.
She started back, the red her cheeks forsook,
And ev'ry nerve with thrilling horrours shook.
So trembles the smooth surface of the seas,
If brush'd o'er gently with a rising breeze.
But when her view her bleeding love confess'd,
She shriek'd, she tore her hair, she beat her breast.
She rais'd the body, and embrac'd it round,
And bath'd with tears unfeign'd the gaping wound.
Then her warm lips to the cold face apply'd;
"And is it thus, ah! thus we meet?" she cry'd:
"My Pyramus! whence sprung the cruel fate?
My Pyramus!—ah! speak, ere 'tis too late.
I, thy own Thisbe, but one word implore,
One word thy Thisbe never ask'd before."
At Thisbe's name, awak'd, he open'd wide
His dying eyes; with dying eyes he try'd
On her to dwell, but clos'd them slow, and dy'd.
The fatal cause was now at last explor'd,
Her veil she knew, she saw his sheathless sword:
"From thy own hand thy ruin thou found,"
She said; "but love first taught that h to wound.
Ev'n I for thee as bold a hand can sh
And love, which shall as true direct blow.
I will against the woman's weak strive,
And never thee, lamented youth, surv
The world may say, I caus'd, alas! death,
But saw thee breathless, and resign'd breath.
Fate, tho' it conquers, shall no triu gain,
Fate, that divides us, still divides in v
Now, both our cruel parents, hear pray'r;
My pray'r to offer for us both I d
Oh! see our ashes in one urn confin'
Whom Love at first, and Fate at last join'd.
The bliss, you envy'd, is not our requ
Lovers when dead, may sure together
Thou, tree, where now one lifeless l is laid,
Ere long o'er two shalt cast a frie shade.
Still let our loves from thee be un stood,
Still witness in thy purple fruit blood."
She spoke, and in her bosom plung'd sword
All warm and reeking from its slaught lord.
The pray'r, which dying Thisbe preferr'd,
Both gods, and parents, with compas heard.
The whiteness of the mulberry soon
And, ripening, sadden'd in a d red:
While both their parents their lost dren mourn,
And mix their ashes in one golden ur

—Lawrence Eusde

Perseus and Andromeda

From the *Metamorphoses,* Book IV]

Æolus had with strong chains con-
fin'd,
deep imprison'd ev'ry blust'ring
wind,
rising Phosphor with a purple light
sluggish mortals to new toils invite.
feet again the valiant Perseus plumes,
his keen sabre in his hand resumes:
nobly spurns the ground, and up-
ward springs,
cuts the liquid air with sounding
wings.
various seas and various lands he
past,
Æthiopia's shore appear'd at last.
romeda was there, doom'd to atone
ner own ruin follies not her own:
if injustice in a god can be,
was the Libyan god's unjust decree.
n'd to a rock she stood; young Per-
seus stay'd
rapid flight, to view the beauteous
maid.
weet her frame, so exquisitely fine,
seem'd a statue by a hand divine,
not the wind her waving tresses
show'd,
down her cheeks the melting sorrows
flow'd.
faultless form the hero's bosom fires;
more he looks, the more he still
admires.
admirer almost had forgot to fly,
swift descended, fluttering from on
high.
virgin, worthy no such chains to
prove,
pleasing chains in the soft folds of
love;
country, and thy name," he said,
"disclose,
give a true rehearsal of thy woes."
quick reply her bashfulness refus'd,
he free converse of a man unus'd.
rising blushes had concealment found
From her spread hands, but that her
hands were bound.
She acted to her full extent of pow'r,
And bath'd her face with a fresh, silent
show'r.
But by degrees in innocence grown bold,
Her name, her country, and her birth
she told:
And how she suffer'd for her mother's
pride,
Who with the Nereids once in beauty
vy'd.
Part yet untold, the seas began to roar,
And mounting billows tumbled to the
shore.
Above the waves a monster rais'd his
head,
His body o'er the deep was widely
spread:
Onward he flounc'd; aloud the virgin
cries;
Each parent to her shrieks in shrieks
replies:
But she had deepest cause to rend the
skies.
Weeping, to her they cling; no sign
appears
Of help, they only lend their helpless
tears.
"Too long you vent your sorrows,"
Perseus said,
"Short is the hour, and swift the time of
aid.
In me the son of thund'ring Jove behold,
Got in a kindly show'r of fruitful gold.
Medusa's snaky head is now my prey,
And thro' the clouds I boldly wing my
way.
If such desert be worthy of esteem,
And, if your daughter I from death
redeem,
Shall she be mine? Shall it not then be
thought
A bride, so lovely, was too cheaply
bought?
For her my arms I willingly employ,
If I may beauties, which I save, enjoy."
The parents eagerly the terms embrace:

For who would slight such terms in such a case?
Nor her alone they promise, but beside,
The dowry of a kingdom with the bride.
As well-rigg'd galleys, which slaves, sweating, row,
With their sharp beaks the whiten'd ocean plough;
So when the monster mov'd, still at his back
The furrow'd waters left a foamy track.
Now to the rock he was advanc'd so nigh,
Whirl'd from a sling a stone the space would fly.
Then, bounding, upwards the brave Perseus sprung,
And in mid air on hovering pinions hung.
His shadow quickly floated on the main;
The monster could not his wild rage restrain,
But at the floating shadow leap'd in vain.
As when Jove's bird a speckled serpent spies,
Which in the shine of Phœbus basking lies,
Unseen, he souses down, and bears away,
Truss'd from behind, the vainly-hissing prey.
To writhe his neck and labour nought avails,
Too deep th' imperial talons pierce his scales.
Thus the wing'd hero now descends, now soars,
And at his pleasure the vast monster gores.
Full in his back, swift-stooping from above,
The crooked sabre to its hilt he drove.
The monster rag'd, impatient of the pain,
First bounded high, and then sunk low again.
Now, like a savage boar, when chaf'd with wounds,
And bay'd with opening mouths of hungry hounds,
He on the foe turns with collected might,
Who still eludes him with an airy flight;
And wheeling round, the scaly arm tries
Of his thick sides; his thinner tail r plies:
Till from repeated strokes out-gush' flood,
And the waves redden'd with the stre ing blood.
At last the dropping wings, befoa all o'er,
With flaggy heaviness their master bo
A rock he spy'd, whose humble head low,
Bare at an ebb, but cover'd at a flow
A ridgy hold he, thither flying, gain'd
And with one hand his bending wei sustain'd;
With th' other vigorous blows he d around,
And the home-thrusts th' expiring m ster own'd.
In deaf'ning shouts the glad applau rise,
And peal on peal runs rattling thro' skies.
The saviour-youth the royal pair conf
And with heav'd hands their daught bride-groom bless.
The beauteous bride moves on, r loos'd from chains,
The cause, and sweet reward of all hero's pains.

—Thomas Eusden

The Rape of Proserpine

[From the *Metamorphoses*, Book V]

Near Enna's walls a spacious lake spread,
Fam'd for the sweetly-singing swans bred;
Pergusa is its name: and never more
Were heard, or sweeter, on Cayst shore.
Woods crown the lake; and Phœbus n invades
The tufted fences, or offends the shad

ı fragrant breezes fan the verdant
ɔow'rs,
the moist ground smiles with
enamel'd flow'rs.
cheerful birds their airy carols sing,
the whole year is one eternal spring.
re, while young Proserpine, among
the maids,
rts herself in these delicious shades;
e like a child with busy speed and
care
gathers lilies here, and vi'lets there;
e first to fill her little lap she strives,
s grizly monarch at the shade
arrives;
her thus sporting on the flow'ry
green,
loves the blooming maid, as soon as
seen.
urgent flame impatient of delay,
as the thought he seiz'd the beaute-
ous prey,
bore her in his sooty car away.
frighted goddess to her mother cries,
all in vain, for now far off she flies.
She behind her leaves her virgin
train;
hem too cries, and cries to them in
vain.
while with passion she repeats her
call,
vi'lets from her lap, and lilies fall:
misses them, poor heart! and makes
new moan;
lilies, ah! are lost, her vi'lets gone.
er hills, the ravisher, and valleys
speeds,
ame encouraging his foamy steeds;
ttles o'er their necks the rusty reins,
ruffles with the stroke their shaggy
manes.
lakes he whirls his flying wheels,
and comes
ie Palici breathing sulph'rous fumes.
thence to where the Bacchiads of
renown
een unequal havens built their town;
e Arethusa, round th' imprison'd
sea,
Extends her crooked coast to Cyane;
The nymph who gave the neighb'ring
lake a name,
Of all Sicilian nymphs the first in fame.
She from the waves advanc'd her beaute-
ous head,
The goddess knew, and thus to Pluto
said;
"Farther thou shalt not with the virgin
run;
Ceres unwilling, canst thou be her son?
The maid should be by sweet persuasion
won.
Force suits not with the softness of the
fair;
For, if great things with small I may
compare,
Me Anapis once lov'd; a milder course
He took, and won me by his words, nor
force."
Then stretching out her arms, she stopt
his way;
But he, impatient of the shortest stay,
Throws to his dreadful steeds the
slacken'd rein,
And strikes his iron sceptre through the
main;
The depths profound thro' yielding waves
he cleaves,
And to Hell's centre a free passage leaves;
Down sinks his chariot, and his realms
of night
The god soon reaches with a rapid flight.

—Arthur Maynwaring.

Niobe

[From the *Metamorphoses*, Book VI]

Swift thro' the Phrygian towns the
rumour flies,
And the strange news each female tongue
employs:
Niobe, who before she married knew
The famous nymph, now found the story
true;
Yet, unreclaimed by poor Arachne's fate,
Vainly above the gods assum'd a state.

Her husband's fame, their family's descent,
Their pow'r, and rich dominion's wide extent,
Might well have justify'd a decent pride;
But not on these alone the dame rely'd:
Her lovely progeny that far excell'd,
The mother's heart with vain ambition swell'd:
The happiest mother not unjustly styl'd,
Had no conceited thoughts her tow'ring fancy fill'd.
For once a prophetess, with zeal inspir'd,
Their slow neglect to warm devotion fir'd;
Thro' ev'ry street of Thebes who ran possess'd,
And thus in accents wild her charge express'd:
"Haste, haste, ye Theban matrons, and adore,
With hallow'd rites, Latona's mighty pow'r;
And to the heav'nly twins that from her spring,
With laurel crown'd, your smoking incense bring."
Straight the great summons ev'ry dame obey'd,
And due submission to the goddess paid:
Graceful, with laurel chaplets dress'd they came,
And offer'd incense in the sacred flame.
Meanwhile, surrounded with a courtly guard,
The royal Niobe in state appear'd;
Attir'd in robes embroider'd o'er with gold,
And mad with rage, yet lovely to behold:
Her comely tresses, trembling as she stood,
Down her fine neck with easy motion flow'd;
Then, darting round a proud disdainful look,
In haughty tone her hasty passion broke,
And thus began; "What madness this, to court
A goddess, founded merely on report
Dare ye a poor pretended pow'r inv
While yet no altars to my godhead smo
Mine, whose immediate lineage sta
confess'd
From Tantalus, the only mortal g
That e'er the gods admitted to t
feast.
A sister of the Pleiads gave me birth
And Atlas, mightiest mountain u
Earth,
Who bears the globe of all the stars ab
My grandsire was, and Atlas sprung f
Jove.
The Theban towns my majesty ador
And neighb'ring Phrygia trembles at
pow'r:
Rais'd by my husband's lute, with tur
crown'd,
Our lofty city stands secur'd around.
Within my court, where'er I turn my e
Unbounded treasures to my prospect r
With these my face I modestly
name,
As not unworthy of so high a claim;
Seven are my daughters of a form div
With seven fair sons, an indefective l
Go, fools! consider this; and ask
cause
From which my pride its strong presu
tion draws:
Consider this; and then prefer to m
Cæus the Titan's vagrant progeny;
To whom, in travail, the whole spac
earth
No room afforded for her spurious bi
Not the least part in earth, in Hea
or seas,
Would grant your out-law'd goddess
ease:
Till pitying hers, from his own wand'
case,
Delos, the floating island, gave a place
There she a mother was, of two at m
Only the seventh part of what I bo
My joys are all beyond suspicion fix'
With no pollutions of misfortune mi
Safe on the basis of my pow'r I stand
Above the reach of Fortune's fickle ha

en she may my inexhausted store,
much destroy, yet still must leave
me more.
ɔose it possible that some may die
this my numerous lovely progeny;
with Latona I might safely vie:
ɔ, by her scanty breed, scarce fit to
name,
just escapes the childless woman's
shame.
then, with speed your laurel'd heads
uncrown,
leave the silly farce you have begun."
he tim'rous throng their sacred rites
forbore,
from their heads the verdant laurel
tore;
ir haughty queen they with regret
obey'd,
still in gentle murmurs softly pray'd.
igh on the top of Cynthus' shady
mount,
ı grief the goddess saw the base
affront;
, the abuse revolving in her breast,
mother her twin-offspring thus
addrest:
Lo I, my children, who with comfort
knew
r godlike birth, and thence my glory
drew;
thence have claim'd precedency of
place
n all but Juno of the heav'nly race,
st now despair, and languish in dis-
grace.
godhead question'd, and all rites
divine,
ess you succour, banish'd from my
shrine.
more, the imp of Tantalus has flung
exions with her vile paternal tongue;
dar'd prefer her mortal breed to
mine,
call'd me childless; which, just Fate,
may she repine!"
hen to urge more the goddess was
prepar'd,
Phoebus in haste replies, "Too much
we've heard,
And ev'ry moment's lost, while vengeance
is deferr'd."
Diana spoke the same. Then both en-
shroud
Their heav'nly bodies in a sable cloud;
And to the Theban tow'rs descending
light,
Through the soft yielding air direct their
flight.
Without the wall there lies a cham-
paign ground,
With even surface, far extending round,
Beaten and level'd, while it daily feels
The trampling horse, and chariot's grind-
ing wheels.
Part of Niobe's young rival breed,
Practising there to ride the manag'd
steed,
Their bridles boss'd with gold, were
mounted high
On stately furniture of Tyrian dye.
Of these, Ismenos, who by birth had been
The first fair issue of the fruitful queen,
Just as he drew the rein to guide his
horse
Around the compass of the circling course,
Sigh'd deeply, and the pangs of smart
express'd,
While the shaft stuck engorg'd within his
breast:
And, the reins dropping from his dying
hand,
He sunk quite down, and tumbled on the
sand.
Sipylus next the rattling quiver heard,
And with full speed for his escape pre-
par'd.
As when the pilot from the black'ning
skies
A gath'ring storm of wintry rain descries,
His sails unfurl'd, and crowded all with
wind,
He strives to leave the threat'ning cloud
behind:
So fled the youth; but an unerring dart
O'ertook him, quick discharg'd, and sped
with art;

Fix'd in his neck behind, it trembling stood,
And at his throat display'd the point besmear'd with blood.
Prone, as his posture was, he tumbled o'er,
And bath'd his courser's mane with streaming gore.
Next at young Phædimus they took their aim,
And Tantalus, who bore his grandsire's name:
These, when their other exercise was done,
To try the wrestler's oily sport begun:
And, straining ev'ry nerve, their skill express'd
In closest grapple, joining breast to breast:
When from the bending bow an arrow sent,
Join'd as they were, thro' both their bodies went:
Both groan'd, and writhing both their limbs with pain,
They fell together bleeding on the plain;
Then both their languid eyeballs faintly roll,
And thus together breathe away their soul.
With grief Alphenor saw their doleful plight,
And smote his breast, and sicken'd at the sight;
Then to their succour ran with eager haste.
And, fondly griev'd, their stiff'ning limbs embrac'd;
But in the action falls: a thrilling dart,
By Phœbus guided, pierc'd him to the heart.
This, as they drew it forth, his midriff tore,
Its barbed point the fleshy fragments bore,
And let the soul gush out in streams of purple gore.
But Damasichthon, by a double wound,
Beardless, and young, lay gasping on ground.
Fix'd in his sinewy ham, the steely po
Stuck thro' his knee, and pierc'd the ne
ous joint:
And, as he stoop'd to tug the painful da
Another struck him in a vital part;
Shot through his wezon, by the wing
hung,
The life-blood forc'd it out, and dart
upward sprung.
Ilioneus, the last, with terrour stands
Lifting in pray'r his unavailing hands:
And, ignorant from whom his griefs ar
"Spare me, O all ye heav'nly pow'rs,"
cries:
Phœbus was touch'd too late, the sour
ing bow
Had sent the shaft, and struck the fa
blow;
Which yet but gently gor'd his ten
side,
So by a slight and easy wound he dy'd.
Swift to the mother's ears the rumo
came,
And doleful sighs the heavy news p
claim;
With anger and surprise inflam'd
turns,
In furious rage her haughty stoma
burns:
First she disputes th' effects of heav'
pow'r,
Then at their daring boldness wond
more;
For poor Amphion with sore grief d
trest,
Hoping to soothe his cares by endless re
Had sheath'd a dagger in his wretch
breast.
And she, who toss'd her high disdain
head,
When thro' the streets in solemn po
she led
The throng that from Latona's altar fl
Assuming state beyond the proud
queen,
Was now the miserablest object seen

strate among the clay-cold dead she
fell,
kiss'd an undistinguish'd last fare-
well.
n, her pale arms advancing to the
skies,
uel Latona! triumph now," she cries.
y grieving soul in bitter anguish
drench,
with my woes your thirsty passion
quench;
st your black malice at a price thus
dear,
ile the sore pangs of sev'n such deaths
I bear.
umph, too cruel rival, and display
r conqu'ring standard; for you've won
the day.
I'll excel; for yet, though sev'n are
slain,
erior still in number I remain."
rce had she spoke; the bow-string's
twanging sound
s heard, and dealt fresh terrours all
around;
ich all, but Niobe alone, confound.
nn'd, and obdurate by her load of
grief,
nsible she sits, nor hopes relief.
efore the funeral biers, all weeping
sad,
daughters stood, in vests of sable
clad.
n one, surpris'd, and stung with sud-
den smart,
vain attempts to draw the sticking
dart:
to grim death her blooming youth
resigns,
o'er her brothers' corpse her dying
head reclines.
s to assuage her mother's anguish
tries,
, silenc'd in the pious action, dies;
t by a secret arrow, wing'd with death,
falt'ring lips but only gasp'd for
breath.
, on her dying sister, breathes her
last;
Vainly in flight another's hopes are plac'd:
This hiding, from her fate a shelter
seeks;
That trembling stands, and fills the air
with shrieks.
And all in vain; for now all six had found
Their way to death, each by a diff'rent
wound.
The last with eager care the mother
veil'd,
Behind her spreading mantle close con-
ceal'd,
And with her body guarded, as a shield.
"Only for this, this youngest, I implore,
Grant me this one request, I ask no more;
O grant me this!" she passionately cries:
But while she speaks, the destin'd virgin
dies.
Widow'd, and childless, lamentable
state!
A doleful sight, among the dead she sate;
Harden'd with woes, a statue of despair,
To ev'ry breath of wind unmov'd her
hair;
Her cheek still redd'ning, but its colour
dead,
Faded her eyes, and set within her head.
No more her pliant tongue its motion
keeps,
But stands congeal'd within her frozen
lips.
Stagnate, and dull, within her purple
veins,
Its current stopp'd, the lifeless blood re-
mains.
Her feet their usual offices refuse,
Her arms and neck their graceful gestures
lose:
Action and life from ev'ry part are gone,
And ev'n her entrails turn to solid stone;
Yet still she weeps, and whirl'd by stormy
winds,
Borne thro' the air her native country
finds;
There fix'd, she stands upon a bleaky hill,
There yet her marble cheeks eternal tears
distil.

—Samuel Croxall.

Dædalus and Icarus

[From the *Metamorphoses*, Book VIII]

In tedious exile now too long detain'd,
Dædalus languish'd for his native land:
The sea foreclos'd his flight; yet thus he said;
"Though earth and water in subjection laid,
O cruel Minos, thy dominion be,
We'll go through air; for sure the air is free."
Then to new arts his cunning thought applies,
And to improve the work of nature tries.
A row of quills in gradual order plac'd,
Rise by degrees in length from first to last;
As on a cliff th' ascending thicket grows,
Or different reeds the rural pipe compose.
Along the middle runs a twine of flax,
The bottom stems are join'd by pliant wax.
Thus, well compact, a hollow bending brings
The fine composure into real wings.
His boy, young Icarus, that near him stood,
Unthinking of his fate, with smiles pursu'd
The floating feathers, which the moving air
Bore loosely from the ground, and wafted here and there;
Or with the wax impertinently play'd,
And with his childish tricks the great design delay'd.
The final master-stroke at last impos'd,
And now the neat machine completely clos'd;
Fitting his pinions on, a flight he tries,
And hung self-balanc'd in the beaten skies.
Then thus instructs his child: "My boy, take care
To wing your course along the middle air;
If low, the surges wet your flagging plumes;
If high, the Sun the melting wax c
sumes:
Steer between both: nor to the north
skies,
Nor south Orion, turn your giddy ey
But follow me: let me before you lay
Rules for the flight, and mark the pa
less way."
Then teaching, with a fond concern,
son,
He took the untry'd wings, and fix'd th
on;
But fix'd with trembling hands, and
he speaks,
The tears roll gently down his a
cheeks:
Then kiss'd, and in his arms embra
him fast,
But knew not this embrace must be
last.
And mounting upward, as he wings
flight,
Back on his charge he turns his achi
sight;
As parent birds, when first their call
care
Leave the high nest to tempt the liq
air.
Then cheers him on, and oft, with fa
art,
Reminds the stripling to perform his pa
These, as the angler at the silent bro
Or mountain-shepherd leaning on
crook,
Or gaping ploughman, from the v
descries,
They stare, and view them with religi
eyes,
And straight conclude them gods; si
none, but they,
Through their own azure skies could fi
a way.
Now Delos, Paros, on the left are seen
And Samos, favour'd by Jove's haugh
queen;
Upon the right, the isle Lebynthos nam
And fair Calymne for its honey fam'd.
When now the boy, whose child
thoughts aspire

loftier aims, and make him ramble
higher,
wn wild, and wanton, more em-
bolden'd flies
from his guide, and soars among the
skies,
soft'ning wax, that felt a nearer sun,
olv'd apace, and soon began to run.
youth in vain his melting pinions
shakes;
feathers gone, no longer air he takes.
! father, father," as he strove to cry,
n to the sea he tumbled from on high,
found his fate; yet still subsists by
fame,
ng those waters that retain his name.
he father, now no more a father,
cries,
, Icarus! where are you?" as he flies;
ere shall I seek my boy?" he cries
again,
saw his feathers scatter'd on the
main.
n curs'd his art; and funeral rites
conferr'd,
ning the country from the youth
interr'd.

—Samuel Croxall.

Baucis and Philemon

[From the *Metamorphoses,* Book VIII]

v'n's pow'r is infinite: earth, air, and
sea,
manufactured mass, the making
pow'r obey:
proof to clear your doubt; in Phrygian
ground
neighb'ring trees, with walls en-
compass'd round,
d on a mod'rate rise, with wonder
shown,
a hard oak, a softer linden one:
w the place, and them, by Pittheus
sent
Phrygian realms; my grandsire's
government.

Not far from thence is seen a lake, the
haunt
Of coots, and of the fishing cormorant:
Here Jove with Hermes came; but in
disguise
Of mortal men conceal'd their deities;
One laid aside his thunder, one his rod;
And many toilsome steps together trod:
For harbour at a thousand doors they
knock'd,
Not one of all the thousand but was
lock'd.
At last a hospitable house they found,
A homely shed; the roof, not far from
ground,
Was thatch'd with reeds and straw, to-
gether bound.
There Baucis and Philemon liv'd, and
there
Had liv'd long marry'd, and a happy
pair:
Now old in love, though little was their
store,
Inur'd to want, their poverty they bore,
Nor aim'd at wealth, professing to be
poor.
For master, or for servant here to call,
Was all alike, where only two were all.
Command was none, where equal love
was paid,
Or rather both commanded, both obey'd.
From lofty roofs the gods repuls'd
before,
Now stooping, enter'd through the little
door:
The man (their hearty welcome first ex-
press'd)
A common settle drew for either guest,
Inviting each his weary limbs to rest.
But ere they sat, officious Baucis lays
Two cushions stuff'd with straw, the seat
to raise;
Coarse, but the best she had: then rakes
the load
Of ashes from the hearth, and spreads
abroad
The living coals; and, lest they should
expire,

With leaves and bark she feeds her infant fire:
It smokes; and then with trembling breath she blows,
Till in a cheerful blaze the flames arose.
With brush-wood, and with chips she strengthens these,
And adds at last the boughs of rotten trees.
The fire thus form'd, she sets the kettle on,
(Like burnish'd gold the little seether shone)
Next took the coleworts which her husband got
From his own ground, (a small well-water'd spot;)
She stripp'd the stalks of all their leaves; the best
She cull'd, and them with handy care she drest.
High o'er the hearth a chine of bacon hung;
Good old Philemon siez'd it with a prong,
And from the sooty rafter drew it down,
Then cut a slice, but scarce enough for one;
Yet a large portion of a little store,
Which for their sakes alone he wish'd were more.
This in the pot he plung'd without delay,
To tame the flesh, and drive the salt away.
The time between, before the fire they sat,
And shorten'd the delay by pleasing chat.
A beam there was, on which a beechen pail
Hung by the handle, on a driven nail:
This fill'd with water, gently warm'd, they set
Before their guests; in this they bath'd their feet,
And after with clean towels dry'd their sweat.
This done, the host produc'd the genial bed,
Shallow the feet, the borders, and the stead,
Which with no costly coverlet th
spread,
But coarse old garments; yet such ro
as these
They laid alone at feasts, on holidays
The good old housewife, tucking up
gown,
The table sets; th' invited gods lie do
The trivet-table of a foot was lame
A blot which prudent Baucis overca
Who thrust beneath the limping leg
sherd,
So was the mended board exactly rea
Then rubb'd it o'er with newly gathe
mint,
A wholesome herb, that breath'd a gra
ful scent.
Pallas began the feast, where first w
seen
The party-colour'd olive, black and gre
Autumnal cornels next in order serv'd
In lees of wine well pickled, and p
serv'd.
A garden-salad was the third supply,
Of endive, radishes, and succory:
Then curds and cream, the flow'r of co
try fare,
And new-laid eggs, which Baucis' b
care
Turn'd by a gentle fire, and roasted r
All these in earthenware were serv'd
board;
And next in place an earthen pitch
stor'd
With liquor of the best the cottage co
afford.
This was the table's ornament and pri
With figures wrought: like pages at
side
Stood beechen bowls; and these w
shining clean,
Varnish'd with wax without, and li
within.
By this the boiling kettle had prepa
And to the table sent the smoking la
On which with eager appetite they di
A sav'ry bit, that serv'd to relish wi
The wine itself was suiting to the r

working in the must, and lately
press'd.
second course succeeds like that
before,
ıs, apples, nuts, and of their wintry
store
figs, and grapes, and wrinkled dates
were set
ınisters, t' enlarge the little treat:
these a milk-white honey-comb sur-
round,
ch in the midst the country banquet
crown'd:
the kind hosts their entertainment
grace
ı hearty welcome, and an open face:
ll they did, you might discern with
ease
lling mind, and a desire to please.
eantime the beechen bowls went
round, and still,
ugh often empty'd, were observ'd to
fill;
d without hands, and of their own
accord
without feet, and danc'd about the
board.
ɔtion seiz'd the pair, to see the feast
ı wine, and of no common grape,
increas'd;
up they held their hands, and fell to
pray'r,
ısing, as they could, their country
fare.
goose they had, ('twas all they could
allow)
akeful sentry, and on duty now,
m to the gods for sacrifice they
vow:
with malicious zeal the couple
view'd;
ran for life, and limping they
pursu'd:
well the fowl perceiv'd their bad
intent,
would not make her master's com-
pliment;
persecuted, to the Pow'rs she flies,
And close between the legs of Jove she
lies:
He with a gracious ear the suppliant
heard,
And sav'd her life; the what he was
declar'd,
And own'd the god. "The neighbour-
hood," said he,
"Shall justly perish for impiety;
You stand alone exempted; but obey
With speed, and follow where we lead
the way:
Leave these accurs'd; and to the moun-
tain's height
Ascend; nor once look backward in your
flight."
They haste, and what their tardy feet
deny'd,
The trusty staff (their better leg) sup-
ply'd.
An arrow's flight they wanted to the top,
And there secure, but spent with travel,
stop;
Then turn their now-no-more-forbidden
eyes;
Lost in a lake the floated level lies:
A watery desert covers all the plains,
Their cot alone, as in an isle, remains.
Wond'ring with weeping eyes, while they
deplore
Their neighbours' fate, and country now
no more,
Their little shed, scarce large enough for
two,
Seems from the ground, increas'd in
height and bulk, to grow.
A stately temple shoots within the skies,
The crotches of their cot in columns rise:
The pavement polish'd marble they be-
hold,
The gates with sculpture grac'd, the spires
and tiles of gold.
Then thus the sire of gods, with looks
serene:
"Speak thy desire, thou only just of men;
And thou, O woman, only worthy found
To be with such a man in marriage
bound."

Awhile they whisper; then to Jove address'd,
Philemon thus prefers their joint request:
"We crave to serve before your sacred shrine,
And offer at your altar rites divine;
And since not any action of our life
Has been polluted with domestic strife;
We beg one hour of death, that neither she
With widow'd tears may live to bury me,
Nor weeping I, with wither'd arms, may bear
My breathless Baucis to the sepulchre."
The godheads sign their suit. They run the race
In the same tenour all th' appointed space;
Then, when their hour was come, while they relate
These past adventures at the temple gate,
Old Baucis is by old Philemon seen
Sprouting with sudden leaves of sprightly green:
Old Baucis look'd where old Philemon stood,
And saw his lengthen'd arms a sprouting wood:
New roots their fasten'd feet begin to bind,
Their bodies stiffen in a rising rind;
Then, ere the bark about their shoulders grew,
They give and take at once their last adieu.
At once, "Farewell, O faithful spouse," they said;
At once th' incroaching rinds their closing lips invade.
Ev'n yet an ancient Tyanæan shows
A spreading oak, that near a linden grows;
The neighbourhood confirm the prodigy,
Grave men, not vain of tongue, or like to lie.
I myself saw the garlands on their boughs,
And tablets hung for gifts of granted vows,
And off'ring fresher up, with pious pra
"The good," said I, "are God's pecu
care,
And such as honour Heav'n, s
heav'nly honour share."

—John Dryden

Orpheus and Eurydice

[From the *Metamorphoses,* Book X]

Thence, in his saffron robe, for dist
Thrace,
Hymen departs, through air's unmeasu
space;
By Orpheus call'd, the nuptial po
attends,
But with ill-omen'd augury descends
Nor cheerful look'd the god, nor pr
p'rous spoke,
Nor blaz'd his torch, but wept in hiss
smoke.
In vain they whirl it round, in vain t
shake,
No rapid motion can its flames awake
With dread these inauspicious sig
were view'd,
And soon a more disastrous end ensu
For as the bride, amid the Naiad trai
Ran joyful sporting o'er the flow'ry pla
A venom'd viper bit her as she pass'd
Instant she fell, and sudden breath'd
last.
When long his loss the Thracian
deplor'd,
Not by superior pow'rs to be restor'd
Inflam'd by love, and urg'd by d
despair,
He leaves the realms of light, and up
air;
Daring to tread the dark Tenarian ro
And tempt the shades in their obsc
abode;
Through gliding spectres of th' inte
to go,
And phantom people of the world bel
Persephone he seeks, and him who rei
O'er ghosts, and Hell's uncomforta
plains.

iv'd, he, tuning to his voice his strings,
is to the king and queen of shadows sings.
'Ye pow'rs, who under Earth your realms extend,
whom all mortals must one day descend;
iere 'tis granted sacred truth to tell,
ome not curious to explore your Hell;
r come to boast (by vain ambition fir'd)
w Cerberus at my approach retir'd.
wife alone I seek; for her lov'd sake
ese terrours I support, this journey take.
, luckless wand'ring, or by fate misled,
anc'd on a lurking viper's crest to tread;
e vengeful beast, inflam'd with fury, starts,
l through her heel his deathful venom darts.
is was she snatch'd untimely to her tomb;
growing years cut short, and springing bloom.
ig I my loss endeavour'd to sustain,
l strongly strove, but strove, alas! in vain:
length I yielded, won by mighty Love;
ll known is that omnipotence above!
here, I doubt, his unfelt influence fails;
l yet a hope within my heart prevails,
at here, ev'n here, he has been known of old;
least if truth be by tradition told;
fame of former rapes belief may find,
l both by love, and love alone were join'd.
w by the horrours which these realms surround;
the vast chaos of these depths profound;
the sad silence which eternal reigns
r all the waste of these wide-stretching plains,
me again Eurydice receive,
Let Fate her quick-spun thread of life re-weave.
All our possessions are but loans from you,
And soon, or late, you must be paid your due;
Hither we haste to human-kind's last seat,
Your endless empire, and our sure retreat.
She too, when ripen'd years she shall attain,
Must, of avoidless right, be yours again:
I but the transient use of that require,
Which soon, too soon, I must resign entire.
But if the destinies refuse my vow,
And no remission of her doom allow;
Know, I'm determin'd to return no more;
So both retain, or both to life restore."
Thus, while the bard melodiously complains,
And to his lyre accords his vocal strains,
The very bloodless shades attention keep,
And silent, seem compassionate to weep;
Ev'n Tantalus his flood unthirsty views,
Nor flies the stream, nor he the stream pursues;
Ixion's wond'ring wheel its whirl suspends,
And the voracious vulture, charm'd attends;
No more the Belides their toil bemoan,
And Sisyphus, reclin'd, sits list'ning on his stone.
Then first ('tis said) by sacred verse subdu'd,
The Furies felt their cheeks with tears bedew'd.
Nor could the rigid king, or queen of Hell,
Th' impulse of pity in their hearts repel.
Now, from a troop of shades that last arriv'd
Eurydice was call'd, and stood reviv'd:
Slow she advanc'd, and halting seem'd to feel
The fatal wound, yet painful in her heel.
Thus he obtains the suit so much desir'd,
On strict observance of the terms requir'd:

For if, before he reach the realms of air,
He backward cast his eyes to view the fair,
The forfeit grant, that instant, void is made,
And she for ever left a lifeless shade.
Now through the noiseless throng their way they bend,
And both with pain the rugged road ascend;
Dark was the path, and difficult, and steep,
And thick with vapours from the smoky deep.
They well nigh now had pass'd the bounds of night,
And just approach'd the margin of the light,
When he, mistrusting lest her steps might stray,
And gladsome of the glimpse of dawning day,
His longing eyes, impatient, backward cast,
To catch a lover's look, but look'd his last;
For, instant dying, she again descends,
While he to empty air his arm extends.
Again she dy'd, nor yet her lord reprov'd;
What could she say, but that too well he lov'd?
One last farewell she spoke, which scarce he heard;
So soon she dropt, so sudden disappear'd.
All stunn'd he stood, when thus his wife he view'd
By second fate, and double death subdu'd:
Not more amazement by that wretch was shown,
Whom Cerberus beholding turn'd to stone;
Nor Olenus could more astonish'd look,
When on himself Lethea's fault he took,
His beauteous wife, who too secure had dar'd
Her face to vie with goddesses compar'd:
Once join'd by love, they stand unit
still,
Turn'd to contiguous rocks on Ida's hi
Now to repass the Styx in vain he trie
Charon averse, his pressing suit denies
Sev'n days entire, along th' inferr
shores,
Disconsolate, the bard Eurydice deplore
Defil'd with filth his robe, with tears h
cheeks,
No sustenance but grief, and cares, I
seeks:
Of rigid fate incessant he complains,
And Hell's inexorable gods arraigns.
This ended, to high Rhodope he haste
And Hæmus' mountain, bleak with nort
ern blasts.
And now his yearly race the circlin
Sun
Had thrice complete through wat'r
Pisces run,
Since Orpheus fled the face of woma
kind,
And all soft union with the sex declin'
Whether his ill success this change ha
bred,
Or binding vows made to his former bed
Whate'er the cause, in vain the nymp
contest,
With rival eyes to warm his frozen breas
For ev'ry nymph with love his la
inspir'd,
But ev'ry nymph repuls'd, with gri
retir'd.

—William Congreve.

Atalanta

[From the *Metamorphoses*, Book X]

Perhaps thou may'st have heard a virgin
name,
Who still in swiftness swiftest youth
o'ercame.
Wond'rous! that female weakness shou
out-do
A manly strength; the wonder yet is tru
'Twas doubtful, if her triumphs in th
field

to her form's triumphant glories
yield;
ther her face could with more ease
decoy
owd of lovers, or her feet destroy.
once Apollo she implor'd to show
urteous fates a consort would allow:
onsort brings thy ruin," he reply'd;
learn to want the pleasures of a
bride!
shalt thou want them to thy wretched
cost,
Atalanta living shall be lost."
such a rueful fate th' affrighted
maid
ht green recesses in the woodland
glade;
sighing suitors her resolve could
move,
bade them show their speed, to show
their love.
nly, who could conquer in the race,
it hope the conquer'd virgin to em-
brace;
e he, whose tardy feet had lagg'd
behind,
doom'd the sad reward of death to
find.
igh great the prize, yet rigid the de-
cree,
blind with beauty, who can rigour
see?
on those laws the fair they rashly
sought,
danger in excess of love forgot.
here sat Hippomenes, prepar'd to
blame
vers such extravagance of flame.
l must," he said, "the blessing of a
wife
early purchas'd by a risk of life?"
when he saw the wonders of her face,
her limbs naked, springing to the
race,
limbs, as exquisitely turn'd as mine,
f a woman thou, might vie with
thine,)
lifted hands he cry'd, "Forgive the
tongue
Which durst, ye youths, your well-tim'd
courage wrong.
I knew not that the nympth, for whom
you strove,
Deserv'd th' unbounded transports of
your love."
He saw, admir'd, and thus her spotless
frame
He prais'd, and praising, kindled his own
flame.
A rival now to all the youths who run,
Envious, he fears they should not be
undone.
"But why," reflects he, "idly thus is
shown
The fate of others, yet untry'd my own?
The coward must not in love's aid de-
pend;
The god was ever to the bold a friend."
Meantime the virgin flies, or seems to
fly,
Swift as a Scythian arrow cleaves the
sky:
Still more and more the youth her charms
admires,
The race itself t' exalt her charms con-
spires.
The golden pinions, which her feet adorn,
In wanton flutt'rings by the wind are
borne.
Down from her head the long, fair
tresses flow
And sport with lovely negligence below.
The waving ribbands, which her buskins
tie,
Her snowy skin with waving purple dye;
As crimson veils in palaces display'd,
To the white marble lend a blushing
shade.
Not long he gaz'd, yet while he gaz'd, she
gain'd
The goal, and the victorious wreath ob-
tain'd.
The vanquish'd sigh, and, as the law
decreed,
Pay the dire forfeit, and prepare to bleed.
Then rose Hippomenes, not yet afraid,
And fix'd his eyes full on the beauteous
maid.

"Where is," he cry'd, "the mighty conquest won,
To distance those, who want the nerves to run?
Here prove superior strength, nor shall it be
Thy loss of glory, if excell'd by me.
High my descent, near Neptune I aspire,
For Neptune was grand-parent to my sire.
From that great god the fourth myself I trace,
Nor sink my virtues yet beneath my race.
Thou, from Hippomenes o'ercome, may'st claim
An envy'd triumph, and a deathless fame."
While thus the youth the virgin pow'r defies,
Silent she views him still with softer eyes.
Thoughts in her breast a doubtful strife begin,
If 'tis not happier now to lose, than win.
"What god, a foe to beauty, would destroy
The promis'd ripeness of this blooming boy?
With his life's danger does he seek my bed?
Scarce am I half so greatly worth," she said:
"Nor has his beauty mov'd my breast to love,
And yet, I own, such beauty well might move.
'Tis not his charms, 'tis pity would engage
My soul to spare the greenness of his age:
What, that heroic courage fires his breast,
And shines through brave disdain of fate confest?
What, that his patronage by close degrees
Springs from the imperial ruler of the seas?
Then add the love, which bids him undertake
The race, and dare to perish for my sake.
Of bloody nuptials, heedless youth, beware!
Fly, timely fly from a too barb'rous fair.
At pleasure choose; thy love will be
paid
By a less foolish, and more beautee
maid.
But why this tenderness, before
known?
Why beats and pants my breast for I
alone?
His eyes have seen his num'rous riv
yield;
Let him too share the rigour of the fi
Since, by their fates untaught, his c
he courts,
And thus with ruin insolently sports.
Yet for what crime shall he his de
receive?
Is it a crime with me to wish to live?
Shall his kind passion his destruct
prove?
Is this the fatal recompense of love?
So fair a youth, destroy'd, would c
quest shame,
And nymphs eternally detest my fame
Still why should nymphs my guilt
fame upbraid?
Did I the fond adventurer persuade?
Alas! I wish thou wouldst the cou
decline,
Or that my swiftness was excell'd
thine.
See! what a virgin's bloom adorns
boy!
Why wilt thou run, and why thy
destroy?
Hippomenes! Oh that I ne'er had bee
By those bright eyes unfortunately se
Ah! tempt not thus a swift, untimely fa
Thy life is worthy of the longest date.
Were I left wretched, did the gall
chain
Of rigid gods not my free choice restr
By thee alone I could with joy be led
To taste the raptures of a nuptial bed
Thus she disclos'd the woman's se
heart,
Young, innocent, and new to Cup
dart.
Her thoughts, her words, her acti
wildly rove,

h love she burns, yet knows not that
'tis love.
er royal sire now with the murm'ring
crowd
ands the race impatiently aloud.
pomenes then with true fervour
pray'd,
bold attempt let Venus kindly aid.
her sweet pow'r I felt this am'rous
fire,
may she succour whom she did in-
spire."
ft, unenvious wind, with speedy care,
ted to Heav'n the lover's tender
pray'r.
, I own, soon gain'd the wish'd con-
sent,
all th' assistance he implor'd I lent.
Cyprian lands, though rich, in rich-
ness yield
that, surnam'd the Tamasenian field.
t field of old was added to my shrine,
its choice products consecrated mine.
ree there stands, full glorious to be-
hold,
l are the leaves, the crackling
branches gold.
hanc'd, three apples in my hand I
bore,
ch newly from the tree I sportive
tore;
by the youth alone, to him I
brought
fruit, and when, and how to use it,
taught.
signal sounding by the king's com-
mand,
start at once, and sweep th' im-
printed sand.
wiftly mov'd their feet, they might
with ease,
ce moisten'd, skim along the glassy
seas;
vith a wond'rous levity be borne
yellow harvests of unbending corn.
fav'ring peals resound from ev'ry
part,
t the youth, and fire his fainting
heart.

"Hippomenes!" they cry'd, "thy life
preserve,
Intensely labour, and stretch ev'ry nerve.
Base fear alone can baffle thy design,
Shoot boldly onward, and the goal is
thine."
'Tis doubtful whether shouts, like these,
convey'd
More pleasures to the youth, or to the
maid.
When a long distance oft she could have
gain'd,
She check'd her swiftness, and her feet
restrain'd:
She sigh'd, and dwelt, and languish'd on
his face,
Then with unwilling speed pursu'd the
race.
O'er-spent with heat, his breath he faintly
drew,
Parch'd was his mouth, nor yet the goal
in view,
And the first apple on the plain he threw.
The nymph stopp'd sudden at th' unusual
sight,
Struck with the fruit so beautifully bright.
Aside she starts, the wonder to behold,
And eager stoops to catch the rolling
gold.
Th' observant youth past by, and scour'd
along,
While peals of joy rung from th' ap-
plauding throng.
Unkindly she corrects the short delay,
And to redeem the time fleets swift
away,
Swift, as the lightning, or the northern
wind,
And far she leaves the panting youth
behind.
Again he strives the flying nymph to hold
With the temptation of the second gold:
The bright temptation fruitlessly was
tost,
So soon, alas! she won the distance lost.
Now but a little interval of space
Remain'd for the decision of the race.
"Fair author of the precious gift," he said,
"Be thou, O goddess, author of my aid!"

Then of the shining fruit the last he drew,
And with his full-collected vigour threw:
The virgin still the longer to detain,
Threw not directly, but across the plain.
She seem'd awhile perplex'd in dubious thought,
If the far-distant apple should be sought:
I lur'd her backward mind to seize the bait,
And to the massy gold gave double weight.
My favour to my votary was show'd,
Her speed I lessen'd, and increas'd her load.
But lest, though long, the rapid race be run
Before my longer, tedious tale is done,
The youth the goal, and so the virgin won.

—Lawrence Eusden.

STORIES OF EARLY ROME

Value of the Past [1]

LIVY

[The *Preface*]

Titus Livius was born at Padua in 59 B.C., and died there in 17 A.D. For the greater part of his life he lived quietly at Rome, a teacher and a writer. Though in spirit a Republican, he won the favor and friendship of the emperor Augustus. He is the only prominent writer of prose of the Augustan age. Of his general history of Rome from its foundation to his own day only portions have come down to us. The first sections of it furnish us with most of what is known about the early times, and even the literary movements of the period of the Republic before Cicero have to be sketched in from his work. Fortunately, Livy is much more than a mere chronicler of political and military events and institutions; he seeks to narrate also the development of Roman culture. He brings to his task a philosophical training and a mastery of the art narration.

Livy will not stand comparison w Thucydides, the great Athenian histori in scientific method or accuracy; but i clear arrangement of large masses of h toric material, in a style that is spirit and in an appreciation of the glori past of Republican Rome so vivid t through his pages Rome still lives, he h his reward.

The conception of history as a guide public morality is characteristic of point of view of Roman historians a biographers. Their concentration up this phase of it accounts in part for c tain sorts of carelessness in their tre ment of history as a record.

Whether I am likely to accompl anything worthy of the labour, if record the achievements of the Rom people from the foundation of the city do not really know, nor if I knew wou I dare to avouch it; perceiving as I that the theme is not only old but hac neyed, through the constant successi of new historians, who believe either th in their facts they can produce more a thentic information, or that in their st they will prove better than the rude tempts of the ancients. Yet, howe this shall be, it will be a satisfaction have done myself as much as lies in me commemorate the deeds of the forem people of the world; and if in so vast company of writers my own reputati should be obscure, my consolation wou be the fame and greatness of those wh renown will throw mine into the sha Moreover, my subject involves infin labour, seeing that it must be traced ba above seven hundred years, and that p ceeding from slender beginnings it has increased as now to be burdened by own magnitude; and at the same time doubt not that to most readers the earli origins and the period immediately s ceeding them will give little pleasure, they will be in haste to reach th

[1] From The Loeb Classical Library, by permission.

ern times, in which the might of a
le which has long been very powerful
orking its own undoing. I myself,
ie contrary, shall seek in this an addi-
l reward for my toil, that I may
t my gaze from the troubles which
age has been witnessing for so many
s, so long at least as I am absorbed
ie recollection of the brave days of
free from every care which, even if it
l not divert the historian's mind from
truth, might nevertheless cause it
ety.

ch traditions as belong to the time
re the city was founded, or rather
presently to be founded, and are
er adorned with poetic legends than
l upon trustworthy historical proofs,
rpose neither to affirm nor to refute.
the privilege of antiquity to mingle
ie things with human, and so to add
ity to the beginnings of cities; and
y people ought to be allowed to con-
te their origins and refer them to a
ie source, so great is the military
of the Roman People that when
profess that their Father and the
er of their Founder was none other
Mars, the nations of the earth may
submit to this also with as good a
e as they submit to Rome's dominion.
to such legends as these, however
shall be regarded and judged, I shall,
ny own part, attach no great impor-
e. Here are the questions to which I
d have every reader give his close
tion—what life and morals were like;
ugh what men and by what policies,
eace and in war, empire was estab-
d and enlarged; then let him note
with the gradual relaxation of dis-
ie, morals first gave way, as it were,
sank lower and lower, and finally
n the downward plunge which has
ght us to the present time, when we
endure neither our vices nor their

hat chiefly makes the study of his-
wholesome and profitable is this,
that you behold the lessons of every kind of experience set forth as on a conspicuous monument; from these you may choose for yourself and for your own state what to imitate, from these mark for avoidance what is shameful in the conception and shameful in the result. For the rest, either love of the task I have set myself deceives me, or no state was ever greater, none more righteous or richer in good examples, none ever was where avarice and luxury came into the social order so late, or where humble means and thrift were so highly esteemed and held in honour. For true it is that the less men's wealth was, the less was their greed. Of late, riches have brought in avarice, and excessive pleasures the longing to carry wantonness and licence to the point of ruin for oneself and of universal destruction.

But complaints are sure to be disagreeable, even when they shall perhaps be necessary; let the beginning, at all events, of so great an enterprise have none. With good omens rather would we begin, and, if historians had the same custom which poets have, with prayers and entreaties to the gods and goddesses, that they might grant us to bring to a successful issue the great task we have undertaken.

—B. O. Foster.

From the Ashes of Troy

PROPERTIUS

[*Elegies* IV, 1]

Sextus Propertius was born in Umbria about 49 and died about 15 B.C. Apart from the fact that he was of equestrian rank and was a member of the Mæcenas circle, almost nothing is known of his life. He prided himself on being the Roman Callimachus. There is a certain obscurity in his work which may be attributed to the Alexandrian influence, but it is a truer

explanation of his lack of clearness to say that his powers of expression were not equal to the richness of his imagination and the depth of his feeling. He revived the practice of the Alexandrians of employing elegy on themes drawn from myth and legend as well as on the subject of his own personal experience as a lover.

Whether the Romans derived the thought of Rome as a continuation of Troy from the vague suggestions of the Greek poets, or were prompted to trace their origin back to Phrygian ancestors because of the universal fascination which a lost cause ever exercises upon later peoples, their poets certainly found in it an inspiration for the expression of their patriotism. Rome as the symbol of eternity was as familiar an idea to them as it is to us.

Stranger, that place—whate'er you see—
where stands imperial Rome,
Was hill and grass before Æneas left his
Phrygian home;
And where to Phœbus, god of fleets,
towers sacred Palatine,
Along the mountain-pastures lay Evander's exiled kine.
To the gods of clay they formed, these
golden temples grew apace;
Then shrines—the work of artless hands
—were reckoned no disgrace.
From the bare rock was wont to thunder
forth Tarpeian Jove,
And Tiber greeted on his way our oxen in
the grove.
Up yonder steps, where Remus' humble
cottage stands on high,
One hearth was all the empire of the
Twins in days gone by.
Yon lofty senate-house, agleam with
peers in purple braid,
Once held our rustic fathers, all in shaggy
skins arrayed.
Gathered then the old Quirites, warned
by neatherd's bugle harsh;
Ofttimes there the chosen "Hundred"
held their council in the marsh.
Above the vaulted theatre no bellying
canvas hung:
No saffron perfume o'er the stage
pleasant odor flung.
None cared to seek for foreign gods, w
time, with souls intent,
The people o'er their native rites in
and trembling bent;
But yearly they with kindled hay sho
Pales honor due,
Even as with horse's blood we now
lustral rites renew.
Poor Vesta then rejoiced in asses crow
with wheaten bread,
And meagre offerings to her shrine
starveling steers were led.
With fatted pigs the small cross-ro
they cleansed, and simple swains
Offered the entrails of a lamb to the P
pipe's rustic strains.
The skin-clad yeoman swung his bris
thongs, and thus began
The rites of lewd Lupercus of the anci
Fabian Clan.
The soldier rude ne'er went to war
gleaming armor drest:
A charred stake was all he had to shi
his naked breast.
First of his camps the hooded Lygm
planted on the wold;
The greater part of Tatius' reign
spent amid the fold.
Hence the Titii sprung, the Ramnes b
and Luceres, sons of toil;
Hence our founder drave his four wh
steeds in triumph o'er the soil.

Bovillæ, now a suburb, then was
from Rome, I trow,
And the journey to Fidenæ was a we
way to go;
Powerful then was Alba, sprung from p
tent of the milk-white sow,
Gabii then a mighty city, though a r
less ruin now.
Naught ancestral has the Roman nurs
left him save the name,
Yet feels he not ashamed to boast
wolf his foster-dame.
'Twas better, Troy, your banished g
ye sent to Latium's shore;

with what omens hitherward the
Dardan vessel bore!
then the augury was fair, that many
a wily foe
ting from forth the wooden horse
could never work her woe,
n to the son's neck clung the sire,
all-trembling, and the flame
e filial shoulders feared to scorch,
though mantling round it came.

followed valiant Decius, followed
Brutus stern and true.
Venus' self her Cæsar's arms bore
o'er the ocean blue—
arms that soon with victory should
wreathe renascent Troy;
ppy land received thy gods, Iulus,
favored boy!
he trembling Sibyl's tripod on
Avernus did divine
fields should be for Remus cleansed
on holy Aventine;
f the Trojan maiden's strain, late
ratified in sooth,
idered forth to sacred Priam, bore
the sacred stamp of truth:

thee, thou shalt fall, O Troy!—in
Rome, O Troy; thou'lt re-arise;
many a weary woe by sea and land
before thee lies!
the horse, oh! fell your conquest,
Greeks! the Ilian land shall live;
to these crumbling ashes yet great
Jupiter shall give."

e-wolf sent of Mars, best nurse of
all our fortunes thou,
vast the walls that from thy milk
have grown around us now!
e walls I fain, in this my strain,
would sing with words of love;
woe is me, the melody should all so
lowly prove!
ne'er the less each rill of song from
humble breast of mine
e'er shall flow, my loved land, my
country, shall be thine!

Let Ennius wreathe around his rhymes a
chaplet rudely wrought,
O Bacchus! give to me the leaves from
thine own ivy sought,
That Umbria glory in my strains—proud
Umbria, the home
Of him who'll bear the name of the
Callimachus of Rome.
Let all who view those lofty towers, high-
climbing o'er the valleys,
Measure them by the bard, and say:
"There genius filled his chalice."

Give ear, O Rome! for thee I sing—
for thee my strains arise;
Ye citizens, give omens fair! Heaven
crown mine enterprise!
I sing of sacred rites and days and an-
cient names of places;
On to the goal, my gallant steed, though
difficult the race is!

—James Cranstoun.

The Founding of Rome[1]

livy

[From Book I]

By the time of Augustus the story of Æneas as the founder of Rome had gained sufficient currency to justify Virgil in choosing it as the subject of his epic and Livy in making it the starting-point of his history. The Romans were under the necessity of filling in the period between Æneas and Romulus with myths of their own invention. Livy so marvellously described legend, myth, and the historic deeds of the forefathers, that in his work they were canonized not only for the Augustan age, but for all time.

The first four of the extracts which follow belong to the early days of Rome about which fact and fancy were often intermingled in the writings of historians as well as poets. The story of Virginia may be historical. At least it is typical

[1] From The Loeb Classical Library, by permission.

of the early struggles between Romans of high and low estate, and represents truly old Roman standards of morality. In the last selection Livy tells the story of Rome's defeat by Hannibal at the battle of Lake Trasimene in 217 B.C.

First of all, then, it is generally agreed that when Troy was taken vengeance was wreaked upon the other Trojans, but that two, Æneas and Antenor, were spared all the penalties of war by the Achivi, owing to long-standing claims of hospitality, and because they had always advocated peace and the giving back of Helen. They then experienced various vicissitudes. Antenor, with a company of Eneti who had been expelled from Paphlagonia in a revolution and were looking for a home and a leader—for they had lost their king, Pylæmenes, at Troy—came to the inmost bay of the Adriatic. There, driving out the Euganei, who dwelt between the sea and the Alps, the Eneti and Trojans took possession of those lands. And in fact the place where they first landed is called Troy, and the district is therefore known as Trojan, while the people as a whole are called the Veneti. Æneas, driven from home by a similar misfortune, but guided by fate to undertakings of greater consequence, came first to Macedonia; thence was carried, in his quest of a place of settlement, to Sicily; and from Sicily laid his course towards the land of Laurentum. This place too is called Troy. Landing there, the Trojans, as men who, after their all but immeasurable wanderings, had nothing left but their swords and ships, were driving booty from the fields, when King Latinus and the Aborigines, who then occupied that country, rushed down from their city and their fields to repel with arms the violence of the invaders. From this point the tradition follows two lines. Some say that Latinus, having been defeated in the battle, made a peace with Æneas, and later an alliance of marriage. Oth maintain that when the opposing l had been drawn up, Latinus did not w for the charge to sound, but advan amidst his chieftains and summoned captain of the strangers to a parley. then inquired what men they w whence they had come, what mishap caused them to leave their home, what they sought in landing on the co of Laurentum. He was told that people were Trojans and their lea Æneas, son of Anchises and Venus; t their city had been burnt, and th driven from home, they were looking a dwelling-place and a site where t might build a city. Filled with won at the renown of the race and the h and at his spirit, prepared alike for or peace, he gave him his right hand solemn pledge of lasting friendship. commanders then made a treaty, and armies saluted each other. Æneas came a guest in the house of Latin there the latter, in the presence of household gods, added a domestic tre to the public one, by giving his daugh in marriage to Æneas. This event moved any doubt in the minds of Trojans that they had brought their w derings to an end at last in a perman and settled habitation. They founde town, which Æneas named Lavini after his wife. In a short time, mo over, there was a male scion of the r marriage, to whom his parents gave name of Ascanius.

War was then made upon Trojans a Aborigines alike. Turnus was king of Rutulians, and to him Lavinia had b betrothed before the coming of Æne Indignant that a stranger should be p ferred before him, he attacked, at same time, both Æneas and Latin Neither army came off rejoicing fr that battle. The Rutulians were beat the victorious Aborigines and Troj lost their leader Latinus. Then Tur and the Rutulians, discouraged at th

tion, fled for succour to the opulent powerful Etruscans and their king ntius, who held sway in Cære, at time an important town. Mezenhad been, from the very beginning, rom pleased at the birth of the new he now felt that the Trojan state growing much more rapidly than was ether safe for its neighbours, and ly united his forces with those of Rutulians. Æneas, that he might win good-will of the Aborigines to con- so formidable an array, and that ight possess not only the same rights lso the same name, called both na- Latins; and from that time on the igines were no less ready and faithhan the Trojans in the service of Æneas. Accordingly, trusting to friendly spirit of the two peoples, were growing each day more d, and, despite the power of Etruria, had filled with the glory of her not only the lands but the sea as along the whole extent of Italy the Alps to the Sicilian Strait, as declined to defend himself be- his walls, as he might have done, ed out his troops to battle. The fight ensued was a victory for the Latfor Æneas it was, besides, the last is mortal labours. He lies buried, her it is fitting and right to term god or man, on the banks of the Numicus; men, however, call him er Indiges.

canius, Æneas' son, was not yet ripe uthority; yet the authority was kept im, unimpaired, until he arrived at ood. Meanwhile, under a woman's cy, the Latin State and the kingdom s father and his grandfather stood aken—so strong was Lavinia's char—until the boy could claim it. I not discuss the question—for who affirm for certain so ancient a matwhether this boy was Ascanius, or an brother, born by Creusa while Ilium tood, who accompanied his father when he fled from the city, being the same whom the Julian family call Iulus and claim as the author of their name. This Ascanius, no matter where born, or of what mother—it is agreed in any case that he was Æneas' son—left Lavinium, when its population came to be too large, for it was already a flourishing and wealthy city for those days, to his mother, or stepmother, and founded a new city himself below the Alban Mount. This was known from its position, as it lay stretched out along the ridge, by the name of Alba Longa. From the settlement of Lavinium to the planting of the colony at Alba Longa was an interval of some thirty years. Yet the nation had grown so powerful, in consequence especially of the defeat of the Etruscans, that even when Æneas died, and even when a woman became its regent and a boy began his apprenticeship as king, neither Mezentius and his Etruscans nor any other neighbours dared to attack them. Peace had been agreed to on these terms, that the River Albula, which men now call the Tiber, should be the boundary between the Etruscans and the Latins. Next Silvius reigned, son of Ascanius, born, as it chanced, in the forest. He begat Æneas Silvius, and he Latinus Silvius. By him several colonies were planted, and called the Ancient Latins. Thereafter the cognomen Silvius was retained by all who ruled at Alba. From Latinus came Alba, from Alba Atys, from Atys Capys, from Capys Capetus, from Capetus Tiberinus. This last king was drowned in crossing the River Albula, and gave the stream the name which has been current with later generations. Then Agrippa, son of Tiberinus, reigned, and after Agrippa Romulus Silvius was king, having received the power from his father. Upon the death of Romulus by lightning, the kingship passed from him to Aventinus. This king was buried on that hill, which is now a part of the city of Rome, and gave his name to the

hill. Proca ruled next. He begat Numitor and Amulius; to Numitor, the elder, he bequeathed the ancient realm of the Silvian family. Yet violence proved more potent than a father's wishes or respect for seniority. Amulius drove out his brother and ruled in his stead. Adding crime to crime, he destroyed Numitor's male issue; and Rhea Silvia, his brother's daughter, he appointed a Vestal under pretence of honouring her, and by consigning her to perpetual virginity, deprived her of the hope of children.

But the Fates were resolved, as I suppose, upon the founding of this great city, and the beginning of the mightiest of empires, next after that of Heaven. The Vestal was ravished, and having given birth to twin sons, named Mars as the father of her doubtful offspring, whether actually so believing, or because it seemed less wrong if a god were the author of her fault. But neither gods nor men protected the mother herself or her babes from the king's cruelty; the priestess he ordered to be manacled and cast into prison, the children to be committed to the river. It happened by singular good fortune that the Tiber having spread beyond its banks into stagnant pools afforded nowhere any access to the regular channel of the river, and the men who brought the twins were led to hope that being infants they might be drowned, no matter how sluggish the stream. So they made shift to discharge the king's command, by exposing the babes at the nearest point of the overflow, where the fig-tree Ruminalis—formerly, they say, called Romularis—now stands. In those days this was a wild and uninhabited region. The story persists that when the floating basket in which the children had been exposed was left high and dry by the receding water, a she-wolf, coming down out of the surrounding hills to slake her thirst, turned her steps towards the cry of the infants, and with her teats gave them suck so gently, that the keeper of the royal fl found her licking them with her tong Tradition assigns to this man the na of Faustulus, and adds that he carr the twins to his hut and gave them to wife Larentia to rear. Some think t Larentia, having been free with her vours, had got the name of "she-wo among the shepherds, and that this g rise to this marvellous story. The bo thus born and reared, had no soo attained to youth than they began— without neglecting the farmstead or flocks—to range the glades of the mo tains for game. Having in this w gained both strength and resolution, th would now not only face wild beasts, would attack robbers laden with th spoils, and divide up what they to from them among the shepherds, w whom they shared their toils and pran while their band of young men gr larger every day.

They say that the Palatine was e then the scene of the merry festival the Lupercalia which we have today, a that the hill was named Pallantium, fr Pallanteum, an Arcadian city, and th Palatium. There Evander, an Arcad of that stock, who had held the pl many years at the time of which I writing, is said to have established yearly rite, derived from Arcadia, t youths should run naked about in pl ful sport, doing honour to Lycæan P whom the Romans afterwards cal Inuus. When the young men were cupied in this celebration, the rite be generally known, some robbers who been angered by the loss of their plun laid an ambush for them, and altho Romulus successfully defended hims captured Remus and delivered up th prisoner to King Amulius, even lodg a complaint against him. The m charge was that the brothers made ra on the lands of Numitor, and pilla them, with a band of young fellows wh they had got together, like an invad

my. So Remus was given up to Numitor to be punished. From the very inning Faustulus had entertained the picion that they were children of the al blood that he was bringing up in house; for he was aware both that nts had been exposed by order of the g, and that the time when he had self taken up the children exactly coded with that event. But he had n unwilling that the matter should disclosed prematurely, until opportu- offered or necessity compelled. cessity came first; accordingly, driven fear, he revealed the facts to Romulus. chanced that Numitor too, having mus in custody, and hearing that the thers were twins, had been reminded, n considering their age and their far n servile nature, of his grandsons. inquiries he made led him to the same clusion, so that he was almost ready acknowledge Remus. Thus on every d the toils were woven about the g. Romulus did not assemble his pany of youths—for he was not equal open violence—but commanded his herds to come to the palace at appointed time, some by one way, e by another, and so made his attack n the king; while from the house of mitor came Remus, with another party ch he had got together, to help his ther. So Romulus slew the king. At beginning of the fray Numitor exmed that an enemy had invaded the and attacked the palace, and drew the active men of the place to serve an armed garrison for the defence of citadel; and when he saw the young approaching, after they had dished the king, to congratulate him, at once summoned a council, and laid ore it his brother's crimes against self, the parentage of his grandsons, how they had been born, reared, and gnised. He then announced the ty-'s death, and declared himself to be onsible for it. The brothers advanced with their band through the midst of the crowd, and hailed their grandfather king, whereupon such a shout of assent arose from the entire throng as confirmed the new monarch's title and authority.

The Alban state being thus made over to Numitor, Romulus and Remus were seized with the desire to found a city in the region where they had been exposed and brought up. And in fact the population of Albans and Latins was too large; besides, there were the shepherds. All together, their numbers might easily lead men to hope that Alba would be small, and Lavinium small, compared with the city which they should build. These considerations were interrupted by the curse of their grandsires, the greed of kingly power, and by a shameful quarrel which grew out of it, upon an occasion innocent enough. Since the brothers were twins, and respect for their age could not determine between them, it was agreed that the gods who had those places in their protection should choose by augury who should give the new city its name, who should govern it when built. Romulus took the Palatine for his augural quarter, Remus the Aventine. Remus is said to have been the first to receive an augury, from the flight of six vultures. The omen had been already reported when twice that number appeared to Romulus. Thereupon each was saluted king by his own followers, the one party laying claim to the honour from priority, the other from the number of the birds. They then engaged in a battle of words and, angry taunts leading to bloodshed, Remus was struck down in the affray. The commoner story is that Remus leaped over the new walls in mockery of his brother, whereupon Romulus in great anger slew him, and in menacing wise added these words withal, "So perish whoever else shall leap over my walls!" Thus Romulus acquired sole power, and the city,

thus founded, was called by its founder's name.

—B. O. Foster.

The Rape of the Sabine Women [1]

Livy

[From Book I]

Rome was now strong enough to hold her own in war with any of the adjacent states; but owing to the want of women a single generation was likely to see the end of her greatness, since she had neither prospect of posterity at home nor the right of intermarriage with her neighbours. So, on the advice of the senate, Romulus sent envoys round among all the neighbouring nations to solicit for the new people an alliance and the privilege of intermarrying. Cities, they argued, as well as all other things, take their rise from the lowliest beginnings. As time goes on, those which are aided by their own worth and by the favour of Heaven achieve great power and renown. They said they were well assured that Rome's origin had been blessed with the favour of Heaven, and that worth would not be lacking; their neighbours should not be reluctant to mingle their stock and their blood with the Romans, who were as truly men as they were. Nowhere did the embassy obtain a friendly hearing. In fact men spurned, at the same time that they feared, both for themselves and their descendants, that great power which was then growing up in their midst; and the envoys were frequently asked, on being dismissed, if they had opened a sanctuary for women as well as for men, for in that way only would they obtain suitable wives. This was a bitter insult to the young Romans, and the matter seemed certain to end in violence. Expressly to afford a fitt time and place for this, Romulus, c cealing his resentment, made ready s emn games in honour of the equestr Neptune, which he called Consualia. then bade proclaim the spectacle to surrounding peoples, and his subje prepared to celebrate it with all the sources within their knowledge a power, that they might cause the oc sion to be noised abroad and eage expected. Many people—for they w also eager to see the new city—gathe for the festival, especially those who liv nearest, the inhabitants of Cænina, Cr tumium, and Antemnæ. The Sabines, t came with all their people, including th children and wives. They were hospi bly entertained in every house, and wh they had looked at the site of the ci its walls, and its numerous buildin they marvelled that Rome had so rapid grown great. When the time came the show, and people's thoughts and ey were busy with it, the preconcerted a tack began. At a given signal the you Romans darted this way and that, seize and carry off the maidens. In mo cases these were taken by the men whose path they chanced to be. Som of exceptional beauty, had been mark out for the chief senators, and were ca ried off to their houses by plebeians whom the office had been entruste One, who far excelled the rest in mi and loveliness, was seized, the story r lates, by the gang of a certain Thalassiu Being repeatedly asked for whom th were bearing her off, they kept shouti that no one should touch her, for th were taking her to Thalassius, and th was the origin of the wedding-cry. T sports broke up in a panic, and the pa ents of the maidens fled sorrowing. Th charged the Romans with the crime violating hospitality, and invoked t gods to whose solemn games they h come, deceived in violation of religi and honour. The stolen maidens we

[1] From The Loeb Classical Library, by permission.

more hopeful of their plight, nor less gnant. But Romulus himself went ngst them and explained that the e of their parents had caused this l, when they had refused their neigh- rs the right to intermarry; neverthe- the daughters should be wedded and me co-partners in all the possessions he Romans, in their citizenship and, est privilege of all to the human race, heir children; only let them moder- their anger, and give their hearts to e to whom fortune had given their ons. A sense of injury had often n place to affection, and they would their husbands the kinder for this on, that every man would earnestly eavour not only to be a good husband, also to console his wife for the home parents she had lost. His arguments e seconded by the wooing of the men, excused their act on the score of ion and love, the most moving of all s to a woman's heart.

he resentment of the brides was al- y much diminished at the very mo- t when their parents, in mourning and with tears and lamentations, attempting to rouse their states to n. Nor did they confine their com- nts to their home towns, but thronged every side to the house of Titus us, king of the Sabines; and thither, came official embassies, for the name atius was greatest in all that coun-

. . .

he Romans and the Sabines renewed battle in the valley that lies between two hills. But the advantage rested the Romans. Then the Sabine en, whose wrong had given rise to war, with loosened hair and torn gar- ts, their woman's timidity lost in a e of their misfortune, dared to go ngst the flying missiles, and rushing om the side, to part the hostile forces disarm them of their anger, beseech- their fathers on this side, on that husbands, that fathers-in-law and sons-in-law should not stain themselves with impious bloodshed, nor pollute with parricide the suppliants' children, grand- sons to one party and sons to the other. "If you regret," they continued, "the relationship that unites you, if you re- gret the marriage-tie, turn your anger against us; we are the cause of the war, the cause of wounds, and even death to both our husbands and our parents. It will be better for us to perish than to live, lacking either of you, as widows or as orphans." It was a touching plea, not only to the rank and file, but to their leaders as well. A stillness fell on them, and a sudden hush. Then the leaders came forward to make a truce, and not only did they agree on peace, but they made one people out of the two. They shared the sovereignty, but all au- thority was transferred to Rome.

—B. O. Foster.

The Horatii [1]

Livy

[From Book I]

It chanced that there were in each of these armies triplet brothers, not ill- matched either in age or in physical prowess. That they were Horatii and Curiatii is generally allowed, and scarcely any other ancient tradition is better known; yet, in spite of the celebrity of the affair, an uncertainty persists in re- gard to the names—to which people, that is, the Horatii belonged, and to which the Curiatii. The writers of history are di- vided. Still, the majority, I find, call the Roman brothers Horatii, and theirs is the opinion I incline to adopt. To these young men the kings proposed a combat in which each should fight for his own city, the dominion to belong with the side

[1] From The Loeb Classical Library, by per- mission.

where the victory should rest. No objection was raised, and time and place were agreed on. Before proceeding with the battle, a treaty was made between the Romans and the Albans, providing that the nation whose citizens should triumph in this contest should hold undisputed sway over the other nation. . . .

When the treaty had been established, the brothers armed themselves, in accordance with the agreement. On either side the soldiers urged on their champions. They reminded them that their fathers' gods, their native land, their parents, and all their countrymen, whether at home or with the army, had their eye only on their swords and their right hands. Eager for the combat, as well owing to their native spirit as to the shouts of encouragement which filled their ears, the brothers advanced into the space between the two lines of battle. The two armies were drawn up, each in front of its own camp, no longer in any immediate danger, but their concern as great as ever; and no wonder, since empire was staked on those few men's valour and good fortune! Alert, therefore, and in suspense, they concentrated their attention upon this unpleasing spectacle. The signal was given, and with drawn steel, like advancing battle-lines, the six young men rushed to the charge, breathing the courage of great armies. Neither side thought of its own danger, but of the nation's sovereignty or servitude, and how from that day forward their country must experience the fortune they should themselves create. The instant they encountered, there was a clash of shields and a flash of glittering blades, while a deep shudder ran through the onlookers, who, as long as neither side had the advantage, remained powerless to speak or breathe. Then, in the hand-to-hand fight which followed, wherein were soon exhibited to men's eyes not only struggling bodies and the play of the sword and shield, but also bloody wounds, two of the Romans fell, fatally wounded, upon the other, while all three of Albans were wounded. At the fall of Romans a shout of joy burst from Alban army, while the Roman levies n bade farewell to all their hopes; but to their anxiety, for they were horr stricken at the plight of the single w rior whom the three Curiatii had s rounded. He happened to have got hurt, and though no match for enemies together, was ready to fight th one at a time. So, to divide their atta he fled, thinking that each of them wo pursue him with what speed his woun permitted. He had already run some tle distance from the spot where they h fought, when, looking back, he saw th they were following at wide intervals a that one of them had nearly overtak him. Facing about, he ran swiftly to his man, and while the Alban host w calling out to the Curiatii to help th brother, Horatius had already slain hi and was hastening, flushed with victo to meet his second antagonist. Th with a cheer, such as is often drawn fr partisans by a sudden turn in a conte the Romans encouraged their champi and he pressed on to end the battle. A so, before the third Curiatius could co up—and he was not far off—Horat dispatched the second. They were n on even terms, one soldier surviving each side, but in hope and vigour th were far from equal. The one, unscath and elated by his double victory, w eager for a third encounter. The ot dragged himself along, faint from wound and exhausted with running! thought how his brothers had be slaughtered before him, and was a bea man when he faced his triumphant f What followed was no combat. T Roman cried exultantly, "Two victim have given to the shades of my brothe the third I will offer up to the cause this war, that Roman may rule Alba His adversary could barely hold up

d. With a downward thrust Horatius d his sword in the Alban's throat, despoiled him where he lay. The ans welcomed their hero with jubila- and thanksgivings, and their joy all the greater that they had come despairing. The burial of their then claimed the attention of the armies,—with widely different feel- since one nation was exalted with rial power, the other made subject foreign sway. The graves may still een where each soldier fell: two an graves in one spot, nearer Alba; of the three Albans towards Rome, separated, just as they had fought. fore they left the field Mettius d, in pursuance of the compact, what us commanded him to do, and the an ordered him to hold his young under arms, saying that he should oy their services, if war broke out the Veientes. The armies then hed home. In the van of the Ro- came Horatius, displaying his triple s. As he drew near the Porta na he was met by his unwedded , who had been promised in mar- to one of the Curiatii. When she gnized on her brother's shoulders the ary cloak of her betrothed, which erself had woven, she loosed her hair weeping, called on her dead lover's . It enraged the fiery youth to hear ister's lamentations in the hour of wn victory and the nation's great cing. And so, drawing his sword and e same time angrily upbraiding her, n her through the body. "Begone," ied, "to your betrothed, with your ned love, since you have forgot your ers, both the dead and the living, forgot your country! So perish Roman woman who mourns a foe!" rrid as this deed seemed to the ers and the people, his recent service an off-set to it; nevertheless he was d and brought before the king for The king, that he might not take upon himself the responsibility for so stern and unpopular a judgment, and for the punishment which must follow sentence, called together the council of the people and said: "In accordance with the law I appoint duumvirs to pass judgment upon Horatius for treason." The dread formula of the law ran thus: "Let the duumvirs pronounce him guilty of treason; if he shall appeal from the duumvirs, let the appeal be tried; if the duumvirs win, let the lictor veil his head; let him bind him with a rope to a barren tree; let him scourge him either within or without the pomerium." By the terms of this law duumvirs were appointed. They considered that they might not acquit, under that act, even one who was innocent, and having given a verdict of guilty, one of them pronounced the words, "Publius Horatius, I adjudge you a traitor; go, lictor, bind his hands." The lictor had approached and was about to fit the noose. Then Horatius, at the prompting of Tullus, who put a merciful construction upon the law, cried, "I appeal!" And so the appeal was tried before the people. What influenced men most of all in that trial was the assertion of Publius Horatius, the father, that his daughter had been justly slain; otherwise he should have used a father's authority and have punished his son, himself. He then implored them not to make him childless whom they had beheld a little while before surrounded by a goodly offspring. So saying, the old man embraced the youth, and pointing to the spoils of the Curiatii set up in the place which is now called "the Horatian Spears," he exclaimed, "This man you saw but lately advancing decked with spoils and triumphing in his victory; can you bear, Quirites, to see him bound beneath a fork and scourged and tortured? Hardly could Alban eyes endure so hideous a sight. Go, lictor, bind the hands which but now, with sword and shield, brought imperial power to the

Roman people! Go, veil the head of the liberator of this city! Bind him to a barren tree! Scourge him within the pomerium, if you will—so it be amidst yonder spears and trophies of our enemies—or outside the pomerium—so it be amongst the graves of the Curiatii! For whither can you lead this youth where his own honours will not vindicate him from so foul a punishment?" The people could not withstand the father's tears, or the courage of Horatius himself, steadfast in every peril; and they acquitted him, more in admiration of his valour than from the justice of his cause. And so, that the flagrant murder might yet be cleansed away, by some kind of expiatory rite, the father was commanded to make atonement for his son at the public cost. He therefore offered certain piacular sacrifices, which were thenceforward handed down in the Horatian family, and, erecting a beam across the street, to typify a yoke, he made his son pass under it, with covered head. It remains to this day, being restored from time to time at the state's expense, and is known as "the Sister's Beam." Horatia's tomb, of hewn stone, was built on the place where she had been struck down.

—B. O. Foster.

Horatius at the Bridge [1]

LIVY

[From Book II]

When the enemy appeared, the Romans all, with one accord, withdrew from their fields into the City, which they surrounded with guards. Some parts appeared to be rendered safe by their walls, others by the barrier formed by the river Tiber. The bridge of piles almost afforded an entrance to the enemy, it not been for one man, Horatius Coc he was the bulwark of defence on wh that day depended the fortune of City of Rome. He chanced to be guard at the bridge when Janiculum captured by a sudden attack of enemy. He saw them as they char down on the run from Janiculum, w his own people behaved like a frighte mob, throwing away their arms quitting their ranks. Catching hold of one and then of another, blocking th way and conjuring them to listen, called on gods and men to witness t if they forsook their post it was vain flee; once they had left a passage in th rear by the bridge, there would soon more of the enemy on the Palatine the Capitol than on Janiculum. therefore warned and commanded th to break down the bridge with steel, w fire, with any instrument at their posal; and promised that he would h self receive the onset of the enemy, far as it could be withstood by a sin body. Then, striding to the head of bridge, conspicuous amongst the fugiti who were clearly seen to be shirking fight, he covered himself with his sw and buckler and made ready to do ba at close quarters, confounding the Et cans with amazement at his audac Yet were there two who were preven by shame from leaving him. These w Spurius Larcius and Titus Hermin both famous for their birth and th deeds. With these he endured the p of the first rush and the stormiest ment of the battle. But after a w he forced even these two to leave and save themselves, for there scarcely anything left of the bridge, those who were cutting it down calle them to come back. Then, dar glances of defiance around at the Et can nobles, he now challenged them turn to fight, now railed at them co tively as slaves of haughty kings, w

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ss of their own liberty, were come rthrow the liberty of others. They ted for a moment, each looking to ighbour to begin the fight. Then made them attack, and with a they cast their javelins from every gainst their solitary foe. But he t them all upon his shield, and, te as ever, bestrode the bridge and is ground; and now they were try- dislodge him by a charge, when ash of the falling bridge and the which burst from the throats of omans, exulting in the completion ir task, checked them in mid-career a sudden dismay. Then Cocles "O Father Tiberinus, I solemnly e thee; receive these arms and this with propitious stream!" So g, all armed as he was, he leaped into the river, and under a shower ssiles swam across unhurt to his s, having given proof of valour was destined to obtain more fame redence with posterity. The state ateful for so brave a deed; a statue les was set up in the comitium, and s given as much land as he could around in one day. Private citi- howed their gratitude in a striking n, in the midst of his official rs, for notwithstanding their great s everybody made him some gift tionate to his means, though he l himself of his own ration.

—B. O. Foster.

Virginia [1]

Livy

[From Book III]

s outrage was followed by another, tted in Rome, which was inspired t and was no less shocking in its

consequences than that which had led, through the rape and the death of Lucretia, to the expulsion of the Tarquinii from the City and from their throne; thus not only did the same end befall the decemvirs as had befallen the kings, but the same cause deprived them of their power. Appius Claudius was seized with the desire to debauch a certain maiden belonging to the plebs. The girl's father, Lucius Virginius, a centurion of rank, was serving on Algidus, a man of exemplary life at home and in the army. His wife had been brought up in the same principles, and his children were being trained in them. He had betrothed his daughter to the former tribune Lucius Icilius, an active man of proven courage in the cause of the plebeians. She was a grown girl, remarkably beautiful, and Appius, crazed with love, attempted to seduce her with money and promises. But finding that her modesty was proof against everything, he resolved on a course of cruel and tyrannical violence. He commissioned Marcus Claudius, his client, to claim the girl as his slave, and not to yield to those who demanded her liberation, thinking that the absence of the maiden's father afforded an opportunity for the wrong. As Virginia was entering the Forum—for there, in booths, were the elementary schools—the minister of the decemvir's lust laid his hand upon her, and calling her the daughter of his bond-woman and herself a slave, commanded her to follow him, and threatened to drag her off by force if she hung back. Terror made the maiden speechless, but the cries of her nurse imploring help of the Quirites quickly brought a crowd about them. The names of Virginius her father and of her betrothed Icilius were known and popular. Their acquaintance were led to support the girl out of regard for them; the crowd was influenced by the shamelessness of the attempt. She was already safe from violence, when the claimant

[1] From The Loeb Classical Library, by per-

protested that there was no occasion for the people to become excited; he was proceeding lawfully, not by force. He then summoned the girl to court. She was advised by her supporters to follow him, and they went before the tribunal of Appius. The plaintiff acted out a comedy familiar to the judge, since it was he and no other who had invented the plot: The girl had been born, said Marcus, in his house, and had thence been stealthily conveyed to the home of Virginius and palmed off upon him as his own; he had good evidence for what he said, and would prove it even though Virginius himself were judge, who was more wronged than he was; meanwhile it was right that the hand-maid should follow her master. The friends of the girl said that Virginius was absent on the service of the state; he would be at hand in two days' time if he were given notice of the matter; it was unjust that a man should be involved in litigation about his children when away from home; they therefore requested Appius to leave the case open until the father arrived, and in accordance with the law he had himself proposed, grant the custody of the girl to the defendants, nor suffer a grown maiden's honour to be jeopardized before her freedom should be adjudicated.

Appius prefaced his decision by saying that it was evident how much he favoured liberty from the very law which the friends of Virginius made the pretext for their claim; but the law would afford liberty a sure protection only if it varied neither with causes nor with persons; for in the case of others who were claimed as free, the demand was legal, since any one might bring an action: in the case of one who was under the authority of a father there was no one else to whom the master ought to yield the custody; accordingly he decreed that the father should be summoned, and that meanwhile the claimant should not relinquish his right, but should take the girl in charge and guarantee that she should be s duced at the coming of him who called her father.

Against the injustice of the de though many murmured their d proval, there was not a single man dared to stand out; when Publius N torius, the girl's great-uncle, and lover, Icilius, arrived on the s When a path had been opened for through the throng, since the crowd lieved that the intervention of I would be particularly effectual in sisting Appius, the lictor cried tha case had been decided, and as I began to protest, attempted to thrust aside. Even a placid nature would been incensed by so violent an in "You must use iron to rid yourself o Appius," he cried, "that you may through in silence what you desire sh be concealed. This maiden I am to wed; and I intend that my bride be chaste. So call together all colleagues' lictors too; bid them ready rods and axes: the promised of Icilius shall not pass the night ou her father's house. No! If you taken from the Roman plebs the sistance of the tribunes and the righ appeal, two citadels for the defenc liberty, it has not therefore been gra to your lust to lord it over our chil and our wives as well! Vent your upon our backs and our necks: let chastity at least be safe. If that be assailed, I will call on the Qui here present to protect my bride, ginius will invoke the help of the sol in behalf of his only daughter, and a us will implore the protection of gods men; nor shall you ever make good threat of yours without shedding blood. I ask you, Appius, to con earnestly whither you are going. Virginius decide what to do abou daughter, when he comes; but of thing he may rest assured: if he y to this man's claim, he will have to

sband for her. As for me, in defence
ıe freedom of my bride I will sooner
than prove disloyal."
he crowd was deeply moved and a
ict appeared to be imminent. The
rs had surrounded Icilius, but had
rtheless gone no further than to
ıten him, since Appius declared that
as not a question of Virginia's de-
e by Icilius, but of a turbulent fellow,
even now breathed the spirit of the
ınate, seeking an opportunity to stir
strife. He would furnish him no
se for it that day; but that he might
v now that the concession had not
made to his own wantonness but to
absent Virginius, to the name of
er, and to liberty, he would not pro-
ıce judgment that day nor deliver a
ion; he would request Marcus
dius to waive his right and suffer the
to remain at large until the morrow;
unless the father should appear the
day, he gave notice to Icilius and
ıose like Icilius that the proposer of
aw would not fail to support it, nor
lecemvir be wanting in firmness; and
ny case he should not call together
olleagues' lictors to repress the insti-
rs of sedition, but rest content with
wn.
ıe time for accomplishing the wrong
ng been postponed, the girl's sup-
ers went apart by themselves, and
led that first of all the brother of
ıs and the son of Numitorius, active
g men, should proceed straight to
City gate and make all possible haste
e camp, to summon Virginius; for the
en's safety turned on her protector's
g at hand in time. They set out the
ent they got their orders, and gal-
g their horses, carried the message
ıgh to the father. When the
ıant of the girl pressed Icilius to
sh the sureties required of her guar-
, and Icilius said that it was pre-
v that which he was considering
ıgh he was doing his best to consume
time, that the messengers who had been dispatched to the camp might get a start on the way), the people began on every side to raise their hands, and every man of them to indicate his readiness to go bail for Icilius. And Icilius said, with tears in his eyes, "I am grateful to you; to-morrow I will use your services; of sureties I now have enough." So Virginia was surrendered, on the security of her kinsmen. Appius waited a little while, that he might not appear to have sat for this case only, and when nobody applied to him—for all other matters were forgotten in men's concern over this,—he went to his house and wrote to his colleagues in camp that they should grant no furlough to Virginius, and should even detain him in custody. His base design was too late, as it deserved to be; Virginius had already got his leave, and had set out in the fore-part of the night, nor was it until early the next morning that the letters for detaining him were delivered, to no purpose.

But in the City, as the citizens at break of day were standing in the Forum, agog with expectation, Virginius, dressed in sordid clothes and leading his daughter, who was also meanly clad and was attended by a number of matrons, came down into the market-place with a vast throng of supporters. He then began to go about and canvass people, and not merely to ask their aid as a favour, but to claim it as his due, saying that he stood daily in the battle-line in defence of their children and their wives; that there was no man of whom more strenuous and courageous deeds in war could be related—to what end, if despite the safety of the City those outrages which were dreaded as the worst that could follow a city's capture must be suffered by their children? Pleading thus, as if in a kind of public appeal, he went about amongst the people. Similar appeals were thrown out by Icilius; but the women who attended them were more moving,

as they wept in silence, than any words. In the face of all these things Appius hardened his heart—so violent was the madness, as it may more truly be called than love, that had overthrown his reason—and mounted the tribunal. The plaintiff was actually uttering a few words of complaint, on the score of having been balked of his rights the day before through partiality, when, before he could finish his demand, or Virginius be given an opportunity to answer, Appius interrupted him. The discourse with which he led up to his decree may perhaps be truthfully represented in some one of the old accounts, but since I can nowhere discover one that is plausible, it seems my duty to set forth the naked fact, upon which all agree, that he adjudged Virginia to him who claimed her as his slave. At first everybody was rooted to the spot in amazement at so outrageous a proceeding, and for a little while after the silence was unbroken. Then, when Marcus Claudius was making his way through the group of matrons to lay hold upon the girl, and had been greeted by the women with wails and lamentations, Virginius shook his fist at Appius and cried, "It was to Icilius, Appius, not to you that I betrothed my daughter; and it was for wedlock, not dishonour, that I brought her up. Would you have men imitate the beasts of the field and the forest in promiscuous gratification of their lust? Whether these people propose to tolerate such conduct I do not know: I cannot believe that those who have arms will endure it."

The claimant of the maiden was being forced back by the ring of women and supporters who surrounded her, when silence was commanded by a herald; and the decemvir, crazed with lust, declared that he knew, not only from the abusive words uttered by Icilius the day before and the violence of Virginius, which he could prove by the testimony of the Roman People, but also from definite information, that all through the n meetings had been held in the City promote sedition. Accordingly, hav been aware of the approaching strug he had come down into the Forum v armed men, not that he might do viole to any peaceable citizen, but to coe conformably to the dignity of his of those who would disturb the nati peace. "You will therefore," he cr "best be quiet! Go, lictor, remove mob and open a way for the master seize his slave!" When he had wra fully thundered out these words, crowd parted spontaneously and left girl standing there, a prey to villa Then Virginius, seeing no help anywh said, "I ask you, Appius, first to par a father's grief if I have somew harshly inveighed against you; and t to suffer me to question the nurse h in the maiden's presence, what all means, that if I have been falsely ca a father, I may go away with a troubled spirit." Permission be granted, he led his daughter and nurse apart, to the booths near the sh of Cloacina, now known as the "N Booths," and there, snatching a k from a butcher, he exclaimed, "Thus, daughter, in the only way I can, d assert your freedom!" He then stab her to the heart, and, looking back the tribunal, cried, "'Tis you, App and your life I devote to destruct with this blood!" The shout which br forth at the dreadful deed roused App and he ordered Virginius to be sei But Virginius made a passage for him with his knife wherever he came, and also protected by a crowd of men attached themselves to him, and reached the City gate. Icilius Numitorius lifted up the lifeless b and showed it to the people, bewail the crime of Appius, the girl's unha beauty, and the necessity that had d strained her father. After them came matrons crying aloud, "Was it on th

s that children were brought into the
d? Were these the rewards of
ity?"—with such other complaints
e prompted at a time like this by a
an's anguish, and are so much the
pitiful as their lack of self-control
es them the more give way to grief.
men, and especially Icilius, spoke
of the tribunician power; of the
of appeal to the people which had
taken from them; and of their re-
nent at the nation's wrongs. . . .
ut Virginius begged them rather to
himself and his daughter, and to
ken, not to the entreaties of the
dian family, whose province it was
rannize over the plebs, but instead
ose of Virginia's relations, the three
ian tribunes, who had been ap-
ted to help the plebs but were them-
s imploring the plebs to protect and
ort them. Men found more reason
is tears. And so Appius, cut off
hope, did not wait for the appointed
to come, but killed himself.
mediately thereafter, Publius Numi-
s caused the arrest of Spurius
us, who stood next in point of
pularity, because he had been in the
when the unjust verdict was pro-
ced by his colleague. Yet a wrong
h Oppius committed was more re-
sible for men's bitterness towards
than the one which he failed to
ent. A witness was produced who,
enumerating his twenty-seven cam-
ns, during which he had eight times
ved special decorations, which he
in full sight of the people, tore open
unic and exhibited his back, scored
he rods, professing that if the de-
ant could name any crime of which
ad been guilty, he would suffer him
out complaining, private citizen
gh he was, to vent his rage upon
a second time. Oppius too was led
rison, and before the day of trial he
put an end to his life. The prop-
of Claudius and that of Oppius was
confiscated by the tribunes. Their col-
leagues in the decemvirate went into
exile, and their possessions were forfeited.
Marcus Claudius also, the claimant of
Virginia, was cited and condemned, but
at the instance of Virginius himself the
extreme penalty was remitted; and being
allowed to depart, he went into exile at
Tibur. And so the manes of Virginia,
who was more fortunate after her death
than she had been while alive, after rang-
ing through so many houses in quest of
vengeance, were finally at peace; for no
guilty man remained.

—B. O. Foster.

The Battle of Lake Trasimene

Livy

[From Book XXII]

At the first approach of spring, Han-
nibal moved out of his winter quarters;
having been foiled before, in his attempt
to pass over the Apennine, by the intol-
erable severity of the cold, and exposed,
during his stay in quarters, to the utmost
degree of apprehension and danger. For,
when the Gauls, whom the hopes of spoil
and pillage had allured to his standard,
perceived, that, instead of their carrying
off booty from the lands of others, their
own had become the seat of war, and
were burthened with the winter residence
of both the contending armies, they
turned upon Hannibal the enmity which
they had harboured against the Romans;
and many plots were formed against him,
by their chiefs, from the effects of which
he was preserved, by their treacherously
betraying one another, and discovering
their designs, through the same incon-
stancy of temper which led them to con-
spire against him. He guarded himself
also against their plots, by frequent dis-
guises; changing sometimes his dress,
sometimes the covering of his head.

However, his fears, on this account, were his principal motives for leaving his winter quarters earlier than usual. In the meantime, at Rome, Cnæus Servilius entered on the office of consul, on the Ides of March. He proposed to the senate to take under consideration the state of the commonwealth; whereupon the clamour against Caius Flaminius was renewed. "They created," they said, "two consuls, yet had but one. For what legal authority, what auspices, did the other possess? These the magistrates carried with them from home, from their own tutelar gods; and those of the public, the Latin festival being celebrated, the sacrifices on the Alban mount performed, and vows duly offered in the Capitol. Setting out in a private capacity, he could not carry the auspices with him, neither could he take them new, and for the first time, in a foreign soil." Their apprehensions were increased by reports of prodigies, brought from various places at once. In Sicily, a number of arrows, and in Sardinia, the truncheon of a horseman, which he held in his hand, as he was going the rounds of the watch on the walls of Sulci, took fire, as was said; many fires were seen blazing on the shore; two shields sweated blood; several soldiers were struck by lightning; and the sun's orb appeared to be contracted. At Præneste, red hot stones fell from the sky. At Arpi, bucklers were seen in the air, and the sun fighting with the moon. At Capena, two moons appeared in the day-time. At Cære, the streams of water were mixed with blood; and even the fountain of Hercules was tinged with bloody spots. In the district of Antium, while people were reaping, bloody ears of corn fell into a basket. At Falerii, the sky seemed to be rent asunder with a very wide cleft, and through the opening a strong light burst forth; the divining tickets, without any apparent cause, were diminished in size, and one fell out, which had this inscription, "Mars brandi his spear." About the same time Rome, the statue of Mars, on the Ap road, and the images of the wo sweated. At Capua, the sky appeare if on fire, and the moon as falling amo rain. Afterwards, prodigies of le note were credited: that, with some ple, goats were converted into she that a hen turned into a male, and a into a female. The consul, laying fore the senate all these matters, as ported, and bringing the authors of reports into the senate-house, propo to their consideration the affairs of ligion. They decreed, that those prodi should be expiated, some with the gre some with the lesser victims; and th supplication for three days should be formed at all the shrines; that, when decemvirs should have inspected books, all other particulars should conducted in such manner as the g should declare, in their oracles, to agreeable to them. By the direction the decemvirs, it was decreed, that, f a golden thunderbolt, of fifty pou weight, should be made as an offe to Jupiter; and that offerings of si should be presented to Juno and nerva; that sacrifices of the greater tims should be offered to Juno Reg on the Aventine, and to Juno Sosp at Lanuvium; that the matrons, cont uting such sums of money as might convenient to each, should carry offering to Juno Regina, to the Avent and celebrate a lectisternium to her: that even the descendants of freed wo should make a contribution, in pro tion to their abilities, out of which offering should be made to Fero When these orders were fulfilled, the cemvirs sacrificed, with the greater tims, in the Forum at Ardea: and, la so late as the month of December, sa fices were offered at the temple of Sa in Rome, and a lectisternium was dered; on which occasion the cou

laid out by senators, and also a banquet. Proclamation was like-made through the city, of a feast urn, to be celebrated during a day night, and the people were com-ed to keep that day as a festival, o observe it for ever.

ile the consul was employed at in endeavouring to procure the of the gods, and in levying troops, ibal, having set out from his winter ers, and hearing that the consul nius had already arrived at Arre-notwithstanding that another road, ifficult, but longer, was pointed out n, yet chose a shorter one through es, which, at the time, were over-l by the river Arnus, to an unusual . He ordered the Spaniards and ns, the main strength of his vet-troops, to march in the van, with baggage between their divisions; in case they should be obliged to they might not be at a loss for a of necessaries; then the Gauls to ; so that they should compose the of the line, and the cavalry to in the rear; and after them Mago, the light-armed Numidians, as a guard, to prevent the troops from ling; and particularly, to restrain auls, if weary of the labour, or of ngth of the journey, as people of ation want firmness to support such es, from attempting either to slip or to stay behind. The troops in van, though almost swallowed in and frequently plunging entirely un-ater, yet followed their standards ver their guides led the way, in of the deep gulphs formed by the and the steepness of their banks. the Gauls could neither support elves on their feet, nor, when they aise themselves out of the gulphs; ey were destitute of spirits to sup-heir bodies, and of hope, to sup-heir spirits; while some, with dif-, dragged on their enfeebled limbs, others, whose spirits were exhausted by the long fatigue, having once fallen, lay there, and died among the cattle, of which great numbers also perished. But what, beyond everything else, utterly over-powered them, was the want of sleep, which they had now endured for four days and three nights; when, all places being covered by the waters, so that no dry spot could be found on which they might stretch their wearied limbs, they threw their baggage into the water in heaps, on the top of which they laid themselves down. The heaps of cattle, which lay dead in abundance along the whole course of their march, afforded them, in their necessity, a temporary bed, as they looked for no further accommo-dation for sleeping, than something raised above the water. Hannibal him-self, having a complaint in his eyes, oc-casioned, at first, by the unwholesome weather of the spring, when changes are frequent from heat to cold, rode on the only elephant which he had remaining, in order to keep himself as high as he could above the water; but, at length, the want of sleep, the damps of the night, and the air of the marshes, so disordered his head, that, as he had neither place, nor time, to make use of remedies, he lost one of his eyes.

At length, after great numbers of men and cattle had perished miserably, he got clear of the marshes; and, on the first dry ground at which he arrived, pitched his camp. Here, from scouts, whom he had sent forward, he learned, with certainty, that the Roman army lay round the walls of Arretium. He then employed the utmost diligence in enquir-ing into the disposition and the designs of the consul, the nature of the several parts of the country, the roads, and the sources from which provisions might be procured, and every other circumstance requisite to be known. As to the coun-try, it was one of the most fertile in Italy; the Etrurian plains, which lie between

Fæsulæ and Arretium, abounding with corn and cattle, and plenty of everything useful. The consul was inflated with presumption since his former consulate, and too regardless, not only of the laws and the dignity of the senate, but even of the gods. This head-strong self-sufficiency, natural to his disposition, Fortune had cherished, by the prosperous course of success which she had granted him, in his administration of affairs, both civil and military. There was, therefore, sufficient reason to suppose, that without regarding the sentiments of gods or men, he would act on all occasions with presumption and precipitancy; and the Carthaginian, in order the more effectually to dispose him to follow the bias of his natural imperfection, resolved to irritate and exasperate him. With this view, leaving the enemy on his left, and pointing his route towards Fæsulæ, he marched through the heart of Etruria, ravaging the country, and exhibiting to the consul, at a distance, a view of the greatest devastations that could be effected by fire and sword. Flaminius, even had the enemy lain quiet, would not have been content to remain inactive; but now, seeing the property of the allies plundered and destroyed before his eyes, and thinking that on him would fall the disgrace of Hannibal's over-running the middle of Italy, and marching, without opposition, to attack the very walls of Rome; notwithstanding that every other member of his council recommended salutary, rather than specious measures; that he should wait the arrival of his colleague, when they might enter on the business with joint forces, and with united spirit and judgment; and that, in the mean time, the enemy should be restrained from his unbounded license in plundering, by means of the cavalry and light auxiliaries; he burst away from the council in a rage, and displayed, at once, the signals both for marching and fighting. "We must lie here, then," said he, "under the walls of Arretium, be here is our native city and our hous gods; let Hannibal slip out of our h ravage Italy, and, after wasting burning all the rest, arrive at the of Rome; nor stir from hence unt senate summons Caius Flaminius Arretium, as formerly Camillus Veii." While he upbraided them in manner, he, at the same time, or the standards to be raised with s and he himself having mounted on h back, his horse, by a sudden pl displaced him from his seat, and him over his head. All present greatly dismayed by such an ina cious omen, at the opening of the paign; and, to add to their uneas an account was brought, that there one of the standards which could n pulled out of the ground, though standard-bearer endeavoured it wit utmost strength. The consul, turni the messenger, said, "Do you also a letter from the senate, forbiddin to act? Go, bid them dig up the s ard, if fear has so benumbed their h that they cannot pull it out." army then began to march, while principal officers, besides, that, in own judgments, they were averse t design, were terrified at the two p gies; but the generality of the so rejoiced at the presumptuous condu the general; for they looked no fa than the confidence which he displ and never examined the grounds on it was founded.

Hannibal, the more to exasperat enemy, and provoke him to seek re for the sufferings of his allies, deso with every calamity of war, the tract of country between the cit Cortona and the lake Trasimenus. now the army had arrived at a formed by nature for an ambus where the Trasimenus approaches c to the Cortonian mountains. Be them is only a very narrow road,

n had been designedly left for that ose; farther on, the ground opens to ewhat a greater width, and, beyond , rises a range of hills. On these, ormed a camp in open view where he self, with the African and Spanish in- ry only, was to take post. The arians, and other light-armed troops, rew round behind the mountains, and ed the cavalry near the entrance of defile, where they were commodiously red by some rising grounds; with de- , that as soon as the Romans entered pass, the cavalry should take posses- of the road, and thus the whole e be shut up, between the lake and mountains. Flaminius, though he ved at the lake about sunset, took no to examine the ground, but, next ning, before it was clear day, passed ugh the narrow way, and when the ps began to spread into the wider nd, they saw only that party of the ny which fronted them; those in am- on their rear, and over their heads, e escaped their notice. The Cartha- in, having now gained the point at h he aimed, the enemy being pent etween the mountains and the lake, surrounded by his troops, immedi- gave the signal for the whole to ge at once. They accordingly poured n, every one by the shortest way he d, and the surprise was the more len and alarming to the Romans, be- e a mist, rising from the lake, lay ker on the low grounds than on the ntains; and the parties of the enemy, ng each other distinctly enough from several eminences, were the better to run down together. The Romans, re they could discover with their eyes, ned, from the shouts raised on all , that they were surrounded; and ttack began on their front and flank, re they could properly form a line, get ready their arms, and draw their ds.

the midst of the general consterna- tion, the consul, perilous as the conjunc- ture was, shewed abundance of intrepid- ity, restored, as well as the time and place would allow, the ranks, which were disordered by the men turning themselves about to all the various shouts, and wherever he could come, or be heard, en- couraged, and charged them to stand steady, and to fight; telling them, that "they must not expect to get clear of their present situation, by vows and prayers to the gods, but by strength and courage. By the sword, men opened a way through the midst of embattled foes; and, in general, the less fear, the less danger." But such was the noise and tumult, that neither his counsel nor commands could be heard; and so far were the soldiers from knowing each his own standard, his rank, and post, that scarcely had they sufficient presence of mind to take up their arms, and get them ready for fighting; and many, while they were rather encumbered than defended by them, were overpowered by the enemy. Besides, the darkness was so great, that they had more use of their ears than of their eyes. The groans of the wounded, the sound of blows on men's bodies or armour, and the con- fused cries of threatening and terror, drew their eyes and attention from one side to another. Some, attempting to fly, were stopped by running against a party engaged in fight; others, return- ing to the fight, were driven back by a body of runaways. At length, after they had made many fruitless essays in every quarter, and inclosed, as they were, by the mountains and lake on the sides, by the enemy's forces on the front and rear, they evidently perceived that there was no hope of safety but in their own valour and their weapons, every one's own thoughts then supplied the place of com- mand and exhortation to exertion, and the action began anew with fresh vigour; but the troops were not marshalled ac- cording to the distinct bodies of the dif-

ferent orders of soldiers, nor so disposed, that the van-guard should fight before the standards, and the rest of the troops behind them; or that each soldier was in his own legion, or cohort, or company: chance formed their bands, and every man's post in the battle, either before or behind the standards, was fixed by his own choice. So intense was the ardour of the engagement, so eagerly was their attention occupied by the fight, that not one of the combatants perceived a great earthquake, which, at the time, overthrew large portions of many of the cities of Italy, turned rapid rivers out of their courses, carried up the sea into the rivers, and by the violence of the convulsion, levelled mountains.

They fought for near three hours, and furiously in every part. But round the consul the battle was particularly hot and bloody: for the ablest of the men attended him, and he himself was briskly active in supporting his troops, wherever he saw them pressed, and in need of assistance; and, as he was distinguished above others by his armour, the enemy pointed their utmost efforts against him, while his own men defended him with equal vigour. At length, an Insubrian horseman (his name was Decario) knowing his face, called out to his countrymen, "Behold, this is the consul, who cut to pieces our legions, and depopulated our country and city. I will now offer this victim to the shades of my countrymen, who lost their lives in that miserable manner"; and then, giving spurs to his horse, he darted through the thickest of the enemy, and, after first killing his armour-bearer, who threw himself in the way of the attack, ran the consul through with his lance. He then attempted to spoil him of his arms, but the veterans, covering the body with their shields, drove him back. This event first caused a great number of the troops to fly; and now, so great was their panic, that neither lake nor mountain stopped them: through every place, however narrow steep, they ran with blind haste, and arm and men, were tumbled headlong promiscuous disorder. Great numbe finding no room for farther flight, push into the water in the shallow edges of lake, and plunged themselves in in such manner, that only their heads and shou ders were above water. Some, the v lence of their fears impelled to make desperate attempt of escaping by swi ming: but this proving impracticable, account of the great extent of the la they either exhausted their strength, a were drowned in the deep, or, after tiguing themselves to no purpose, ma their way back with the utmost difficul to the shallows, and were there sla wherever they appeared, by the enem horsemen wading into the water. Abo six thousand of the van-guard, brav forcing their way through the oppos enemy, got clear of the defile, and kno ing nothing of what was passing behi them, halted on a rising ground, wh they could only hear the shouting, and t din of arms, but could not see, by reas of the darkness, nor judge, with any c tainty, what was the fortune of the b tle. At length, after the victory was d cided, the increasing heat of the sun d pelling the mist, and the day clearin up, the prospect was opened, and t mountains and plains shewed the desp ate condition of their affairs, and t shocking carnage of the Roman arm wherefore, lest, on their being seen at distance, the cavalry should be se against them, they hastily raised th standards, and hurried away with possible speed. Next day, when, besid their other distresses, they were thre ened with the extremity of hunger, M harbal, who, with the whole body of ca alry, had overtaken them during t night, pledging his faith, that if th surrendered their arms, he would suf them to depart with single garments, th delivered themselves into his hands. H

capitulation Hannibal observed with
ic sincerity, and threw them into
ns.
uch was the memorable fight at the
simenus, and the severe blow there
ived by the Romans, remarkable
ng the few disasters of the kind
ch the nation has ever undergone. Of
Romans, fifteen thousand were slain
he field; ten thousand, who fled, and
ersed themselves through every part
Etruria, made their way afterwards,
different roads, home to the city. Of
enemy, one thousand five hundred
shed in the fight, and a great many
rwards of their wounds. By some
ers, the loss of men on both sides is
esented as vastly greater: for my
, besides that I wish to avoid the
nifying of any particular beyond the
ity, an error to which writers are in
eral too prone, I think it reasonable
give the preference to the authority
Fabius, who lived in the very time of
war. Hannibal dismissed, without
om, such of the prisoners as were
ves of Latium, and threw the Ro-
s into chains; he then ordered that
bodies of his own men should be
ected, from among the heaps of the
ny, and buried; directing, at the
e time, that the body of Flaminius
ld be sought for, with intention to
our him with a funeral; but after a
t diligent search, it could not be
d. As soon as the first news of this
ster arrived at Rome, the people, in
t terror and tumult, crowded to-
er into the Forum. The matrons,
ing up and down through the streets,
d every one who came in their way,
t sudden calamity was said to have
pened; in what state was the army;
ngth, after a crowd, not less numer-
than that of a full assembly of the
le, had collected in the Comitium,
about the senate-house, calling on
magistrates for information, a little
re sunset, Marcus Pomponius, the
prætor, told them, "We have been de-
feated in a great battle." Though noth-
ing more particular was heard from him,
yet the people, catching up rumours, one
from another, returned to their houses
with accounts, that, "the consul was
slain, together with a great part of his
army; that few survived, and that these
were either dispersed through Etruria,
or taken by the enemy." Every kind of
misfortune, which had ever befallen van-
quished troops, was now pictured in the
anxious minds of those, whose relations
had served under the consul Caius Fla-
minius, while they were ignorant of the
fate of their friends, and had no positive
information on which they could found
either hope or fear. During the next,
and several succeeding days, a multitude,
composed of rather more women than
men, stood round the gates, watching for
the arrival, either of their friends, or of
some who might give intelligence concern-
ing them; and whenever any person
came up, they crowded about him with
eager enquiries; nor could they be pre-
vailed on to retire, especially from such
as were of their acquaintance, until they
had examined minutely into every par-
ticular. Then, when they did separate
from about the persons who brought in-
formation, might be seen their counte-
nances expressive of various emotions,
according as the intelligence, which each
received, was pleasing or unfavourable;
and numbers, surrounding them, returned
to their houses, offering either congratu-
lations or comfort. Among the women,
particularly, the effects both of joy or
grief were very conspicuous; one, as we
are told, meeting, unexpectedly, at the
very gate, her son returning safe, expired
at the sight of him: another, who sat in
her house, overwhelmed with grief, in
consequence of a false report of her son's
death, on seeing that son returning, died
immediately, through excess of joy. The
prætors, during several days, kept the

senate assembled in their house, from the rising to the setting of the sun, deliberating by what commander, or with what forces, opposition could be made to victorious Carthaginians.

—George Bakeless

VI. THE LOVER

Elegy is one of the few branches of literature in which the Romans may justly claim to have attained a higher point of excellence than did the Greeks before them. It was of course a Greek invention, and practically all its uses, themes, and motives are to be found in one place or another in the Greek product. But in this case no particular Greek poet was accepted by the Romans as a model and no one Greek employment of the form was taken as defining its scope. Rather, Roman elegy is a combination of all the leading themes and motives appearing in both the elegy of Greek classical times and in that of the Alexandrian period. Yet, it is the latter rather than the former which determined the nature of the Roman product, in so far at least as it is mainly the erotic type and is a personal and subjective expression of the poet's own experience. The high quality of excellence attained by the Roman poets was due to their spontaneity, their genuineness of feeling, their ability to picture the actual life of at least one phase of contemporary society. Even when conscious imitation is practised, as in Propertius, still so true is the poet's emotion, so real is his passion, that he goes far beyond his purpose of imitation.

It is possible to trace a steady development through the works of the canon of elegists listed by Ovid. Gallus, a contemporary and intimate friend of Virgil, seems to have been a close imitator of Alexandrian elegy, confining himself to the erotic and overloading it with learning and mythological allusion. Tibullus sang also of love, but in clear simple style, with genuine feeling, and entirely free from the defects of Alexandrianism. Propertius, the most passionate lover of them all, widened the field of elegy considerably by the addition of the ætiological story by the introduction of certain new moti later elaborated into types by O Finally, Ovid perfected the mechanics the verse, dealt with every conceiva phase of the subject of love—from personal complaint of the lover to fictiti letters from mythological heroines an formal didactic exposition of love as art,—made a theme hitherto treated s ously a plaything of his wit, and emplo the form on totally new subject matte

Beauty Unadorned

PROPERTIUS

[*Elegies* I, 2]

For Propertius, see above, p. 419.

Why to walk forth, sweet life, thy tres
braid?
Why in the Coan garb's thin fo
array'd?
Why with Orontes' myrrh thy lo
imbue?
Thy beauty's price enhance by fore
show?
Why Nature's charms with purcha
lustre hide,
Nor let thy limbs disclose their genu
pride?
Trust me thy face wants no cosmeti
aid;
Love's naked god abhors the dress
trade:
O, mark what blooms the painted ea
displays,

of themselves best climb the ivy-
sprays,
in lone caves arbutus lovelier grows,
ough untaught channels how the
streamlet flows,
native gems deckt shores sponta-
neous yield,
sweeter notes by untamed birds are
trill'd!
eucippus' daughter, beauteous Phœbe,
fired
ng Castor's bosom, with no gauds
attired;
her fair sister Hilaira too,
nadorn'd, delighted Pollux' view.
ostentatious ornaments could boast
us' offspring, on her native coast;
n once the nymph the cause of dis-
cord proved
xt Idas, and the god who fondly
loved.
Hippodamia, when the stranger's car
iumph bore away the virgin fair,
eauties borrow'd from the shores of
art,
lued to love her Phrygian husband's
heart;
ewels heighten'd her bright face, that
show'd
tints as in Apelles' pictures glow'd.
e heroines strove not various loves to
win,
gh for them by chastity to shine;
sure in virtue thou canst vie with
these;
wants no charms, who can one lover
please.
nce thine is all that Phœbus can
inspire,
e fond Calliope's Aonian lyre,
e the choice gift of pleasing speech,
my fair,
e all that's Beauty's, all that's Wis-
dom's care;
surely thine to gild my life with joy,
ne'er let odious pomp thy thoughts
employ!

—John Nott.

In the Forest

PROPERTIUS

[*Elegies* I, 18]

If the course of true love ran smooth, there would be no elegy. Elegy celebrates the darker side of the passion, is full of complaints and fears.

Lonesome these glooms, and peaceful to lorn swains;
Along th' unpeopled grove bland Zephyr reigns:
Here may we dare our secret griefs to tell,
For desert rocks these griefs will ne'er reveal.
Whence, O my Cynthia! shall I date thy scorn?
When was it first that Cynthia bade me mourn?
I, who late bore a happy lover's name,
Now see my passion doom'd to fatal shame!
Why treat me thus? what spell subverts thy love?
Say, does some rival nymph thy hatred move?
As to my home no stranger fair has borne
Her steps; so may'st thou, credulous! return:
And though to thee their sting my sorrows owe,
Not so resentful shall my anger flow,
That thou shouldst e'er grow frantic with despair,
And thy swoll'n eyes the recent tear declare.
Say, does neglect my change of love proclaim?
And do no vows breathe forth my am'rous flame?
Witness, thou beech! (if trees make love their care,)
And by Arcadia's god, thou pine! held dear;
How your green shades my song has vocal made,

And Cynthia's name your letter'd rinds display'd:
Say, do my cares spring from thy wrongs alone?
Those cares, which only to mute doors are known!
Fearful I want thy dictates to obey,
Nor loudly murmur'd at thy haughty sway:
For this, ye gelid rocks! ye founts divine!
In these wild haunts is sleepless torment mine;
For this! I'm doom'd, alone to tuneful choirs
To sing whate'er my tender woe inspires.
But true, or faithless, be my Cynthia found;
Cynthia's sweet name let woods and hills resound!

—John Nott.

Cupid

PROPERTIUS

[*Elegies* II, 12]

In descriptive passages Roman poets often follow representations of their subjects in painting and sculpture instead of the inventions of their own imagination.

Had he not hands of rare device, whoe'er
First painted Love in figure of a boy?
He saw what thoughtless beings lovers were,
Who blessings lose, whilst lightest cares employ.

Nor added he those airy wings in vain,
And bade through human hearts the godhead fly;
For we are tost upon a wavering main;
Our gale, inconstant, veers around the sky.

Nor, with cause, he grasps those barbed darts,
The Cretan quiver o'er his shoulder cast:

Ere we suspect a foe, he strikes
hearts;
And those inflicted wounds for e
last.

In me are fixed those arrows, in
breast;
But sure his wings are shorn, the l
remains;
For never takes he flight, nor knows
rest;
Still, still I feel him warring thro
my veins.

In these scorched vitals dost thou joy
dwell?
Oh shame! to others let thy arr
flee;
Let veins untouched with all thy ven
swell;
Not me thou torturest, but the sh
of me.

Destroy me—who shall then describe
fair?
This my light Muse to thee high Gl
brings:
When the nymph's tapering fingers, fl
ing hair,
And eyes of jet, and gliding feet
sings.

—John Nott

The Lover's Death

PROPERTIUS

[*Elegies* II, 13a]

The thought of death as the final sepa
tion of lovers is a commonplace of ele
To Propertius, however, it seems to h
been more than a mere conventional
tive. It was no doubt a very real fea
one who was far from robust in he
and consequently given to moods of d
depression.

n, soon as night o'ershades my dying
eyes,
lear my last charge; let no procession
trail
lengthened pomp, to grace my
obsequies,
o trump with empty moan my fate
bewail.

not the ivory stand my bier sustain,
or on embroidered vests my corse
recline;
odour-breathing censers crowd the
train:
he poor-man's mean solemnities be
mine.

ugh of state—enough, if of my
verse
hree slender rolls be borne with pious
care:
greater gift, attendant on my hearse,
an soothe the breast of hell's imperial
fair.

thou, slow-following, beat thy naked
breast,
or weary faint with calling on the
dead:
hy last kisses to my cold lips prest,
hile alabaster vases unguents shed.

n flames the pyre, and I am embers
made,
y relics to an earthen shell convey:
n plant a laurel, which the tomb may
shade,
here my quenched ashes rest, and
grave the lay:

at here a heap of shapeless ashes
lies,
as once the faithful slave of Love
alone:"
n shall my sepulchre renowned arise
s the betrothed Achilles' blood-
stained stone.

And thou, whene'er thou yieldest thus to
fate,
Oh dear one! seek the memorable way
Already trod; the mindful stones await
Thy second coming, and for thee they
stay.

Meantime, whilst life endures, oh, warned
beware
Lest thou the buried lover should'st
despise:
Some conscious spark e'en mouldering
ashes share:
The senseless clay is touched by
injuries.

Ah! would some kinder Fate while yet I
lay
In cradled sleep, had bid me breathe
my last!
What boots the breath of our precarious
day?
Nestor is dead, his three long ages
past.

On Ilium's rampart had the Phrygian
spear
Abridged his age, and sent a swifter
doom:
He ne'er had seen his sons' untimely bier,
Nor cried, "Oh, death! why art thou
slow to come?"

Thou thy lost friend shalt many a time
deplore;
And love may ever last for those who die:
Witness Adonis, when the ruthless boar
Smote in the Idalian brake his snowy
thigh:

'Tis said, that Venus wept her lover lost,
Trod the dank soil, and spread her
streaming hair:
Thou too in vain would'st call upon my
ghost:
These mouldered bones are dumb to
thy despair.

—JOHN NOTT.

A Roman Matron to Her Husband

PROPERTIUS

[*Elegies* IV, 11]

This has been called the "queen of elegies." It represents a typical Roman matron as wife and mother speaking from her grave to those who remain to mourn her. It reads as if it might have been intended for a sepulchral inscription.

O Paulus! vex my grave with tears no more;
No prayers unlock the portals of the tomb;
When once the dead have trod the infernal floor,
Barred stand the adamantine doors of doom.

Though the dark hall's dread king would hear thy prayer,
'Twere vain: deaf shores will drink thy tears the while.
Prayers move high heaven; but, pay the boatman's fare,
The drear gate closes on the shadowy pile.

So sang the mournful trumpets when my head
Sank on the bier before the ruthless fires.
What then availed me Paulus' bridal bed,
And cars triumphal of my valiant sires?

What all the pledges of my fair renown?
Though flowed Rome's noblest blood in all my veins,
Say, did it mitigate the Parcæ's frown?
Lo! now five fingers lift my poor remains.

O darkness of the damned! O sullen mere!
And every wave that clogs my tangled feet!
Though all too young, yet blameless ca
I here:
My tender shade may Pluto mil
treat.

Or, if as judge an Æacus preside,
With urn before him, in the rea
below,
His jury let him draw, and then dec
My destiny for endless weal or woe

The seat of judgment let his broth
share,
And the Eumenides, with hearts
steel,
Stand in the listening court by Mi
chair.
Rest Sisyphus; be still Ixion's whe

Drink, wave-mocked Tantalus; nor s
to-day
At shade, fell hound! hush, bars
chains of gloom;
I'll plead; if falsely, on my shoulders
The urn's eternal toil—the Sist
doom.

If e'er ancestral trophies earned reno
Numantia's realms my father's de
proclaim;
Like bays my mother's line, the Lil
crown;
Each house on well-won titles rests
fame.

I doffed the maiden's dress: I was
bride;
The matron's coif confined my brai
hair;
Too soon, O Paulus! doomed to le
thy side;
I was but thine, my tombstone s
declare.

Witness, our sires, whose ashes R
reveres,
Beneath whose names shorn A
wails her fall,

o, with the splendor of your conquer-
ing spears,
mote Spain, Antiochus, proud Han-
nibal,

Perseus, boasting the vast soul that
gushed
n his great sire Achilles, and the might
hat still greater ancestor, who crushed
hy pride, Avernus, and thy realms of
night!

er censor bent the law to screen my
shame;
our heart was aye the shrine of honor
fair;
slur I brought upon your stainless
name;
our house was noble—I the pattern
there.

rs changed me not; a blameless life I
spent;
rom wedlock to its close our fame
secure;
ure my blood with inborn virtue
blent;
o fears could make my guileless heart
more pure.

ugh harsh the verdict of the urn, yet
ne'er
y presence shall the purest virgin
shame;
Claudia, crowned Cybebe's priestess
rare,
Who with her girdle led the laggard
Dame,

her whose linen robe—when Vesta
sought
he intrusted fires—bade living flames
arise.
e'er to thee, sweet mother, sorrow
brought;
What, save my fate, wouldst thou have
otherwise?

My meed—a mother's tears, the city's
woe;
Even Cæsar's sorrow consecrates my
bier;
Rome saw the mighty god a-weeping go,
And mourn his daughter's worthy
sister-peer.

Though young, the matron's honored
robe I wore;
Death from no barren dwelling bore
his prize;
My boys! my solace when I live no more,
Ye held me in your hands and closed
my eyes.

Twice had my brother filled the curule
chair,
A consul ere his sister's days were run.
Thy censor-sire in mind, sweet daughter,
bear;
Uphold his honor; wed, like me, but
one.

With offspring prop our line: the bark's
afloat;
I gladly go, so many mourn my doom;
A wife's last triumph, and of fairest note,
Is fame's sweet incense rising o'er her
tomb.

Paulus, our pledges I commend to thee,
Burnt in my bones, still breathes a
mother's care.
Discharge a mother's duties, then for me;
For now thy shoulders all their load
must bear.

Kiss them, and kiss them for their
mother; dry
Their childish tears; thine all the bur-
den now.
Ne'er let them see thee weep or hear thee
sigh,
But with a smile thy sorrow disavow.

Enough that thou the weary nights
shouldst moan,
And woo my semblance back in visions
vain;

Yet whisper to my portrait when alone,
As if the lips could answer thee again.

If e'er these halls should own another queen,
And a new mother fill your mother's bed,
My children, ne'er let frowning look be seen,
But honor her your father chose to wed.

So shall your manners win her tender grace,
And surely she will love for love return;
Nor praise too much your mother to her face,
For fear her breast with jealous feelings burn.

But should my image still his thoughts engage,
And Paulus dower my dust with love so rare,
Oh! learn to watch your father's failing age,
And shield his weary, widowed heart from care!

Heaven add to yours the years I hoped in store,
And may your lives my aged Paulus cheer!
'Tis well: I ne'er the robes of mourning wore,
And all my children gathered round my bier.

My cause is pled. Each weeping witness, rise,
Since death's rewards life's losses well repay.
Heaven waits the pure in heart: be mine the prize
To soar triumphant to the realms of day.

—James Cranstoun.

Love Is the God of Peace

PROPERTIUS

[*Elegies* III, 5]

Propertius's defence of his service der the banner of Love is very much I that of Tibullus.

Love is the God of peace: we lovers kn
But love's hard combats, and a mistre
foe:
Not gold's devouring want my soul
curst;
Not from a jewelled cup I slake
thirst;
I plough not wide Campania's mellow
soil,
Nor for thy brass in ships, oh Corin
toil:
Ah! hapless clay that erst Prometh
pressed,
Moulding a rash and unforeseeing brea
The skill, that knit the frame, o'erlook
the heart:
An upright reasoning soul escaped
art.
Nor tost by winds we roam the troub
flood,
Link foe to foe, and restless pant
blood.
Fool! not on Acheron thy wealth sh
float,
All naked drifting in the infernal boat.
The conqueror with the captive ski
the tide,
And chained Jugurtha sits at Mari
side:
Robed Crœsus shares the tattered Ir
doom,
And owns that death the best, which sc
shall come.
Me in youth's flower could Heli
entrance,
My hands with Muses linked in m
dance:
Me has it charmed to bathe my soul
wine,
And vernal roses round my temp
twine:

ıen irksome age hath stolen on love's
delight,
d strewn my sable locks with sprinkled
white:
en may it please to search in Nature's
ways,
d learn what God the world's vast
fabric sways;
w dawns the rising east and fades
again;
w the round moon repairs her crescent
wane;
w winds the salt sea sweep, and the
eastern blast
e billows warps, and clouds their
ceaseless waters cast.
ıether a day shall come, when head-
long, hurled
ıll fall the tottering pillars of the
world;
ıy drinks the purpling bow the rainy
cloud;
ıy Pindus' summits reel in earthquake
bowed;
ıy shines the sun's wheeled orb with
umbered light.
golden coursers palled in morning
night;
ıy turns Bootes slow his starry wain,
ıy sparkling throng the Pleiads' clus-
tered train;
ıy bounded roll the deepening ocean's
tides;
ıy the full year in parted seasons
glides;
under earth Gods judge, and giants
rave;
iphone's fierce ringlets snaky wave;
ries Alcmæon scourge, and Phineus
hungering crave,
irst burn in streams, wheels whirl,
rocks backward leap,
hell's dark mouth three-headed
Cerberus keep:
Tityos' straitened limbs nine acres
press;
fables mock man's credulous wretch-
edness
Through long tradition's age: nor terror's
strife
Survive the pyre:—be such my close of
life.
Go ye who list, the Parthian overcome,
Bring Crassus' wrested standards back to
Rome.

—John Nott.

To a Janitor

OVID

[*Amores* I, 6]

The note of sincerity in the elegy of Tibullus and Propertius gives place to one of mock seriousness in that of Ovid. The behavior of lovers affords him an excellent opportunity for the free play of his wit and humor. He represents himself as the lover in order to give greater reality to the situations on which he comments. For Ovid, see above p. 393.

O Janitor bound with hard iron—a truly
unworthy fate!—
Turn back on its hinges the portal, and
open the stubborn gate!
A little thing I entreat you; you need
not open it wide;
Grant only a narrow passage, I'll slip
through turning my side.
Long time have I been a good lover, and
loving has wasted my frame,
Has rendered the whole of my body
attenuate for such a game.
And Cupid it is who has taught me with
sure and unfaltering feet
By wardens who watch in the night-time
on silent tiptoe to retreat.
There once was a time, I admit it, when
phantoms did fill me with fright,
A time when I wondered at any who
ventured the darkness of night;
But Venus and mischievous Cupid but
mocked me and laughed in my ear,
And Cupid said, whispering lightly, "You
too shall be free from all fear."

My heart was straight pierced with his arrow—no shades that inhabit the night,
No arms uplifted to slay me can beget any feeling of fright!
Only thee do I fear now and flatter, so stubborn, unyielding thou art!
Thou only the thunderbolt wieldest can penetrate into my heart.
But look!—and the better to see it, unlock the pitiless door—
Behold how the door has been moistened by tears I can hold back no more!
Once trembling and naked thou stoodest awaiting the lash of the whip:
For thee once I plead with thy mistress with earnest and eloquent lip.
Is therefore the pleading I did then, with power to save even thee,
Now become unavailing—shame on thee!—to win a slight favor for me?
A grateful return do thou render! Be not stubborn and hard, I implore.
The season of night-time is speeding: away with the bar from the door!
Away with the bar!—so I'll wish thee release from the janitor's chain,
Nor slave-like to be ever drinking the waters of infinite pain!
Alas, my pleading is futile! Iron-hearted the janitor hears;
The door stands solid and rigid, an oak of an hundred years.
Closed gates belong rather to cities besieged by a merciless foe;
But this is a peaceful season—what weapons, pray, frighten thee so?
If a lover is thus to be treated, for a foe what remains there in store?
The season of night-time is speeding: away with the bar from the door!
I come unattended by soldiers, I bear neither sword, spear, nor shield:
If Love, cruel love, were not with me, I'd be all alone in the field.
And Love, though I fervently wished it, I cannot dismiss from my heart:
Life itself would I rather surrender than bid cruel Love to depart!
Three comrades are all that attend —a chaplet of flowers above,
And wine, just a little to warm me, addition to these only Love.
Would any be fearful to meet ther What are they that thou trembl before?
The season of night-time is speedin away with the bar from the doo
Perchance it is sleep makes thee stu born, my words gives the unfeeli breeze—
May that sleep which has deafened t hearing make thee grovel in dust thy knees!
Wert wakeful enough, I remember, ev late as the stars of midnight,
When first in a former encounter I soug to escape thy keen sight.
Thou holdest perhaps at this moment mistress confessing her thine—
Alas, have thou pity upon me! F richer thy lot is than mine!
Could I but enjoy thy fortune, I'd w come thy chains and thy floor!
The season of night-time is speedin away with the bar from the doo
But hark! Does my hearing deceive m The creak of the hinge of the gat
The rattle of doors that are turnin A sign of a happier fate?
Deceived! It was only a fancy, or el but a stirring of wind—
Alas, cruel wind, thou hast carried a hope far away from my mind!
If thou, mighty Boreas, remember th mistress was stolen of yore,
Come hither, I pray thee, come hithe beat down with thy blast this door!
Through all of the city is silence, a glistens with dew the wet floor:
The season of night-time is speedin away with the bar from the door!
Else I in a twinkling will arm me, wi fire and sword will I come—
Already I carry my torchlight—to hu ble the pride of this home.
For love and the wine and the darkne urge nothing of self-restraint,

night is the time for the shameless,
nor Love neither Bacchus is faint.
vain have I all things attempted, en-
treaty and warnings of fate,
truly art thou moved by nothing.
More obdurate thou than thy gate!
worthy art thou to watch over the
home of my sweet lady fair:
keeper thou art of a dungeon, the
gloom of a prison thy care!
ady the star of the morning is set-
ting in motion his wheels,
bird of the dawn is now calling
each one from the sleep that he
steals.
thou, little chaplet of flowers, un-
happily torn from my head,
there on this pitiless threshold till
morning discover thee dead.
when on the morrow my lady shall
find thee all withered and pale,
proof of my long loyal vigil, of plead-
ing and pain sans avail.
thee, though thou meritest nothing, a
word of farewell do I give—
fame for refusing a lover I promise
in verses shall live.
ye, fare ye well, cruel doorposts, ye
doors of unyielding oak staves,
h him who sits ever to guard you ye
are but his own fellowslaves.

—George Howe.

Every Lover Is a Soldier

OVID

[From *Amores* I, 9]

ere is a new turn given to the usual
nce of the lover—not that there are
l reasons why he should not be a
ier, but that he is already one, under
standard of Cupid.

lovers are campaigners, and Cupid
has his wars:
Atticus, all lovers are genuine sons
of Mars.
Your soldier must be youthful, your lover
be the same—
Old soldiers are a pity, old lovers are a
shame;
Your general chooses soldiers ready to do
and dare,
Your pretty girl a lover with strength
and pluck to spare;
Both spend all night on duty; the soldier
stands before
The quarters of his general, the lover
guards her door;
The soldier makes long marches, but
whereso'er you send
A girl, be sure her lover will track her
to the end;
No mountain peak can stop him, he'll
find a way to go
Through roaring winter torrents, through
sleet and drifting snow;
Although he be no sailor you'll never hear
him say,
"I see a storm is coming," " 'tis quite too
rough today."
A lover or a soldier—what others would
you find
Unmoved by cold and darkness, by driv-
ing sleet or wind?

. . . .

Who think of Love as slothful will find
'tis otherwise;
Love is the soul of action, the soul of
enterprise.

—Kirby Flower Smith.

Dido to Æneas

OVID

[*Heroides* VII]

It is possible that Propertius in his *Roman Matron to her Husband* furnished to Ovid the suggestion for his *Heroines*. The book consists of a series of fictitious letters by certain heroines of mythology who write to complain of desertion by their lovers.

So, on Mæander's banks, when death is nigh,
The mournful swan sings her own elegy.
Not that I hope (for, oh, that hope were vain!)
By words your lost affection to regain:
But, having lost whate'er was worth my care,
Why should I fear to lose a dying prayer?
'Tis then resolv'd poor Dido must be left,
Of life, of honour, and of love bereft!
While you, with loosen'd sails and vows, prepare
To seek a land, that flies the searcher's care.
Nor can my rising towers your flight restrain,
Nor my new empire, offer'd you in vain.
Built walls you shun, unbuilt you seek; that land
Is yet to conquer; but you this command.
Suppose you landed where your wish design'd,
Think what reception foreigners would find.
What people is so void of common sense,
To vote succession from a native prince?
Yet there new sceptres and new loves you seek;
New vows to plight, and plighted vows to break.
When will your towers the height of Carthage know?
Or when your eyes discern such crowds below?
If such a town and subjects you could see,
Still would you want a wife, who lov'd like me,
For, oh, I burn, like fires with incense bright:
Not holy tapers flame with purer light:
Æneas is my thoughts' perpetual theme;
Their daily longing, and their nightly dream.
Yet he's ungrateful and obdurate still:
Fool that I am to place my heart so ill!
Myself I cannot to myself restore:
Still I complain, and still I love him more.
Have pity, Cupid, on my bleeding heart,
And pierce thy brother's with an eq
dart.
I rave: nor canst thou Venus' offspr
be,
Love's mother could not bear a son l
thee.
From harden'd oak, or from a rock's c
womb,
At least thou art from some fierce tigr
come;
Or on rough seas, from their foundat
torn,
Got by the Winds and in a tempest bo
Like that which now thy trembling s
ors fear;
Like that whose rage should still det
thee here.
Behold how high the foamy billows ri
The wind and waves are on the jus
side.
To winter weather and a stormy sea
I'll owe, what rather I would owe to th
Death thou deserv'st from Heave
avenging laws;
But I'm unwilling to become the cau
To shun my love, if thou wilt seek t
fate,
'Tis a dear purchase, and a costly ha
Stay but a little, till the tempest cea
And the loud winds are lull'd into a pea
May all thy rage, like theirs, unconst
prove!
And so it will, if there be power in lo
Know'st thou not yet what dangers sh
sustain?
So often wreck'd, how dar'st thou ten
the main?
Which were it smooth, were every wa
asleep,
Ten thousand forms of Death are in
deep.
In that abyss the gods their vengea
store,
For broken vows of those who fals
swore.
There winged storms on sea-born Ve
wait,
To vindicate the justice of her state
Thus I to thee the means of safety sho

lost myself, would still preserve my
foe.
as thou art, I not thy death design:
ther live, to be the cause of mine!
ld some avenging storm thy vessel
ear,
Heaven forbid my words should
omen bear)
in thy face thy perjur'd vows would
fly;
my wrong'd ghost be present to thy
eye.
threatening looks think thou be-
hold'st me stare,
ing my mouth, and clotted all my
hair.
, should fork'd lightning and red
thunder fall,
t could'st thou say, but I deserv'd
'em all?
this should happen, make not haste
away;
hun the danger will be worth thy
stay.
pity on thy son, if not on me:
leath alone is guilt enough for thee.
t has his youth, what have thy gods
deserv'd,
nk in seas, who were from fires pre-
serv'd?
neither gods nor parent dost thou
bear;
th stories all to please a woman's
ear,
as the tale of thy romantic life.
yet am I thy first deluded wife:
to pursuing foes Creusa stay'd,
thee, base man, forsaken and be-
tray'd.
when thou told'st me, struck my
tender heart,
such requital follow'd such desert.
doubt I but the gods, for crimes
like these,
n winters kept thee wandering on the
seas.
starv'd companions, cast ashore, I
fed,
elf admitted to my crown and bed.
To harbour strangers, succour the dis-
trest,
Was kind enough; but, oh, too kind the
rest!
Curst be the cave which first my ruin
brought,
Where, from the storm, we common shel-
ter sought!
A dreadful howling echo'd round the
place:
The mountain nymphs, thought I, my
nuptials grace.
I thought so then, but now too late I
know
The Furies yell'd my funerals from below.
O Chastity and violated Fame,
Exact your dues to my dead husband's
name!
By death redeem my reputation lost,
And to his arms restore my guilty ghost.
Close by my palace, in a gloomy grove,
Is rais'd a chapel to my murder'd love;
There, wreath'd with boughs and wool,
his statue stands,
The pious monument of artful hands.
Last night, methought, he call'd me from
the dome,
And thrice, with hollow voice cry'd,
"Dido, come."
She comes; thy wife thy lawful summons
hears;
But comes more slowly, clogg'd with con-
scious fears.
Forgive the wrong I offer'd to thy bed;
Strong were his charms, who my weak
faith misled.
His goddess mother, and his aged sire
Borne on his back, did to my fall con-
spire.
Oh! such he was, and is, that, were he
true,
Without a blush I might his love pursue.
But cruel stars my birth-day did attend;
And as my fortune open'd, it must end.
My plighted lord was at the altar slain,
Whose wealth was made my bloody
brother's gain.
Friendless, and follow'd by the murder-
er's hate,

To foreign countries I remov'd my fate;
And here, a suppliant, from the natives' hands
I bought the ground on which my city stands,
With all the coast that stretches to the sea;
Ev'n to the friendly port that shelter'd thee:
Then rais'd these walls, which mount into the air,
At once my neighbours' wonder, and their fear.
For now they arm; and round me leagues are made,
My scarce-establish'd empire to invade.
To man my new-built walls I must prepare,
An helpless woman, and unskill'd in war.
Yet thousand rivals to my love pretend;
And for my person would my crown defend:
Whose jarring votes in one complaint agree,
That each unjustly is disdain'd for thee.
To proud Hyarbas give me up a prey;
(For that must follow, if thou goest away.)
Or to my husband's murderer leave my life,
That to the husband he may add the wife.
Go then, since no complaints can move thy mind:
Go, perjur'd man, leave thy gods behind.
Touch not those gods, by whom thou art forsworn,
Who will in impious hands no more be borne:
Thy sacreligious worship they disdain,
And rather would the Grecian fires sustain.
Perhaps my greatest shame is still to come,
And part of thee lies hid within my womb.
The babe unborn must perish by thy hate,
And perish guiltless in his mother's fate.
Some god, thou say'st, thy voyage c
command;
Would the same god had barr'd thee fr
my land!
The same, I doubt not, thy depart
steers,
Who kept thee out at sea so many yea
While thy long labours were a price
great,
As thou to purchase Troy would'st
repeat.
But Tyber now thou seek'st, to be
best,
When there arriv'd, a poor precari
guest.
Yet it deludes thy search: perhaps it
To thy old age lie undiscover'd still.
A ready crown and wealth in dowe
bring,
And, without conquering, here thou a
king.
Here thou to Carthage may'st tran
thy Troy:
Here young Ascanius may his arms
ploy;
And, while we live secure in soft rep
Bring many laurels home from conqu
foes.
By Cupid's arrows, I adjure thee, st
By all the gods, companions of thy w
So may thy Trojans, who are yet al
Live still, and with no future fort
strive;
So may thy youthful son old age att
And thy dead father's bones in pe
remain:
As thou hast pity on unhappy me,
Who knew no crime, but too much l
for thee.
I am not born from fierce Achilles' l
Nor did my parents against Troy c
bine.
To be thy wife if I unworthy prove,
By some inferior name admit my lov
To be secur'd of still possessing the
What would I do, and what would I
be!
Our Libyan coasts their certain seas
know,

ıen free from tempests passengers may go:
t now with northern blasts the billows roar,
d drive the floating sea-weed to the shore.
ave to my care the time to sail away;
ıen safe, I will not suffer thee to stay.
y weary men would be with ease content;
eir sails are tatter'd, and their masts are spent.
by no merit I thy mind can move,
ıat thou deny'st my merit, give my love.
ıy, till I learn my loss to undergo;
d give me time to struggle with my woe.
not, know this, I will not suffer long;
y life's too loathsome, and my love too strong.
ath holds my pen and dictates what I say,
ile cross my lap the Trojan sword I lay.
y tears flow down: the sharp edge cuts their flood,
d drinks my sorrows that must drink my blood.
w well thy gift does with my fate agree!
y funeral pomp is cheaply made by thee.
no new wounds my bosom I display:
e sword but enters where Love made the way.
t thou, dear sister, and yet dearer friend,
alt my cold ashes to their urn attend.
hæus' wife let not the marble boast,
lost that title, when my fame I lost.
is short inscription only let it bear:
nhappy Dido lies in quiet here.
e cause of death, and sword by which she dy'd,
neas gave: the rest her arm supply'd."

—JOHN DRYDEN.

THE PRECEPTOR OF LOVE

OVID

[From the *Art of Love*, Book I]

The lover of Roman elegy came to look upon himself as peculiarly fitted by experience to give instruction to others in the art of love. Tibullus and Propertius give only hints of this point of view; Ovid comes out boldly with the announcement, at the beginning of a textbook on the subject, that he is the expert and supreme master.

In Cupid's school whoe'er would take degree,
Must learn his rudiments by reading me.
Seamen with sailing arts their vessels move;
Art guides the chariot: Art instructs to love.
Of ships and chariots others know the rule;
But I am master in Love's mighty school.
Cupid indeed is obstinate and wild,
A stubborn god; but yet the god's a child:
Easy to govern in his tender age,
Like fierce Achilles in his pupillage:
That hero, born for conquest, trembling stood
Before the Centaur, and receiv'd the rod.
As Chiron mollify'd his cruel mind
With art, and taught his warlike hands to wind
The silver strings of his melodious lyre:
So Love's fair goddess does my soul inspire,
To teach her softer arts; to sooth the mind,
And smooth the rugged breasts of human-kind.
Yet Cupid and Achilles each with scorn
And rage were fill'd; and both were goddess-born.
The bull, reclaim'd and yok'd, the burthen draws;
The horse receives the bit within his jaws;

And stubborn Love shall bend beneath my sway,
Though struggling oft he strives to disobey.
He shakes his torch, he wounds me with his darts;
But vain his force, and vainer are his arts.
The more he burns my soul, or wounds my sight,
The more he teaches to revenge the spite.
I boast no aid the Delphian god affords,
Nor auspice from the flight of chattering birds;
Nor Clio nor her sisters have I seen;
As Hesiod saw them on the shady green:
Experience makes my work; a truth so try'd
You may believe; and Venus be my guide.

—John Dryden.

The Exile

ovid

[*Tristia* IV, 8]

The reasons for Ovid's banishment are not understood. His exile served to change completely his outlook on life. The flippancy, the fine spirit of fun and playfulness fell away, and in their place grew up an attitude of bitterness and despair which colored everything he wrote after his departure from Rome.

Now the swan's plumes are o'er my temples shed;
White age my sable hair has silvery spread:
Frail years creep on: a life inert is near;
Now scarce erect my frame infirm I rear:
Now were it fit, some term to toil assigned,
No fear should vex solicitous my mind:
That I should reap my ever favourite ease,
And my soft leisure with light studi
please,
Haunt my small house, my ancient ho
and board,
And patrimonial fields, that miss th
lord,
While a loved wife, dear children, shou
enfold
My neck, and in my country I grew o
Thus had I hoped to steal my life awa
Not undeserving of this mild decay:
The Gods thought otherwise: o'er s
and land
They drove me to this bleak Sarmati
strand
In hollow docks the shattered ships
cline;
Lest, in mid-ocean, split the starti
pine;
Lest faint he fall, and shame his pal
crowned speed,
The languid race-horse crops the gras
mead:
The veteran soldier, active now no mo
Hangs by his old fireside the arms
bore:
So, while in tardy age my powers decli
The wand of free dismissal should
mine.
'Twas time no more to breathe a forei
air,
Nor to a Scythian spring in thirst repai
But to wide gardens, (such I had)
treat,
Or seek the face of men in Rome's e
livening street.
This, for no thoughts the future co
divine,
This soft old age I hoped would ha
been mine.
The fates withstood: my early years th
blessed,
And bade calamity weigh down the res
Ten lustres, free from moral stain,
fled:
In life's worst stage misfortune bows
head.
The goal of ease just opening to my vi

lreadful shock my chariot wheels
o'erthrew:
madman! have I forced from HIM a
frown,
n whom the world no milder heart
has known?
do my crimes that clemency exceed?
life is spared me for my error's deed.
me! a life beneath the Northern
pole;
to the Euxine's waves that blacken-
ing roll:
Delphos' cave, Dodona's oak, in
strain
hetic warned me, I had deemed them
vain.
But nought so strong, though adamant
its frame,
As that its strength repels Jove's rushing
flame:
Nor aught so high, above misfortune's
rod,
But lies beneath the o'er-ruling arm of
God.
What though my fault, in part, these
miseries drew,
Too hard a doom from angry heaven I
rue.
Warned by my fate, HIS gracious favour
prize,
Who sits vicegerent of the Deities.

—C. A. Elton.

VII. FABLES: PHÆDRUS

hædrus was a freedman, possibly of
ustus, who is thought to have written
Fables in the reign of Tiberius (14
8). Fables of this type were written
ast as early as the sixth century B.C.
se of Æsop were widely popular
ng the Greeks, and served as models
later imitators. The collection by
drus is the earliest now in existence.

The Purpose of Fable-writing

[From the *Prologue*]

t from the founder Æsop fell,
eat familiar verse I tell:
fold's the genius of the page,
make you smile and make you
sage.
if the critics we displease,
wrangling brutes and talking trees,
hem remember, ere they blame,
e working neither sin nor shame;
but a play to form the youth
iction, in the cause of truth.

—Christopher Smart.

The Wolf and the Lamb

[*Fables* I, 1]

By thirst incited; to the brook
The Wolf and Lamb themselves betook.
The Wolf high up the current drank,
The Lamb far lower down the bank.
Then, bent his rav'nous maw to cram,
The Wolf took umbrage at the Lamb.
"How dare you trouble all the flood,
And mingle my good drink with mud?"
"Sir," says the Lambkin, sore afraid,
"How should I act, as you upbraid?
The thing you mention cannot be,
The stream descends from you to me."
Abashed by facts, says he, "I know
'Tis now exact six months ago
You strove my honest fame to blot"—
"Six months ago, sir, I was not."
"Then 'twas th' old ram thy sire," he
cried,
And so he tore him, till he died.
To those this fable I address
Who are determined to oppress,
And trump up any false pretence,
But they will injure innocence.

—Christopher Smart.

The Dog in the River

[*Fables* I, 4]

The churl that wants another's fare
Deserves at least to lose his share.
As through the stream a Dog conveyed
A piece of meat, he spied his shade
In the clear mirror of the flood,
And thinking it was flesh and blood,
Snapped to deprive him of the treat:—
But mark the glutton's self-defeat,
Missed both another's and his own,
Both shade and substance, beef and bone.
—Christopher Smart.

The Man and the Weasel

[*Fables* I, 22]

A Weasel, by a person caught,
And willing to get off, besought
The man to spare. "Be not severe
On him that keeps your pantry clear
Of those intolerable mice."
"This were," says he, "a work of price,
If done entirely for my sake,
And good had been the plea you make:
But since, with all these pains and care,
You seize yourself the dainty fare
On which those vermin used to fall,
And then devour the mice and all,
Urge not a benefit in vain."
This said, the miscreant was slain.
The satire here those chaps will own,
Who, useful to themselves alone,
And bustling for a private end,
Would boast the merit of a friend.
—Christopher Smart.

The Dog and the Wolf

[*Fables* III, 6]

I will as briefly as I may,
The sweets of liberty display.
A Wolf half famished, chanced to see
A Dog, as fat as dog could be:
For one day meeting on the road,
They mutual compliments bestowed:
"Prithee," says Isgrim, faint and wea
"How came you so well fed and sleek
I starve, though stronger of the two."
"It will be just as well with you,"
The Dog quite cool and frank repli
"If with my master you'll abide."
"For what?" "Why merely to attend
And from night thieves the door defen
"I gladly will accept the post,
What! shall I bear with snow and fro
And all this rough inclement plight,
Rather than have a home at night,
And feed on plenty at my ease?"
"Come, then, with me"—the Wolf agr
But as they went the mark he found,
Where the Dog's collar had been bou
"What's this, my friend?" "Why, no
ing." "Nay,
Be more explicit, sir, I pray."
"I'm somewhat fierce and apt to bite
Therefore they hold me pretty tight,
That in the day-time I may sleep,
And night by night my vigils keep.
At eveningtide they let me out,
And then I freely walk about:
Bread comes without a care of mine.
I from my master's table dine;
The servants throw me many a scrap,
With choice of pot-liquor to lap;
So, I've my bellyful, you find."
"But can you go where you've a min
"Not always, to be flat and plain."
"Then, Dog, enjoy your post again,
For to remain this servile thing,
Old Isgrim would not be a king."
—Christopher Smart

Æsop at Play

[*Fables* III, 13]

As Æsop was with boys at play,
And had his nuts as well as they,
A grave Athenian, passing by,
Cast on the sage a scornful eye,
As on a dotard quite bereaved:

h, when the moralist perceived,
her himself a wit professed
the poor subject of a jest)
the public way he flung
w that he had just unstrung:
re solve, thou conjurer," he cries,
problem, that before thee lies."
people throng; he racks his brain,
can the thing enjoined explain.
st he gives it up—the seer

Thus then in triumph made it clear:
"As the tough bow exerts its spring,
A constant tension breaks the string;
But if 'tis let at seasons loose,
You may depend upon its use."
Thus recreative sports and play
Are good upon a holiday,
And with more spirit they'll pursue
The studies which they shall renew.

—Christopher Smart.

DESPOTISM AND SUPPRESSION

FIRST CENTURY A.D.

The extravagant hopes of the return of a golden age, which enthusiasm
Augustus and his policy had raised, were naturally not possible of fulfillment.
new form of government indeed worked splendidly in Italy and the provinces,
few among the Italians or provincials could have been found to wish for any cha
for they learned that peace, prosperity, and protection of life and property were
but guaranteed them. It was in Rome, the capital, that friction developed. T
was the emperor and there the senate. The emperor was himself chosen from
class, and set over it. From it of course would come his successor. Hence inevit
an emperor of suspicious disposition might be inclined to see a rival and pos
supplanter in any prominent senator. Then, too, because of the exalted position
the emperor, there soon arose a class of people who by a policy of flattery hope
advance their fortunes under imperial favor. On the other hand, probably partl
a reaction against flattery and partly from an inherited republicanism, a small gr
of irreconcilables, heart and soul opposed to the Imperial régime, developed. T
was, no doubt, a class which favored the principate and yet would preserve
independence of thought on questions of policy before the senate; but able
fortunate indeed was the senator who could successfully maintain such a posi
and his self respect under the eye of a Caligula or a Nero. And lucky the emp
who was blessed with popularity, tact, and common-sense enough to steer a safe co
amid conditions always potentially so dangerous.

The conditions of the time were reflected in the literature, which was stro
influenced by them, particularly so because from the senatorial class, or from pe
associated with it, came many of the writers. Those who wished to present t
own ideas tended to confine themselves to topics not at all, or but remotely, conne
with politics, while those who would write of state and emperor regularly did s
flattering vein. The publication of independent studies on history and governm
was rather too hazardous to be popular. In fact the works of some who indu
in free speech were suppressed and their authors removed by enforced suicide. U
such conditions literature of the first rank could not and did not develop, and there
it is often necessary to refer to writers of the second century in regard to the his
of the first.

I. REALIZATION OF POLITICAL CONDITIONS

THE HISTORIAN: TACITUS

rnelius Tacitus was born about 55 and about 120. He entered the senatorial er and advanced through the usual minary offices to the consulship, and ıately to the honorable post of pro- ul of Asia. He was a leader of the at Rome, and in his legal work was imes associated with Pliny, his inti- friend.

ıe historical works of Tacitus, the *als* and the *Histories*, form a continua- of Livy's history, carrying the narra- forward to cover the first century of Empire. Because of the attitude of tyrannical Domitian, Tacitus was pelled to wait until he was well ad- ed in years before giving expression is estimate of the characters and the s of the emperors and to his bitter- over the loss of individual freedom r the Cæsars. His first productions three short pieces in preparation for greater works to follow—a dialogue the decay of oratory, a life of his er-in-law Agricola, and a sketch of many and the German tribes.

s Livy was the historian of the Roman ıblic, so was Tacitus for the first cen- of the Empire, and there was none ival him. He had not the scientific racy of Thucydides, nor the full flow- periods of Livy. He preferred a t sentence, and the biting epigram of h he was a master. He excelled in presenting of historic scenes with ıatic intensity, and in the psychologi- study of character. The actors on the e of history, their thoughts, and plans, moods, and characters interested him ıendously, more than did the problems conditions of the times.

The Beginnings of Despotism

[From The *Annals*, Book I]

acitus traces the beginnings of the otism that prevailed in the first cen- back to the establishment of the Em- pire by Augustus, which had been wel- comed as the dawn of a golden age.

In the beginning, Rome was ruled by Kings. Lucius Brutus established lib- erty and the Consulship. The Dictator- ship was resorted to in emergencies. The authority of the Decemvirs lasted for only two years; that of the Military Tri- bunes with Consular Powers for no long period. The tyrannies of Cinna and of Sulla were short-lived; the ascendency of Pompeius and Crassus passed quickly on to Cæsar, the swords of Lepidus and Antonius made way before Augustus: who under the title of "Princeps" took the whole world, worn out by civil conflict, under Imperial rule.

The story of ancient Rome, in her triumphs and reverses, has been related by illustrious writers; nor were men of genius wanting to tell of Augustus and his times, until the rising spirit of syco- phancy bid them beware. The histories of Tiberius and Caius, of Claudius and Nero, were either falsified through fear, if written during their life-time; or com- posed under feelings of fresh hatred after their fall. I purpose, therefore, to write shortly of Augustus and his end, and then narrate the reigns of Tiberius and his successors; unmoved, as I have no reason to be moved, by either hatred or par- tiality.

When the last army of the Republic had fallen with Brutus and Cassius on the field; when Sextus Pompeius had been crushed in Sicily; and when the deposition of Lepidus, followed by the death of Antonius, had left Augustus sole leader of the Julian party, he laid aside the title of Triumvir, assumed the Con- sulship, and professed himself content with the Tribunitian Power for the pro- tection of the plebs. But when he had won the soldiery by bounties, the popu-

lace by cheap corn, and all classes alike by the sweets of peace, he rose higher and higher by degrees, and drew into his own hands all the functions of the Senate, the magistrates and the laws. And there was no one to oppose; for the most ardent patriots had fallen on the field, or in the proscriptions; and the rest of the nobles, advanced in wealth and place in proportion to their servility, and drawing profit out of the new order of affairs, preferred the security of the present to the hazards of the past.

Nor did the provinces resent the change; for the rule of the Senate and the People had become odious to them from the contests between the great leaders, and the greed of the magistrates, against whom the laws, upset by force, by favour, and, in fine, by bribery, were powerless to protect them.

Meanwhile Augustus, as buttresses to his rule, advanced Claudius Marcellus, his sister's son, to the priesthood and Curule Ædileship, while yet a lad; and bestowed the honour of two Consulships on Marcus Agrippa—a man of ignoble birth, but a stout soldier, and partner in his victories. When Marcellus died, he took Agrippa as his son-in-law; and distinguished his two step-sons, Tiberius Nero and Claudius Drusus, with Imperatorial titles, though as yet there was no lack of heirs in his own family.

For he had adopted the two sons of Agrippa, Gaius and Lucius, into the family of the Cæsars; and before they assumed the manly gown, had caused them to be styled "Chiefs of the Youth," and to be designated Consuls—honours which he had affected to decline, but had most ardently coveted for them. But first Agrippa died; then the two Cæsars were cut off—whether by an untimely fate, or through the machinations of their step-mother Livia—the younger of them on his way to join the Spanish army, the elder when returning wounded from Armenia. Tiberius was now the sole surviving step-son of Augustus; for brother Drusus had perished long befo On him therefore all hopes were c tred. He was adopted as a son, m colleague in the "Imperium," admitted share the Tribunitian Power, and exh ited to all the armies: his mother longer intriguing for him in secret, affording him open encouragement.

For Livia had acquired such an cendency over Augustus in his old a that he cast out on the island of Plana his only surviving grandson, Agrip Postumus: an uncultured youth, doubt, with nothing but brute boo strength to recommend him, but one v had never been found guilty of any o misdemeanour. And yet so anxious Augustus to strengthen his position t he appointed Germanicus, the son Drusus, to command of the eight legi on the Rhine, and ordered his adopt by Tiberius, although Tiberius had young son of his own.

All wars had now ceased except t against the Germans; and even that being continued rather to wipe out disgrace of the loss of Quintilius Va and his legions, than from the desire extend the empire, or for any profita end. Tranquillity reigned at home; magistrates were called by their names; the younger generation had b born since Actium, the elder, for the m part, during the course of the Civil Wa how many were there left who had held the Republic?

Thus a revolution had been acc plished. The old order had passed aw everything had suffered change. days of equality were gone: men loo to the Prince for his commands, hav no anxiety for the present, so long Augustus was of the age, and had strength, to keep himself, his house the public peace secure. But when advanced in years, when his health strength failed, and his approaching gave birth to new hopes, some few

ed idly on the blessings of liberty; dreaded war; some longed for it. t the greater number pulled to the characters of their future mas- with comments such as these:— pa, they said, was a savage, exas- ed by contumelious treatment; he neither the years nor the experience ar the weight of empire. Tiberius was of ripe age, and a tried warrior: e had all the old pride of the Claudii blood; and, however carefully sup- ed, many indications of a cruel tem- had escaped him. He had been ght up from infancy in a reigning ; Consulships and Triumphs had heaped upon him in his youth: even g the years of exile which he had in Rhodes, under pretence of re- he had done nothing but brood his resentments, or practise hy- y and solitary debauch. And then was his mother, with all the un- nable passions of her sex: they I have to serve a woman, and two ings into the bargain, who would by oppressing the commonwealth, end by rending it in sunder.

id speculations such as these, the n of Augustus began to fail. Some cted foul play on the part of his For a rumour had got abroad that stus, some months before, with the y of a few special friends, and with s Maximus as sole companion, had eyed to Planasia to see Agrippa. It aid that many tears had been shed, signs of affection exchanged, be- the two; and hopes were raised he young man might be restored to randfather's home. The secret of visit, it was reported, had been be- d by Maximus to his wife Marcia, y her to Livia. This had come to ars of Augustus; and when Maxi- died not long after (whether by his and or not was a matter of doubt), ia had been overheard lamenting at his funeral, and blaming herself for her husband's death.

Be that as it may, Tiberius had scarcely reached Illyricum when he was recalled in haste by message from his mother. Whether on arriving at Nola he found Augustus still alive, or already dead, was never known. For Livia had placed a strict guard upon the palace and its approaches; favourable bulletins were issued from time to time; until, when every necessary precaution had been taken, it was announced in one and the same breath that Augustus was dead, and that Tiberius was in possession of the government.

The opening crime of the new reign was the murder of Agrippa Postumus. He was taken by surprise, and was unarmed; yet the centurion, though a determined man, had some difficulty in despatching him. Tiberius made no communication on the subject to the Senate. His father, he pretended, had left orders with the officer in charge to put Agrippa to death as soon as he himself should breathe his last. Now Augustus, no doubt, had said many harsh things about the young man's character, and had caused the Senate to decree his banishment; but he never hardened himself so far as to put any of his own family to death, nor is it credible that he should have slain his grandson to secure a step-son's safety. It is more probable that this hurried murder of a youth detested equally by Tiberius and by Livia, was the work of both; the former moved by fear, the latter by her hatred as a step-mother.

When the centurion reported, according to military custom, that he had executed the order, Tiberius replied that he had never given any such order; and that the man would have to answer to the Senate for his conduct. When this was known to Sallustius Crispus, who was in the secret—it was he who had sent the written instructions to the

Tribune—he was afraid the charge would be shifted on to his own shoulders, in which case, whether he should tell the truth or not, he would be in equal peril. He therefore warned Livia that the secrets of the palace, the private advice of friends, and the services of the soldiery, were things not to be published abroad: —Tiberius must not weaken the powers of the Principate by referring everything to the Senate. The condition of Imperial rule was this: that every one should be accountable to one man, and to one only.

Meanwhile all at Rome—Consuls, Senators, and Knights—were plunging into servitude. Men bearing the most illustrious names were the foremost with false professions; composing their features so as not to show too much pleasure at the death of the one prince, or too little at the accession of the other; blending tears with their smiles, and flattery with their lamentations. The Consuls, Sextus Pompeius and Sextus Appuleius, were the first to take the oath of allegiance, which they in turn administered to Seius Strabo and Gaius Turranius—the former Commandant of the Prætorian Cohorts, the latter, Superintendent of the corn-market. Then came the Senate, the soldiers, and the people. For Tiberius left all initiative with the Consuls, as though the old Republic were still standing, and as if he himself had not made up his mind to assume the Empire: even the edict by which he summoned the Senate he only put forth in virtue of the Tribunitian authority conferred on him in the lifetime of Augustus.

The edict itself was short, and moderate in tone:—He desired to take their advice as to the honours to be paid his father; he himself would not leave the body, nor undertake any other public duty. And yet, no sooner was Augustus dead, than he had given the password to the Prætorians as their commander; he had surrounded himself with guards and sentinels and all the paraphernalia of a court; he was escorted by soldiers to Forum and to the Senate-house, and had issued a proclamation to the as though he were already Emp nowhere did he show hesitation sav his language to the Senate.

His chief reason for this attitude his fear of Germanicus. That prince many legions under his command, a vast force of allies; he was the da of the people; and it might be tha would prefer possession to expecta Tiberius had regard also to public opi He wanted men to believe that he been chosen and called to power by countrymen, rather than that he crept into it through the intrigues wife, or as the adopted son of a do It transpired afterward that this a hesitation was assumed deliberately, the purpose of fathoming the feeling the leading men; for Tiberius would tort a word or a look into an offence, treasure it up in his memory.

At the first meeting of the Sen Tiberius permitted no business to transacted except that relating to obsequies of Augustus. The testa was carried in by the Vestal Vir Tiberius and Livia were appointed h Livia was to be adopted into the Ju house, and to receive the title of gusta." His grandsons and great-gr sons came next in the succession; in third rank were many names of dis tion, mostly those of personal ene inserted in a spirit of vain-glory, an eye to the approbation of poste The amount bequeathed was not a the scale of a private fortune; b sum of forty-three and a half mi sesterces was left to the people an the plebs. Each soldier of the Præto Cohorts was to receive one thou sesterces; the soldiers of the Urban horts five hundred; the legionaries, the members of the Cohorts raised Roman citizens, three hundred sest apiece.

e question of funeral honours was considered. The most outstanding sals were that of Gallus Asinius, he procession should pass through riumphal Gate; and that of Lucius tius, that the titles of the laws l by the deceased, and the names ions which he had conquered, should orne before the body. To these lla Valerius added that the oath egiance to Tiberius should be re- every year; and when challenged iberius to say whether that motion een made at his instigation, he re- that no man had prompted him: ould he follow any counsel but his n public matters, even though he give offence thereby. Such was ly form of flattery still left untried! was carried by acclamation that the should be borne to the pyre by ors; an honour which Tiberius d, in a tone of arrogant condescen- And to the people he issued a mation, praying them not to think ning the body in the Forum, rather at its appointed resting-place in the us Martius, nor to repeat the dis- nces caused by excess of affection obsequies of the Immortal Julius. the funeral day, the troops were up on guard, amid the derision of who had themselves beheld or had their elders describe the day when , unripe as yet for slavery, had that ill-fated blow for freedom— y when some regarded the assassi- of Cæsar as a foul crime, others most glorious achievement: whereas n aged emperor, after a long lease wer, and after providing his heirs resources against the Common- , had need of a guard of soldiers p order over his grave!

re followed much talk about Au- . People idly marvelled that he ied upon the same day as that on he had first entered on power; in me house, in the very room, at Nola, in which his father Octavius had breathed his last. They dwelt upon the number of his consulships, equal to those of Valerius Corvus and Gaius Marius put together; they recounted how the Tribunitian Power had been continued to him for thirty-seven years; how the title of "Imperator" had been conferred upon him one-and twenty times: how other distinctions had been heaped on him, or invented in his honour.

Reflecting men discussed his career in various tones of praise or blame. Some maintained:—That he had been forced into civil war by regard for his father's memory, and by the exigencies of public affairs, which left no room for law: and civil war was a thing which none could bring about or carry on clean-handed. He had made many concessions to Antonius, many also to Lepidus, in order to secure vengeance on his father's murderers; but when the latter became old and lethargic, and the former lost himself in debauch, no resource was left for the distracted country but the rule of one man. Yet even so, Augustus had not set up his government as King or Dictator, but under the name of "Princeps.' Under his rule, the frontiers had been pushed forward to the Ocean or to distant rivers; the provinces, the armies, and the fleets of the Empire had been brought into communication with one another. Justice had been dispensed at home; consideration had been shown to the allies; the city itself had been sumptuously adorned: and, if some few acts of violence had been committed, it had been in order to secure the general tranquillity.

On the other side it was said:—The pleas of filial duty and political necessity were but pretexts. It was lust of power which had prompted Augustus to attract the veterans by bribes, to collect an army while he was still a stripling and without office, to tamper with the troops of the Consul, and to affect sympathy with the

Pompeian party. After that, by virtue of a decree of the Senate, he had usurped the Prætorship, with its military and judicial powers; and when Hirtius and Pansa were slain in battle—whether or no those generals were so slain: or had died, the latter, of a poisoned wound, the former, at the hands of his own soldiers treacherously set on by Octavianus—he had assumed command of both armies; he had forced the Senate to make him Consul against its will, and having received an army to oppose Antonius, had turned it against his own country: the proscriptions, the confiscations, were measures which not even their perpetrators could approve. The deaths of Brutus and Cassius, indeed, might be deemed a tribute of vengeance to his father; though even so it were right for private hatred to give way before the public good. But he had tricked Sextus Pompeius by a pretence of peace, and Lepidus under the guise of friendship; later on, he had entrapped Antonius by the treaties of Tarentum and Brundisium, and by giving him his own sister in marriage—a treacherous alliance which Antonius had paid for with his blood. Peace, no doubt, had followed, but it was a peace stained with blood: there had been the disasters of Lollius and Varus abroad; at home, the executions of a Varro, an Egnatius, and a Iulus.

Nor was his private life spared:—He had torn Livia, when pregnant, from her husband, going through the farce of consulting the augurs whether she could rightfully marry without waiting for the child to be born; he had permitted the extravagance of a Quintus Tedius and a Vedius Pollio. And lastly, there was Livia: a very scourge to the Commonwealth as a mother, no less a scourge to the house of the Cæsars as a step-mother. What honours were left for the Gods, when Augustus ordained temples and images to be set up to himself as to a Deity, with Flamens and Priests to worship him? Even in adopting Tib as his successor, he had not been m by affection, or by care for the p good; but having sounded the d of that proud and cruel nature, he sought to win glory for himself by trast with an execrable successor.

For many years before, when Aug was asking the Senate to confer anev Tribunitian Power on Tiberius, th he spoke of him in terms of complin he had let fall some observations a his bearing, his manners and styl living, which under guise of apology all the character of a reproach.

—G. G. Ramsa

Mutiny on the Rhine

[From the *Annals*, Book I]

The government of the provinces tinued under the Empire to be a se problem. Such a revolt as that pic here from the early part of the reig Tiberius led on more than one occ to the overthrow of the prince and seating on the throne of a new emp chosen by the armies.

About the same time, and from id cal causes, disturbances broke out in armies of the Rhine; and with all greater violence, in proportion to greater numbers. They indulged the also that Germanicus Cæsar, unabl brook a master over him, would lend self to the legions: they were st enough, they thought, to carry all be them. There were two armies on banks of the Rhine. The Upper a as it was called, was under the Le Gaius Silius; Aulus Cæcina had comm of the Lower: both alike were under supreme command of Germanicus, was at that time occupied in taking census in the provinces of Gaul.

The army of Silius hesitated, watc the result of the movement elsewh

he Lower army broke out in open
ıy. The movement began with the
of the 21st and 5th legions, who
d along with them the 1st and the
all these four being at that time
ıped together in the territory of the
with little or no work to occupy
No sooner had the news of the
of Augustus arrived, than the town-
recruits who had been raised in the
not long before, accustomed to
e, and impatient of all labour, filled
mple minds of their comrades with
lea that the time had now come for
eterans to press for an early dis-
e, the younger soldiers for more
for all alike to demand some relief
their irksome duties, and wreak
ance on the centurions for their
lity. And such talk was not con-
to single agitators, like Percennius
e Pannonian army, nor addressed
embling soldiers, looking anxiously
d to armies more powerful than
elves. The spirit of sedition found
tongues and many voices:—The
ies of Rome were in their own
; it was by their victories that the
re was extended, it was from their
that Emperors derived their titles.
nerved by the general frenzy, the
e made no attempt at resistance.
e moment, an infuriated mob rushed
lrawn swords upon the centurions—
bjects, from time immemorial, of
ldiers' hatred, and the first victims
ir violence. The men threw them
and beat them, sixty of them setting
each centurion, so as to match the
er of the centuries; then having
ured and mangled them, they cast
out, many already dead, upon the
chments, or into the river. One
m called Septimius took refuge on
bunal, and threw himself down be-
æcina's feet; but so determined was
mand made for him, that he was
up to death. One young man of
called Cassius Chærea, who after-
wards acquired notoriety as one of the murderers of Gaius Cæsar, cut his way, sword in hand, through the armed mob which blocked his path.

The Tribunes, and the Commandant of the camp, now lost all authority. The men distributed among themselves all sentry and picket duty, and other matters of immediate urgency. To those who best understood the temper of the soldiery, nothing showed more clearly the serious and uncompromising character of the movement than this, that everything was done in concert, nothing at the prompting of a few; all rose to fury, or sunk into silence, like one man: with such uniformity and regularity that it seemed to be at the word of command.

Meantime Germanicus, as we have said, was taking the census in Gaul when he heard of the death of Augustus. He was the son of Drusus, brother of Tiberius; the grandson of Augusta; and his wife Agrippina, by whom he had several children, was the grand-daughter of Augustus. But he was disquieted by the secret hatred which both his uncle and his grandmother bore him: a hatred which was all the more bitter that it sprang from unworthy reasons. For the memory of his father Drusus was much cherished by the Roman people; and it was the popular belief that if he had succeeded to power, he would have restored the Republic. Germanicus had become the object of the same favour, and the same hopes; for his unassuming character, and his rare affability of manner, presented a strong contrast to the haughty looks and dark language of Tiberius. And besides all this, feminine rancours were at work. For Livia regarded Agrippina with a true step-mother's hatred; and Agrippina herself was somewhat passionate and imperious in temper, though her faults were all redeemed by her chastity and her devotion to her husband.

But the fact that Germanicus stood near to the succession only caused him

to exert himself all the more strenuously for Tiberius. He took the oath of allegiance himself, and then administered it to the neighbouring tribes, and to the communities of Belgium. On hearing of the mutiny, he hurried back at once. The men met him outside the camp, their eyes cast down to the ground as if in penitence. As he passed within the lines, a babel of murmurs might be heard. Some seized his hand as if to kiss it, and then thrust his fingers into their mouths to let him feel their toothless gums; others pointed to their bodies bowed down with age. Perceiving the crowd about him to be without order, he bid them form up in maniples; they replied that they could hear him better as they were. Next, he ordered the standards to the front, so that the cohorts at least might be distinguished from one another; reluctantly they obeyed. Beginning with expressions of reverence to Augustus, he passed on to speak of the victories and triumphs of Tiberius, dwelling especially upon his splendid achievements in Germany, along with those same legions; he extolled the unanimity of Italy, the loyalty of the Gallic provinces:—Nowhere was there disturbance or disaffection. He was listened to in silence, or with slight murmurs of dissent.

He then touched on the mutiny:—Where was now their military subordination? he asked, where their old pride in discipline? Whither had they driven forth their Tribunes and their centurions? At this, with one consent, they bared their bodies, and pointed reproachfully to the marks of wounds and stripes. With a confused roar, they denounced the cost of exemptions, the smallness of their pay, the severity of their labours: naming one by one the making of earthworks and ditches, the collecting of fodder, timber and firewood, and every other kind of necessary work, or work devised to keep the camp from idleness. Fiercest of all was the clamour of the veterans. Counting up their thirty or more year service, they implored him to find remedy for their troubles: not t them perish in the same round of but to vouchsafe to them some lim so arduous a service, and with repo competence.

Some even demanded of Germa the money bequeathed by Augustus, ing words of happy augury towards self, signifying that, if he aimed at pire, they would back him up in attempt. At this he leaped down long from the tribunal, as though self infected with their crime; but men thrust their arms in his way, th ening him with violence unless h turned. At that he drew his sword, r it in the air, and exclaiming that he v rather die than play the traitor, he in the act of plunging it into his b when the bystanders seized his arm held it back by force. Some voices the densely packed crowd behind, even, what almost passes belief, dividual men coming close up to urged him to strike on; and one so called Calusidius offered him a d sword, adding:—It was sharper tha own. Infuriated as the men were, thought this a cruel and inhuman spe and during the pause which follo Germanicus was hurried off by his fr into his tent.

A consultation was now held a what should be done. Word came the men were preparing to send en to bring over the Upper Army to movement; that the town of the had been marked out for destruc and that the troops, having once t plunder, would make a raid into The alarm was heightened by the that the enemy were aware of the mu and by the likelihood that they w make an incursion into Gaul if the r bank were left unguarded; yet if called out the auxiliary and allied f against the seceding legions, they w

nbarking on civil war. An unbend-
ttitude was hazardous; to give way
ignominious: whether all or nothing
conceded, the Commonwealth would
equal jeopardy. After all due con-
ation, it was resolved to write a
in the Emperor's name granting
arge after twenty years' service;
al release to men of sixteen years'
ce, who should be kept under a
lard of their own, and relieved of
uty except that of fighting; the sum
ed as legacies to be paid in full,
to twice the amount.

e soldiers felt that these terms were
cted for the emergency, and de-
led their instant fulfilment. Ac-
ngly the discharges were made out by
Tribunes at once; the payments in
were to be deferred till the troops
d return to their respective winter
ers. But as the men of the 5th
21st legions refused to move till the
y was paid in their present summer
ers, Germanicus had to make up
mount from the privy purses of him-
and his staff. The 1st and 20th
ns were conducted back to the coun-
f the Ubii by the Legate Cæcina;
might be seen the disgraceful spec-
of the treasure-chests taken from
anicus being conveyed among the
lards and the eagles. Germanicus
lf proceeded to the Upper Army,
e the oath of allegiance was taken
ut hesitation by the 2nd, 13th, and
legions. The 14th hesitated for a
ent; so the money and the discharge
granted to them unasked.

eantime, in the country of the
ci, a movement had begun among
veterans of the disaffected legions
ned there on outpost duty; but it
suppressed for the moment by the
nary execution of two soldiers, on
rder of Manius Ennius, Prefect of
amp. Salutary as this example was,
Prefect had exceeded his authority
dering it; and as the trouble grew
worse, he took to flight. Discovered and dragged from his hiding-place, he drew upon audacity for his protection:—To do violence to him, he declared, would be to lay hands, not on the Prefect of the camp, but on their General Germanicus—nay, upon the Emperor Tiberius himself. Having thus overawed the men who stood in his way, he seized the standard, headed with it towards the river, and proclaiming that all who left the ranks should be treated as deserters, he brought the force back to their winter quarters, disaffected indeed, but not in open mutiny.

Meanwhile the envoys from the Senate reached Germanicus on his return to the altar of the Ubii. Two legions were wintering there, the 1st and 20th, together with the recently discharged veterans under a standard of their own. Uneasy and conscience-stricken, a terror seized upon them that the envoys had come with orders from the Senate to cancel the concessions extorted by the mutiny; and with the usual tendency of a mob to fasten a charge, however false, on some one's shoulders, they laid the blame of the decree on Munatius Plancus, a Consular, who was at the head of the embassy. In the dead of night, they called for their standard, which was in the house of Germanicus. Mobbing the door of the house, they forced it open, dragged Germanicus from his bed, and compelled him to give up the standard under fear of death.

Later on, as they were parading along the camp-roads, they encountered the envoys, who having heard the uproar were on their way to the quarters of Germanicus. They loaded them with insults, and were on the point of murdering them—more particularly Plancus, who thought it beneath his dignity to take flight. The only refuge open to him was the camp of the 1st legion. Embracing the standards and the eagle, he sought to protect himself by their sacred

character; but had not the standard-bearer Calpurnius prevented the men from proceeding to extremities, there would have been witnessed in a Roman camp a sight scarce ever seen even among our enemies—that of a Legate of the Roman people staining the altars of the Gods with his blood. At last, when day dawned, and it became impossible to distinguish soldiers from officers, and to discover what had happened, Germanicus ordered Plancus to be brought to him, and took him up on to the tribunal. Upbraiding the soldiers for their infatuation—now reviving, he declared, not so much from their own passions as through the wrath of the Gods—he explained to them the purpose of the mission; spoke with eloquence and sorrow of the rights of envoys, of the grievous and undeserved peril of Plancus, and of the disgrace thereby brought upon the legion; and having thus cowed rather than quieted the assemblage, he sent off the envoys under an escort of auxiliary cavalry.

At this perilous juncture, Germanicus was much blamed for not proceeding to the army of the Upper Rhine, which was still loyal, and would have afforded aid against the mutineers:—Mischief enough, and more than enough, had been done by discharges and bounties and other weak concessions. If he had no regard for his own life, why leave his little son and his wife, and his yet unborn child, among an infuriated soldiery, who had violated every human right? He should send these, at least, back in safety to their grandfather and their country. For a while he hesitated; and Agrippina would not listen to such counsels, protesting that she was of the blood of Augustus, and could face danger like the rest of her race. At last, tearfully embracing his wife, now great with child, and the son she had borne him, he prevailed on her to depart. And now the long sad line of women moved away; the General's wife a fugitive, carrying a little boy in her arms; her friends' w dragging themselves after her, and w ing as they went: not less sorrowful the friends that were left behind.

This spectacle, these wailings, like those of a captured city than camp commanded by a Cæsar, drew wards them the eyes and the ear even the common soldiers. Coming from their tents, What are these so of weeping? they ask; What this di procession? A company of high- ladies—with no centurion, not eve soldier, for an escort; with none of state or retinue that befit the wife o Imperator—going forth to the Tre to seek protection at the hand strangers!

A feeling of shame and pity came them at the sight. They remembered father Agrippa, her grandfather Au tus, and her father-in-law Drusus; thought of her notable fertility, her comparable purity; then of her in son, born in camp, and brought up the soldiers' quarters, to whom, in sol fashion, they had given the name "Little Boots" because to please the he used to wear boots like those of legionaries. But what moved them m of all was a feeling of jealousy tow the Treveri; so they threw themse in the way, and implored her to c back and remain with them; some g after Agrippina herself, the greater n ber turning back to Germanicus. St to the quick with grief and indignat he thus addressed the throng aro him: Neither wife nor son are deare me than my father and my country; my father is safe in his Imperial jesty, and the other armies of Rome protect the Empire. My wife and c dren, whom I would freely offer up death for your glory, I am now remov from your rage; that whatever cr you may yet be meditating may be wi out by my blood alone, and that you

add to your guilt by the slaughter
he great-grand-son of Augustus, the
der of the daughter-in-law of Ti-
us. For of what insolence, of what
ety, have you not been guilty, dur-
these past days? What name shall I
to this concourse? Am I to call
soldiers?—you who have besieged
son of your Emperor with arms and
enchments? Or citizens—you who
trampled under foot the authority
the Senate; who have disregarded
s accorded even to enemies; who have
violence to the sacred person of an
y, and the law of nations? The
ne Julius quelled a mutiny by one
l: styling those who broke their oath
ealty "Quirites." The Divine Au-
us, by one look, made the legions at
um quail before him. Though I be
such as they, yet am I sprung from
; and it were a strange and unworthy
if soldiers from Spain, or Syria,
to scorn my commands. And will
the men of the 1st legion, who re-
d your standard from Tiberius; and
of the 20th—you who shared in his
y battles, whom he enriched with so
y rewards—will you thus notably
y your General? Is this the word
n to carry to my father, at a time
n he is receiving from other provinces
ews but what is good? How his own
iits, his own veterans, are not con-
with discharge and bounties; how
and here alone, centurions are be-
murdered, Tribunes cast out, en-
beleaguered, camp and river stained
blood? And that I am in the midst
nemies, holding my life at their
y!

hy, O why, did you, unthinking
ds, on that first day of assembling,
back the steel which I was ready to
ge into my breast? A better and
ier act was his who offered to me
sword! For I should have fallen
with no guilty knowledge of out-
by my army; and you would have
chosen for yourselves a General, to leave my death indeed unpunished, but to avenge Varus and his three legions. For may the Gods grant that the Belgians—ready as they are to offer themselves—may not have the honour and glory of restoring the Roman name, and of conquering the tribes of Germany! O! may thy spirit, Divine Augustus, that has now been received into Heaven; may thy image, O my father Drusus, and thy memory, in the hearts of these same soldiers, alive once more to a sense of shame and honour, wash out this stain, and turn this fury between fellow-citizens to the destruction of our foes! And you also: you whose looks, whose hearts, I see to be other than they were: if you would render obedience to your General; if you would restore to the Senate their envoys, to me my wife and child: withdraw from the contagion! Put forth from you the breeders of sedition! Thus only will you make fast your penitence, thus firmly bind your loyalty.

This speech turned the soldiers into suppliants. Humbly acknowledging the justice of these reproaches, they implored Germanicus to punish the guilty, to forgive those who had been led astray, and to lead them out against the enemy; they entreated him to recall his wife, and to let the legions have their foster-child back again, rather than hand him over as a hostage to the Gauls. Germanicus excused Agrippina from returning because of her lying-in, now near at hand, and the wintry season; but he would let his son come back: the rest they must do themselves.

At this they hurried away like new men, and dragged the ring-leaders in chains before Gaius Cætronius, the Legate of the 1st legion, who judged the culprits and passed sentence upon them one by one in the following fashion. In front stood the legions, with swords drawn; the accused was put up to view by the Tribune on a raised platform. If

the men shouted "Guilty," he was thrown headlong down, and cut to pieces. The troops delighted in the slaughter, as though they were thereby absolving themselves; and Cæsar allowed it to go on, since in this way, without any order from him, the severity and odium alike were laid upon the same shoulders. The example thus set was followed by the veterans, who were despatched soon afterwards to Rætia, under pretence of protecting that province from an attack threatened by the Suevi; but in reality, to remove them from a camp whose grim associations reminded them not only of their crime, but also of the rigour with which it had been repressed. Germanicus then revised the list of centurions. Each was called up in turn, and stated his name, rank, and country; his period of service; his acts of gallantry, and his decorations, if he had any. If men and officers commended him for energy and integrity, he was permitted to retain his rank. If they agreed in declaring him corrupt or cruel, he was discharged from the service.

Things having thus been settled for the moment, a trouble no less formidable remained because of the defiant attitude of the 5th and 21st legions, who were in camp at a place called Vetera, sixty miles away. These men had been the first to mutiny; they had committed the worst excesses; and now, neither awed by the punishment of their comrades, nor moved by their repentance, they remained as intractable as ever. Germanicus accordingly prepared to despatch a flotilla down the Rhine with a force of legionaries and allied troops, determined to fight it out if his authority were disputed.

At Rome, meanwhile, the news of the outbreak in the German army had arrived before the issue of the troubles in Illyricum was known. The city was in a panic; and men censured Tiberius in this fashion:—He was befooling the poor helpless Senate and people with his pretences of hesitation, at the moment w the legions were in revolt, and nee something more than the authority two youths, new to command, to put t down. He should have gone hims and confronted them with the Impe presence: they would have given before a prince of ripe experience, H self the final arbiter of rewards punishments. Augustus, in extreme age, had been able to pay repeated vi to Germany; was Tiberius, in the pr of life, to sit still in the Senate-ho carping at the speeches of the Fathe Precautions enough had been taken secure the servility of the capital: it time that something was done to soo the army, and reconcile it to a state peace.

Talk like this made no impression up Tiberius; he was resolved not to c the capital, nor to expose himself a the Commonwealth to risk. He was d tracted by many opposing considerati —Of the two armies, the German the more powerful, the Pannonian nearer to Rome; the former had the sources of Gaul behind it, Italy lay the mercy of the latter. Which of two should he visit first? Whiche he put last, would be a-flame at the dignity. In sending a son to each, put both on an equality; yet with compromising his own dignity, wh gained in reverence from the distan Then again, the young men might be cused for referring some points to th father, and if the troops resisted Dru or Germanicus, they might be crushed conciliated by himself: but if they w to flout their Emperor, what resou was left?

For all that, however, he made though he were always on the point starting; he selected his staff, collec his baggage, and had ships made read then pleading various excuses of weath business, and what not, he hoodwink the shrewdest for a time; the popul

a while longer; longest of all, the inces.

eantime Germanicus had collected rmy, and had everything ready for g vengeance upon the rebels. Think- nevertheless, that he should still give time to take the matter into their hands, according to the example set, he sent on a letter to Cæcina, ming him of his approach with a g force, and announcing that unless uilty were punished before he came, ould put all indiscriminately to the d. This despatch Cæcina read pri- y to the eagle- and standard-bearers, to the best affected among the men, g them to save the honour of the as well as their own lives. In of peace, he remarked, cases are ed upon their merits; when it comes hting, innocent and guilty fall alike. ese men sounded those whom they ght the likeliest; and having satisfied selves that the majority were loyal, a time, at the suggestion of the te, for falling upon the most ob- us and prominent agitators. At a signal, they burst into their tents, cut them down unawares, none but in the secret knowing how the hter had begun, or where it was to

ver was there a conflict in any civil like to this. There was no battle; were no opposing camps: men who messed together by day, and slept her by night, rose out of the same divided themselves into sides, and upon each other. The shouts, the ds, and the blood, every one could r hear; but no cause for it could en: chance ruled all. Some loyal were slain with the rest; for the offenders had taken up their arms scovering against whom the attack aimed. There was no Legate, no ne, to control; every man had free e to glut his vengeance to the full. anicus entered the camp soon after- wards; and declaring, with many tears, that this was a massacre, and no remedy, he ordered the bodies to be burned.

The minds of the soldiers being still set on blood, a longing seized them to march against the enemy as an atonement for their madness; as though there were no other way to appease the spirits of their comrades than to expose their guilty breasts to honourable wounds. Falling in with their ardour, Germanicus threw a bridge across the Rhine, and passed a force of twelve thousand legionaries over the river, together with twenty-six cohorts and eight squadrons of the allies, who had never wavered in their allegiance.

The Germans were not far off. They had rejoiced to see our attention taken up, first by the holiday on the death of Augustus, and afterwards by the mutiny. A rapid march brought Germanicus to the Cæsian forest, where he crossed the lines laid out by Tiberius and encamped upon the works, his front and his rear protected by entrenchments, his flanks by barricades of trees. He had next to traverse a dense forest country, having two routes to choose from—one the shorter and usual route, the other more difficult and unfrequented, and for that reason unguarded by the enemy. Selecting the longer of the two, he pushed on with all speed; for his scouts had brought word that the Germans were to hold a festival that night, with games and banqueting. Cæcina was sent on with some light cohorts to clear a way through the forest; the legions followed at some little distance. A bright starry night favoured the enterprise. On reaching the Marsian villages, he drew his posts all round them. The enemy were already in bed, or sprawling upon the tables, suspecting no danger; there were no sentries set in front; all was carelessness and confusion: for they had no thought of battle, and even such quiet as they were enjoying

was but the feeble and relaxed repose of drunkenness.

To extend the area of his ravages, Germanicus divided his eager troops into four columns, and laid waste fifty miles of country with fire and sword. No pity was shown to either age or sex. Things sacred and profane alike—even the most famous temple of the tribe, that of the Goddess called Tanfana—were levelled to the ground; and as our men had fallen on the enemy when half-asleep, unarmed or dispersed, they had sustained no loss.

The news of this massacre roused the Bructeri, the Tubantes, and the Usipetes, who beset the forest passes by which the army had to return. Apprised of this, Germanicus arranged his retreat alike for marching and for fighting. The auxiliary cohorts, with part of the cavalry, led the way; then came the 1st legion. In the middle was the baggage, guarded on the left flank by the 21st, on the right by the 5th legions; the 20th protected the rear, and behind came the rest of the allies.

The enemy bided their time till the force was stretching out through the pass; then making feint attacks upon the front and flanks, they fell with their full force upon the rear. The light cohorts were being thrown into confusion by the dense masses of the Germans, when Germanicus rode up to the 20th:—"Now is the time," he shouted, "to wipe out all memory of the mutiny! Forward! quick forward! and turn your shame into glory!" Inflamed by these words, the 20th burst through the enemy's line with one dash, and drove them back with great slaughter into the open; at the same moment the van emerged from the pass, and threw up entrenchments for a camp. From this point onward the march was undisturbed. Rendered confident by their recent successes, and forgetting past occurrences, the troops settled down into their winter quarters.

The news of these events caused Tiberius no less anxiety than satisfac
He was pleased that the mutiny had
got under; but he was annoyed that
manicus should have gained the g
will of the soldiers by gifts of mo
and by shortening the term of ser
He was jealous also of his military
cess. Nevertheless, he brought his
ploits before the notice of the Senate,
said much in his praise, though in
guage too carefully studied for effec
create an impression of sincerity.
satisfaction with Drusus, and at the
ing of the movement in Illyricum,
expressed in fewer words; but they
more earnest and sincere. And he
tended to the Pannonian army all the
cessions which Germanicus had gra
to the other.

—G. G. Ramsa

The Purpose of History

[From the *Annals*, Book III]

Tacitus has the same conception of
ethical function of history as his pr
cessor Livy.

It is no part of my purpose to set f
every motion that was made in the Sen
but only such as were either very hon
able or specially disgraceful in t
character. For I deem it to be the c
function of history to rescue merit f
oblivion, and to hold up before evil w
and evil deeds the terror of the re
bation of posterity. And in those d
so deep, so foul, was the taint of flatt
that not only men of leading in the s
—men who could only maintain t
illustrious position by subserviency—
also the whole body of Consulars, m
of prætorian rank, and even many o
nary senators, would rise in the Se
and outbid one another in making
some and extravagant proposals. T
dition tells how Tiberius, every t
that he left the Senate-house, would

in Greek, "O men meet for slav-
" For even he, enemy of public
om as he was, felt disgust at such
t and all-enduring servility.

—G. G. RAMSAY.

FREEDOM OF SPEECH

[From the *Annals*, Book IV]

e genuine freedom of oral and writ-
peech enjoyed under the Republic
given place to specious flattery and
ding servility under the Empire.
us himself under the tyrant Domi-
preferred silence.

e writer of ancient history finds few
ticise him; it concerns no one if he
too warmly the armies of Carthage
Rome. But there are many living
whose ancestors suffered punish-
or incurred disgrace, under
ius; and even if the families con-
d have died out, there are those who
an attack upon vices akin to their
to be an attack upon themselves.
glory and virtue have their enemies;
hen placed too close to their op-
s they wear an aspect of rebuke.
must return from this digression.
this year Cremutius Cordus was
ched upon a novel charge, now
for the first time—that he had
ended Marcus Brutus in his His-
and called Gaius Cassius "The last
e Romans." The accusers, Satrius
dus and Pinarius Natta, were both
s of Sejanus; which fact, as well
e evident displeasure with which
ius listened to the defence, proved
to the accused. Having made up
ind to die, Cremutius spoke as fol-
"My words, Conscript Fathers,
rraigned; so innocent am I of any
leed. Yet these words were not
d against the Emperor, or his
, the persons to whom the law of
sty applies: my offence is that I
have praised Brutus and Cassius, men whose deeds have been recorded by many, whom none have named without respect. Titus Livius, a writer pre-eminent for eloquence and candour, eulogised Gnæus Pompeius so warmly that Augustus called him 'a Pompeian': but this caused no interruption in their friendship. He speaks of Scipio and Afranius, of this same Cassius, this Brutus, never as raiders and parricides—the names men give them now—but often as distinguished men. Asinius Pollio gives a noble account of them in his history; Messalla Corvinus used to call Cassius 'his own Imperator'; and yet both lived on wealthy and honoured to the end. When Marcus Cicero wrote a book in which he lauded Cato to the skies, what else did the Dictator Cæsar do but write a speech in answer, as though he were pleading before a judge? The letters of Antonius, the speeches of Brutus, contain the most bitter abuse of Augustus, as false as it is foul; men read the poems of Bibaculus and Catullus, which are full of insults to the Cæsars; yet the Divine Julius, the Divine Augustus, bore these things and passed them by. Whether in this more to praise their forbearance, or their wisdom, I know not: for the insult which goes unnoticed dies; to resent it, is to accord it recognition.

I say nothing of the Greeks, who tolerated not liberty only, but license, or at the most, paid back words with words; and men have always been free to speak uncensured of those whom Death has placed beyond the reach of hate or favour. Am I, forsooth, in arms, with Cassius and Brutus, upon the plains of Philippi, or inflaming the people to civil war by my harangues? Is the case not rather this: that just as these men are known to us by their statues—statues respected even by their conqueror—so in like manner, though dead for more than seventy years, they still hold their place upon the page of history? For posterity awards to

every man the honour that is his due; and if I be now condemned, men will remember not Cassius and Brutus only, but me also."

Cremutius then left the Senate-house, and put an end to himself by starvation. His books, by order of the Senate, were burned by the Ædiles. And yet they were saved; hidden away for a time, they were again put forth. Hence one cannot but smile at the dulness of those who believe that the authority of to-day can extinguish men's memories to-morrow. Nay rather, they who penalise genius do but extend its power: whether they be foreign tyrants, or imitators of foreign tyranny, they do but reap dishonour for themselves, and glory for their victims.

—G. G. Ramsay.

Tyranny Begets Tyrants

[From the *Annals*, Book VI]

Tyranny is not necessarily the result of a ruler's character. It is often forced upon the ruler by the very system of government of which he is the head.

At Rome, meanwhile, the seeds of future blood-shed were being sown. Lælius Balbus had brought a charge of treason against Acutia, formerly wife of Publius Vitellius; but when she was convicted, and it was proposed to vote a reward to the accuser, Junius Otho, a tribune of the Plebs, interposed his veto: the quarrel thus raised between the two resulting in Otho's banishment. Next, Albucilla, who was notorious for her amours, and had been the wife of Satrius Secundus, one of the informers against Sejanus, was accused of impiety towards Tiberius: Gnæus Domitius, Vibius Marsus, and Lucius Arruntius being named as her lovers and accomplices. Of the noble birth of Domitius, I have already spoken; Marsus also belonged to an ancient and illustrious family, and w man of high attainments. It appe from the papers laid before the Se that Macro had himself presided a examination of the witnesses, and the ture of the slaves; but as Tiberius w no letter against the accused per the suspicion arose that Macro, ta advantage of the Emperor's weak and perhaps even without his knowl had trumped up a series of false cha to gratify his well-known hatre Arruntius.

So the lives of Domitius and Ma were prolonged; the former set a preparing for his defence, the latter as though he had resolved upon sta tion. But when the friends of Arru implored him to delay and temporis replied as follows:— The rule of hon he said, was not the same for all. had had enough of life: the one thin had to repent of was that he had end to live on to old age amid perils mockeries, always in anxiety, always object of some great man's hatred. had been Sejanus for a time, it was Macro; and his only crime was tha could not tolerate iniquity. He m doubtless live through the few remai days of Tiberius: but how could he cape from the stripling who was to c after? If the possession of power had force deranged and transformed Tibe with all his experience of affairs, w likely that Gaius Cæsar would do be with Macro to point the way? The was scarce out of his teens, ignoran everything, or instructed only in was evil; and Macro had been ch to crush Sejanus as the greater vi of the two, having committed cr more numerous, more disastrous to State than he. He could foresee day still grosser servitude; and he was ing his escape from future as well as present evils.

Uttering these words in the ma of an inspired prophet, he opened

. What follows will show how well ıtius did to die.

—G. G. Ramsay.

The Death of Seneca

[From the *Annals*, Book XV]

believers in Stoicism suicide seemed oper means of escape from a life ı had nothing further to offer. es like that here described were fre-ly enacted under the regime of the Cæsars.

ıen came the death of Annæus ca, which gave great joy to Nero; that he had any clear evidence of uilt, but because he could now do ıe sword what he had failed to do by n. The sole witness against him was lis, and his evidence only came to that he had been sent to see Seneca he was ill, and to complain of his ing to see Piso:— It would be bet-ıe had said, for such old friends to up their habits of intercourse. To Seneca had replied: — Frequent ngs and conversations would do er of them any good, but his own re depended on Piso's safety.

vius Silvanus, Tribune of a Præ-ı Cohort, was ordered to take the t of this incident to Seneca, and to im, Whether he admitted the correct-of the question of Natalis, and of his answer to it? Either by chance or osely, it happened that Seneca was ning on that day from Campania, had halted at a suburban villa four from Rome. Thither, towards eve-the Tribune proceeded; and having unded the house with soldiers, he ered the Emperor's message to ca when he was at table with his Pompeia Paulina and two friends. ıeca's reply was:—Natalis had been to complain on behalf of Piso that as not permitted to visit him; and he had tendered in excuse the state of his health and his love of quiet. As to his reason for regarding the welfare of a private individual as of more value than his own safety, he had had none. He was not a man addicted to flattery: and that no one knew better than Nero himself, who had more often found him too free than too servile in his utterances.

On receiving this report from the Tribune in the presence of Poppæa and Tigellinus, who formed the Emperor's inner council of cruelty, Nero asked, Was Seneca preparing to put an end to himself? The Tribune declared that, He had observed no sign of alarm or dejection in Seneca's face or language. He was therefore ordered to go back and tell him he must die.

Fabius Rusticus states that the Tribune did not return by the same road by which he came, but that he went out of his way to see Fænius the Perfect; and having shown him Cæsar's order, asked him, Should he obey it? and that Fænius, with that fatal weakness which had come over them all, told him to execute his orders. For Silvanus himself was one of the conspirators, and he was now adding one more crime to those which he had conspired to avenge. But he spared his own eyes and tongue, sending in one of the centurions to announce to Seneca that his last hour was come.

Seneca, undismayed, asked for his will; but this the centurion refused. Then turning to his friends, he called them to witness that, Being forbidden to requite them for their services, he was leaving to them the sole, and yet the noblest, possession that remained to him—the pattern of his life. If they bore that in mind, they would win for themselves a name for virtue as the reward of their devoted friendship. At one moment he would check their tears with conversation; at another he would brace up their courage by high-strung language of rebuke, asking, Where was now their phi-

losophy? Where was that attitude towards the future which they had rehearsed for so many years? To whom was Nero's cruelty unknown? What was left for one who had murdered his mother and his brother but to slay his guardian and teacher also?

Having discoursed thus as if to the whole company, he embraced his wife, and abating somewhat of his tone of high courage, he implored her to moderate her grief, and not cling to it for ever:—Let contemplation of her husband's life of virtue afford her noble solace in her bereavement.

She, however, announced her resolve to die with him; and called on the operator to do his part. Seneca would not thwart her noble ambition; and he loved her too dearly to expose her to insult after he was gone. "I have pointed out to thee," he said "how thou mayest soothe thy life; but if thou prefer a noble death, I will not begrudge thee the example. Let us both share the fortitude of thus nobly dying: but thine shall be the nobler end."

A single incision with the knife opened the arm of each; but as Seneca's aged body, reduced by spare living, would scarcely let the blood escape, he opened the veins of his knees and ankles also. Worn out at last by the pain, and fearing to break down his wife's courage by his suffering, or to lose his own self-command at the sight of hers, he begged her to move into another chamber. But even in his last moments his eloquence did not fail; he called his secretaries to his side, and dictated to them many things which being published in his own words I deem it needless to reproduce.

Nero however had no personal dislike to Paulina; and not wishing to add to his character for cruelty, he ordered her death to be stayed. So at the bidding of the soldiers, the slaves and freedmen tied up her arms, and stopped the flow of blood; perhaps she was unconscious. But with that alacrity to accept worst version of a thing which marks vulgar, some believed that so long she thought Nero would be implaca she clutched at the glory of sharing husband's death; but that when the h of a reprieve presented itself, the attr tions of life proved too strong for I She lived on for a few years m worthily cherishing her husband's m ory; but the pallor of her face and lir showed how much vitality had gone of her.

Meanwhile Seneca, in the agonies o slow and lingering death, implored Sta Annæus, his tried and trusted friend physician, to produce a poison with wh he had long provided himself, being same as that used for public executi at Athens. The draught was brou and administered, but to no purpose; limbs were too cold, the body too nu to let the poison act. At last, he put into a warm bath; and as sprinkled the slaves about him added—This libation is to Jupiter Liberator! He was then carried into hot vapour-bath, and perished of su cation. His body was burnt without funeral ceremony, in accordance with structions about his end which he inserted in his will in the heyday of wealth and power.

Report had it that Subrius Flavus made a secret plot with some centurio not unknown to Seneca, to slay himself as soon as he should have sisted in the assasination of Nero, offer the Empire to Seneca, as tho selected for the sovereignty by men nocent of the murder, on the score his eminent virtues. And indeed a s ing of Flavus got abroad that as for disgrace of the thing, it would make little difference to remove a lyrist and a tragedian in his place: for as N sang to the lyre, so did Piso sing tragic character.

—G. G. Ramsay

The Results of Despotism

[From the *Histories*, Book I]

he beginning of the *Histories* offered author an opportunity to summarize tendencies of half a century of mon-y. Tacitus afterwards added the *als* in order to treat the history of period in greater detail.

propose to begin my narrative with second consulship of Servius Galba, hich Titus Vinius was his colleague. y historians have dealt with the 820 s of the earlier period beginning with foundation of Rome, and the story of Roman Republic has been told with less ability than truth. After the le of Actium, when the interests of e were served by the centralization ll authority in the hands of one man, e followed a dearth of literary ability, at the same time truth suffered more more, partly from ignorance of poli- which were no longer a citizen's ern, partly from the growing taste flattery or from hatred of the ruling se. So between malice on one side servility on the other the interests osterity were neglected. But his-ns find that a tone of flattery soon rs the stigma of servility and earns them the contempt of their readers, reas people readily open their ears he criticisms of envy, since malice es a show of independence. Of Galba, , and Vitellius, I have known nothing er to my advantage or my hurt. I ot deny that I originally owed my tion to Vespasian, or that I was ad-ed by Titus and still further pro-ed by Domitian; but professing, as , unbiassed honesty, I must speak o man either with hatred or affection. ve reserved for my old age, if life ared to me, the reigns of the sainted va and of the Emperor Trajan, which d a richer and withal a safer theme: it is the rare fortune of these days that a man may think what he likes and say what he thinks.

The story I now commence is rich in vicissitudes, grim with warfare, torn by civil strife, a tale of horror even during times of peace. It tells of four emperors slain by the sword, three civil wars, an even larger number of foreign wars and some that were both at once: successes in the East, disaster in the West, disturbance in Illyricum; disaffection in the provinces of Gaul, the conquest of Britain and its immediate loss, the rising of the Sarmatian and Suebic tribes. It tells how Dacia had the privilege of exchanging blows with Rome, and how a pretender claiming to be Nero almost deluded the Parthians into declaring war. Now too Italy was smitten with new disasters, or disasters it had not witnessed for a long period of years. Towns along the rich coast of Campania were submerged or buried. The city was devastated by fires, ancient temples were destroyed, and the Capitol itself was fired by Roman hands. Sacred rites were grossly profaned, and there were scandals in high places. The sea swarmed with exiles and the island cliffs were red with blood. Worse horrors reigned in the city. To be rich or well-born was a crime: men were prosecuted for holding or refusing office: merit of any kind meant certain ruin. Nor were the informers more hated for their crimes than for their prizes: some carried off a priesthood or the consulship as their spoil, others won offices and influence in the imperial household: the hatred and fear they inspired worked universal havoc. Slaves were bribed against their masters, freedmen against their patrons, and, if a man had no enemies, he was ruined by his friends.

However the period was not so utterly barren as to yield no examples of heroism. There were mothers who followed their sons, and wives their husbands into exile: one saw here a kinsman's courage and

there a son-in-law's devotion: slaves obstinately faithful even on the rack: distinguished men bravely facing the utmost straits and matching in their end the famous deaths of older times. Besides these manifold disasters to mankind there were portents in the sky and on the earth, thunderbolts and other premonitions of good and evil, some doubtful, some obvious. Indeed never has it been proved by such terrible disasters to Rome or by such clear evidence that Providence is concerned not with our peace of mind but rather with vengeance for our sin.

—W. H. Fyfe.

Imperial Succession

[From the *Histories*, Book I]

No policy for the choice of the successor to the throne had ever been definitely formulated; but the practice of the early emperors had led to the general acceptance of the principle of dynastic succession. The method which the author credits Galba with having proposed was that actually in effect at the time Tacitus was writing, and with such happy results that there can be no doubt that it met with his approval.

Galba is said to have taken Piso's hand and addressed him as follows: "Were I a private citizen, and were I to adopt you in the presence of the Priests by the usual formality of a curial statute, it would be an honour for me to introduce into my family a descendant of Cnæus Pompeius and of Marcus Crassus, and for you it would be a distinction to all to add to your noble ancestry the glories of the Sulpician and Lutatian houses. As it is, I have been called by the consent of gods and men to be an emperor. Your distinguished qualities and your patriotism have persuaded me to offer to you peacefully and quietly the throne for which our ancestors fought on the field of battle, and which I too won by war. In so doing I am following the pr dent set by the sainted Augustus, raised to the rank next himself first nephew Marcellus, then his son-in- Agrippa, then his daughter's sons, finally his stepson Tiberius Nero. H ever, while Augustus looked for a s cessor in his own family, I have searc throughout the country. Not that I h either kinsmen or supporters, but it by no favour of birth that I myself ca to the throne, and, to prove my po in this matter, consider how I h passed over not only my own relati but yours. . . .

"If the vast bulk of this empire co stand and keep its balance without guiding hand, the Republic might v have dated its birth from me. As it things have long ago come to such a p that neither I in my old age can g the Roman people any better gift tha good successor, nor you in your pri anything better than a good emper Under Tiberius, Caligula, and Claudi Rome was the heirloom of a single fami There is a kind of liberty in the f choice we have begun to exercise. N that the Julian and Claudian houses extinct, by the plan of adoption the b man will always be discovered. Ro birth is the gift of fortune, and is valued as such. In adoption we can a free judgment, and if we wish to cho well, the voice of the country points way. Think of Nero, swollen with pride of his long line of royal ancest It was not Vindex with a powerless pr ince at his back, nor I with a sin legion that freed Rome's shoulders that burden: it was his own cruelty a profligacy. And that was before th was any precedent for the conviction an emperor.

"We have been called to the throne the swords of those who thought worthy. Our high state will not esc the eye of envy. You may be sure that. But there is no reason for you

alarm because in this world-wide up-
al a couple of legions have not yet
ed down. I myself did not succeed
safe and peaceful throne, and, when
the news of your adoption is spread,
all cease to be charged with my ad-
ed age, which is now the only fault
find in me. The rascals will always
Nero: you and I have got to see
good citizens do not miss him too.
A longer sermon would ill befit the
and I have fulfilled my purpose,
have done right in choosing you. The
dest and easiest criterion of right
wrong policy is to consider what you
ld have approved or condemned in
her emperor. For Rome is not like
nations which are ruled by kings,
e one house is supreme and the rest
slaves. Your future subjects are
who cannot endure the extremes
r of bondage or of freedom."

alba spoke these words and more to
same effect in the tone of one creating
mperor: the rest addressed Piso as
gh he were emperor already.

—W. H. Fyfe.

The Empire and the Provinces

[From the *Histories,* Book IV]

ne idea that Rome confers a benefit
the provinces for which they should
willing to pay is in harmony with
ro's conception of the proper relation
Rome and her provinces. But the
ury that had elapsed since Cicero had
ght about great changes in the ex-
to which provincials might take part
ne governing of the Empire.

erialis next summoned the Treviri
Lingones, and addressed them as
ws: "Unpractised as I am in public
king, for it is only on the field that
ve asserted the superiority of Rome,
ince words have so much weight with
and since you distinguish good and
not by the light of facts but by what
agitators tell you, I have decided to make a few remarks, which, as the war is practically over, are likely to be more profitable to the audience than to ourselves. Roman generals and officers originally set foot in your country and the rest of Gaul from no motives of ambition, but at the call of your ancestors, who were worn almost to ruin by dissension. The Germans whom one party summoned to their aid had forced the yoke of slavery on allies and enemies alike. You know how often we fought against the Cimbri and the Teutons, with what infinite pains and with what striking success our armies have undertaken German wars. All that is notorious. And to-day it is not to protect Italy that we have occupied the Rhine, but to prevent some second Ariovistus making himself master of All Gaul. Do you imagine that Civilis and his Batavi and the other tribes across the Rhine care any more about you than their ancestors cared about your fathers and grandfathers? The Germans have always had the same motives for trespassing into Gaul—their greed for gain and their desire to change homes with you. They wanted to leave their marshes and deserts, and to make themselves masters of this magnificently fertile soil and of you who live on it. Of course they use specious pretexts and talk about liberty. No one has ever wanted to enslave others and play the tyrant without making use of the very same phrases.

"Tyranny and warfare were always rife throughout the length and breadth of Gaul, until you accepted Roman government. Often as we have been provoked, we have never imposed upon you any burden by right of conquest, except what was necessary to maintain peace. Tribes cannot be kept quiet without troops. You cannot have troops without pay; and you cannot raise pay without taxation. In every other respect you are treated as our equals. You frequently command

our legions yourselves: you govern this and other provinces yourselves. We have no exclusive privileges. Though you live so far away, you enjoy the blessings of a good emperor no less than we do, whereas the tyrant only oppresses his nearest neighbours. You must put up with luxury and greed in your masters, just as you put up with bad crops or excessive rain, or any other natural disaster. Vice will last as long as mankind. But these evils are not continual. There are intervals of good government, which make up for them. You cannot surely hope that the tyranny of Tutor and Classicus would mean milder government, or that they will need less taxation for the armies they will have to raise to keep the Germans and Britons at bay. For if the Romans were driven out—which Heaven forbid—what could ensue save a universal state of intertribal warfare? During eight hundred years, by good fortune and good organization, the structure of empire has been consolidated. It cannot be pulled down without destroying those who do it. And it is you who would run the greatest risk of all, since you have gold and rich resources, which are the prime causes of war. You must learn, then, to love and foster peace and the city of Rome in which you, the vanquished, have the same rights as your conquerors. You have tried both conditions. Take warning, then, that submission and safety are better than rebellion and ruin."

—W. H. Fyfe.

THE DRAMATIST

Octavia [1]

PSEUDO-SENECA

The *Octavia* is the only tragedy on a Roman subject that has come down to us. Although tradition credits Seneca w its authorship, there are a number considerations which have led to the c clusion now generally accepted that play should be assigned to some ot poet of the same period. The drama transfers the tyranny of the times fr the public to the domestic stage. T contemporaneous conflict of opinion monarchical government is represen not only in plot and counterplot, but a in the debates between the emperor a the philosopher on the duties and resp sibilities of a king.

[1] From *The Tragedies of Seneca* by F. J. Miller, copyright by The University of Chicago Press. Reprinted by permission.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Octavia, *stepsister and wife of Nero.*
Nurse *of Octavia.*
Poppæa, *mistress and afterward wife Nero.*
Ghost of Agrippina, *mother of Ne slain by him.*
Nero, *Emperor of Rome.*
Seneca, *former tutor of Nero, and la one of his chief counselors.*
Prefect of Roman Soldiers.
Messenger.
Chorus of Romans, *sympathetic w Octavia.*
Chorus *attached to the interests of t court.*

The scene is laid throughout in diff ent apartments of the palace of Nero, a is concerned with the events of the ye 62 A.D.

Act I

Octavia: Now doth the flushing da
from heaven drive
The wandering stars; the sun mounts i
sight
With radiant beams, and brings the wo
once more
The light of day. Up, then, my hea
soul,
With grievous cares o'erburdened, a
resume
Thy woe; out-wail the sea-bred Halcyo
And those sad birds of old Pandio
house;
For this thy lot is heavier far than thei

ɔther, constant source of tears to me,
· now thy woeful daughter's sad
complaints,
ught of sense remains among the
shades.
that the grizzly Clotho long ago,
ı her own hand had clipt my thread
of life!
ɔugh blinding tears I saw thy bleeding
wounds,
· features sprinkled with defiling
blood.
light of day, abhorrent to my eyes!
ı that dread hour I hate the day's
pure light
e than the night's dark gloom; for
daily now
t I endure a cruel stepdame's rule,
t daily bear her hateful looks and
words.
she the baleful fury fiend it was
at my marriage rites bore torches lit
ı hellish fires; 'twas she who wrought
thy death,
etched father, whom but yesterday
whole world owned as lord on land
and sea;
vhom the Briton bowed, though ne'er
before
he a Roman master known or owned.
my father, by thy wife's fell plots
ı liest low, and I and all thy house
captives groan beneath the tyrant's
sway.

(*Exit to her chamber*)

SE (*entering*): Who stands in won-
der, smitten by the gloss
splendor of a princely court, amazed
ght of easy-won prosperity,
im behold how, at the stroke of fate,
house of Claudius is overthrown,
hose control the world was subjugate,
se rule an ocean, long to sway un-
known,
ed, and bore our ships with subject
will.
he, who first the savage Britons
curbed,
And filled an unknown ocean with his
fleet,
And passed in safety 'mid barbaric
tribes—
By his own wife's impiety was slain.
And she is destined by her son to fall,
Whose hapless brother lies already slain
By poison's hand, whose sister-wife alone
Is left to mourn. Nor may she hide her
grief,
By bitter wrath impelled to speak. She
shuns
Her cruel lord's society, and, fired
With equal hate, with mutual loathing
burns.
Our pious faithfulness in vain consoles
Her grieving heart; her cruel woes reject
Our aid; the noble passion of her soul
Will not be ruled, but grows on ills re-
newed.
Alas, my fears forebode some desperate
deed,
Which may the gods forbid!
OCTAVIA (*heard speaking from within
her chamber*): O fate of mine, that
can no equal know!
Thy woes, Electra, were no match for
these;
For thou couldst soothe with tears the
grief thou hadst
For thy dear father's fall; thou couldst
avenge
The murder by thy brother's ready hand,
Who by thy piety was saved from death,
And whom thy faith concealed. But me
base fear
Forbids to weep my parents reft away
By cruel fate; forbids to weep the death
Of him, my brother, who my sole hope
was,
My fleeting comfort of so many woes.
And now, surviving but to suffer still,
I live, the shadow of a noble name.
NURSE: Behold, the voice of my sad
foster-child
Falls on my list'ning ears. Slow steps of
age,
Why haste ye not within her chamber
there?

(*Starts to enter the chamber, but is met by* OCTAVIA *coming forth*)

OCTAVIA: Within thy bosom let me weep, dear nurse,
Thou ever trusty witness of my grief.
NURSE: What day shall free thee from thy woes, poor child?
OCTAVIA: The day that sends me to the Stygian shades.
NURSE: May heaven keep such dark omens far away!
OCTAVIA: 'Tis not thy prayers, but fate that shapes my life.
NURSE: But God will bring thy life to better days.
Do thou but be appeased, and win thy lord
With mild obedience.
OCTAVIA: I'll sooner tame
The savage lion's heart, the tiger's rage,
Than curb that brutal tyrant's cruel soul.
He hates all sons of noble blood, and gods
And men he sets at naught; nor can he bear
That high estate to which along the paths
Of shameful crime his impious mother led;
For though it shames him now, ungrateful one,
To hold the scepter which his mother gave;
And though by death he has requited her:
Still will the glory of the empire won
Belong to her for centuries to come.
NURSE: Restrain these words that voice thy raging heart,
And check thy tongue's too rash and thoughtless speech.
OCTAVIA: Though I should bear what may be borne, my woes,
Save by a cruel death, could not be ended.
For, since my mother was by murder slain,
And my father taken off by crime most foul,
Robbed of my brother, overwhelmed with woe,
Oppressed with sadness, by my husb scorned,
Degraded to the level of my slave,
I find this life no more endurable.
My heart doth tremble, not with fea death,
But slander base, employed to work death.
Far from my name and fate be that blot.
For death itself—Oh, 'twould be swee die;
For 'tis a punishment far worse t death,
To live in contact with the man I loa
To see the tyrant's face all passion puf
And fierce with rage, to kiss my deadl foe.
That I should fear his nod, obey his w
My grief, resentful, will not suffer me,
Since by his hand my brother was stroyed,
Whose kingdom he usurps, and boa himself
The author of that shameful deed. H oft
Before my eyes does that sad image co
My brother's ghost, when I have gone rest,
And sleep has closed my eyelids fa with tears!
Now in his weakling hand he brandis
The smoking torch, and violently ass
His brother to his face; now, trembl sore,
He flees for refuge to my sheltering ar
His foe pursues, and, as his victim cli
Convulsively to me, he thrusts his sw
With murderous intent through both sides.
Then, all a-tremble, do I start awake,
And in my waking sense renew my fea
Add to these cares a rival, arrogant,
Who queens it in the spoils of this house;
At whose behest the mother was enti
To that fell ship which should h carried her

cus' depths; but when o'er ocean's
aves
iumphed, he, than ocean's waves
ore harsh
itiless, despatched her with the
vord.
such deeds, what hopes of peace
ave I?
own with hate, triumphant, doth
y rival
n my very chamber's hold defy me;
deadly malice doth she blaze against
e,
s the price of her adulterous sweets,
she demand that he, my husband,
ive
e, his lawful wife's, in sacrifice.
se thou, father, from the gloomy
ades,
elp thy daughter who invokes thine
d;
e cleave wide the earth to Stygian
epths,
et me plunge at last to shelter
ere.
: In vain dost thou invoke thy
ther's soul,
hild, in vain; for there among the
ades
tle thinks upon his offspring here;
when in life, unto his own true son
red the offspring of another's blood,
himself in most incestuous bonds
tes unhallowed joined his brother's
ild.
this foul source has flowed a stream
crime:
rder, treachery, the lust of power,
irst for blood. Thy promised hus-
and fell,
tim slain to grace that wedding
ast,
joined with thee, he should too
ighty grow.
onstrous deed! Silanus, charged
ith crime,
ain to make a bridal offering,
tained the household gods with
iltless blood.

And then this alien comes. Oh, woe is me,
And by his mother's wiles usurps the house,
Made son-in-law and son to the emperor,
A youth of temper most unnatural,
To impious crime inclined, whose passion's flame
His mother fanned, and forced thee at the last
In hated wedlock into his embrace.
Emboldened by this notable success,
She dared to dream of wider sovereignty.
What tongue can tell the changing forms of crime,
Her impious hopes, her cozening treacheries,
Who seeks the throne along the ways of sin?
Then Piety with trembling haste withdrew,
And Fury through the empty palace halls
With baleful tread resounded, and defiled
The sacred images with Stygian brands.
All holy laws of nature and of heaven
In mad abandon did she set at naught.
She mingled deadly poison for her lord,
And she herself by the impious mandate fell
Of her own son. Thou too dost lifeless lie,
Poor youth, forever to be mourned by us,
Ill-starred Britannicus, so late, in life,
The brightest star of this our firmament,
The prop and stay of our imperial house;
But now, Oh, woe is me, a heap of dust,
Of unsubstantial dust, a flitting shade.
Nay, even thy stepmother's cruel cheeks
Were wet with tears, when on the funeral pyre
She placed thy form and saw the flames consume
Thy limbs and face fair as the wingèd god's.

OCTAVIA: Me, too, he must destroy—or fall by me.

NURSE: But nature has not given thee strength to slay.

OCTAVIA: Yet anger, anguish, pain, distress of soul,
The ecstasy of grief will give me strength.
NURSE: Nay, by compliance, rather, win thy lord.
OCTAVIA: That thus he may restore my brother slain?
NURSE: That thou thyself mayst go unscathed of death;
That thou by thine own offspring mayst restore
Thy father's falling house.
OCTAVIA: This princely house
Expects an heir, 'tis true; but not from me,
For I am doomed to meet my brother's fate.
NURSE: Console thy heart with this, that thou art dear
Unto the populace, who love thee well.
OCTAVIA: That thought doth soothe, but cannot cure my grief.
NURSE: Their power availeth much.
OCTAVIA: The prince's more.
NURSE: He will regard his wife.
OCTAVIA: My foe forbids.
NURSE: But she is scorned by all.
OCTAVIA: Yet loved by him.
NURSE: She is not yet his wife.
OCTAVIA: But soon will be,
And mother of his child, his kingdom's heir.
NURSE: The fire of youthful passion glows at first
With heat impetuous; but soon abates,
And vanishes like flickering tongues of flame.
Unhallowed love cannot for long endure;
But pure and lasting is the love inspired
By chaste and wifely faith. She who has dared
To violate thy bed, and hold so long
Thy husband's heart in thrall, herself a slave,
Already trembles lest his fickle love
Shall thrust her forth and set a rival there.
Subdued and humble, even now she shows
How deep and real her fear; for her, indeed,
Shall wingèd Cupid, false and fickle
Abandon and betray. Though face
form
Be passing fair, though beauty vaunt
self,
And boast her power, still are
triumphs brief,
Her joys a passing dream.
Nay, Juno's
Though queen of heaven, endured
grief as thine,
When he, her lord, and father of the g
Stole from her side to seek in mortal fo
The love of mortal maids. Now, in
need,
He dons the snowy plumage of a swa
Now hornèd seems, like a Sidonian b
And now a glorious, golden shower fa
And rests within the arms of Danae.
Nor yet is Juno's sum of woe comple
The sons of Leda glitter in the sky
In starry splendor; Bacchus pro
stands
Beside his father on Olympus' heigh
Divine Alcides hath to Hebe's charm
Attained, and fears stern Juno's wrat
more.
Her very son-in-law hath he become
Whom once she hated most. Yet in
heart
Deep down she pressed her grief,
wisely won,
By mild compliance to his wayward
Her husband's love again. And now
queen,
Secure at last from rivalry, holds swa
Alone, within the Thunderer's heart.
more,
By mortal beauty smitten, does he lea
His royal chambers in the vaulted
Thou, too, on earth, another Juno a
The wife and sister of our mighty lo
Then be thou wise as she, make sho
love,
And hide thy crushing sorrows wi
smile.
OCTAVIA: The savage seas shall so
mate with stars,

fire with water, heav'n with gloomy
nell,
light with shades, and day with
dewy night,
shall my soul in amity consort
his black heart, most foul and im-
pious:
nindful I of my poor brother's ghost.
Oh, that he who guides the heavenly
worlds,
shakes the realms of earth with
deadly bolts,
with his dreadful thunders awes our
minds,
d whelm in fiery death this mur-
derous prince.
ge portents have we seen: the comet
dire,
ng with baleful light, his glowing
train
gleaming in the distant northern sky,
e slow Bootes, numb with arctic
frosts,
ts his ponderous wagon's endless
rounds.
very air is tainted by the breath
his destructive prince; and for his
sake
stars, resentful, threaten to destroy
nations which so dire a tyrant rules.
such a pest was impious Typhon
huge,
n earth, in wrath and scorn of
heaven, produced.
scourge is more destructive far than
he.
the bitter foe of gods and men,
drives the heavenly beings from
their shrines,
from their native land the citizens;
from his brother took the breath of
life,
drained his mother's blood.
And does he live,
guilty wretch, and draw his tainted
breath?
ve, thou high-exalted father, why
thou so oft with thy imperial hand
darts invincible at random hurl?
Why from his guilty head dost thou with-
hold
Thy hand of vengeance? Oh, that he
might pay
For all his crimes the fitting penalty,
This son of deified Domitius,
This Nero, heartless tyrant of the world,
Which he beneath the yoke of bondage
holds,
This moral blot upon a noble name!
NURSE: Unworthy he to be thy mate, I
know;
But, dearest child, to fate and fortune
yield,
Lest thou excite thy savage husband's
wrath.
Perchance some god will come to right
thy wrongs,
And on thy life some happier day will
dawn.
OCTAVIA: That may not be. Long since,
our ill-starred house
Has groaned beneath the heavy wrath of
heaven.
That wrath at first my hapless mother
felt,
Whom Venus cursed with lust insatiate;
For she, with heedless, impious passion
fired,
Unmindful of her absent lord, of us
Her guiltless children, and the law's re-
straints,
In open day another husband wed.
To that fell couch avenging Fury came
With streaming locks and serpents inter-
twined,
And quenched those stolen wedding fires
in blood.
For with destructive rage, on murder
bent,
She fired the prince's heart; and at his
word,
Ah, woe is me, my ill-starred mother fell,
And, dying, doomed me to perpetual grief.
For after her in quick succession came
Her husband and her son; and this our
house,
Already falling, was to ruin plunged.

NURSE: Forbear with pious tears to renew thy grief,
And do not so disturb thy father's shade,
Who for his rage has bitterly atoned.

CHORUS (*sympathetic with* OCTAVIA): False prove the rumor that of late
To our ears has come! May its vaunted threats
Fall fruitless out and of no avail!
May no new wife invade the bed
Of our royal prince; may Octavia, born
Of the Claudian race, maintain her right
And bear us a son, the pledge of peace,
In which the joyful world shall rest,
And Rome preserve her glorious name.
Most mighty Juno holds the lot
By fate assigned—her brother's mate;
But this our Juno, sister, wife
Of our august prince, why is she driven
From her father's court? Of what avail
Her faith, her father deified,
Her love and spotless chastity?
We, too, of our former master's fame
Have been unmindful, and his child
At the hest of cringing fear betrayed.
Not so of old: then Rome could boast
Of manly virtue, manly blood.
There lived a race of heroes then
Who curbed the power of haughty kings
And drove them forth from Rome; and thee,
O maiden, slain by thy father's hand,
Lest thou shouldst in slavery's bonds be held,
And lest foul lust its victorious will
Should work on thee, did well avenge.
Thee, too, a bloody war avenged,
O chaste Lucretia; for thou,
By the lust of an impious tyrant stained,
With wretched hand didst seek to cleanse
Those stains by thy innocent blood.
Then Tullia with her guilty lord,
Base Tarquin, dared an impious deed,
Whose penalty they paid; for she
Over the limbs of her murdered sire,
A heartless child, drove cruel wheels,
And left his corpse unburied there.
Such deeds of dire impiety
Our age has known, our eyes have se
When the prince on the mighty Tyrr
deep
In a fatal bark his mother sent,
By guile ensnared.
The sailors at his bidding haste
To leave the peaceful harbor's arms;
And soon the rougher waves resound
Beneath their oars, and far away
Upon the deep the vessel glides;
When suddenly the reeling bark
With loosened beams yawns open wid
And drinks the briny sea.
A mighty shout to heaven goes,
With women's lamentations filled,
And death stalks dire before the eyes
Of all. Each seeks to save himself.
Some naked cling upon the planks
Of the broken ships and fight the flo
While others swimming seek the sho
But most, alas! a watery death
By fate awaits. Then did the queer
In mad despair her garments rend;
Her comely locks she tore, and tears
Fell streaming down her grieving che
At last, with hope of safety gone,
With wrath inflamed, by woes o'erco
"Dost thou, O son, make this return
She cried, "for that great boon I gave
Such death I merit, I confess,
Who bore such monstrous child as th
Who gave to thee the light of day,
And in my madness raised thee high
To Cæsar's name and Cæsar's thron
Oh, rise from deepest Acheron,
My murdered husband, feast thine e
Upon my righteous punishment;
For I brought death to thee, poor so
And to thy son. See, see, I come,
Deep down to meet thy grieving sha
And there, as I have merited,
Shall I unburied lie, o'erwhelmed
By the raging sea." E'en as she spo
The lapping waves broke o'er her lips
And deep she plunged below. Anon
She rises from the briny depths,
And, stung by fear of death, she stri
With frenzied hands to conquer fate
But, spent with fruitless toil at last,

yields and waits the end. But lo,
hearts which in trembling silence
watch,
h triumphs over deadly fear,
to their mistress, spent and wan
ı fruitless buffetings, they dare
end their aid with cheering words
helping hands.
But what avails
escape the grasp of the savage sea?
he sword of the son is she doomed to
die,
se monstrous deed posterity
scarce believe. With rage and grief
med, he raves that still she lives,
mother, snatched from the wild sea's
jaws,
doubles crime on impious crime.
on his wretched mother's death,
rooks no tarrying of fate.
willing creatures work his will,
in the hapless woman's breast
fatal sword is plunged; but she
hat fell minister of death
als with dying tongue: "Nay here,
rather strike the murderous blow,
sheathe thy sword, deep in the womb
h such a monster bore."
pake the dying queen, her words
groans commingling. So at last
ugh gaping wounds her spirit fled
ief and agony.

Act II

CA (*alone*): Why hast thou, potent
Fate, with flattering looks,
ted me, contented with my lot,
so from this great height I might
descend
heavier fall, and wider prospect see
eadly fears? Ah, better was I, hid
from the stinging lash of envy's
tongue,
the lonely crags of Corsica.
e was my spirit free to act at will,
master of itself, had time to think
meditate at length each favorite
theme.

Oh, what delight, than which none greater
is,
Of all that mother nature hath produced,
To watch the heavens, the bright sun's
sacred rounds,
The heavenly movements and the chang-
ing night,
The moon's full orb with wandering stars
begirt,
The far-effulgent glory of the sky!
And is it growing old, this structure vast,
Doomed to return to groping nothing-
ness?
Then must that final doomsday be at
hand,
That shall by heaven's fall o'erwhelm a
race
So impious, that thus the world may see
A newer race of men, a better stock,
Which once the golden reign of Saturn
knew.
Then virgin Justice, holy child of heaven,
In mercy ruled the world; the race of men
Knew naught of war, the trumpet's savage
blare,
The clang of arms; not yet were cities
hedged
With ponderous walls; the way was free
to all,
And free to all the use of everything.
The earth, untilled, spread wide her fertile
lap,
The happy mother of a pious stock.
Then rose another race of sterner mold;
Another yet to curious arts inclined,
But pious still; a fourth of restless mood,
Which lusted to pursue the savage beasts,
To draw the fishes from their sheltering
waves
With net or slender pole, to snare the
birds,
To force the headstrong bullocks to en-
dure
The bondage of the yoke, to plow the
earth
Which never yet had felt the share's deep
wound,
And which in pain and grief now hid her
fruits

Within her sacred bosom's safer hold.
Now deep within the bowels of the earth
Did that debased, unfilial age intrude;
And thence it dug the deadly iron and gold,
And soon it armed its savage hands for war.
It fixed the bounds of realms, constructed towns,
Fought for its own abodes, or threat'ning strove
To plunder those of others as a prize.
Then did abandoned Justice, heavenly maid,
In terror flee the earth, the bestial ways
Of men, their hands with bloody slaughter stained,
And, fixed in heaven, now shines among the stars.
Then lust of war increased, and greed for gold,
Throughout the world; and luxury arose,
That deadliest of evils, luring pest,
To whose fell powers new strength and force were given
By custom long observed, and precedent
Of evil into worser evil led.
This flood of vice, through many ages dammed,
In ours has burst its bounds and overflowed.
By this dire age we're fairly overwhelmed—
An age when crime sits regnant on the throne,
Impiety stalks raging, unrestrained;
Foul lust, with all unbridled power, is queen,
And luxury long since with greedy hands
Has snatched the boundless riches of the world,
That she with equal greed may squander them.

(*Enter* NERO, *followed by a* PREFECT)

But see, with frenzied step and savage mien,
The prince approaches. How I fear his will.

NERO (*to* PREFECT): Speed my co
mands: send forth a messenger
Who straight shall bring me here
severed heads
Of Plautus and of Sulla.
PREFECT: Good, my lo
Without delay I'll speed me to the ca
(*Exit*
SENECA: One should not rashly ju
against his friends.
NERO: Let him be just whose hear
free from fear.
SENECA: But mercy is a sovereign c
for fear.
NERO: A ruler's part is to destroy
foes.
SENECA: A ruler's better part, to s
his friends.
NERO: A mild old man's advice is fit
boys.
SENECA: Still more does hot young m
hood need the rein—
NERO: I deem that at this age we're v
enough.
SENECA: That on thy deed the heave
gods may smile.
NERO: Thou fool, shall I fear gods
self can make?
SENECA: Fear this the more, that
great power is thine.
NERO: My royal fortune grants all thi
to me.
SENECA: But trust her cautiously;
may deceive.
NERO: A fool is he who does not w
he may.
SENECA: To do, not what he may,
ought, wins praise.
NERO: The crowd spurns sluggish me
SENECA: The hated, sl
NERO: Yet swords protect a prince.
SENECA: Still better, fa
NERO: A Cæsar should be feared.
SENECA: And more be lo
NERO: But men must fear.
SENECA: Enforced commands
hard.
NERO: Let them obey our laws.
SENECA: Make better law

o: I'll be the judge.
CA: Which all men may approve.
o: The sword shall force respect.
CA: May heaven forbid!
o: Shall I then tamely let them seek
my blood,
suddenly despised and unavenged,
y be taken off? Though exiled far,
stubborn spirits are not broken yet
lautus and of Sulla. Still their rage
stent spurs their friends to seek my
death;
still have they the people's love in
Rome,
h ever nourishes the exile's hopes.
let the sword remove my enemies;
nateful wife shall die and follow him,
brother whom she loves. The high
must fall.
CA: How fair a thing it is to be the
first
ng great men, to think for fatherland,
pare the weak, to hold the hand of
power
deeds of blood, to give wrath time
to think,
rest to a weary world, peace to the
age.
is the noblest part; by this high
path
aven sought. So did Augustus first,
father of his country, gain the stars,
as a god is worshiped at the shrines.
ne was long by adverse fortune tossed
land and sea, in battle's deadly
chance,
his father's foes he recompensed.
fortune hath to thee in peaceful
guise
her divinity; with unstained hand
she the reins of government be-
stowed,
given world-dominion to thy nod.
hate is overcome, and in its stead
ial harmony; the senate, knights,
rders yield obedience to thy will;
in the father's judgment and the
prayers
umbler folk, thou art the arbiter
Of peace, the god of human destinies,
Ordained to rule the world by right
divine.
Thy country's father thou. This sacred
name
Doth suppliant Rome beseech thee to
preserve,
And doth commend her citizens to thee.
NERO: It is the gift of heaven that
haughty Rome,
Her people, and her senate bow to me,
And that my terror doth extort those
prayers
And servile words from their unwilling
lips.
To save the citizens! seditious men,
Who ever 'gainst their land and prince
conspire,
Puffed up with pride of race—sheer mad-
ness that,
When all my enemies one word of mine
Can doom to death. Base Brutus raised
his hand
To slay that prince from whom he had
his all;
And he, who never 'mid the shock of arms
Had been o'ercome, the world's great
conqueror,
Who trod, a very Jove, the lofty paths
Of honor, he was slain by impious
hands—
Of *citizens!* What streams of blood hath
Rome,
So often rent by civil strife, beheld!
That very saint of thine, Augustus' self,
Who, as thou said'st but now, did merit
heaven
By piety—how many noble men
Did he destroy, in lusty youth, in age,
At home, abroad, when, spurred by mor-
tal fear,
They fled their household gods and that
fell sword
Of the Triumvirate, consigned to death
Upon those mindful tablets' fatal lists.
The grieving parents saw their severed
heads
Upon the rostra set, but dared not weep

Their hapless sons; the forum reeked with blood,
And gore down all those rotting faces dripped.
Nor this the end of slaughter and of death:
Long did the plains of grim Philippi feed
The ravenous birds and prowling beasts of prey;
While ships and men, in deadly conflict met,
Beneath Sicilia's waters were engulfed.
The whole world trembled with the shock of arms;
And now, when all was lost, with fleeing ships,
That mighty leader sought the distant Nile,
Doomed soon himself to perish there. And thus,
Once more incestuous Egypt drank the blood
Of Rome's great captains. Now his flitting shade
Is hovering there; and there is civil strife,
So long and impious, at last interred.
Now did the weary victor sheathe his sword,
All blunted with the savage blows he gave,
And held his empire with the rein of fear.
He lived in safety 'neath the ample shield
Of loyal guards; and when his end was come,
The pious mandate of his son proclaimed
Him god, and at the temples' sacred shrines
Was he adored. So shall the stars expect
My godhead too, if first I seize and slay
With sword relentless all who bear me hate,
And on a worthy offspring found my house.

SENECA: But she will fill thy house with noble sons,
That heaven-born glory of the Claudian stock,
Who by the will of fate was wed to thee,
As Juno to her brother Jove was give

NERO: A child of hers would stain noble line,
For she herself was of a harlot born;
And more—her heart was never linke me.

SENECA: In tender years is faith manifest,
When love, by shame o'ercome, conc its fires.

NERO: This I myself long trusted, bu vain,
Though she was clearly of unloving he
And every look betrayed her hate of
At length, in angry grief, I sought venge;
And I have now a worthy wife obtai
In race and beauty blessed, before wh charms
Minerva, Venus, Juno—all would bow

SENECA: But honor, wifely faith, modesty—
These should the husband seek, for th alone,
The priceless treasures of the heart soul,
Remain perpetual; but beauty's flowe
Doth fade and languish with each p ing day.

NERO: On her has heaven all its cha bestowed,
And fate has given her from her b to me.

SENECA: But love will fail; do not rashly trust.

NERO: Shall he give way, that tyran the skies,
Whom Jove, the Thunderer, cannot move,
Who lords it over savage seas, the rea
Of gloomy Dis, and draws the gods earth?

SENECA: 'Tis by our human error we paint
Love as a god, wingèd, implacable,
And arm his sacred hands with dart bow,
Assign him blazing torches, count son

tering Venus and of Vulcan. Nay,
ove is of the heart's compelling
ower,
l and cozening passion of the soul;
t youth is it born, and in the lap
e and luxury, 'midst fortune's joys,
tered. But it sickens straight and
ies
you no longer feed and fondle it.
I deem the primal source of life
this,
by of love; and it can never die,
by sweet love, which soothes e'en
avage breasts,
uman race is evermore renewed.
god shall bear for me the wedding
orch,
oin me with Poppæa in his bonds.
A: The people's grief could scarce
ndure to see
marriage, nor would piety permit.
Shall I alone avoid what all may
o?
A: The state from loftiest souls
xpects the best.
I fain would see if, broken by my
ower,
ashly cherished favor will not yield.
A: 'Tis best calmly to obey the
tate.
Ill fares the state, when com-
nons govern kings.
A: They justly chafe who pray
ithout avail.
When prayers do not avail, should
orce be sought?
A: Rebuffs are hard.
'Tis wrong to force a prince.
A: He should give way.
Then rumor counts him forced.
A: Rumor's an empty thing.
But harmful too.
A: She fears the strong.
But none the less maligns.
A: She soon can be o'ercome. But
et the youth,
aith and chastity of this thy wife,
nerits of her sainted sire prevail
rn thee from thy will.

NERO: Have done at last,
For wearisome has thy insistence grown;
One still may do what Seneca condemns.
And I myself have now too long delayed
The people's prayers for offspring to the throne.
Tomorrow's morn her wedding day shall prove,
Who bears within her womb my pledge of love.

(*Exeunt*)

ACT III

GHOST OF AGRIPPINA (*bearing a flaming torch*): Through cloven earth from Tartarus I come,
To bring in bloody hands this torch of hell
To light these cursed rites; with such dire flames
Let this Poppæa wed my son, which soon
His mother's grief and vengeful hand shall turn
To funeral fires. And ever 'mid the shades
My impious murder in my memory dwells,
A heavy weight upon my grieving soul
Still unavenged; for, Oh, ingratitude
He gave me in return for all my gifts,
E'en for the gift of empire did he give
A murderous ship designed to work my death.
I would have wept my comrades' plight, and more,
My son's most cruel deed: no time for tears
Was given, but even higher did he heap
His sum of crime. Though I escaped the sea,
I felt the keen sword's thrust, and with my blood
The very gods defiling, poured my soul
In anguish forth. But even yet his hate
Was not appeased. Against my very name

The tyrant raged; my merits he obscured;
My statues, my inscriptions, honors—all,
On pain of death he bade to be destroyed
Throughout the world—that world my hapless love,
To my own direful punishment, had given
To be by him, an untried boy, controlled.
And now my murdered husband's angry ghost
Shakes vengeful torches in my guilty face,
Insistent, threat'ning; blames his death on me,
His murdered son, and loud demands that now
The guilty cause be given up. Have done:
He shall be given, and that right speedily.
Avenging furies for his impious head
Are planning even now a worthy fate:
Base flight and blows, and fearful sufferings,
By which the raging thirst of Tantalus
He shall surpass; the cruel, endless toil
Of Sisyphus; the pain that Tityus feels,
And the dread, racking anguish of the wheel
On which Ixion's whirling limbs are stretched.
Let gold and marble deck his palace walls;
Let armèd guards protect him; let the world
Be beggared that its treasures vast may flow
Into his lap; let suppliant Parthians bend
To kiss his hands, and bring rich offerings:
The day and hour will come when for his crimes
His guilty soul shall full atonement make,
When to his enemies he shall be given,
Deserted and destroyed and stripped of all.
Oh, to what end my labors and my prayers?
Why did thy frenzied madness, O my son,
And fate impel thee to such depths of crime
That e'en thy mother's wrath, whom didst slay,
Is all too small to match her sufferin
Oh, would that, ere I brought thee to light,
And suckled thee, my vitals had been
By savage beasts! Then sense innocent,
And mine wouldst thou have peris joined to me
Wouldst thou forever see the quiet
Of this abode of souls, thy mighty si
And grandsires too, those men of glo name,
Whom now perpetual shame and await
Because of thee, thou monster, and o
But why delay in hell to hide my fa
Since I have proved a curse to all race? (*Vanishe*
Octavia (*to the* Chorus *in deprec of their grief because of her divo* Restrain your tears; put on a of joy,
As on a festal day, lest this your lo
And care for me should stir the wrath,
And I be cause of suffering to you.
This wound is not the first my hear felt;
Far worse have I endured; but all end,
Perchance in death, before this da done.
No more upon my brutal husband's
Shall I be forced to look; that ha couch,
Long since consigned to slavish base,
I shall behold no more.
For now Augustus' sister shall I be
And not his wife. But Oh, be far me
All cruel punishments and fear of d
Poor, foolish girl! and canst thou for this?
Bethink thee of his former sins— hope.

e has spared thy wretched life till
w,
hou mayst at his marriage altars
ll.
hy so often turn thy streaming
es
thy home? Now speed thy steps
vay,
ave this bloody prince's hall for
e.
s: Now dawns at last the day we
ng have feared
lked of. Lo, our Claudia, driven
rth
el Nero's threats, leaves that abode
even now Poppæa calls her own;
we must sit and grieve with slug-
sh woe,
vy fear oppressed.
is that Roman people's manhood
w,
once the pride of mighty leaders
ushed,
ighteous laws to an unconquered
ad,
owers at will to worthy citizens,
peace and war, fierce nations over-
me,
eld in dungeons dark their captive
ngs?
, on every side our eyes are grieved
s Poppæa's gleaming statues joined
Nero's images—a shameful sight.
overturn them with indignant
nds,
ke in feature to her living face.
er we'll drag from off that royal
uch;
en, with flaming brand and deadly
vord,
the princely palace of her lord.

Act IV

(*to* Poppæa, *who appears, dis-*
ught, coming out of her chamber):
hy dost thou from thy husband's
amber come,
Dear child, with hurried step and
troubled face?
Why dost thou seek a lonely place to
weep?
For surely has the day we long have
sought
With prayers and promised victims come
at last.
Thou hast thy Cæsar, firmly joined to
thee
By ties of marriage, whom thy beauty
won,
Whom Venus gave to thee in bonds of
love,
Though Seneca despised and flouted her.
How beautiful, upon the banquet couch
Reclining in the palace, didst thou seem!
The senate viewed thy beauty in amaze
When thou didst offer incense to the gods,
And sprinkle wine upon the sacred
shrines,
Thy head the while with gauzy purple
veiled.
And close beside thee was thy lord him-
self;
Amid the favoring plaudits of the crowd
He walked majestic, in his look and mien
Proclaiming all his pride and joy in thee.
So did the noble Peleus lead his bride
Emerging from the ocean's snowy foam,
Whose wedding feast the heavenly gods
adorned,
With equal joy the sea divinities.
What sudden cause has clouded o'er thy
face?
Tell me, what mean thy pallor and thy
tears!

Poppæa: Dear nurse, this night I had a
dreadful dream;
And even now, as I remember it,
My mind is troubled and my senses fail.
For when the joyful day had sunk to rest,
And in the darkened sky the stars ap-
peared,
I lay asleep within my Nero's arms.
But that sweet sleep I could not long
enjoy;
For suddenly a grieving crowd appeared

To throng my chamber—Roman matrons they,
With hair disheveled and loud cries of woe.
Then 'midst the oft-repeated, strident blasts
Of trumpets, there appeared my husband's mother,
And shook before my face with threat'ning mien
A bloody torch. Compelled by present fear,
I followed her; when suddenly the earth
Seemed rent asunder to its lowest depths.
Headlong to these I plunged, and even there
In wonder I beheld my wedding couch,
Whereon I sank in utter weariness.
Then with a throng of followers I saw
My son and former husband drawing near.
Straightway Crispinus hastened to my arms,
And on my lips his eager kisses fell:
When suddenly within that chamber burst
My lord the king with frantic, hurrying steps,
And plunged his sword into that other's throat.
A mighty terror seized me, and at last
It roused me from my sleep. I started up
With trembling limbs and wildly beating heart.
Long was I speechless from that haunting fear,
Until thy fond affection gave me tongue.
Why do the ghosts of Hades threaten me?
Or why did I behold my husband's blood?

NURSE: All things which occupy the waking mind,
Some subtle power, swift working, weaves again
Into our web of dreams. Small wonder then,
Thy sleeping thoughts were filled with marriage beds
And husbands, when thy newly mated lord
Held thee in his embrace. Does it strange
That thou shouldst dream tonigh sounds of woe,
Of breasts hard beaten and of strea hair?
Octavia's departure did they mourn
Within her brother's and her fat house.
The torch which thou didst follow, l aloft
By Agrippina's hand, is but a sign
That hate shall win for thee a mi name.
Thy marriage couch, in realms inf seen,
Portends a lasting state of wedded jo
Since in Crispinus' neck the sword sheathed,
Believe that no more wars thy lord wage,
But hide his sword within the brea peace.
Take heart again, recall thy joys, I
Throw off thy fears, and to thy c return.

POPPÆA: Nay, rather will I seek sacred shrines,
And there make sacrifice unto the
That they avert these threats of night sleep,
And turn my terrors all upon my fo
Do thou pray for me and the implore
That in this happy state I may endu

(*Exeunt* POPPÆA AND NURS

CHORUS (*of Roman women in sym with* POPPÆA): If babbling ru tales of Jove,
His secret joys in mortal love,
Are true, he once, in plumage dr
Was to the lovely Leda pressed;
And as a savage bull he bore
Europa from her native shore:
But should he once thy form, Poppæ
He would leave his shining stars to with thee.
For thou than Leda many fold

t fairer, or that maid of old
nom Jove embraced in showers of
gold.
t Sparta boast her lovely dame,
no, as his prize, to Paris came:
gh Helen's beauty drove the world
to arms,
still must yield to our Poppæa's
charms.

(*Enter* MESSENGER)

who comes here with hurried step and
wild?
tidings bears he in his heaving
breast?
ENGER: Whoever guards our noble
prince's house,
im defend it from the people's rage.
ld, the prefects lead their men in
haste,
ve the city from the furious mob
e reckless passion grows, unchecked
by fear.
US: What is the madness that in-
flames their hearts?
ENGER: The people for their loved
Octavia
vild with rage and grief; and now in
throngs
ushing forth in mood for any deed.
US: What are they bent to do, or
with what plan?
ENGER: To give Octavia back her
father's house,
brother's bed, and her due share of
empire.
US: But these Poppæa holds as
Nero's wife.
ENGER: 'Tis even she 'gainst whom
the people's rage
s persistent, and to reckless deeds
iven headlong on. Whate'er they
ee,
ble marble wrought, or gleaming
bronze,
ated image of Poppæa's face,
cast it to the earth with wanton
hands
And crushing bars. The shattered parts
they drag
Along the streets, and with insulting heel
Deep in the filthy mud they trample them.
These savage deeds are mingled with such
words
As I should fear to utter in your ears.
Soon will they hedge the royal house with
flames,
Unless the prince his new-made wife give
up
To sate the people's wrath, and then re-
store
To noble Claudia her father's house.
That he himself may know these
threatened deeds,
I'll haste to tell him as the prefect bade.
(*Exit*)
CHORUS: Why vainly strive against the
powers above?
For Cupid's weapons are invincible.
Your puny fires by those fierce flames
he'll dim
By which he oft has quenched the bolts
of Jove,
And brought the Thunderer captive from
the sky.
For this offense you shall dire forfeit pay,
E'en with your blood; for hot of wrath is
he,
And may not be o'ercome. At his com-
mand
Did fierce Achilles strike the peaceful
lyre;
He forced the Greeks and Agamemnon
proud
To do his will. Illustrious cities, too,
And Priam's realm he utterly destroyed.
And now my mind in fear awaits to see
What Cupid's cruel penalties will be.

ACT V

NERO (*seated in a room of his palace*):
Too slow my soldiers' hands, too
mild my wrath,
When citizens have dared such crimes as
these.

Those torches that they kindled 'gainst their prince
Their blood shall quench; and Rome, who bore such men,
Shall be bespattered with her people's gore.
Yet death is far too light a punishment
For such atrocities; this impious mob
Shall suffer worse than death. But she, my wife
And sister, whom I hate with deadly fear,
For whose sole sake the people rage at me,
Shall give her life at last to sate my grief,
And quench my anger in her flowing blood.
Soon shall my flames enwrap the city's walls,
And in the ruins of her falling homes
The people shall be buried; squalid want,
Dire hunger, grief—all these shall they endure.
Too fat upon the blessings of our age
Has this vile mob become, and know not how
To bear our clemency and relish peace;
But, rash and reckless, are they ever borne
By shifting tides of passion to their hurt.
They must be held in check by suffering,
Be ever pressed beneath the heavy yoke,
Lest once again they dare assail the throne,
And to the august features of my wife
Dare lift again their vulgar eyes. O'erawed
By fear of punishment must they be taught
To yield obedience to their prince's nod.
But here I see the man whose loyalty
Has made him captain of my royal guards.

(*Enter* PREFECT)

PREFECT: The people's rage by slaughter of a few,
Who most resistance made, is overcome.
NERO: Is that enough? Was that my word to thee?
"Is overcome?" Where then is my revenge?
PREFECT: The guilty leaders of the
are dead.
NERO: Nay, but the mob itself, w
dared to assail
My house with flames, to dictate law
me,
To drag my noble wife from off my
And with unhallowed hands and a
threats
To affront her majesty—are they
scathed?
PREFECT: Shall angry grief decide
punishment?
NERO: It shall—whose fame no fu
age shall dim.
PREFECT: Which neither wrath nor
shall moderate?
NERO: She first shall feel my wrath
merits it.
PREFECT: Tell whom thou mean'st.
hand shall spare her not.
NERO: My wrath demands my g
sister's death.
PREFECT: Benumbing horror holds
in its grasp.
NERO: Wilt not obey my word?
PREFECT: Why question t
NERO: Because thou spar'st my foe.
PREFECT: A woman,
NERO: If she be criminal.
PREFECT: But what her cri
NERO: The people's rage.
PREFECT: But who can check their r
NERO: The one who fanned its fla
PREFECT: But who that
NERO: A woman she, to whom an
heart
Hath nature given, a soul to fraud
clined.
PREFECT: But not the power to act
NERO: That she ma
Without the power to act, that pre
fear
May break her strength, let punish
at once,
Too long delayed, crush out her g
life.
Have done at once with argument
prayers,

do my royal bidding: let her sail
some far distant shore and there be
slain,
thus at last my fears may be at rest.
(*Exeunt*)
RUS (*attached to* OCTAVIA): Oh,
dire and deadly has the people's love
many proved, which fills their swelling
sails
favoring breeze, and bears them out
to sea;
soon its vigor languishes and dies,
leaves them to the mercy of the deep.
wretched mother of the Gracchi wept
murdered sons, who, though of noble
blood,
famed for eloquence and piety,
t-hearted, learnèd in defense of law,
e brought to ruin by the people's love
popular renown. And Livius, thee
equal fate did fickle fortune give,
found no safety in thy lictors' rods,
refuge in thy home. But grief for-
bids
ell more instances. This hapless girl,
whom but now the citizens decreed
restoration of her fatherland,
home, her brother's couch, is dragged
away
ears and misery to punishment,
citizens consenting to her death!
blessèd poverty, content to hide
eath the refuge of a lowly roof!
lofty homes, to fame and fortune
known,
storms are blasted and by fate o'er-
thrown!

ter OCTAVIA *in the custody of the alace guards, who are dragging her roughly out into the street.*)

AVIA: Oh, whither do ye hurry me?
What fate
that vile tyrant or his queen or-
dained?
s she, subdued and softened by my
woes,
t me to live in exile? Or, if not,
If she intends to crown my sufferings
With death, why does her savage heart
begrudge
That I should die at home? But now,
alas,
I can no longer hope for life; behold,
My brother's bark, within whose treach-
erous hold
His mother once was borne; and now for
me,
Poor wretch, his slighted sister-wife, it
waits.
No more has right a place upon the earth,
Nor heavenly gods. Grim Fury reigns
supreme.
Oh, who can fitly weep my evil plight?
What nightingale has tongue to sing my
woes?
Would that the fates would grant her
wings to me!
Then would I speed away on pinions
swift,
And leave my grievous troubles far be-
hind,
Leave these unholy haunts of savage men,
There, all alone, within some forest wide,
Among the swaying branches would I sit,
And let my grieving spirit weep its fill.
CHORUS: The race of men is by the fates
controlled,
And none may hope to make his own
secure;
And o'er the ever-shifting ways of life
The day which most we fear shall come
to us.
But comfort now thy heart with thought
of those
Of thine own house who suffered ill, and
ask:
In what has fortune been more harsh to
thee?
Thee first I name, Agrippa's noble child,
The famous mother of so many sons,
Great Cæsar's wife, whose name through-
out the world
In flaming glory shone, whose teeming
womb
Brought forth so many hostages of peace:
E'en thee did exile wait, and cruel chains,

Blows, bitter anguish, and at last a death
Of lingering agony. And Livia, thou,
Though fortunate in husband and in sons,
Didst walk the way of sin—and punishment.
And Julia, too, endured her mother's fate;
For, though no evil deed was charged to her,
She fell a victim to the sword at last.
What could not once thy mighty mother do
Who ruled supreme the house of Claudius,
By him beloved, and in her son secure?
Yet she at last was subject to a slave,
And fell beneath a brutal soldier's sword.
For what exalted heights of royalty
Might not our Nero's mother once have hoped?
Mishandled first by vulgar sailors' hands,
Then slain and mangled by the bungling sword,
She lay the victim of her cruel son.
OCTAVIA: Me, too, the tyrant to the world of shades
Is sending. Why delay? Then speed my death.
For fate hath made me subject to your power.
I pray the heavenly gods—what wouldst thou, fool?
Pray not to gods who show their scorn of thee.
But, O ye gods of hell, ye furies dire,
Who work your vengeance on the crimes of men,
And thou, my father's restless spirit, come
And bring this tyrant fitting punishment.

(*To her guards*)

The death you threaten has no terrors now
For me. Go, set your ship in readiness,
Unfurl your sails, and let your pilot seek
The barren shores of Pandataria.

(*Exit* OCTAVIA *with guards*)

CHORUS: Ye gentle breezes and ye zephyrs mild,
Which once from savage Dian's a
bore
Atrides' daughter in a cloud conceale
This child of ours, Octavia, too, we p
Bear far away from these too cruel w
And set her in the fane of Trivia.
For Aulis is more merciful than Rome
The savage Taurian land more mild t
this:
There hapless strangers to their gods t
feed,
But Rome delights to see her child
bleed.

—F. J. MILLER

THE SATIRIST

A COUNCIL OF STATE

JUVENAL

[From *Satires* IV]

Decimus Junius Juvenalis, the last
the great satirists, was born about 5
Aquinum in Latium and died shortly a
130. He trained himself in declamat
had some military experience and oc
pied municipal offices, and late in life
banished on account of criticism of
actor who was a favorite at the co
The total product of his pen seems
have consisted of the sixteen satires
extant. The keynote of his writings
moral indignation over the vices of
times, and the tone one of deep seric
ness.

The satirist is under no obligation
be true to historical fact. It matters
at all whether Domitian did actually s
mon a council of state to debate the m
ner of serving a fish, if only it be t
that he used his council of state for n
ters of like trivialness and that his co
cillors obeyed out of fear or flattery.

When the last Flavius, drunk with f
tore
The prostrate world, which bled at ev
pore,

Rome beheld, in body as in mind,
d-pate Nero rise, to curse mankind;
nced, that where the fane of Venus
tands,
d on Ancona's coast by Grecian
ands,
rbot, wandering from the Illyrian
nain,
the wide bosom of the bursting
eine.
ters so bulky, from its frozen stream,
is renders to the solar beam,
pours them, fat with a whole win-
er's ease,
igh the bleak Euxine, into warmer
eas.
e mighty draught the astonished
oatman eyes,
to the Pontiff's table dooms his
rize:
who would dare to sell it? who to
uy?
the coast swarmed with many a
racticed spy,
rakers, prompt to swear the fish
ad fled
Cæsar's ponds, ingrate! where long
t fed,
thus recaptured, claimed to be re-
tored
e dominion of its ancient lord!
if Palphurius may our credit gain,
ever rare or precious swims the
nain,
feit to the crown, and you may seize
obnoxious dainty, when and where
ou please.
point allowed, our wary boatman
hose
ve—what, else, he had not failed to
se.
w were the dogstar's sickly fervors
'er,
, pinched with cold, her frozen
very wore;
ld began their quartan fits to fear,
wintry blasts deformed the beaute-
us year,
And kept the turbot sweet: yet on he
flew,
As if the sultry South corruption blew.—
And now the lake, and now the hill he
gains,
Where Alba, though in ruins, still main-
tains
The Trojan fire, which, but for her, were
lost,
And worships Vesta, though with less of
cost.
The wondering crowd, that gathered to
survey
The enormous fish, and barred the fisher's
way,
Satiate, at length retires; the gates un-
fold!—
Murmuring, the excluded senators behold
The envied dainty enter:—On the man
To great Atrides pressed, and thus began:
"This, for a private table far too great,
Accept, and sumptuously your Genius
treat:
Haste to unload your stomach, and
devour
A turbot, destined to this happy hour.
I sought him not;—he marked the toils
I set,
And rushed, a willing victim, to my net."
Was flattery e'er so rank! yet he grows
vain,
And his crest rises at the fulsome strain.
When to divine, a mortal power we raise,
He looks for no hyperboles in praise.
But when was joy unmixed? no pot is
found,
Capacious of the turbot's ample round:
In this distress, he calls the chiefs of
state,
At once the objects of his scorn and hate,
In whose pale cheeks distrust and doubt
appear,
And all a tyrant's friendship breeds of
fear.
Scarce was the loud Liburnian heard
to say,
"He sits," ere Pegasus was on his way;
Yes:—the new bailiff of the affrighted
town,

(For what were Præfects more?) had
snatched his gown,
And rushed to council: from the ivory
chair,
He dealt out justice with no common
care;
But yielded oft to those licentious times,
And where he could not punish, winked
at crimes.
Then old, facetious Crispus tript along,
Of gentle manners, and persuasive
tongue:
None fitter to advise the lord of all,
Had that pernicious pest, whom thus we
call,
Allowed a friend to soothe his savage
mood,
And give him counsel, wise at once and
good.
But who shall dare this liberty to take,
When, every word you hazard, life's at
stake?
Though but of stormy summers, showery
springs—
For tyrants' ears, alas! are ticklish things.
So did the good old man his tongue re-
strain;
Nor strove to stem the torrent's force in
vain.
Not one of those, who, by no fears de-
terred,
Spoke the free soul, and truth to life
preferred.
He temporized—thus fourscore summers
fled,
Even in that court, securely, o'er his
head.
Next him, appeared Acilius hurrying
on,
Of equal age—and followed by his son;
Who fell, unjustly fell, in early years,
A victim to the tyrant's jealous fears:
But long ere this were hoary hairs become
A prodigy, among the great, at Rome;
Hence, had I rather owe my humble
birth,
Frail brother of the giant brood, to earth.
Poor youth! in vain the ancient sleight
you try;
In vain, with frantic air, and ardent
Fling every robe aside, and battle w
With bears and lions, on the Alban s
All see the trick: and, spite of Br
skill,
There are who count him but a dri
still;
Since, in his days, it cost no mighty
To outwit a prince, with much
beard than brains.
Rubrius, though not, like these
noble race,
Followed with equal terror in his fa
And, laboring with a crime too fou
name,
More, than the pathic satirist, los
shame.
Montanus' belly next, and next
peared
The legs, on which that monstrous
was reared.
Crispinus followed, daubed with
perfume,
Thus early! than two funerals cons
Then bloodier Pompey, practiced to
tray,
And hesitate the noblest lives away.
Then Fuscus, who in studious pom
home,
Planned future triumphs for the Arn
Rome.
Blind to the event! those arms, a d
ent fate,
Inglorious wounds, and Dacian vult
wait.
Last, sly Veiento with Catullus ca
Deadly Catullus, who, at beauty's n
Took fire, although unseen: a wr
whose crimes
Struck with amaze even those prodi
times.
A base, blind parasite, a murderous
From the bridge-end raised to the cou
board;
Yet fitter still to dog the traveler's
And whine for alms to the descen
wheels!
None dwelt so largely on the tur
size,

ised with such applause his wonder-
ng eyes;
o the left (O, treacherous want of
ight)
oured his praise;—the fish was on
he right!
would he at the fencer's matches
it,
hout with rapture, at some fancied
it;
thus applaud the stage-machinery,
where
ouths were rapt aloft, and lost in
ir.
r fell Veiento short:—as if possest
all Bellona's rage, his laboring
reast
forth in prophecy: "I see, I see
mens of some glorious victory!
powerful monarch captured!—lo,
e rears,
nt on every side, his pointed spears!
agus hurled from the British car:
sh is foreign, foreign is the war."
ceed, great seer, and what remains
ntold,
urbot's age and country next un-
old;
all your lord his fortunes better
now,
where the conquest waits and who
he foe.
e emperor now the important ques-
ion put,
say ye, Fathers, *shall the fish be*
ut?"
ar be that disgrace," Montanus
ries;
let a pot be formed, of amplest size,
n whose slender sides the fish, dread
ire,
spread his vast circumference en-
ire!
, bring the tempered clay, and let
feel
quick gyrations of the plastic
heel:—
Cæsar, thus forewarned, make no
ampaign,
Unless your potters follow in your train!"
Montanus ended; all approved the plan,
And all, the speech, so worthy of the man!
Versed in the old court luxury, he knew
The feasts of Nero, and his midnight crew;
Where oft, when potent draughts had fired the brain,
The jaded taste was spurred to gorge again.—
And, in my time, none understood so well
The science of good eating: he could tell,
At the first relish, if his oysters fed
On the Rutupian, or the Lucrine bed;
And from a crab, or lobster's color, name
The country, nay, the district, whence it came.
Here closed the solemn farce. The Fathers rise.
And each submissive, from the presence hies:—
Pale, trembling wretches, whom the chief, in sport,
Had dragged, astonished, to the Alban court;
As if the stern Sicambri were in arms,
Or the fierce Chatti threatened new alarms;
As if ill news by flying posts had come,
And gathering nations sought the fall of Rome!
O! that such scenes (disgraceful at the most)
Had all those years of cruelty engrost,
Through which his rage pursued the great and good,
Unchecked, while vengeance slumbered o'er their blood!
And yet he fell!—for when he changed his game,
And first grew dreadful to the vulgar name,
They seized the murderer, drenched with Lamian gore,
And hurled him, headlong, to the infernal shore!

—William Gifford.

THE FLATTERER

Address to Nero

LUCAN

[From the *Pharsalia,* Book I]

Marcus Annæus Lucanus, nephew of the younger Seneca, was born in Corduba, Spain, in 39, and because of his connection with the conspiracy of Piso, was compelled to commit suicide in 65. He was a prolific writer of prose and verse, but the only extant work is the epic poem on the war between Cæsar and Pompey entitled *Pharsalia.* It is an extreme example of the Roman idea that recorded history furnishes material suitable to epic. Lucan sides with the cause of Pompey, interpreting the war as a conflict between liberty and tyranny.

It would appear that Lucan experienced a complete change of heart in his relation to Nero. Whether his early attitude of admiration is mere flattery or sincere conviction, certain it is that later passages in the same poem reveal only contempt and hatred for Nero and all that he stands for.

But if our fates severely have decreed
No way but this for Nero to succeed;
If only thus our heroes can be gods,
And Earth must pay for their divine abodes;
If Heaven could not the thunderer obtain,
Till giants' wars made room for Jove to reign,
'Tis just, ye gods, nor ought we to complain:
Opprest with death though dire Pharsalia groan,
Though Latian blood the Punic ghosts atone;
Though Pompey's hapless sons renew the war,
And Munda view the slaughter'd heaps from far;
Though meagre famine in Perusia reign,
Though Mutina with battles fill plain;
Though Leuca's isle, and wide Ambrac bay,
Record the rage of Actium's fatal day
Though servile hands are arm'd to r the fleet,
And on Sicilian seas the navies meet;
All crimes, all horrours, we with regard,
Since thou, O Cæsar, art the great rewa
Vast are the thanks thy grateful Ro should pay
To wars, which usher in thy sac sway.
When, the great business of the wo achiev'd,
Late by the willing stars thou receiv'd,
Through all the blissful seats the n shall roll,
And Heaven resound with joy from p to pole.
Whether great Jove resign supre command,
And trust his sceptre to thy abler ha
Or if thou choose the empire of the d
And make the Sun's unwilling ste obey;
Auspicious if thou drive the flam team,
While Earth rejoices in thy gen beam;
Wher'er thou reign, with one consent voice,
The Gods and Nature shall approve choice.
But oh! whatever be thy godhead gr
Fix not in regions too remote thy sea
Nor deign thou near the frozen Bear shine,
Nor where the sultry southern s decline;
Less kindly thence thy influence s come,
And thy blest rays obliquely visit Ro
Press not too much on any part sphere:

were the task thy weight divine to
bear;
would the axis feel th' unusual load,
groaning bend beneath th' incum-
bent god:
the mid orb more equal shalt thou
rise,
with a juster balance fix the skies.
ne for ever be that azure space,
blackening clouds the purer Heaven
disgrace,
hide from Rome her Cæsar's radiant
face.
n shall mankind consent in sweet
accord,
warring nations sheath the wrathful
sword;
e shall the world in friendly leagues
compose,
Janus' dreadful gates for ever close.
me thy present godhead stands
confest,
et thy sacred fury fire my breast!
hou vouchsafe to hear, let Phœbus
dwell
uninvok'd in Cyrrha's mystic cell;
me uncall'd, let sprightly Bacchus
reign,
lead the dance on Indian Nysa's
plain.
hee, O Cæsar, all my vows belong;
thou alone inspire the Roman song.

—Nicholas Rowe.

The Enemy Envied

MARTIAL

[*Epigrams* VII, 5]

arcus Valerius Martialis was born
t 40 in Bilbilis, Spain. He came to
e to make his fortune, lived there in
rret, and eked out a miserable exist-
by "writing verses while you wait,"
lattering the rich, and by the sale of
ooks of epigrams. Later he returned
Spain, where he died in 104. The
liar Roman gift for satire took on new life in the hands of Martial, "father of the epigram." The extant collection of fifteen books is a monument to the keenness of his observation of life, to his unusual power of seeing through the disguises of affectation, and to his remarkable gift for summing up the real meaning of a person or of a situation within the limits of a single sentence. He was not above the vices of his day, nor did he make any pretense of being a moralist. Yet he deemed it his peculiar province to direct the shafts of his wit at every form of sham and insincerity, even if occasionally he himself might be accused of being guilty of the things which he attacked.

As illustrated in this and the following six pieces, Martial turned his cleverness to practical account by employing it in the service of flattery. It would seem that his many attempts to win Domitian's favor met with but indifferent success.

If with thee, Cæsar, the desires take place
Of people, senate, all the Roman race,
Thy presence graciously to them afford,
At their impatient suit, return their lord.
Rome her foe envies, that they thee de-
tain,
Though many laurels she thereby doth
gain;
That barb'rous nations see her prince so
near,
Enjoy that face which they do so much
fear.

—Anon.

United in Loyalty

MARTIAL

[*Epigrams* VII, 7]

Mid polar ice and Peucian snows,
Where with the hoof hard Ister glows;
And rebel Rhine, with broken horn,
Still bids thee awe, and still adorn,
The kingdoms of a faithless race,
That spurn thy guidance and thy grace;
O earth's controller unconfined,

Propitious parent of mankind!
Far from our vows thou canst not be:
Our heads and hearts are full of thee.
Nay, all our eyes thou holdest so,
That not the vasty Circus know
What paragons pretend to shine,
A Tigris or a Passerine.

—James Elphinston.

Commend Me to the Thunderer

MARTIAL

[*Epigrams* VII, 99]

May'st thou the prince still gracious to
thee find,
And Rome, no less than Egypt, ever kind;
If, when in court, my verses thou dost
hear
(For sometimes Cæsar deigns to them an
ear),
Thou me afford'st this free and candid
praise,
This man's a glory, Cæsar, to thy days,
Yields not to Marsus, Pedo, or the best,
This is enough; to Cæsar leave the rest.

—Anon.

Restorer and Founder

MARTIAL

[*Epigrams* VIII, 80]

Our fathers' deeds, Cæsar, thou dost re-
vive,
Preserve the grayest ages still alive;
The antiquated Latian games renew,
The fight with simple fists, thy sands do
show;
Temples, though old, their honour thou
maintain'st,
The mean, for th' sake of richer, not dis-
dain'st.
Thus while thou new dost build, the old
restore,
We owe thee for thy own, and all before.

—Anon.

The Indebtedness of the Gods

MARTIAL

[*Epigrams* IX, 3]

If thou shouldst challenge what is due
thee
From heaven, and its creditor woul
be;
If public sale should be cried throu
the spheres,
And th' gods sell all to satisfy arre
Atlas will bankrupt prove, nor
ounce be
Reserv'd for Jupiter to treat with th
What canst thou for the Capitol recei
Or for the honour of the laurel-wrea
Or what will Juno give thee for
shrine?
Pallas I pass, she waits on thee and thi
Alcides, Phœbus, Pollux I slip by,
And Flavia's temple neighb'ring on
sky.
Cæsar, thou must forbear and trust
heaven:
Jove's chest has not enough to make
even.

—Fletcher

The Votive Goose

MARTIAL

[*Epigrams* IX, 31]

In northern climes, amid sublime alar
This bird a Velius vow'd for Cæsa
arms.
Not twice four times her course did Lu
stray,
When Mars his vot'ry call'd his vow
pay.
The gander joyous pealed his fun
knell,
And on the sacred fire spontaneous f
Eight wondrous coins he dropt from
his bill:

se from his bowels he did late distil.
now with silver, not with blood,
atones;
happy unavail of iron knows.
—James Elphinston.

Second Place for Jupiter

MARTIAL

[*Epigrams* IX, 91]

hat a diverse invitation came
nce in Jove's and in great Cæsar's
name,
ugh that the stars were near, Rome
more remote,
gods in answer should have this my
vote,
, seek another that Jove's guest would
be,
Jupiter on earth hath fetter'd me."
—Fletcher.

THE COURT GOSSIP

An Eccentric Emperor[1]

SUETONIUS

[From the *Deified Claudius*]

ius Suetonius Tranquillus was born
t 75 and died about 160. Suetonius,
tary to the emperor Hadrian, was a
minous writer in the field of biog-
y, the history of culture, and lan-
e and literature. His chief interest
n biography, a branch in which he
uced several series of lives. Except
fragments, some of them of consider-
length, we possess only the *Lives of Twelve Cæsars,* a work of primary
rtance for the history of the first
ıry of the Empire. So great was
onius' popularity and influence that his form and method, including even its tendency to preserve the trivial gossip as of equal value with the historical and with the interpretation of character, determined the course of historical writing for some time to come.

The peculiarities of Claudius, who ruled the Empire from 41 to 54, are set forth by means of a succession of anecdotes illustrating certain generally accepted qualities of the man. Suetonius as a rule contents himself with this method, seldom making a serious attempt to read the secrets of character beneath the anecdotes. In this way he often loses sight of contemporaneous circumstances impelling a character to action, and frequently assigns motives of a personal sort to deeds which may have been dictated by public policy.

He gave frequent and grand dinner parties, as a rule in spacious places, where six hundred guests were often entertained at one time. He even gave a banquet close to the outlet of the Fucine Lake and was well-nigh drowned, when the water was let out with a rush and deluged the place. He always invited his own children to dinner along with the sons and daughters of distinguished men, having them sit at the arms of the couches as they ate, after the old time custom. When a guest was suspected of having stolen a golden bowl the day before, he invited him again the next day, but set before him an earthenware cup.

He was eager for food and drink at all times and in all places. Once when he was holding court in the forum of Augustus and had caught the savour of a meal which was preparing for the Salii in the temple of Mars hard by, he left the tribunal, went up where the priests were, and took his place at their table. He hardly ever left the dining-room until he was stuffed and soaked; then he went to sleep at once, lying on his back with his mouth open, and a feather was put down his throat to relieve his stomach.

[1] rom The Loeb Classical Library, by per-
on.

He slept but a little at a time, for he was usually awake before midnight; but he would sometimes drop off in the daytime while holding court and could hardly be roused when the advocates raised their voices for the purpose. He was immoderate in his passion for women, but wholly free from unnatural vice. He was greatly devoted to gaming, even publishing a book on the art, and he actually used to play while driving, having the board so fitted to his carriage as to prevent his game from being disturbed.

That he was of a cruel and bloodthirsty disposition was shown in matters great and small. He always exacted examination by torture and the punishment of parricides at once and in his presence. When he was at Tibur and wished to see an execution in the ancient fashion, no executioner could be found after the criminals were bound to the stake. Whereupon he sent to fetch one from the city and continued to wait for him until nightfall. At any gladiatorial show, either his own or another's, he gave orders that even those who fell accidentally should be slain, in particular the net-fighters, so that he could watch their faces as they died. When a pair of gladiators had fallen by mutually inflicted wounds, he at once had some little knives made from both their swords for his use. He took such pleasure in the combats with wild beasts and of those that fought at noonday, that he would go down to the arena at daybreak and after dismissing the people for luncheon at midday, he would keep his seat and in addition to the appointed combatants, he would for trivial and hasty reasons match others, even of the carpenters, the assistants, and men of that class, if any automatic device, or pageant, or anything else of the kind, had not worked well. He even forced one of his pages to enter the arena just as he was, in his toga.

But there was nothing for which he was so notorious as timidity and su picion. Although in the early days of reign, as we have said, he made a d play of simplicity, he never ventured go to a banquet without being surrou ed by guards with lances and having soldiers wait upon him in place of t servants; and he never visited a man w was ill without having the patient's roo examined beforehand and his pillows a bed-clothing felt over and shaken o Afterwards he even subjected those w came to pay their morning call to searc sparing none of the strictest examin tion. Indeed, it was not until late, a then reluctantly, that he gave up havi women and young boys and girls gross mishandled, and the cases for pens a styles taken from every man's atten ant or scribe. When Camillus began h revolution, he felt sure that Claudi could be intimidated without resorting war; and in fact when he ordered t emperor in an insulting, threatening, a impudent letter to give up his thro and betake himself to a life of priva and retirement, Claudius called togeth the leading men and asked their advi about complying.

He was so terror-stricken by unfounde reports of conspiracies that he had tri to abdicate. When, as I have mention before, a man with a dagger was caug near him as he was sacrificing, he su moned the senate in haste by cries a loudly and tearfully bewailed his l saying that there was no safety for hi anywhere; and for a long time he wou not appear in public. His ardent lo for Messalina too was cooled, not much by her unseemly and insulting co duct, as through fear of danger, sin he believed that her paramour Sili aspired to the throne. On that occasi he made a shameful and cowardly flig to the camp, doing nothing all the w but ask whether his throne was secu

No suspicion was too trivial, nor t inspirer of it too insignificant, to dri

on to precaution and vengeance, once slight uneasiness entered his mind. of two parties to a suit, when he le his morning call, took Claudius le, and said that he had dreamed that was murdered by someone; then a e later pretending to recognize the ssin, he pointed out his opponent, as was handing his petition. The latter immediately seized, as if caught red-ded, and hurried off to execution. It in a similar way, they say, that pius Silanus met his downfall. When ssalina and Narcissus had put their ds together to destroy him, they ageed their parts and the latter rushed into patron's bed-chamber before day-ak in pretended consternation, declar-that he had dreamed that Appius had de an attack on the emperor. Then ssalina, with assumed surprise, de-red that she had had the same dream several successive nights. A little r, as had been arranged, Appius, who received orders the day before to e at that time, was reported to be ing his way in, and as if this were of positive of the truth of the dream, immediate accusation and death were ered. And Claudius did not hesitate recount the whole affair to the senate t day and to thank the freedman watching over his emperor's safety n in his sleep.

He was conscious of his tendency to th and resentment and excused both an edict; he also drew a distinction ween them, promising that the for-r would be short and harmless and the er not without cause. After sharply uking the people of Ostia, because y had sent no boats to meet him en he entered the Tiber, and in such er terms that he wrote that they had uced him to the rank of a commoner, suddenly forgave them and all but logised. He repulsed with his own d men who approached him in public unseasonable times. He also banished a quæstor's clerk without a hearing, as well as a senator of prætorian rank, although they were blameless: the former for going too far in pleading a suit against him before he became emperor; the latter, because he had fined the tenants of Claudius's estates for violating the law forbidding the selling of cooked victuals, and had whipped his bailiff when he remonstrated. And with the same motive he took from the ædiles the regulation of the cook-shops.

He did not even keep quiet about his own stupidity, but in certain brief speeches he declared that he had purposely feigned it under Gaius, because otherwise he could not have escaped alive and attained his present station. But he convinced no one, and within a short time a book was published, the title of which was "The Elevation of Fools" and its thesis, that no one feigned folly.

Among other things men have marvelled at his absent-mindedness and blindness. When he had put Messalina to death, he asked shortly after taking his place at the table why the empress did not come. He caused many of those whom he had condemned to death to be summoned the very next day to consult with him or game with him, and sent a messenger to upbraid them for sleepy-heads when they delayed to appear. When he was planning his unlawful marriage with Agrippina, in every speech that he made he constantly called her his daughter and nursling, born and brought up in his arms. Just before his adoption of Nero, as if it were not bad enough to adopt a stepson when he had a grown-up son of his own, he publicly declared more than once that no one had ever been taken into the Claudian family by adoption.

In short, he often showed such heedlessness in word and act that one would suppose that he did not know or care to whom, with whom, when, or where he was speaking. When a debate was going on about the butchers and vintners, he

cried out in the House: "Now, pray, who can live without a snack," and then went on to describe the abundance of the old taverns to which he himself used to go for wine in earlier days. He gave as one of his reasons for supporting a candidate for the quæstorship, that the man's father had once given him cold water when he was ill and needed it. Once when a witness had been brought before the senate, he said: "This woman was my mother's freedwoman and tirewoman, but she always regarded me as her patron; I mention this because there are still some in my household now who do not look on me as patron." When the people of Ostia made a public petition to him, he flew into a rage on the very tribunal and bawled out that he had no reason for obliging them; that he was surely free if anyone was. In fact every day, and almost every hour and minute, he would make such remarks as these: "What! do you take me for a Telegenius?" "Scold me, but hands off!" and many others of the same kind which would be unbecoming even in private citizens, not to mention a prince who lacked neither eloquence nor culture, but on the contrary constantly devoted himself to liberal pursuits.

He began to write history in his youth with the encouragement of Titus Livius and the direct help of Sulpicius Flavus. But when he gave his first reading to a large audience, he had difficulty in finishing, since he more than once threw cold water on his own performance. For at the beginning of the reading the breaking down of several benches by a fat man raised a laugh, and even after the disturbance was quieted, Claudius could not keep from recalling the incident and renewing his guffaws. Even while he was emperor he wrote a good deal and gave constant recitals through a professional reader. He began his history with the death of the dictator Cæsar, but passed to a later period and took a fresh start at the end of the civil war, realising t he was not allowed to give a frank true account of the earlier times, si he was often taken to task both by mother and his grandmother. He two books of the earlier history, forty-one of the later. He also co posed an autobiography in eight boo lacking rather in good taste than in st as well as a "Defence of Cicero agai the Writings of Asinius Gallus," a w of little learning. Besides this he vented three new letters and added th to the alphabet, maintaining that th were greatly needed; he published a bo on their theory when he was still in p vate life, and when he became empe had no difficulty in bringing about th general use. These characters may s be seen in numerous books, in the da gazette, and in inscriptions on pub buildings.

—J. C. Rolfe

An Imperial Artist [1]

SUETONIUS

[From the *Nero*]

It will probably never be possible form a fair judgment of Nero as an art It may be that he possessed unusual a ities; but all accounts of his activities so colored by the Roman prejudice agai participation by a gentleman in pu performances of all sorts that a true e mate is out of the question. The Rom never wholly outgrew the notion that making of art products, including e poetry itself, was but a form of man labor belittling to the dignity of a n of high station.

Having gained some knowledge music in addition to the rest of his ea education, as soon as he became empe

[1] From The Loeb Classical Library, by mission.

sent for Terpnus, the greatest master the lyre in those days, and after lising to him sing after dinner for many cessive days until late at night, he le by little began to practice himself, lecting none of the exercises which ists of that kind are in the habit of owing, to preserve or strengthen their ces. For he used to lie upon his back l hold a leaden plate on his chest, ge himself by the syringe and by vomg, and deny himself fruits and all ds injurious to the voice. Finally enraged by his progress, although his ce was weak and husky, he began long to appear on the stage, and every v and then in the presence of his inate friends he would quote a Greek verb meaning "Hidden music counts nothing." And he made his debut at ples, where he did not cease singing il he had finished the number which had begun, even though the theatre s shaken by a sudden earth-quake ck. In the same city he sang frently and for several successive days. en when he took a short time to rest voice, he could not keep out of sight went to the theatre after bathing l dined in the orchestra with the ple all about him, promising them Greek, that when he had wetted his istle a bit, he would ring out someng good and loud. He was greatly en too with the rhythmic applause of ne Alexandrians who had flocked to ples from a fleet that had lately ared, and summoned more men from xandria. Not content with that, he ected some young men of the order of knights and more than five thousand rdy young commoners, to be divided o groups and learn the Alexandrian les of applause (they called them "the s," "the roof-tiles," and "the bricks"), l to ply them vigorously whenever he g. These men were noticeable for ir thick hair and fine apparel; their hands were bare and without rings, and the leaders were paid four hundred thousand sesterces each.

Considering it of great importance to appear in Rome as well, he repeated the contest of the Neronia before the appointed time, and when there was a general call for his "divine voice," he replied that if any wished to hear him, he would favour them in the gardens; but when the guard of soldiers which was then on duty seconded the entreaties of the people, he gladly agreed to appear at once. So without delay he had his name added to the list of the lyre-players who entered the contest, and casting his own lot into the urn with the rest, he came forward in his turn, attended by the prefects of the Guard carrying his lyre, and followed by the tribunes of the soldiers and his intimate friends. Having taken his place and finished his preliminary speech, he announced through the ex-consul Cluvius Rufus that "he would sing Niobe"; and he kept at it until late in the afternoon, putting off the award of the prize for that event and postponing the rest of the contest to the next year, to have an excuse for singing oftener. But since even that seemed too long to wait, he did not cease to appear in public from time to time. He even thought of taking part in private performances among the professional actors, when one of the prætors offered him a million sesterces. He also put on the mask and sang tragedies representing gods and heroes and even heroines and goddesses, having the masks fashioned in the likeness of his own features or those of the women of whom he chanced to be enamoured. Among other themes he sang "Canace in Labor," "Orestes the Matricide," "The Blinding of Œdipus" and the "Frenzy of Hercules." At the last named performance they say that a young recruit, seeing the emperor in mean attire and bound with chains, as the subject required, rushed forward to lend him aid.

From his earliest years he had a special

passion for horses and talked constantly about the games in the Circus, though he was forbidden to do so. Once when he was lamenting with his fellow pupils the fate of a charioteer of the "Greens," who was dragged by his horses, and his preceptor scolded him, he told a lie and pretended that he was talking of Hector. At the beginning of his reign he used to play every day with ivory chariots on a board, and he came from the country to all the games, even the most insignificant, at first secretly, and then so openly that no one doubted that he would be in Rome on that particular day. He made no secret of his wish to have the number of the prizes increased, and in consequence more races were added and the performance was continued to a late hour, while the managers of the troupes no longer thought it worth while to produce their drivers at all except for a full day's racing. He soon longed to drive a chariot himself and even to show himself frequently in public; so after a trial exhibition in his gardens before his slaves and the dregs of the populace, he gave all an opportunity of seeing him in the Circus Maximus, one of his freedmen dropping the napkin from the place usually occupied by the magistrates.

Not content with showing his proficiency in these arts at Rome, he went to Achaia, as I have said, influenced especially by the following consideration. The cities in which it was the custom to hold contests in music had adopted the rule of sending all the lyric prizes to him. These he received with the greatest delight, not only giving audience before all others to the envoys who brought them, but even inviting them to his private table. When some of them begged him to sing after dinner and greeted his performance with extravagant applause, he declared that "the Greeks were the only ones who had an ear for music and that they alone were worthy of his efforts." So he took ship without delay and immediately on arriving at Cassiope ma a preliminary appearance as a singer the altar of Jupiter Cassius, and th went the round of all the contests.

To make this possible, he gave orde that even those which were wide separated in time should be brought t gether in a single year, so that son had even to be given twice, and he intr duced a musical competition at Olymp also, contrary to custom. To avoid b ing distracted or hindered in any wa while busy with these contests, he r plied to his freedman Hellius, who r minded him that the affairs of the ci required his presence, in these word "However much it may be your advi and your wish that I should retu speedily, yet you ought rather to couns me and to hope that I may return worth of Nero."

While he was singing no one was a lowed to leave the theatre for the mo urgent reasons. And so it is said th some women gave birth to children ther while many who were worn out wi listening and applauding, secretly leap from the wall, since the gates at t entrance were closed, or feigned dea and were carried out as if for buri The trepidation and anxiety with whi he took part in the contests, his ke rivalry of his opponents and his awe the judges, can hardly be credited. if his rivals were of quite the same stati as himself, he used to show respect them and try to gain their favour, wh he slandered them behind their back sometimes assailed them with abuse wh he met them, and even bribed those w were especially proficient.

Before beginning, he would address t judges in the most deferential terms, sa ing that he had done all that could done, but the issue was in the hands Fortune; they however, being men wisdom and experience, ought to exclu what was fortuitous. When they ba him take heart, he withdrew with grea

fidence, but not even then without iety, interpreting the silence and lesty of some as sullenness and ill- ure, and declaring that he had his bicions of them.

n competition he observed the rules st scrupulously, never daring to clear throat and even wiping the sweat n his brow with his arm. Once in- d, during the performance of a gedy, when he had dropped his sceptre quickly recovered it, he was terribly aid that he might be excluded from competition because of his slip, and confidence was restored only when accompanist swore that it had passed noticed amid the delight and applause the people. When the victory was n, he made the announcement him- ; and for that reason he always took t in the contests of the heralds. To iterate the memory of all other victors the games and leave no trace of them, ir statues and busts were all thrown wn by his order, dragged off with ks, and cast into privies.

He also drove a chariot in many places, Olympia even a ten-horse team, hough in one of his own poems he had icised Mithridates for just that thing. t after he had been thrown from the and put back in it, he was unable hold out and gave up before the end the course; but he received the crown t the same. On his departure he pre- ted the entire province with freedom l at the same time gave the judges man citizenship and a large sum of ney. These favours he announced person on the day of the Isthmian mes, standing in the middle of the dium.

Returning from Greece, since it was at ples that he had made his first ap- rance, he entered the city with white ses through a part of the wall which had been thrown down, as is customary with victors in the sacred games. In like manner he entered Antium, then Albanum, and finally Rome; but at Rome he rode in the chariot which Augustus had used in his triumphs in days gone by, and wore the purple robe and a Greek cloak adorned with stars of gold, bearing on his head the Olympic crown and in his right hand the Pythian, while the rest were carried before him with inscriptions telling where he had won them and against what competitors, and giving the titles of the songs or the subject of the plays. His car was followed by his claque as by the escort of a triumphal procession, who shouted that they were the attendants of Augustus and the soldiers of his triumph. Then through the arch of the Circus Maximus, which was thrown down, he made his way across the Velabrum and the Forum to the Palatine and the temple of Apollo. All along the route victims were slain, the streets were sprinkled from time to time with perfume, while birds, ribbons, and sweetmeats were showered upon him. He placed the sacred crowns in his bedchambers around his couches, as well as statues representing him in the guise of a lyre-player; and he had a coin too struck with the same device. So far from neglecting or relaxing his practice of the art after this, he never addressed the soldiers except by letter or in a speech delivered by another, to save his voice; and he never did anything for amusement or in earnest without an elocutionist by his side, to warn him to spare his vocal organs and hold a handkerchief to his mouth. To many men he offered his friendship or announced his hostility, according as they applauded him lavishly or grudgingly.

—J. C. Rolfe.

II. SALVATION THROUGH STOICISM

The times of Nero witnessed a revival of interest in philosophy, and nearly all the writers of that day were carefully trained in the doctrines of Stoicism. That system of ethics seemed to offer the intellectuals an escape from the extravagances and suppressions to which they were subjected under despotic rulers. With its doctrine that freedom springs from within and is not dependent upon the outward circumstances of life, it held out a peculiarly effective consolation to those who were suffering from the loss of political liberty. Harmony with nature and nature's law could be achieved even by men out of harmony with the conditions in which their lives were cast. No power could thwart ambition if the highest ambition was to be realized in personal character.

The Philosopher's Seclusion [1]

SENECA

[*Epistles to Lucilius* VIII]

Lucius Annæus Seneca, often called Seneca the Younger to distinguish him from his father of the same name who was also a man of letters, was born at Corduba in Spain about 4 B.C. As tutor of the young Nero he gained an ascendancy over him which later assured Seneca the practical control of the government during the first part of Nero's administration. Later, accused of participation in a conspiracy against the emperor, he fell into disfavor and was finally forced to commit suicide in the year 65. His philosophical writings took the form of moral essays, some of them in the guise of letters, on Stoic themes. He wrote also a number of tragedies based directly upon the material used by the Greek tragedians, but altered so as to become the vehicle of his own philosophical vie They exerted a powerful influence, b in respect of technique and of matter, the English dramatic literature of Elizabethan period.

Seneca, like Cicero, found in philosop a refuge from public life. The experie of both of them was such as to beget appreciation of the delights of such wi drawal. The thought, however, is a co monplace of philosophical literature.

To Lucilius:

"Do you bid me," you say, "shun t throng, and withdraw from men, and content with my own conscience? Wh are the counsels of your school, whi order a man to die in the midst of acti work?" As to the course which I se to you to be urging on you now a then, my object in shutting myself and locking the door is to be able help a greater number. I never spe a day in idleness; I appropriate even part of the night for study. I do n allow time for sleep but yield to it wh I must, and when my eyes are weari with waking and ready to fall shut, keep them at their task. I have wi drawn not only from men, but fr affairs, especially from my own affai I am working for later generations, w ing down some ideas that may be of sistance to them. There are cert wholesome counsels, which may be co pared to prescriptions of useful dru these I am putting into writing; fo have found them helpful in ministeri to my own sores, which, if not who cured, have at any rate ceased to spre

I point other men to the right pa which I have found late in life, w wearied with wandering. I cry out them: "Avoid whatever pleases throng: avoid the gifts of Chance! H

[1] From The Loeb Classical Library, by permission.

re every good which Chance brings
ou, in a spirit of doubt and fear;
t is the dumb animals and fish that
leceived by tempting hopes. Do you
these things the 'gifts' of Fortune?
y are snares. And any man among
who wishes to live a life of safety
avoid, to the utmost of his power,
e limed twigs of her favour, by
h we mortals, most wretched in this
ect also, are deceived; for we think
we hold them in our grasp, but they
us in theirs. Such a career leads
nto precipitous ways, and life on such
hts ends in a fall. Moreover, we
ot even stand up against prosperity
n she begins to drive us to leeward;
can we go down, either, 'with the
at least on her course,' or once for
Fortune does not capsize us,—she
ges our bows under and dashes us
the rocks.

Hold fast, then, to this sound and
lesome rule of life; that you indulge
body only as far as is needful for
health. The body should be treated
e rigorously, that it may not be dis-
lient to the mind. Eat merely to re-
e your hunger; drink merely to
nch your thirst; dress merely to keep
the cold; house yourself merely as
otection against personal discomfort.
matters little whether the house be
t of turf, or of variously coloured
orted marble; understand that a man
heltered just as well by a thatch as
a roof of gold. Despise everything
useless toil creates as an ornament
an object of beauty. And reflect
nothing except the soul is worthy of
der; for to the soul, if it be great,
ght is great."

When I commune in such terms with
elf and with future generations, do
not think that I am doing more good
when I appear as counsel in court,
stamp my seal upon a will, or lend
assistance in the senate, by word or
on, to a candidate? Believe me,
those who seem too busied with nothing are busied with the greater tasks; they are dealing at the same time with things mortal and things immortal.

But I must stop, and pay my customary contribution, to balance this letter. The payment shall not be made from my own property; for I am still conning Epicurus. I read to-day, in his works, the following sentence: "If you would enjoy real freedom, you must be the slave of Philosophy." The man who submits and surrenders himself to her is not kept waiting; he is emancipated on the spot. For the very service of Philosophy is freedom.

It is likely that you will ask me why I quote so many of Epicurus's noble words instead of words taken from our own school. But is there any reason why you should regard them as sayings of Epicurus and not common property? How many poets give forth ideas that have been uttered, or may be uttered, by philosophers! I need not touch upon the tragedians and our writers of national drama; for these last are also somewhat serious, and stand half-way between comedy and tragedy. What a quantity of sagacious verses lie buried in the mime! How many of Publilius's lines are worthy of being spoken by buskin-clad actors, as well as by wearers of the slipper! I shall quote one verse of his, which concerns philosophy, and particularly that phase of it which we were discussing a moment ago, wherein he says that the gifts of Chance are not to be regarded as part of our possessions:

> "Still alien is whatever you have gained
> By coveting."

I recall that you yourself expressed this idea much more happily and concisely:

> "What Chance has made yours is not really yours."

And a third, spoken by you still more happily, shall not be omitted:

"The good that could be given, can be removed."

I shall not charge this up to the expense account, because I have given it to you from your own stock. Farewell.

—R. M. GUMMERE.

THE GOD WITHIN US[1]

SENECA

[*Epistles to Lucilius* XLI]

The strength of the appeal that Stoicism made to the Romans consisted in the emphasis it placed upon character as the determining factor in life.

To Lucilius:

You are doing an excellent thing, one which will be wholesome for you, if, as you write me, you are persisting in your effort to attain sound understanding; it is foolish to pray for this when you can acquire it from yourself. We do not need to uplift our hands towards heaven, or to beg the keeper of a temple to let us approach his idol's ear, as if in this way our prayers were more likely to be heard. God is near you, he is with you, he is within you. That is what I mean, Lucilius: a holy spirit indwells within us, one who marks our good and bad deeds, and is our guardian. As we treat this spirit, so are we treated by it. Indeed, no man can be good without the help of God. Can one rise superior to fortune unless God helps him to rise? He it is that gives noble and upright counsel. In each good man

"A god doth dwell, but what god know we not."

[1] From the Loeb Classical Library, by permission.

If ever you have come upon a gr that is full of ancient trees which h grown to an unusual height, shutting a view of the sky by a veil of pleac and intertwining branches, then the lo ness of the forest, the seclusion of spot, and your marvel at the thick broken shade in the midst of the op spaces, will prove to you the prese of deity. Or if a cave, made by the de crumbling of the rocks, holds up a mou tain on its arch, a place not built w hands but hollowed out into su spaciousness by natural causes, your s will be deeply moved by a certain in mation of the existence of God. We w ship the sources of mighty rivers; erect altars at places where great strea burst suddenly from hidden sources; adore springs of hot water as divine, a consecrate certain pools because of th dark waters or their immeasurable dep If you see a man who is unterrified the midst of dangers, untouched by c sires, happy in adversity, peaceful an the storm, who looks down upon m from a higher plane, and views the go on a footing of equality, will not a fe ing of reverence for him steal over yo Will you not say: "This quality is t great and too lofty to be regarded resembling this petty body in which dwells? A divine power has descend upon that man." When a soul ris superior to other souls, when it is unc control, when it passes through eve experience as if it were of small accou when it smiles at our fears and at c prayers, it is stirred by a force fr heaven. A thing like this cannot sta upright unless it be propped by t divine. Therefore, a greater part of abides in that place from whence it ca down to earth. Just as the rays of t sun do indeed touch the earth but s abide at the source from which th are sent; even so the great and hallow soul, which has come down in order t we may have a nearer knowledge

hity, does indeed associate with us, still cleaves to its origin; on that ce it depends, thither it turns its and strives to go, and it concerns f with our doings only as a being erior to ourselves.

Vhat, then, is such a soul? One which esplendent with no external good, only with its own. For what is more ish than to praise in a man the lities which come from without? And t is more insane than to marvel at racteristics which may at the next ant be passed on to someone else? golden bit does not make a better e. The lion with gilded mane, in cess of being trained and forced by riness to endure the decoration, is into the arena in quite a different from the wild lion whose spirit is roken; the latter, indeed, bold in his ck, as nature wished him to be, im- sive because of his wild appear- e,—and it is his glory that none can upon him without fear,—is favoured reference to the other lion, that lan- and guilded brute.

o man ought to glory except in that ch is his own. We praise a vine if it es the shoots teem with increase, if ts weight it bends to the ground the poles which hold its fruit; would man prefer to this vine one from ch golden grapes and golden leaves g down? In a vine the virtue pe- arly its own is fertility; in man also should praise that which is his own. pose that he has a retinue of comely es and a beautiful house, that his n is large and large his income; none hese things is in the man himself; are all on the outside. Praise the ity in him which cannot be given snatched away, that which is the liar property of the man. Do you what this is? It is soul, and reason ght to perfection in the soul. For is a reasoning animal. Therefore, 's highest good is attained, if he has fulfilled the good for which nature designed him at birth. And what is it which this reason demands of him? The easiest thing in the world,—to live in accordance with his own nature. But this is turned into a hard task by the general madness of mankind; we push one another into vice. And how can a man be recalled to salvation, when he has none to restrain him, and all mankind to urge him on? Farewell.

—R. M. Gummere.

On Peace of Mind

Seneca

[*Dialogues* IX]

Peace of mind is to be attained by first discovering one's relation to one's fellowmen and to the state, and then by playing the man under whatever limitations that relation imposes. Withdrawal from life is a dream of the philosopher, but life is not a dream. Seneca was a philosopher, but he was also a practical man of affairs and a typical Roman.

Serenus. When I examine myself, Seneca, some vices appear on the surface, and so that I can lay my hands upon them, while others are less distinct and harder to reach, and some are not always present, but recur at intervals: and these I should call the most troublesome, being like a roving enemy that assails one when he sees his opportunity, and who will neither let one stand on one's guard as in war, nor yet take one's rest without fear as in peace. The position in which I find myself more especially (for why should I not tell you the truth as I would to a physician), is that of neither being thoroughly set free from the vices which I fear and hate, nor yet quite in bondage to them: my state of mind, though not the worst possible, is a particularly discontented and sulky one: I

am neither ill nor well. It is of no use for you to tell me that all virtues are weakly at the outset, and that they acquire strength and solidity by time, for I am well aware, that even those which do but help our outward show, such as grandeur, a reputation for eloquence, and everything that appeals to others, gain power by time. But those which afford us real strength and those which do but trick us out in a more attractive form, require long years before they gradually are adapted to us by time. But I fear that custom, which confirms most things, implants this vice more and more deeply in me. Long acquaintance with both good and bad people leads one to esteem them all alike. What this state of weakness really is, when the mind halts between two opinions without any strong inclination towards either good or evil, I shall be better able to show you piecemeal than all at once. I will tell you what befalls me, you must find out the name of the disease. I have to confess the greatest possible love of thrift; I do not care for a bed with gorgeous hangings, nor for clothes brought out of a chest, or pressed under weights and made glossy by frequent manglings, but for common and cheap ones, that require no care either to keep them or to put them on. For food I do not want what needs whole troops of servants to prepare it and admire it, nor what is ordered many days before and served up by many hands, but something handy and easily come at, with nothing far-fetched or costly about it, to be had in every part of the world, burdensome neither to one's fortune nor one's body, not likely to go out of the body by the same path by which it came in. I like a rough and unpolished homebred servant, I like my servant born in my house: I like my country-bred father's heavy silver plate stamped with no maker's name: I do not want a table that is beauteous with dappled spots, or known to all the town by the number of fashionable peoples whom it has successively belonged, I one which stands merely for use, a which causes no guest's eye to dwell up it with pleasure or to kindle at it w envy. While I am well satisfied w this, I am reminded of the clothes o certain schoolboy, dressed with no or nary care and splendour, of slaves decked with gold and a whole regim of glittering attendants. I think houses too, where one treads on precio stones, and where valuables lie abo in every corner, where the very roof brilliantly painted, and a whole nati attends and accompanies an inheritan on the road to ruin. What shall I s of waters, transparent to the very botto which flow round the guests, and ba quets worthy of the theatre in whi they take place? Coming as I do fr a long course of dull thrift, I find m self surrounded by the most brillia luxury, which echoes around me on eve side: my sight becomes a little dazzl by it: I can lift up my heart against more easily than my eyes. When I turn from seeing it I am a sadder, thou not a worse man, I cannot walk an my own paltry possessions with so lo a step as before, and silently there ste over me a feeling of vexation, and a dou whether that way of life may not better than mine. None of these thin alter my principles, yet all of them d turb me. At one time I would ob the maxims of our school and plunge in public life, I would obtain office a become consul, not because the purp robe and lictor's axes attract me, but order that I may be able to be of u to my friends, my relatives, to all countrymen, and indeed to all mankin Ready and determined, I follow the a vice of Zeno, Cleanthes, and Chrysipp all of whom bid one take part in pub affairs, though none of them ever d so himself: And then, as soon as som thing disturbs my mind, which is

d to receiving shocks, as soon as some-
ng occurs which is either disgraceful,
h as often occurs in all men's lives,
which does not proceed quite easily,
when subjects of very little importance
uire me to devote a great deal of time
them, I go back to my life of leisure,
l, just as even tired cattle go faster
en they are going home, I wish to re-
and pass my life within the walls of
house. "No one," I say, "that will
e me compensation worth such a loss
ll ever rob me of a day. Let my
nd be contained within itself and im-
ve itself: let it take no part with
er men's affairs, and do nothing which
ends on the approval of others: let
enjoy a tranquillity undisturbed by
ner public or private troubles." But
enever my spirit is roused by reading
ne brave words, or some noble example
rs me into action, I want to rush into
law courts, to place my voice at one
n's disposal, my services at another's,
try to help him even though I may
succeed, or to quell the pride of some
yer who is puffed up by ill-deserved
cess: but I think, by Hercules, that in
losophical speculation it is better to
w things as they are, and to speak
them on their own account, and as
words, to trust to things for them,
to let one's speech simply follow
ther they lead. "Why do you want
construct a fabric that will endure
ages? Do you not wish to do this in
er that posterity may talk of you:
you were born to die, and a silent
th is the least wretched. Write some-
ng therefore in a simple style, merely
pass the time, for your own use, and
for publication. Less labour is needed
en one does not look beyond the
sent." Then again, when the mind
elevated by the greatness of its
ughts, it becomes ostentatious in its
of words, the loftier its aspirations,
more loftily it desires to express them,
its speech rises to the dignity of its
subject. At such times I forget my mild and moderate determination and soar higher than is my wont, using a language that is not my own. Not to multiply examples, I am in all things attended by this weakness of a well-meaning mind, to whose level I fear that I shall be gradually brought down, or, what is even more worrying, that I may always hang as though about to fall, and that there may be more the matter with me than I myself perceive: for we take a friendly view of our own private affairs, and partiality always obscures our judgment. I fancy that many men would have arrived at wisdom had they not believed themselves to have arrived there already, had they not purposely deceived themselves as to some parts of their character, and passed by others with their eyes shut: for you have no grounds for supposing that other people's flattery is more ruinous to us than our own. Who dares to tell himself the truth? Who is there, by however large a troop of caressing courtiers he may be surrounded, who in spite of them is not his own greatest flatterer? I beg you therefore, if you have any remedy by which you could stop this vacillation of mine, to deem me worthy to owe my peace of mind to you. I am well aware that these oscillations of mind are not perilous and that they threaten me with no serious disorder: to express what I complain of by an exact simile, I am not suffering from a storm, but from sea-sickness. Take from me, then, this evil, whatever it may be, and help one who is in distress within sight of land.

SENECA. I have long been silently asking myself, my friend Serenus, to what I should liken such a condition of mind, and I find that nothing more closely resembles it than the conduct of those who, after having recovered from a long and serious illness, occasionally experience slight touches and twinges, and, although they have passed through

the final stages of the disease, yet have suspicions that it has not left them, and though in perfect health yet hold out their pulse to be felt by the physician, and whenever they feel warm suspect that the fever is returning. Such men, Serenus, are not unhealthy, but they are not accustomed to being healthy; just as even a quiet sea or lake nevertheless displays a certain amount of ripple when its waters are subsiding after a storm. What you need, therefore, is not any of those harsher remedies to which allusion has been made, not that you should in some cases check yourself, in others be angry with yourself, in others sternly reproach yourself, but that you should adopt that which comes last in the list, have confidence in yourself, and believe that you are proceeding on the right path, without being led aside by the numerous divergent tracks of wanderers which cross it in every direction, some of them circling about the right path itself. What you desire, to be undisturbed, is a great thing, nay, the greatest thing of all, and one which raises a man almost to the level of a god. The Greeks call this calm steadiness of mind *euthymia,* and Democritus's treatise upon it is excellently written: I call it peace of mind: for there is no necessity for translating so exactly as to copy the words of the Greek idiom: the essential point is to mark the matter under discussion by a name which ought to have the same meaning as its Greek name, though perhaps not the same form. What we are seeking, then, is how the mind may always pursue a steady, unruffled course, may be pleased with itself, and look with pleasure upon its surroundings, and experience no interruption of this joy, but abide in a peaceful condition without being ever either elated or depressed: this will be "peace of mind." Let us now consider in a general way how it may be attained: then you may apply as much as you choose of the universal remedy to your own case. Meanwhile we m drag to light the entire disease, and th each one will recognize his own part it: at the same time you will understa how much less you suffer by your se depreciation than those who are bou by some showy declaration which th have made, and are oppressed by so grand title of honour, so that sha rather than their own free will for them to keep up the pretence. The sa thing applies both to those who suf from fickleness and continual changes purpose, who always are fondest of wh they have given up, and those who mer yawn and dawdle: add to these th who, like bad sleepers, turn from si to side, and settle themselves first one manner and then in another, un at last they find rest through sheer wea ness: in forming the habits of their li they often end by adopting some to whi they are not kept by any dislike change, but in the practice of which age, which is slow to alter, has caug them living: add also those who are no means fickle, yet who must tha their dulness, not their consistency being so, and who go on living not the way they wish, but in the way th have begun to live. There are oth special forms of this disease without nu ber, but it has but one effect, that making people dissatisfied with the selves. This arises from a distempe ture of mind and from desires whi one is afraid to express or unable fulfil, when men either dare not atten as much as they wish to do, or fail their efforts and depend entirely up hope: such people are always fickle a changeable, which is a necessary con quence of living in a state of suspens they take any way to arrive at their en and teach and force themselves to both dishonourable and difficult mea to do so, so that when their toil h been in vain they are made wretched the disgrace of failure, and do not reg

ng longed for what was wrong, but
ng longed for in vain. They then
n to feel sorry for what they have
, and afraid to begin again, and
mind falls by degrees into a state
ndless vacillation, because they can
ier command nor obey their passions,
esitation, because their life cannot
erly develop itself, and of decay,
he mind becomes stupefied by dis-
intments. All these symptoms be-
e aggravated when their dislike of a
rious misery has driven them to idle-
and to secret studies, which are
durable to a mind eager to take part
ublic affairs, desirous of action and
rally restless, because, of course, it
too few resources within itself:
n therefore it loses the amusement
h business itself affords to busy men,
nnot endure home, loneliness, or the
of a room, and regards itself with
ke when left to itself. Hence arises
weariness and dissatisfaction with
elf, that tossing to and fro of a mind
t can nowhere find rest, that unhappy
unwilling endurance of enforced
re. In all cases where one feels
med to confess the real cause of one's
ring, and where modesty leads one
rive one's sufferings inward, the de-
pent up in a little space without
vent choke one another. Hence
s melancholy and drooping of spirit,
a thousand waverings of the unstead-
mind, which is held in suspense by
lfilled hopes, and saddened by dis-
inted ones: hence comes the state
ind of those who loathe their idle-
complain that they have nothing
o, and view the progress of others
the bitterest jealousy: for an un-
y sloth favours the growth of envy,
men who cannot succeed themselves
every one else to be ruined. This
ke of other men's progress and de-
of one's own produces a mind an-
l against fortune, addicted to com-
ing of the age in which it lives,
to retiring into corners and brooding over its misery until it becomes sick and weary of itself: for the human mind is naturally nimble and apt at movement: it delights in every opportunity of excitement and forgetfulness of itself, and the worse a man's disposition the more he delights in this, because he likes to wear himself out with busy action, just as some sores long for the hands that injure them and delight in being touched, and the foul itch enjoys anything that scratches it. Similarly I assure you that these minds, over which desires have spread like evil ulcers, take pleasure in toils and troubles, for there are some things which please our body while at the same time they give it a certain amount of pain, such as turning oneself over and changing one's side before it is wearied, or cooling oneself in one position after another. It is like Homer's Achilles, lying first upon its face, then upon its back, placing itself in various attitudes, and, as sick people are wont, enduring none of them for long, and using changes as though they were remedies. Hence men undertake aimless wanderings, travel along distant shores, and at one time at sea, at another by land, try to soothe that fickleness of disposition which always is dissatisfied with the present. "Now let us make for Campania: now I am sick of rich cultivation: let us see wild regions, let us thread the passes of Bruttii and Lucania: yet amid this wilderness one wants something of beauty to relieve our pampered eyes after so long dwelling on savage wastes: let us seek Tarentum with its famous harbour, its mild winter climate, and its district, rich enough to support even the great hordes of ancient times. Let us now return to town: our ears have too long missed its shouts and noise: it would be pleasant also to enjoy the sight of human bloodshed." Thus one journey succeeds another, and one sight is changed for another. As Lucretius says:—

"Thus every mortal from himself doth
flee;"

but what does he gain by so doing if he does not escape from himself? he follows himself and weighs himself down by his own most burdensome companionship. We must understand, therefore, that what we suffer from is not the fault of the places but of ourselves: we are weak when there is anything to be endured, and cannot support either labour or pleasure, either one's own business or any one else's for long. This has driven some men to death, because by frequently altering their purpose they were always brought back to the same point, and had left themselves no room for anything new. They had become sick of life and of the world itself, and as all indulgences palled upon them they began to ask themselves the question, "How long are we to go on doing the same thing?"

You ask me what I think we had better make use of to help us to support this ennui. "The best thing," as Athenodorus says, "is to occupy oneself with business, with the management of affairs of state and the duties of a citizen: for as some pass the day in exercising themselves in the sun and in taking care of their bodily health, and athletes find it most useful to spend the greater part of their time in feeding up the muscles and strength to whose cultivation they have devoted their lives; so too for you who are training your mind to take part in the struggles of political life, it is far more honourable to be thus at work than to be idle. He whose object is to be of service to his countrymen and to all mortals, exercises himself and does good at the same time when he is engrossed in business and is working to the best of his ability both in the interests of the public and of private men. But," continues he, "because innocence is hardly safe among such furious ambitions and so many men who turn one aside from the right path, and it is always sure to meet with r hindrance than help, we ought to w draw ourselves from the forum and public life, and a great mind even private station can find room wherei expand freely. Confinement in dens strains the springs of lions and wild c tures, but this does not apply to human ings, who often effect the most impor works in retirement. Let a man, howe withdraw himself only in such a fas that wherever he spends his leisure wish may still be to benefit indivi men and mankind alike, both with intellect, his voice, and his advice. man that does good service to the s is not only he who brings forward didates for public office, defends accu persons, and gives his vote on quest of peace and war, but he who encour young men in well-doing, who supp the present dearth of good teachers instilling into their minds the princi of virtue, who seizes and holds b those who are rushing wildly in pur of riches and luxury, and, if he c nothing else, at least checks their co —such a man does service to the pu though in a private station. Which c the most good, he who decides betw foreigners and citizens (as prætor p grinus), or, as prætor urbanus, nounces sentence to the suitors in court at his assistant's dictation, or who shows them what is meant by tice, filial feeling, endurance, cour contempt of death and knowledge of gods, and how much a man is hel by a good conscience? If then you tr fer to philosophy the time which you away from the public service, you not be a deserter or have refused to form your proper task. A soldier is merely one who stands in the ranks defends the right or the left wing of army, but he also who guards the gate a service which, though less danger is no sinecure—who keeps watch, takes charge of the arsenal: though

are bloodless duties, yet they count litary service. As soon as you have ed yourself to philosophy, you will overcome all disgust at life: you ot wish for darkness because you eary of the light, nor will you be a le to yourself and useless to others: will acquire many friends, and all est men will be attracted towards for virtue, in however obscure a on, cannot be hidden, but gives of its presence: any one who is y will trace it out by its footsteps: f we give up all society, turn our upon the whole human race, and communing with ourselves alone, this de without any interesting occupa- will lead to a want of something : we shall begin to build up and to down, to dam out the sea, to cause s to flow through natural obstacles, generally to make a bad disposal of ime which Nature has given us to l: some of us use it grudgingly, s wastefully; some of us spend it at we can show a profit and loss nt, others so that they have no remaining: than which nothing e more shameful. Often a man who y old in years has nothing beyond ge by which he can prove that he ived a long time."

me, my dearest Serenus, Athenoseems to have yielded too com- y to the times, to have fled too I will not deny that sometimes nust retire, but one ought to retire , at a foot's pace, without losing ensigns or one's honour as a sol- those who make terms with arms eir hands are more respected by enemies and more safe in their . This is what I think ought to ne by virtue and by one who prac- virtue: if Fortune get the upper and deprive him of the power of , let him not straightway turn his to the enemy, throw away his arms, un away seeking for a hiding-place, as if there were any place whither Fortune could not pursue him, but let him be more sparing in his acceptance of public office, and after due deliberation discover some means by which he can be of use to the state. He is not able to serve in the army: then let him become a candidate for civic honours: must he live in a private station? then let him be an advocate: is he condemned to keep silence? then let him help his countrymen with silent counsel. Is it dangerous for him even to enter the forum? then let him prove himself a good comrade, a faithful friend, a sober guest in people's houses, at public shows, and at wine-parties. Suppose that he has lost the status of a citizen; then let him exercise that of a man: our reason for magnanimously refusing to confine ourselves within the walls of one city, for having gone forth to enjoy intercourse with all lands and for professing ourselves to be citizens of the world is that we may thus obtain a wider theatre on which to display our virtue. Is the bench of judges closed to you, are you forbidden to address the people from the hustings, or to be a candidate at elections? then turn your eyes away from Rome, and see what a wide extent of territory, what a number of nations present themselves before you. Thus, it is never possible for so many outlets to be closed against your ambition that more will not remain open to it: but see whether the whole prohibition does not arise from your own fault. You do not choose to direct the affairs of the state except as consul or prytanis or meddix or sufes: what should we say if you refused to serve in the army save as general or military tribune? Even though others may form the first line, and your lot may have placed you among the veterans of the third, do your duty there with your voice, encouragement, example, and spirit: even though a man's hands be cut off, he may find means to help his side in a battle, if he

stands his ground and cheers on his comrades. Do something of that sort yourself: if Fortune removes you from the front rank, stand your ground nevertheless and cheer on your comrades, and if somebody stops your mouth, stand nevertheless and help your side in silence. The services of a good citizen are never thrown away: he does good by being heard and seen, by his expression, his gestures, his silent determination, and his very walk. As some remedies benefit us by their smell as well as by their taste and touch, so virtue even when concealed and at a distance sheds usefulness around. Whether she moves at her ease and enjoys her just rights, or can only appear abroad on sufferance and is forced to shorten sail to the tempest, whether it be unemployed, silent, and pent up in a narrow lodging, or openly displayed, in whatever guise she may appear, she always does good. What? do you think that the example of one who can rest nobly has no value? It is by far the best plan, therefore, to mingle leisure with business, whenever impediments or the state of public affairs forbid one's leading an active life: for one is never so cut off from all pursuits as to find no room left for honourable action.

Could you anywhere find a more miserable city than that of Athens when it was being torn to pieces by the thirty tyrants? they slew thirteen hundred citizens, all the best men, and did not leave off because they had done so, but their cruelty became stimulated by exercise. In the city which possessed that most reverend tribunal, the Court of the Areopagus, which possessed a Senate, and a popular assembly which was like a Senate, there met daily a wretched crew of butchers, and the unhappy Senate House was crowded with tyrants. A state in which there were so many tyrants that they would have been enough to form a bodyguard for one, might surely have rested from the struggle; it seemed impossible for men's minds even to c ceive hopes of recovering their liber nor could they see any hope for a reme for such a mass of evil: for whence co the unhappy state obtain all the H modiuses it would need to slay so ma tyrants? Yet Socrates was in the mi of the city, and consoled its mourn Fathers, encouraged those who despai of the republic, by his reproaches brou rich men, who feared that their wea would be their ruin, to a tardy repenta of their avarice, and moved about as great example to those who wished imitate him, because he walked a f man in the midst of thirty masters. Ho ever, Athens herself put him to dea in prison, and Freedom herself could endure the freedom of one who h treated a whole band of tyrants w scorn: you may know, therefore, th even in an oppressed state a wise m can find an opportunity for bringi himself to the front, and that in a pr perous and flourishing one wanton solence, jealousy, and a thousand oth cowardly vices bear sway. We oug therefore, to expand or contract o selves according as the state presents self to us, or as Fortune offers us portunities: but in any case we ought move and not to become frozen still fear: nay, he is the best man who, thou peril menaces him on every side and ar and chains beset his path, neverthel neither impairs nor conceals his virtu for to keep oneself safe does not me to bury oneself. I think that Cur Dentatus spoke truly when he said th he would rather be dead than alive: worst evil of all is to leave the ran of the living before one dies: yet it your duty, if you happen to live in age when it is not easy to serve the sta to devote more time to leisure and literature. Thus, just as though y were making a perilous voyage, you m from time to time put into harbour, a

t yourself free from public business ithout waiting for it to do so.

We ought, however, first to examine ur own selves, next the business which e propose to transact, next those for hose sake or in whose company we ansact it.

It is above all things necessary to form true estimate of oneself, because as a ule we think that we can do more than e are able: one man is led too far rough confidence in his eloquence, an- her demands more from his estate than can produce, another burdens a weakly ody with some toilsome duty. Some en are too shamefaced for the conduct f public affairs, which require an un- lushing front: some men's obstinate ride renders them unfit for courts: some nnot control their anger, and break to unguarded language on the slightest rovocation: some cannot rein in their it or resist making risky jokes: for all ese men leisure is better than employ- ent: a bold, haughty and impatient ature ought to avoid anything that may d it to use a freedom of speech which ill bring it to ruin. Next we must form n estimate of the matter which we mean deal with, and compare our strength ith the deed we are about to attempt: r the bearer ought always to be more werful than his load: indeed, loads hich are too heavy for their bearer must f necessity crush him: some affairs also e not so important in themselves as ey are prolific and lead to much more siness, which employments, as they in- lve us in new and various forms of ork, ought to be refused. Neither should u engage in anything from which you e not free to retreat: apply yourself something which you can finish, or at y rate can hope to finish: you had tter not meddle with those operations hich grow in importance, while they are ing transacted, and which will not stop here you intended them to stop.

In all cases one should be careful in one's choice of men, and see whether they be worthy of our bestowing a part of our life upon them, or whether we shall waste our own time and theirs also: for some even consider us to be in their debt because of our services to them. Athenodorus said that "he would not so much as dine with a man who would not be grateful to him for doing so:" meaning, I imagine, that much less would he go to dinner with those who recompense the services of their friends by their table, and regard courses of dishes as donatives, as if they over-ate themselves to do honour to others. Take away from these men their witnesses and spectators: they will take no pleasure in solitary gluttony. You must decide whether your disposition is better suited for vigorous action or for tranquil speculation and contemplation, and you must adopt whichever the bent of your genius inclines you for. Isocrates laid hands upon Ephorus and led him away from the forum, thinking that he would be more usefully employed in compiling chronicles; for no good is done by forcing one's mind to engage in uncongenial work: it is vain to struggle against Nature. Yet nothing delights the mind so much as faithful and pleasant friendship: what a blessing it is when there is one whose breast is ready to receive all your secrets with safety, whose knowledge of your actions you fear less than your own conscience, whose conversation removes your own anxieties, whose advice assists your plans, whose cheerfulness dispels your gloom, whose very sight delights you! We should choose for our friends men who are, as far as possible, free from strong desires: for vices are contagious, and pass from a man to his neighbour, and injure those who touch them. As, therefore, in times of pestilence we have to be careful not to sit near people who are infected and in whom the disease is raging, because by so doing, we shall run into danger and catch the plague

from their very breath; so, too, in choosing our friends' dispositions, we must take care to select those who are as far as may be unspotted by the world; for the way to breed disease is to mix what is sound with what is rotten. Yet I do not advise you to follow after or draw to yourself no one except a wise man: for where will you find him whom for so many centuries we have sought in vain? in the place of the best possible man take him who is least bad. You would hardly find any time that would have enabled you to make a happier choice than if you could have sought for a good man from among the Platos and Xenophons and the rest of the produce of the brood of Socrates, or if you had been permitted to choose one from the age of Cato: an age which bore many men worthy to be born in Cato's time (just as it also bore many men worse than were ever known before, planners of the blackest crimes: for it needed both classes in order to make Cato understood: it wanted both good men, that he might win their approbation, and bad men, against whom he could prove his strength): but at the present day, when there is such a dearth of good men, you must be less squeamish in your choice. Above all, however, avoid dismal men who grumble at whatever happens, and find something to complain of in everything. Though he may continue loyal and friendly towards you, still one's peace of mind is destroyed by a comrade whose mind is soured and who meets every incident with a groan.

Let us now pass on to the consideration of property, that most fertile source of human sorrows: for if you compare all the other ills from which we suffer—deaths, sicknesses, fears, regrets, endurance of pains and labours—with those miseries which our money inflicts upon us, the latter will far outweigh all the others. Reflect, then, how much less a grief it is never to have had any money than to have lost it: we shall thus und stand that the less poverty has to lo the less torment it has with which afflict us: for you are mistaken if y suppose that the rich bear their loss with greater spirit than the poor: a wou causes the same amount of pain to t greatest and the smallest body. It w a neat saying of Bion's, "that it hu bald men as much as hairy men to ha their hairs pulled out:" you may be sured that the same thing is true of ri and poor people, that their suffering equal: for their money clings to bo classes, and cannot be torn away witho their feeling it: yet it is more endurab as I have said, and easier not to ga property than to lose it, and therefo you will find that those upon whom F tune has never smiled are more cheer than those whom she has deserted. D genes, a man of infinite spirit, perceiv this, and made it impossible that ar thing should be taken from him. Call t security from loss, poverty, want, nec sity, or any contemptuous name y please: I shall consider such a man to happy, unless you find me another w can lose nothing. If I am not mistak it is a royal attribute among so many m ers, sharpers, and robbers, to be the o man who cannot be injured. If any o doubts the happiness of Diogenes, would doubt whether the position of immortal gods was one of sufficient hap ness, because they have no farms or g dens, no valuable estates let to strai tenants, and no large loans in the mor market. Are you not ashamed of yo self, you who gaze upon riches with tonished admiration? Look upon the u verse: you will see the gods quite b of property, and possessing noth though they give everything. Do y think that this man who has strip himself of all fortuitous accessories i pauper, or one like to the immortal go Do you call Demetrius, Pompeius's fre

an, a happier man, he who was not named to be richer than Pompeius, who is daily furnished with a list of the mber of his slaves, as a general is with at of his army, though he had long served that all his riches should con- t of a pair of underlings, and a roomier ll than the other slaves? But Dio- nes's only slave ran away from him, d when he was pointed out to Diogenes, did not think him worth fetching back. t is a shame," he said, "that Manes ould be able to live without Diogenes, d that Diogenes should not be able to e without Manes." He seems to me have said, "Fortune, mind your own siness: Diogenes has nothing left that longs to you. Did my slave run away? y, he went away from me as a free an." A household of slaves requires od and clothing: the bellies of so many ngry creatures have to be filled: we ust buy raiment for them, we must atch their most thievish hands, and we ust make use of the services of people no weep and execrate us. How far ppier is he who is indebted to no man r anything except for what he can prive himself of with the greatest ease! nce we, however, have not such strength mind as this, we ought at any rate diminish the extent of our property, order to be less exposed to the as- ults of fortune: those men whose bodies n be within the shelter of their armour, e more fitted for war than those whose ge size everywhere extends beyond and exposes them to wounds: the st amount of property to have is that nich is enough to keep us from poverty, d which is yet not far removed from it. We shall be pleased with this measure wealth if we have previously taken easure in thrift, without which no hes are sufficient, and with which none e insufficient, especially as the remedy always at hand, and poverty itself by lling in the aid of thrift can convert elf into riches. Let us accustom ourselves to set aside mere outward show, and to measure things by their uses, not by their ornamental trappings: let our hunger be tamed by food, our thirst quenched by drinking, our lust confined within needful bounds; let us learn to use our limbs, and to arrange our dress and way of life according to what was approved of by our ancestors, not in imitation of new-fangled models: let us learn to increase our continence, to repress luxury, to set bounds to our pride, to assuage our anger, to look upon poverty without prejudice, to practise thrift, albeit many are ashamed to do so, to apply cheap remedies to the wants of nature, to keep all undisciplined hopes and aspirations as it were under lock and key, and to make it our business to get our riches from ourselves and not from Fortune. We never can so thoroughly defeat the vast diversity and malignity of misfortune with which we are threatened as not to feel the weight of many gusts if we offer a large spread of canvas to the wind: we must draw our affairs into a small compass, to make the darts of Fortune of no avail. For this reason, sometimes slight mishaps have turned into remedies, and more serious disorders have been healed by slighter ones. When the mind pays no attention to good advice, and cannot be brought to its senses by milder measures, why should we not think that its interests are being served by poverty, disgrace, or financial ruin being applied to it? one evil is balanced by another. Let us then teach ourselves to be able to dine without all Rome to look on, to be the slaves of fewer slaves, to get clothes which fulfil their original purpose, and to live in a smaller house. The inner curve is the one to take, not only in running races and in the contests of the circus, but also in the race of life; even literary pursuits, the most becoming thing for a gentleman to spend money upon, are only justifiable as long as they are kept within bounds. What is the

use of possessing numberless books and libraries, whose titles their owner can hardly read through in a lifetime? A student is overwhelmed by such a mass, not instructed, and it is much better to devote yourself to a few writers than to skim through many. Forty thousand books were burned at Alexandria: some would have praised this library as a most noble memorial of royal wealth, like Titus Livius, who says that it was "a splendid result of the taste and attentive care of the kings." It had nothing to do with taste or care, but was a piece of learned luxury, nay, not even learned, since they amassed it, not for the sake of learning, but to make a show, like many men who know less about letters than a slave is expected to know, and who uses his books not to help him in his studies but to ornament his dining-room. Let a man, then, obtain as many books as he wants, but none for show. "It is more respectable," say you, "to spend one's money on such books than on vases of Corinthian brass and paintings." Not so: everything that is carried to excess is wrong. What excuses can you find for a man who is eager to buy bookcases of ivory and citrus wood, to collect the works of unknown or discredited authors, and who sits yawning amid so many thousands of books, whose backs and titles please him more than any other part of them? Thus in the houses of the laziest of men you will see the works of all the orators and historians stacked upon book-shelves reaching right up to the ceiling. At the present day a library has become as necessary an appendage to a house as a hot and cold bath. I would excuse them straightway if they really were carried away by an excessive zeal for literature; but as it is, these costly works of sacred genius, with all the illustrations that adorn them, are merely bought for display and to serve as wall-furniture.

Suppose, however, that your life has become full of trouble, and that with knowing what you were doing you h fallen into some snare which either pul or private Fortune has set for you, that you can neither untie it nor br it: then remember that fettered men fer much at first from the burdens clogs upon their legs: afterwards, w they have made up their minds not fret themselves about them, but to end them, necessity teaches them to bear th bravely, and habit to bear them eas In every station of life you will amusements, relaxations, and enjoymen that is, provided you be willing to m light of evils rather than to hate th Knowing to what sorrows we were bo there is nothing for which Nature m deserves our thanks than for hav invented habit as an alleviation of fortune, which soon accustoms us to severest evils. No one could hold against misfortune if it permanently ercised the same force as at its first set. We are all chained to Fortu some men's chain is loose and made gold, that of others is tight and of mea metal: but what difference does make? we are all included in the sa captivity, and even those who have bo us are bound themselves, unless you th that a chain on the left side is ligh to bear: one man may be bound by p lic office, another by wealth: some h to bear the weight of illustrious, s of humble birth: some are subject to commands of others, some only to t own: some are kept in one place by be banished thither, others by being elec to the priesthood. All life is slave let each man therefore reconcile him to his lot, complain of it as little possible, and lay hold of whatever g lies within his reach. No condition be so wretched that an impartial m can find no compensation in it. Si sites, if ingeniously divided, may be m use of for many different purposes, arrangement will render ever so nar

room habitable. Call good sense to ır aid against difficulties: it is possi- to soften what is harsh, to widen at is too narrow, and to make heavy rdens press less severely upon one who rs them skilfully. Moreover, we ought to allow our desires to wander far eld, but we must make them confine mselves to our immediate neighbour- od, since they will not endure to be ogether locked up. We must leave ne things which either cannot come to s or can only be effected with diffi- ty, and follow after such things as near at hand and within reach of our oes, always remembering that all things equally unimportant, and that though y have a different outward appear- e, they are all alike empty within. ither let us envy those who are in h places: the heights which look lofty us are steep and rugged. Again, those om unkind fate has placed in critical ıations will be safer if they show as le pride in their proud position as y be, and do all they are able to bring vn their fortunes to the level of other n's. There are many who must needs ıg to their high pinnacle of power, ause they cannot descend from it save falling headlong: yet they assure us t their greatest burden is being obliged be burdensome to others, and that y are nailed to their lofty post rather n raised to it: let them then, by dis- sing justice, clemency, and kindness h an open and liberal hand, provide mselves with assistance to break their , and looking forward to this maintain r position more hopefully. Yet noth- sets us free from these alternations ıope and fear so well as always fixing ıe limit to our successes, and not wing Fortune to choose when to stop career, but to halt of our own accord before we apparently need do so. acting thus certain desires will rouse our spirits, and yet being confined within bounds, will not lead us to em- bark on vast and vague enterprises.

These remarks of mine apply only to imperfect, commonplace, and unsound natures, not to the wise man, who needs not to walk with timid and cautious gait: for he has such confidence in him- self that he does not hesitate to go di- rectly in the teeth of Fortune, and never will give way to her. Nor indeed has he any reason for fearing her, for he counts not only chattels, property, and high office, but even his body, his eyes, his hands, and everything whose use makes life dearer to us, nay, even his very self, to be things whose possession is uncertain; he lives as though he had borrowed them, and is ready to return them cheerfully whenever they are claimed. Yet he does not hold himself cheap, because he knows that he is not his own, but performs all his duties as carefully and prudently as a pious and scrupulous man would take care of prop- erty left in his charge as trustee. When he is bidden to give them up, he will not complain of Fortune, but will say, "I thank you for what I have had possession of: I have managed your property so as largely to increase it, but since you order me, I give it back to you and return it willingly and thankfully. If you still wish me to own anything of yours, I will keep it for you: if you have other views, I restore into your hands and make resti- tution of all my wrought and coined sil- ver, my house and my household. Should Nature recall what she previously en- trusted us with, let us say to her also: 'Take back my spirit, which is better than when you gave it me: I do not shuffle or hang back. Of my own free will I am ready to return what you gave me before I could think: take me away.' " What hardship can there be in returning to the place from whence one came? a man cannot live well if he knows not how to die well. We must, therefore, take away from this commodity its origi-

nal value, and count the breath of life as a cheap matter. "We dislike gladiators," says Cicero, "if they are eager to save their lives by any means whatever: but we look favourably upon them if they are openly reckless of them." You may be sure that the same thing occurs with us: we often die because we are afraid of death. Fortune, which regards our lives as a show in the arena for her own enjoyment, says, "Why should I spare you, base and cowardly creature that you are? you will be pierced and hacked with all the more wounds because you know not how to offer your throat to the knife: whereas you, who receive the stroke without drawing away your neck or putting up your hands to stop it, shall both live longer and die more quickly." He who fears death will never act as becomes a living man: but he who knows that this fate was laid upon him as soon as he was conceived will live according to it, and by this strength of mind will gain this further advantage, that nothing can befall him unexpectedly: for by looking forward to everything which can happen as though it would happen to him, he takes the sting out of all evils, which can make no difference to those who expect it and are prepared to meet it: evil only comes hard upon those who have lived without giving it a thought and whose attention has been exclusively directed to happiness. Disease, captivity, disaster, conflagration, are none of them unexpected: I always knew with what disorderly company Nature had associated me. The dead have often been wailed for in my neighbourhood: the torch and taper have often been borne past my door before the bier of one who has died before his time: the crash of falling buildings has often resounded by my side: night has snatched away many of those with whom I have become intimate in the forum, the Senate-house, and in society, and has sundered the hands which were joined in friendship: ought I to be surprised if the dangers which have alv been circling round me at last assail How large a part of mankind never th of storms when about to set sail? I s never be ashamed to quote a good sa because it comes from a bad aut Publilius, who was a more powe writer than any of our other playwrig whether comic or tragic, whenever chose to rise above farcical absurd and speeches addressed to the gall among many other verses too noble e for tragedy, let alone for comedy, this one:—

"What one hath suffered may befal all."

.. a man takes this into his inmost h and looks upon all the misfortunes other men, of which there is alway great plenty, in this spirit, remembe that there is nothing to prevent t coming upon him also, he will arm h self against them long before they att him. It is too late to school the m to endurance of peril after peril has co "I did not think this would happ and "Would you ever have believed this would have happened?" say y But why should it not? Where are riches after which want, hunger, beggary do not follow? what office there whose purple robe, augur's s and patrician reins have not as t accompaniment rags and banishment, brand of infamy, a thousand disgra and utter reprobation? what kingdon there for which ruin, trampling un foot, a tyrant and a butcher are not re at hand? nor are these matters div by long periods of time, but there is the space of an hour between sitting the throne ourselves and clasping knees of some one else as suppliа Know then that every station of lif transitory, and that what has ever h pened to anybody may happen to also. You are wealthy: are you wealt

n Pompeius? Yet when Gaius, his relative and new host, opened Cæsar's ıse to him in order that he might close own, he lacked both bread and water: ugh he owned so many rivers which h rose and discharged themselves with- his dominions, yet he had to beg for ps of water: he perished of hunger l thirst in the palace of his relative, ile his heir was contracting for a public eral for one who was in want of food. u have filled public offices: were they ıer as important, as unlooked for, or ll-embracing as those of Sejanus? Yet the day on which the Senate disgraced ı, the people tore him to pieces: the cutioner could find no part left large ugh to drag to the Tiber, of one upon om gods and men had showered all t could be given to man. You are ing: I will not bid you go to Crœsus an example, he who while yet alive his funeral pile both lighted and ex- guished, being made to outlive not y his kingdom but even his own death, to Jugurtha, whom the people of me beheld as a captive within the year which they had feared him. We have ı Ptolemæus King of Africa, and hridates King of Armenia, under the rge of Gaius's guards: the former was t into exile, the latter chose it in order make his exile more honourable. ong such continual topsy-turvy nges, unless you expect that whatever happen will happen to you, you give ersity power against you, a power ch can be destroyed by any one who ks at it beforehand.

The next point to these will be to take e that we do not labour for what is ı, or labour in vain: that is to say, her to desire what we are not able to ain, nor yet, having obtained our de- too late and after much toil to dis- er the folly of our wishes: in other ds, that our labour may not be with- result, and that the result may not unworthy of our labour: for as a rule sadness arises from one of these two things, either from want of success or from being ashamed of having succeeded. We must limit the running to and fro which most men practise, rambling about houses, theatres, and market-places. They mind other men's business, and always seem as though they themselves had something to do. If you ask one of them as he comes out of his own door, "Whither are you going?" he will answer, "By Hercules, I do not know: but I shall see some people and do something." They wander purposelessly seeking for something to do, and do, not what they have made up their minds to do, but what has casually fallen in their way. They move uselessly and without any plan, just like ants crawling over bushes, which creep up to the top and then down to the bottom again without gaining anything. Many men spend their lives in exactly the same fashion, which one may call a state of restless indolence. You would pity some of them when you see them running as if their house was on fire: They actually jostle all whom they meet, and hurry along themselves and others with them, though all the while they are going to salute some one who will not return their greeting, or to attend the funeral of some one whom they did not know: they are going to hear the verdict on one who often goes to law, or to see the wedding of one who often gets married: they will follow a man's litter, and in some places will even carry it: afterwards returning home weary with idleness, they swear that they themselves do not know why they went out, or where they have been, and on the following day they will wander through the same round again. Let all your work, therefore, have some purpose, and keep some object in view: these restless people are not made restless by labour, but are driven out of their minds by mistaken ideas: for even they do not put themselves in motion without any hope: they are excited by

the outward appearance of something, and their crazy mind cannot see its futility. In the same way every one of those who walk out to swell the crowd in the streets, is led round the city by worthless and empty reasons; the dawn drives him forth, although he has nothing to do, and after he has pushed his way into many men's doors, and saluted their nomenclators one after the other, and been turned away from many others, he finds that the most difficult person of all to find at home is himself. From this evil habit comes that worst of all vices, talebearing and prying into public and private secrets, and the knowledge of many things which it is neither safe to tell nor safe to listen to.

It was, I imagine, following out this principle that Democritus taught that "he who would live at peace must not do much business either public or private," referring of course to unnecessary business: for if there be any necessity for it we ought to transact not only much but endless business, both public and private; in cases, however, where no solemn duty invites us to act, we had better keep ourselves quiet: for he who does many things often puts himself in Fortune's power, and it is safest not to tempt her often, but always to remember her existence, and never to promise oneself anything on her security. I will set sail unless anything happens to prevent me, I shall be prætor if nothing hinders me, my financial operations will succeed unless anything goes wrong with them. This is why we say that nothing befalls the wise man which he did not expect—we do not make him exempt from the chances of human life, but from its mistakes, nor does everything happen to him as he wished it would, but as he thought it would: now his first thought was that his purpose might meet with some resistance, and the pain of disappointed wishes must affect a man's mind less severely if he has not been at all events confident of success.

Moreover, we ought to cultivate easy temper, and not become over of the lot which fate has assigned to but transfer ourselves to whatever o condition chance may lead us to, and no alteration either in our purposes or position in life, provided that we do become subject to caprice, which of vices is the most hostile to repose: obstinacy, from which Fortune o wrings some concession, must needs anxious and unhappy, but caprice, w can never restrain itself, must be r so. Both of these qualities, both tha altering nothing, and that of being satisfied with everything, are enemie repose. The mind ought in all case be called away from the contempla of external things to that of itself: le confide in itself, rejoice in itself, adr its own works; avoid as far as may those of others, and devote itself to its let it not feel losses, and put a good struction even upon misfortunes. Z the chief of our school, when he heard news of a shipwreck, in which all property had been lost, remarked, "I tune bids me follow philosophy in lig marching order." A tyrant threate Theodorus with death, and even want of burial. "You are able to pl yourself," he answered, "my half pin blood is in your power: for, as for bu what a fool you must be if you supp that I care whether I rot above gro or under it." Julius Kanus, a man peculiar greatness, whom even the fac his having been born in this century not prevent our admiring, had a dispute with Gaius, and when as he going away that Phalaris of a man to him, "That you may not delude y self with any foolish hopes, I have ord you to be executed," he answered, thank you, most excellent prince." I not sure what he meant: for many w of explaining his conduct occur to Did he wish to be reproachful, and show him how great his cruelty must

ath became a kindness? or did he up-aid him with his accustomed insanity? r even those whose children were put to ath, and whose goods were confiscated, ed to thank him: or was it that he illingly received death, regarding it as eedom? Whatever he meant, it was a agnanimous answer. Some one may y, "After this Gaius might have let him ve." Kanus had no fear of this: the od faith with which Gaius carried out ch orders as these was well known. Will u believe that he passed the ten inter-ning days before his execution without e slightest despondency? it is marvel-us how that man spoke and acted, and w peaceful he was. He was playing at aughts when the centurion in charge of number of those who were going to be ecuted bade him join them: on the mmons he counted his men and said to s companion, "Mind you do not tell a after my death, and say that you on;" then, turning to the centurion, he id, "You will bear me witness that I one man ahead of him." Do you ink that Kanus played upon that aught-board? nay, he played with it. is friends were sad at being about to se so great a man: "Why," asked he, re you sorrowful? you are enquiring ether our souls are immortal, but I all presently know." Nor did he up to e very end cease his search after truth, d raised arguments upon the subject his own death. His own teacher of ilosophy accompanied him, and they ere not far from the hill on which the ily sacrifice to Cæsar our god was fered, when he said, "What are you inking of now, Kanus, or what are your eas?" "I have decided," answered anus, "at that most swiftly-passing oment of all to watch whether the spirit ll be conscious of the act of leaving the dy." He promised, too, that if he made y discoveries, he would come round to s friends and tell them what the condi-n of the souls of the departed might be. Here was peace in the very midst of the storm: here was a soul worthy of eternal life, which used its own fate as a proof of truth, which when at the last step of life experimented upon his fleeting breath, and did not merely continue to learn until he died, but learned something even from death itself. No man has carried the life of a philosopher further. I will not hastily leave the subject of a great man, and one who deserves to be spoken of with respect: I will hand thee down to all posterity, chief among the many victims of Gaius.

Yet we gain nothing by getting rid of all personal causes of sadness, for sometimes we are possessed by hatred of the human race. When you reflect how rare simplicity is, how unknown innocence, how seldom faith is kept, unless it be to our advantage, when you remember such numbers of successful crimes, so many equally hateful losses and gains of lust, and ambition so impatient even of its own natural limits that it is willing to purchase distinction by baseness, the mind seems as it were cast into darkness, and shadows rise before it as though the virtues were all overthrown and we were no longer allowed to hope to possess them or benefited by their possession. We ought therefore to bring ourselves into such a state of mind that all the vices of the vulgar may not appear hateful to us, but merely ridiculous, and we should imitate Democritus rather than Heraclitus. The latter of these, whenever he appeared in public, used to weep, the former to laugh: the one thought all human doings to be follies, the other thought them to be miseries. We must take a higher view of all things, and bear with them more easily: it better becomes a man to scoff at life than to lament over it. Add to this that he who laughs at the human race deserves better of it than he who mourns for it, for the former leaves it some good hopes of improvement, while the latter stupidly weeps over

what he has given up all hopes of mending. He who after surveying the universe cannot control his laughter shows, too, a greater mind than he who cannot restrain his tears, because his mind is only affected in the slightest possible degree, and he does not think that any part of all this apparatus is either important, or serious, or unhappy. As for the several causes which render us happy or sorrowful, let every one describe them for himself, and learn the truth of Bion's saying, "That all the doings of men were very like what he began with, and that there is nothing in their lives which is more holy or decent than their conception." Yet it is better to accept public morals and human vices calmly without bursting into either laughter or tears; for to be hurt by the sufferings of others is to be for ever miserable, while to enjoy the sufferings of others is an inhuman pleasure, just as it is a useless piece of humanity to weep and pull a long face because some one is burying his son. In one's own misfortunes, also, one ought so to conduct oneself as to bestow upon them just as much sorrow as reason, not as much as custom requires: for many shed tears in order to show them, and whenever no one is looking at them their eyes are dry, but they think it disgraceful not to weep when every one does so. So deeply has this evil of being guided by the opinion of others taken root in us, that even grief, the simplest of all emotions, begins to be counterfeited.

There comes now a part of our subject which is wont with good cause to make one sad and anxious: I mean when good men come to bad ends; when Socrates is forced to die in prison, Rutilius to live in exile, Pompeius and Cicero to offer their necks to the swords of their own followers, when the great Cato, that living image of virtue, falls upon his sword and rips up both himself and the republic, one cannot help being grieved that Fortune should bestow her gifts so unjustly: what, too, can a good man hope to obtain when sees the best of men meeting with worst fates. Well, but see how each them endured his fate, and if they dured it bravely, long in your heart courage as great as theirs; if they die a womanish and cowardly manner, n ing was lost: either they deserved t you should admire their courage, or they did not deserve that you should w to imitate their cowardice: for what be more shameful than that the grea men should die so bravely as to m people cowards. Let us praise one deserves such constant praises, and "The braver you are the happier are! You have escaped from all a dents, jealousies, diseases; you h escaped from prison: the gods have thought you worthy of ill-fortune, have thought that fortune no longer served to have any power over yo but when one shrinks back in the hou death and looks longingly at life, we m lay hands upon him. I will never w for a man who dies cheerfully, nor one who dies weeping: the former wi away my tears, the latter by his te makes himself unworthy that any sho be shed for him. Shall I weep for H cules because he was burned alive, for Regulus because he was pierced by many nails, or for Cato because he opens his wounds a second time? these men discovered how at the cost a small portion of time they might obt immortality, and by their deaths gai eternal life.

It also proves a fertile source of troul if you take pains to conceal your feeli and never show yourself to any one disguised, but, as many men do, live artificial life, in order to impose u others: for the constant watching of h self becomes a torment to a man, and dreads being caught doing something variance with his usual habits, and, deed, we never can be at our ease if imagine that every one who looks at

weighing our real value: for many ings occur which strip people of their sguise, however reluctantly they may rt with it, and even if all this trouble out oneself is successful, still life is ither happy nor safe when one always s to wear a mask. But what pleasure ere is in that honest straightforward- ss which is its own ornament, and which nceals no part of its character! Yet en this life, which hides nothing from y one, runs some risk of being despised; r there are people who disdain whatever ey come close to: but there is no danger virtue's becoming contemptible when e is brought near our eyes, for it is tter to be scorned for one's simplicity an to bear the burden of unceasing pocrisy. Still, we must observe moder- ion in this matter, for there is a great ference between living simply and living venly. Moreover, we ought to retire a eat deal into ourselves: for association th persons unlike ourselves upsets all at we had arranged, rouses the passions ich were at rest, and rubs into a sore y weak or imperfectly healed place in r minds. Nevertheless we ought to mix these two things, and to pass our lives ternately in solitude and among throngs people; for the former will make us ng for the society of mankind, the latter r that of ourselves, and the one will unteract the other: solitude will cure us nen we are sick of crowds, and crowds ll cure us when we are sick of solitude. either ought we always to keep the nd strained to the same pitch, but it ght sometimes to be relaxed by amuse- ent. Socrates did not blush to play th little boys, Cato used to refresh his nd with wine after he had wearied it th application to affairs of state, and ipio would move his triumphal and sol- erly limbs to the sound of music, not th a feeble and halting gait, as is the shion now-a-days, when we sway in our ry walk with more than womanly weak- ss, but dancing as men were wont in the days of old on sportive and festal occasions, with manly bounds, thinking it no harm to be seen so doing even by their enemies. Men's minds ought to have relaxation: they rise up better and more vigorous after rest. We must not force crops from rich fields, for an unbroken course of heavy crops will soon exhaust their fertility, and so also the liveliness of our minds will be destroyed by unceasing labour, but they will recover their strength after a short period of rest and relief: for continuous toil produces a sort of numbness and sluggishness. Men would not be so eager for this, if play and amusement did not possess natural attractions for them, although constant indulgence in them takes away all gravity and all strength from the mind: for sleep, also, is necessary for our refreshment, yet if you prolong it for days and nights together it will become death. There is a great difference between slackening your hold of a thing and letting it go. The founders of our laws appointed festivals, in order that men might be publicly encouraged to be cheerful, and they thought it necessary to vary our labours with amusements, and, as I said before, some great men have been wont to give themselves a certain number of holidays in every month, and some divide every day into play-time and work-time. Thus, I remember that great orator Asinius Pollio would not attend to any business after the tenth hour: he would not even read letters after that time for fear some new trouble should arise, but in those two hours used to get rid of the weariness which he had contracted during the whole day. Some rest in the middle of the day, and reserve some light occupation for the afternoon. Our ancestors, too, forbade any new motion to be made in the Senate after the tenth hour. Soldiers divide their watches, and those who have just returned from active service are allowed to sleep the whole night undisturbed. We must humour our minds and grant them

rest from time to time, which acts upon them like food, and restores their strength. It does good also to take walks out of doors, that our spirits may be raised and refreshed by the open air and fresh breeze: sometimes we gain strength by driving in a carriage, by travel, by change of air, or by social meals and a more generous allowance of wine: at times we ought to drink even to intoxication, not so as to drown, but merely to dip ourselves in wine: for wine washes away troubles and dislodges them from the depths of the mind, and acts as a remedy to sorrow as it does to some diseases. The inventor of wine is called Liber, not from the license which he gives to our tongues, but because he liberates the mind from the bondage of cares, and emancipates it, animates it, and renders it more daring in all that it attempts. Yet moderation is wholesome both in freedom and in wine. It is believed that Solon and Arcesilaus used to drink deep. Cato is reproached with drunkenness: but whoever casts this in his teeth will find it easier to turn this reproach into a commendation than to prove that Cato did anything wrong: however, we ought not to do it often, for fear the mind should contract evil habits, though it ought sometimes to be forced into frolic and frankness, and to cast off dull sobriety for a while. If we believe the Greek poet, "it is sometimes pleasant to be mad:" again, Plato always knocked in vain at the door of poetry when he was sober; or, if we trust Aristotle, no great genius has ever been without a touch of insanity. The mind cannot use lofty language, above that of the common herd, unless it be excited. When it has spurned aside the commonplace environments of custom, and rises sublime, instinct with sacred fire, then alone can it chant a song too grand for mortal lips: as long as it continues to dwell within itself it cannot rise to any pitch of splendour: it must break away from the beaten track, and lash itself to frenzy, till it gnaws the cu and rushes away bearing up its rider heights whither it would fear to cli when alone.

I have now, my beloved Serenus, giv you an account of what things can p serve peace of mind, what things can store it to us, what can arrest the vi which secretly undermine it: yet be sured, that none of these is strong enou to enable us to retain so fleeting a ble ing, unless we watch over our vacillati mind with intense and unremitting ca

—Aubrey Stewart

The Freedom of the Wise Man

PERSIUS

[From *Satires* V]

Aulus Persius Flaccus was born in at Volaterræ in Etruria and died in From the time of Lucilius on philosop cal topics had been fit themes for sati The six satires of Persius are merely l tures in satiric form on certain doctri of Stoicism. Their moral earnestn foreshadows Juvenal, while their phra ology and general method are reminisc of Horace.

In the following passage Persius arg that the state has not the power, with its despotism, to destroy or bestow fr dom. Freedom is a thing of the spi not of political circumstance.

Countless the various species of m kind,
Countless the shades which separate m from mind;
No general object of desire is known;
Each has his will, and each pursues own;
With Latian wares, one roams the East main,
To purchase spice, and cummin's blan ing grain;
Another, gorged with dainties, swil with wine,

ttens in sloth, and snores out life, supine;
is loves the Campus; that, destructive play;
d those in wanton dalliance melt away:—
t when the knotty gout their strength has broke,
d their dry joints crack like some withered oak,
en they look back, confounded and aghast,
the gross days in fogs and vapours past;
ith late regret the waste of life deplore,
purpose gained, and time, alas! no more.
But you, my friend, whom nobler views delight,
pallid vigils give the studious night;
eanse youthful breasts from every noxious weed,
d sow the tilth with Cleanthean seed.
ere seek, ye young, ye old, secure to find
at certain end which stays the wavering mind;
ores, which endure, when other means decay,
rough life's last stage, a sad and cheerless way.
"Right; and to-morrow this shall be our care."
as! to-morrow, like to-day, will fare.
"What! is one day, forsooth, so great a boon?"
t when it comes (and come it will too soon),
flect, that yesterday's to-morrow's o'er.—
us "one to-morrow! one to-morrow! more,"
ve seen long years before them fade away;
d still appear no nearer than to-day!
while the wheels on different axles roll,
vain (though governed by the self-same pole)
The hindmost to o'ertake the foremost tries:
Fast as the one pursues the other flies!
Freedom, in truth, it steads us much to have:
Not that by which each manumitted slave,
Each Publius, with his tally, may obtain
A casual dole of coarse and damaged grain.
—O souls! involved in Error's thickest shade,
Who think a Roman with one turn is made!
Look on this paltry groom, this Dama here,
Who at three farthings would be prized too dear;
This blear-eyed scoundrel, who your husks would steal,
And outface truth to hide the starving meal;
Yet—let his master twirl this knave about,
And Marcus Dama in a trice steps out!
Amazing! Marcus surety?—yet distrust!
Marcus your judge?—yet fear a doom unjust!
Marcus avouch it?—then the fact is clear.
The writings!—set your hand, good Marcus, here.
This is mere liberty—a name alone:
Yet this is all the cap can make your own.
"Sure, there's no other. All mankind agree
That those who live without control are free:
I live without control; and therefore hold
Myself more free than Brutus was of old."
Absurdly put; a Stoic cries, whose ear,
Rinsed with sharp vinegar, is quick to hear:
True;—all who live without control are free;
But that you live so, I can ne'er agree.
"No? From the Prætor's wand when I withdrew,
Lord of myself, why, might I not pursue

My pleasure unrestrained, respect still had
To what the rubric of the law forbad?"
Listen—but first your brows from anger clear,
And bid your nose dismiss that rising sneer;
Listen while I the genuine truth impart,
And root those old wives' fables from your heart.
It was not, is not the "Prætor's wand,"
To gift a fool with power, to understand
The nicer shades of duty, and educe,
From short and rapid life, its end and use;
The laboring hind shall sooner seize the quill,
And strike the lyre with all a master's skill.
Reason condemns the thought, with mien severe,
And drops this maxim in the secret ear,
"Forbear to venture, with preposterous toil,
On what, in venturing, you are sure to spoil."
In this plain sense of what is just and right
The laws of nature and of man unite;
That Inexperience should some caution show,
And spare to reach at what she does not know.
Prescribe you hellebore! without the skill
To weigh the ingredients, or compound the pill?—
Physic, alarmed, the rash attempt withstands,
And wrests the dangerous mixture from your hands.
Should the rude clown, skilled in no star to guide
His dubious course, rush on the trackless tide,
Would not Palemon at the fact exclaim,
And swear the world had lost all sense of shame!

Say, is it yours, by wisdom's stea rays,
To walk secure through life's entang maze?
Yours to discern the specious from true,
And where the gilt conceals the br from view?
Speak, can you mark, with some app priate sign,
What to pursue, and what, in turn, cline?
Does moderation all your wishes guid
And temperance at your cheerful bo preside?
Do friends your love experience? are y stores
Now dealt with closed and now with o doors,
As fit occasion calls? Can you restrai
The eager appetite of sordid gain?
Nor feel, when in the mire a doit note,
Mercurial spittle gurgle in your throat
If you can say, and truly, "These mine,
And This I can:" suffice it. I decline
All farther question; you are wise free,
No less by Jove's than by the law's cree.
But if, good Marcus, you who forn so late
One of our batch, of our enslaved esta
Beneath a specious outside, still retai
The foul contagion of your ancient stra
If the sly fox still burrow in some pa
Some secret corner, of your tainted hea
I straight retract the freedom which gave,
And hold your Dama still, and stil slave!
Reason concedes you nothing. Let try.
Thrust forth you're finger. "See." heavens, awry!
Yet what so trifling?—But, though alt smoke,

hough clouds of incense every god invoke,
n vain you sue, one drachm of Right to find,
ne scruple, lurking in the foolish mind.
lature abhors the mixture; the rude clown
s well may lay his spade and mattock down,
nd with light foot and agile limbs prepare
o dance three steps with soft Bathyllus' air!
"Still I am free." You! subject to the sway
f countless masters, Free! What *datum*, pray,
upports your claim? Is there no other yoke
han that which, from your neck, the Prætor broke!
Go, bear these scrapers to the bath with speed;
Vhat! loitering, knave?"—Here's servitude indeed!
et you unmoved the angry sounds would hear;
ou own no duty, and can know no fear.
ut if within you feel the strong control—
f stormy passions lord it o'er your soul,
re you more free than he whom threatenings urge
o bear the strigils and escape the scourge?
'Tis morn; yet sunk in sloth you snoring lie.
Up! up!" cries Avarice, "and to business hie;
lay, stir." I will not. Still she presses, "Rise!"
can not. "But you must and shall," she cries.
nd to what purpose? "This a question! Go,
ear fish to Pontus, and bring wines from Co;
ring ebon, flax, whate'er the East supplies,
Musk for perfumes, and gums for sacrifice:
Prevent the mart, and the first pepper take
From the tired camel ere his thirst he slake.
Traffic forswear, if interest intervene"—
But Jove will overhear me.—"Hold, my spleen!
O dolt; but, mark—that thumb will bore and bore
The empty salt (scraped to the quick before)
For one poor grain, a vapid meal to mend,
If you aspire to thrive with Jove your friend!"
You rouse (for who can truths like these withstand?),
Victual your slaves, and urge them to the strand.
Prepared in haste to follow; and, ere now,
Had to the Ægean turned your vent'rous prow,
But that sly Luxury the process eyed,
Waylaid your desperate steps, and, taunting, cried,
"Ho, madman, whither, in this hasty plight?
What passion drives you forth? what furies fright?
Whole urns of hellebore might hope in vain
To cool this high-wrought fever of the brain.
What! quit your peaceful couch, renounce your ease,
To rush on hardships, and to dare the seas!
And while a broken plank supports your meat,
And a coiled cable proves your softest seat,
Suck from squab jugs that pitchy scents exhale,
The seaman's beverage, sour at once and stale!
And all for what? that sums, which now are lent,

At modest five, may sweat out twelve per cent!—
"O rather cultivate the joys of sense,
And crop the sweets which youth and health dispense;
Give the light hours to banquets, love, and wine:
These are the zest of life, and these are mine!
Dust and a shade are all you soon must be:
Live, then, while yet you may. Time presses.—See!
Even while I speak, the present is become
The past, and lessens still life's little sum."
Now, sir, decide; shall this, or that, command?
Alas, the bait, displayed on either hand,
Distracts your choice:—but ponder as you may,
Of this be sure; both, with alternate sway,
Will lord it o'er you, while, with slavish fears,
From side to side your doubtful duty veers.
Nor must you, though in some auspicious hour
You spurn your mandate, and resist their power,
At once conclude their future influence vain: —
With struggling hard the dog may snap his chain:
Yet little freedom from the effort find,
If, as he flies, he trails its length behind.
"Yes, I am fixed; to Love a long adieu!—
Nay, smile not, Davus; you will find it true."
So, while his nails, gnawn to the quick, yet bled,
The sage Chærestratus, deep-musing, said.—
"Shall I my virtuous ancestry defame.
Consume my fortune, and disgrace my name,
While, at a harlot's wanton threshold laid,
Darkling, I whine my drunken serenade
'Tis nobly spoken:—Let a lamb brought
To the Twin Powers that this deliveran wrought.
"But—if I quit her, will she not co plain?
Will she not grieve? Good Davus, thi again."
Fond trifler! you will find her "grief" t late;
When the red slipper rattles round yo pate,
Vindictive of the mad attempt to foil
Her potent spell, and all-involving toi
Dismissed, you storm and bluster: har she calls,
And, at the word, your boasted manho falls.
"Mark, Davus; of her own accord, s sues!
Mark, she invites me! Can I now fuse?"
Yes, Now and Ever. If you left her do
Whole and entire, you must return more.
Right. This is He, the man whom demand;
This, Davus; not the creature of a wa
Waved by some foolish lictor.—And is
This master of himself, this truly free
Who marks the dazzling lure Ambiti spreads,
And headlong follows where the mete leads?
"Watch the nice hour, and on the scram ling tribes
Pour, without stint, your mercena bribes,
Vetches and pulse; that, many a y gone by,
Graybeards, as basking in the sun th lie,
May boast how much your Floral Gan surpast,
In cost and splendor, those they witnes last!"
A glorious motive! And on Herod's d
When every room is decked in meet arr

nd lamps along the greasy windows spread,
rofuse of flowers, gross, oily vapors shed;
hen the vast tunny's tail in pickle swims,
nd the crude must foams o'er the pitcher's brims;
ou mutter secret prayers, by fear devised,
nd dread the sabbaths of the circumcised!
Then a cracked egg-shell fills you with affright,
nd ghosts and goblins haunt your sleepless night.
Last, the blind priestess, with her sistrum shrill,
nd Galli, huge and high, a dread instill
Of gods, prepared to vex the human frame
With dropsies, palsies, ills of every name,
Unless the trembling victim champ, in bed,
Thrice every morn, on a charmed garlic-head.
Preach to the martial throng these lofty strains,
And lo! some chief more famed for bulk than brains,
Some vast Vulfenius, blessed with lungs of brass,
Laughs loud and long at the scholastic ass;
And, for a clipt cent-piece, sets, by the tale,
A hundred Greek philosophers to sale!

—William Gifford.

III. TURNING TO THE PAST

In the second half of the first century, e men of letters, forced out of contemrary interests, became more and more sorbed in a study of the past. This relted in an ever increasing respect for e days and ways of the Republic, and ough there were dangers in contrasting ose times of freedom with the present ate of affairs, they could safely choose eir subjects from the earlier history and eat them as glorious episodes in the velopment of Rome. There grew up odd contradiction in their attitude—a ndency on the one hand to look down, from a superior height of attainment, on their republican forerunners, and the other a sincere admiration for their hievements, not only in politics, but also literature. Quintilian and Tacitus uld write the praises of the Ciceronian yle, yet there was a general feeling that e style developed by Seneca was a disct advance over the cumbersome riods of the earlier writing. The more note past of myth, as at all times in e course of their literature, so now too imed the attention of those who prerred to deal neither with the present r with the republican history of Rome.

LEADERS OF THE REPUBLIC: LUCAN

Stoic Character

[From the *Pharsalia*, Book II]

Cato came to be regarded by the Romans of later generations as the standing example of perfect character. The Roman ideal demands the sort of patriotism that gives without stint and at the same time an obstinacy of will that makes a near approach to Puritanism and selfishness. For Lucan, see above p. 504.

For when he saw the fatal factions arm,
The coming war, and Rome's impending harm;
Regardless quite of every other care,
Unshorn he left his loose neglected hair;
Rude hung the hoary honours of his head,
And a foul growth his mournful cheeks o'erspread.
No stings of private hate his peace infest,
Nor partial favour grew upon his breast;
But, safe from prejudice, he kept his mind

Free, and at leisure to lament mankind.
Nor could his former love's returning fire,
The warmth of one connubial wish inspire,
But strongly he withstood the just desire.
These were the stricter manners of the man,
And this the stubborn course in which they ran:
The golden mean unchanging to pursue,
Constant to keep the purpos'd end in view;
Religiously to follow Nature's laws,
And die with pleasure in his country's cause,
To think he was not for himself design'd,
But born to be of use to all mankind.
To him 'twas feasting, hunger to repress;
And home-spun garments were his costly dress:
No marble pillars rear'd his roof on high,
'Twas warm, and kept him from the winter sky:
He sought no end of marriage, but increase,
Nor wish'd a pleasure, but his country's peace:
That took up all the tenderest parts of life,
His country was his children and his wife.
From justice' righteous lore he never swerv'd,
But rigidly his honesty preserv'd.
On universal good his thoughts were bent,
Nor knew what gain, or self-affection meant;
And while his benefits the public share,
Cato was always last in Cato's care.

NICHOLAS ROWE.

APOSTROPHE TO BRUTUS

[From the *Pharsalia*, Book VII]

Brutus is described by Lucan in accordance with the conception of his character and rôle in history which remained ever after fixed in literature.

Say thou! thy sinking country's c
prop,
Glory of Rome, and liberty's last hop
What helm, O Brutus! could, amidst
crowd,
Thy sacred undistinguish'd visage shro
Where fought thy arm that day!
ah! forbear!
Nor rush unwary on the pointed spea
Seek not to hasten on untimely fate,
But patient for thy own Emathia wa
Nor hunt fierce Cæsar on this blo
plain,
To-day thy steel pursues his life in v
Somewhat is wanting to the tyrant ye
To make the measure of his crimes c
plete;
As yet he has not every law defy'd,
Nor reach'd the utmost heights of da
pride.
Ere long thou shalt behold him Ron
proud lord,
And ripen'd by ambition for thy swo
Then, thy griev'd country vengeance s
demand,
And ask the victim at thy righteous ha

—NICHOLAS ROWE

THE TOMB OF POMPEY

[From the *Pharsalia*, Book VIII]

The author was at pains through
his poem to portray Pompey as an
hero. The historical Pompey was a s
ous stumbling-block in his way. It
by such devices as the one in this pass
that he was able to give the desired
pression without doing violence to
corded fact.

But soon behold! the bolder youth
turns,
While, half consum'd, the smoulde
carcass burns;
Ere yet the cleansing fire had me
down
The fleshy muscles, from the firmer b
He quench'd the relics in the briny wa
And hid them, hasty, in a narrow gra

hen with a stone the sacred dust he binds,
o guard it from the breath of scattering winds:
nd lest some heedless mariner should come,
nd violate the warrior's humble tomb,
hus with a line the monument he keeps,
Beneath this stone the once great Pompey sleeps."
h Fortune! can thy malice swell so high?
anst thou with Cæsar's every wish comply?
Iust he, thy Pompey once, thus meanly lie?
ut oh! forbear, mistaken man, forbear!
or dare to fix the mighty Pompey there:
Vhere there are seas, or air, or earth, or skies,
Vhere'er Rome's empire stretches, Pompey lies:
ar be the vile memorial then convey'd!
or let this stone the partial gods upbraid.
aall Hercules all Œta's heights demand,
nd Nysa's hill, for Bacchus only, stand;
Vhile one poor pebble is the warrior's doom,
hat fought the cause of liberty and Rome?
fate decrees he must in Egypt lie,
et the whole fertile realm his grave supply:
ield the wide country to his awful shade,
or let us bear on any part to tread,
earful to violate the mighty dead.
ut if one stone must bear the sacred name,
et it be fill'd with long records of fame.
here let the passenger, with wonder, read,
he pirates vanquish'd, and the ocean freed;
rtorius taught to yield; the Alpine war;
nd the young Roman knight's triumphal car;
ith these, the mighty Pontic king be plac'd,
And every nation of the vanquish'd east:
Tell with what loud applause of Rome, he drove
Thrice his glad wheels to Capitolian Jove:
Tell too, the patriot's greatest, best renown,
Tell, how the victor laid his empire down,
And chang'd his armour for the peaceful gown.
But ah! what marbles to the task suffice!
Instead of these, turn, Roman, turn thy eyes;
Seek the known name our Fasti us'd to wear,
The noble mark of many a glorious year;
The name that wont the trophy's arch to grace,
And e'en the temples of the gods found place:
Decline thee lowly, bending to the ground,
And there that name, that Pompey may be found.

—Nicholas Rowe.

Cato and Ammon

[From the *Pharsalia*, Book IX]

The general population of Rome was exceedingly superstitious, but the attitude of Cato represents fairly that of the more highly educated classes from the time of Cicero on.

Before the temple's entrance, at the gate,
Attending crowds of eastern pilgrims wait:
These from the horned god expect relief:
But all give way before the Latian chief.
His host, (as crowds are superstitious still)
Curious of fate, of future good and ill,
And fond to prove prophetic Ammon's skill,
Entreat their leader to the god would go,
And from his oracle Rome's fortunes know:
But Labienus chief the thought approv'd,
And thus the common suit to Cato mov'd:

"Chance, and the fortune of the way," he said,
"Have brought Jove's sacred counsels to our aid:
This greatest of the gods, this mighty chief,
In each distress shall be a sure relief;
Shall point the distant dangers from afar,
And teach the future fortunes of the war.
To thee, O Cato! pious! wise! and just!
Their dark decrees the cautious gods shall trust!
To thee their fore-determin'd will shall tell:
Their will has been thy law, and thou hast kept it well.
Fate bids thee now the noble thought improve;
Fate brings thee here, to meet and talk with Jove.
Inquire betimes, what various chance shall come
To impious Cæsar and thy native Rome;
Try to avert, at least, thy country's doom.
Ask if these arms our freedom shall restore:
Or else, if laws and right shall be no more.
Be thy great breast with sacred knowledge fraught,
To lead us in the wandering maze of thought:
Thou, that to virtue ever wert inclin'd,
Learn what it is, how certainly defin'd,
And leave some perfect rule to guide mankind."
Full of the god that dwelt within his breast,
The hero thus his secret mind express'd,
And in-born truths reveal'd; truths which might well
Become e'en oracles themselves to tell.
"Where would thy fond, thy vain inquiry go?
What mystic fate, what secret would'st thou know?
Is it a doubt if death should be my doom,
Rather than live till kings and bondage come,
Rather than see a tyrant crown'd
Rome?
Or would'st thou know if, what we va
here,
Life, be a trifle hardly worth our care
What by old age and length of days
gain,
More than to lengthen out the sense
pain?
Or if this world, with all its forces joi
The universal malice of mankind,
Can shake or hurt the brave and hon
mind?
If stable virtue can her ground ma
tain,
Whilst fortune feebly threats and fro
in vain?
If truth and justice with uprightn
dwell,
And honesty consist in meaning well?
If right be independent of success,
And conquest cannot make it more
less?
Are these, my friend, the secrets th
would'st know,
These doubts for which to oracles we
'Tis known, 'tis plain, 'tis already tol
And horned Ammon can no more unf
From God deriv'd, to God by nat
join'd,
We act the dictates of his mighty min
And though our priests are mute,
temples still,
God never wants a voice to speak his w
When first we from the teeming wo
were brought,
With in-born precepts then our souls w
fraught,
And then the Maker his new creatu
taught.
Then when he form'd and gave us to
men,
He gave us all our useful knowledge th
Canst thou believe, the vast Eternal M
Was e'er to Syrts and Libyan sands c
fin'd?
That he would choose this waste,
barren ground,
To teach the thin inhabitants around,

d leave his truth in wilds and deserts
drown'd?
there a place that God would choose
to love
yond this earth, the seas, yon Heaven
above,
d virtuous minds, the noblest throne
for Jove?
hy seek we further then? Behold
around,
w all thou seest does with the God
abound,
ve is alike in all, and always to be
found.
t those weak minds, who live in doubt
and fear,
juggling priests for oracles repair;
e certain hour of death to each decreed,
y fix'd, my certain soul from doubt
has freed.
e coward and the brave are doom'd to
fall;
d when Jove told this truth, he told
us all."
spoke the hero; and, to keep his word,
r Ammon, nor his oracle explor'd;
t left the crowd at freedom to believe
d take such answers as the priest
should give.

—Nicholas Rowe.

Orators of the Republic [1]

tacitus

[From the *Dialogue on Orators*]

The importance of oratory in Roman
e was due to the fact that it was almost
only channel through which a man
uld pass to a public career of service
the state. It was further the best means
publicity in an age that lacked the
nting press. Since appointment under
Empire had taken the place of popu-
election under the Republic, and since
spotism tended to suppress the freedom
speech, oratory had fallen upon evil
rs. For Tacitus, see above p. 461.

[1] From The Loeb Classical Library, reprinted by permission.

In the good old days, every man's son, born in wedlock, was brought up not in the chamber of some hireling nurse, but in his mother's lap, and at her knee. And that mother could have no higher praise than that she managed the house and gave herself to her children. Again, some elderly relative would be selected in order that to her, as a person who had been tried and never found wanting, might be entrusted the care of all the youthful scions of the same house; in the presence of such an one no base word could be uttered without grave offence, and no wrong deed done. Religiously and with the utmost delicacy she regulated not only the serious tasks of her youthful charges, but their recreations also and their games. It was in this spirit, we are told, that Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi, directed their upbringing, Aurelia that of Cæsar, Atia of Augustus: thus it was that these mothers trained their princely children. The object of this rigorous system was that the natural disposition of every child, while still sound at the core and untainted, not warped as yet by any vicious tendencies, might at once lay hold with heart and soul on virtuous accomplishments, and whether its bent was towards the army, or the law, or the pursuit of eloquence, might make that its sole aim and its all-absorbing interest.

Nowadays, on the other hand, our children are handed over at their birth to some silly little Greek serving-maid, with a male slave, who may be any one, to help her,—quite frequently the most worthless member of the whole establishment incompetent for any serious service. It is from the foolish tittle-tattle of such persons that the children receive their earliest impressions, while their minds are still pliant and unformed; and there is not a soul in the whole house who cares a jot what he says or does in the presence of its lisping little lord. Yes, and the parents themselves make no effort to

train their little ones in goodness and self-control; they grow up in an atmosphere of laxity and pertness, in which they come gradually to lose all sense of shame, and all respect both for themselves and for other people. Again, there are the peculiar and characteristic vices of this metropolis of ours, taken on, as it seems to me, almost in the mother's womb,—the passion for play-actors, and the mania for gladiatorial shows and horse-racing; and when the mind is engrossed in such occupations, what room is left over for high pursuits? How few are to be found whose home-talk runs to any other subjects than these? What else do we overhear our younger men talking about whenever we enter their lecture-halls? And the teachers are just as bad. With them, too, such topics supply material for gossip with their classes more frequently than any others; for it is not by the strict administration of discipline, or by giving proof of their ability to teach that they get pupils together, but by pushing themselves into notice at morning calls and by the tricks of toadyism.

I pass by the first rudiments of education, though even these are taken too lightly: it is in the reading of authors, and in gaining a knowledge of the past, and in making acquaintance of things and persons and occasions that too little solid work is done. Recourse is had instead to the so-called rhetoricians. As I mean to speak in the immediate sequel of the period at which this vocation first made its way to Rome, and of the small esteem in which it was held by our ancestors, I must advert to the system which we are told was followed by those orators whose unremitting industry and daily preparation and continuous practice in every department of study are referred to in their own published works. You are of course familiar with Cicero's "Brutus," in the concluding portion of which treatise—the first part contains a review of the speakers of former days—he gives an account of his own first beginnings, his grad progress, and what I may call his evo tions as an orator. He tells us how studied civil law with Q. Mucius, thoroughly absorbed philosophy in its departments as a pupil of Philo Academic and Diodotus the Stoic; not being satisfied with the teachers had been accessible to him at Rome, went to Greece, and travelled also thro Asia Minor, in order to acquire a comp hensive training in every variety of kno edge. Hence it comes that in Cice works one may detect the fact that he not lacking in a knowledge of mathe tics, of music, of linguistics—in short any department of the higher learni Yes, Cicero was quite at home in subtleties of dialectic, in the pract lessons of ethical philosophy, in changes and origins of natural phenome Yes, my good friends, that is the fa it is only from a wealth of learning, a multitude of accomplishments, and knowledge that is universal that his m vellous eloquence wells forth like a mig stream. The orator's function and ac ity is not, as is the case with other p suits, hemmed in all round within nar boundaries. He only deserves the na who has the ability to speak on any every topic with grace and distinction style, in a manner fitted to win convict appropriately to the dignity of his s ject-matter, suitably to the case in ha and with resulting gratification to audience.

This was fully understood by the m of former days. They were well aw that, in order to attain the end in vi the practice of declamation in the sch of rhetoric was not the essential mat —the training merely of tongue and v in imaginary debates which had no p of contact with real life. No, for th the one thing needful was to stock mind with those accomplishments wh deal with good and evil, virtue and v justice and injustice. It is this that fo

subject-matter of oratory. Speaking adly, in judicial oratory our argument ns upon fair dealing, in the oratory of ate upon advantage, in eulogies upon ral character, though these topics quite quently overlap. Now it is impossible any speaker to treat them with full- s, and variety, and elegance, unless he s made a study of human nature, of the aning of goodness and the wickedness vice, and unless he has learnt to appre- te the significance of what ranks ther on the side of virtue nor on that vice. This is the source from which er qualifications also are derived. The n who knows what anger is will be ter able either to work on or to mollify resentment of a judge, just as he who derstands compassion, and the emotions which it is aroused, will find it easier move him to pity. If your orator has de himself familiar with these branches study and practice, whether he has to dress himself to a hostile or a friendly a grudging audience, whether his arers are ill-humoured or apprehensive, will feel their pulse, and will handle m in every case as their character re- ires, and will give the right tone to what has to say, keeping the various imple- nts of his craft lying ready to hand for y and every purpose. There are some h whom a concise, succinct style carries st conviction, one that makes the eral lines of proof yield a rapid con- sion: with such it will be an advantage have paid attention to dialectic. hers are more taken with a smooth and ady flow of speech, drawn from the ntain-head of universal experience: in ler to make an impression upon these shall borrow from the Peripatetics ir stock arguments, suited and ready advance for either side of any discus- n. Combativeness will be the contri- tion of the Academics, sublimity that Plato, and charm that of Xenophon; , there will be nothing amiss in a aker taking over even some of the ex- cellent aphorisms of Epicurus and Metro- dorus, and applying them as the case may demand. It is not a professional philoso- pher that we are delineating, nor a hanger- on of the Stoics, but the man who, while he ought thoroughly to absorb certain branches of study, should also have a bowing acquaintance with them all. That is the reason why the orators of former days made a point of acquiring a knowl- edge of civil law, while they received a tincture also of literature, music, and mathematics. In the cases that come one's way, what is essential in most in- stances, indeed almost invariably, is legal knowledge, but there are often others in which you are expected to be well versed also in the subjects just mentioned.

Do not let any one argue in reply that it is enough for us to be coached in some straightforward and clearly defined issue in order to meet the case immediately be- fore us. To begin with, the use we make of what belongs to ourselves is quite dif- ferent from our use of what we take on loan: there is obviously a wide gulf be- tween owning what we give out and bor- rowing it from others. In the next place, breadth of culture is an ornament that tells of itself even when one is not making a point of it: it comes prominently into view where you would least expect it. This fact is fully appreciated not only by the learned and scholarly portion of the audience, but also by the rank and file. They cheer the speaker from the start, protesting that he has been properly trained, that he has gone through all the points of good oratory, and that he is, in short, an orator in the true sense of the word: and such an one cannot be, as I maintain, and never was any other than he who enters the lists of debate with all the equipment of a man of learning, like a warrior taking the field in full armour. Our clever speakers of to-day, however, lose sight of this ideal to such an extent that one can detect in their pleadings the shameful and discreditable blemishes even

of our everyday speech. They know nothing of statute-law, they have no hold of the decrees of the senate, they go out of their way to show contempt for the law of the constitution, and as for the pursuit of philosophy and the sages' saws they regard them with downright dismay. Eloquence is by them degraded, like a discrowned queen, to a few commonplaces and cramped conceits. She who in days of yore reigned in the hearts of men as the mistress of all the arts, encircled by a brilliant retinue, is now curtailed and mutilated, shorn of all her state, all her distinction, I had almost said all her freedom, and is learnt like any vulgar handicraft.

This then I take to be the first and foremost reason why we have degenerated to such an extent from the eloquence of the orators of old. If you want witnesses, what weightier evidence can I produce than Demosthenes among the Greeks, who is said to have been one of Plato's most enthusiastic students? Our own Cicero tells us too—I think in so many words—that anything he accomplished as an orator he owed not to the workshops of the rhetorician, but to the spacious precincts of the Academy. . . .

Since I have given what seems to be a sufficient account of the first beginnings and the germs of ancient oratory, by setting forth the branches on which the orators of former days were wont to base their training and instruction, I shall now proceed to take up their practical exercises. And yet theory itself involves practice, and it is impossible for any one to grasp so many diverse and abstruse subjects, unless his theoretical knowledge is re-inforced by practice, his practice by natural ability, and his ability by experience of public speaking. The inference is that there is a certain identity between the method of assimilating what you express and that of expressing what you have assimilated. But if any one thinks this a dark saying, and wants to separate theory from practice, he must at l admit that the man whose mind is f furnished with such theoretical knowle will come better prepared to the pract exercises which are commonly regarde the distinctive training of the orator.

Well then, in the good old days young man who was destined for the tory of the bar, after receiving the r ments of a sound training at home, storing his mind with liberal culture, taken by his father, or his relations, placed under the care of some orator held a leading position at Rome. youth had to get the habit of follow his patron about, of escorting him in p lic, of supporting him at all his app ances as a speaker, whether in the courts or on the platform, hearing his word-combats at first hand, stand by him in his duellings, and learning it were, to fight in the fighting-line. was a method that secured at once the young students a considerable amo of experience, great self-possession, an goodly store of sound judgment: for t carried on their studies in the light open day, and amid the very shock battle, under conditions in which stupid or ill-advised statement bri prompt retribution in the shape of judge's disapproval, taunting critic from your opponent—yes, and from y own supporters expressions of dissatis tion. So it was a genuine and unadul ated eloquence that they were initiate from the very first; and though they tached themselves to a single speaker, they got to know all the contempo members of the bar in a great variety both civil and criminal cases. More a public meeting gave them the op tunity of noting marked divergences taste, so that they could easily de what commended itself in the case of e individual speaker, and what on the o hand failed to please. In this way t could command, firstly, a teacher, him the best and choicest of his kind,

o could show forth the true features of quence, and not a weak imitation; sec- dly, opponents and antagonists, who ght with swords, not with wooden ls; and thirdly, an audience always merous and always different, composed friendly and unfriendly critics, who uld not let any points escape them, ether good or bad. For the oratorical own that is great and lasting is built , as you know, quite as much among opposition benches as on those of e's own side; indeed, its growth in that arter is sturdier, and takes root more nly. Yes, under such instructors the ung man who is the subject of this dis- urse, the pupil of real orators, the ener in the forum, the close attendant the law courts, trained to his work in school of other people's efforts, who to know his law by hearing it cited ery day, who became familiar with the es on the bench, who made the prac- e of public meetings a subject of con- nt contemplation, and who had many portunities of studying the vagaries of popular taste,—such a youth, whether undertook to appear as prosecutor or the defence, was competent right away deal with any kind of case, alone and aided. Lucius Crassus was only hteen when he impeached Gaius Carbo, sar twenty when he undertook the secution of Dolabella, Asinius Pollio enty-one when he attacked Gaius Cato, Calvus not much older when he prose- ed Vatinius. The speeches they de- ered on those occasions are read to this with admiration.

But nowadays our boys are escorted the schools of the so-called "professors rhetoric,"—persons who came on the ne just before the time of Cicero but ed to find favour with our forefathers, is obvious from the fact that the sors Crassus and Domitius ordered m to shut down what Cicero calls their hool of shamelessness." They are orted, as I was saying, to these schools, of which it would be hard to say what is most prejudicial to their intellectual growth, the place itself, or their fellow-scholars, or the studies they pursue. The place has nothing about it that commands respect,—no one enters it who is not as ignorant as the rest; there is no profit in the society of the scholars, since they are all either boys or young men who are equally devoid of any feeling of responsibility whether they take the floor or provide an audience; and the exercises in which they engage largely defeat their own objects. You are of course aware that there are two kinds of subject-matter handled by these professors, the deliberative and the disputatious. Now while, as regards the former, it is entrusted to mere boys, as being obviously of less importance and not making such demands on the judgment, the more mature scholars are asked to deal with the latter,—but, good heavens! what poor quality is shown in their themes, and how unnaturally they are made up! Then in addition to the subject-matter that is so remote from real life, there is the bombastic style in which it is presented. And so it comes that themes like these: "the reward of the king-killer," or "the outraged maid's alternatives," or "a remedy for the plague," or "the incestuous mother," and all the other topics that are treated every day in the school, but seldom or never in actual practice, are set forth in magniloquent phraseology. . . . Great oratory is like a flame: it needs fuel to feed it, movement to fan it, and it brightens as it burns.

At Rome too the eloquence of our forefathers owed its development to the same conditions. For although the orators of to-day have also succeeded in obtaining all the influence that it would be proper to allow them under settled, peaceable, and prosperous political conditions, yet their predecessors in those days of unrest and unrestraint thought they could accomplish more when, in the general fer-

ment and without the strong hand of a single ruler, a speaker's political wisdom was measured by his power of carrying conviction to the unstable populace. This was the source of the constant succession of measures put forward by champions of the people's rights, of the harangues of state officials who almost spent the night on the hustings, of the impeachments of powerful criminals and hereditary feuds between whole families, of schisms among the aristocracy and never-ending struggles between the senate and the commons. All this tore the commonwealth in pieces, but it provided a sphere for the oratory of those days and heaped on it what one saw were vast rewards. The more influence a man could wield by his powers of speech, the more readily did he attain to high office, the further did he, when in office, outstrip his colleagues in the race for precedence, the more did he gain favour with the great, authority with the senate, and name and fame with the common people. These were the men who had whole nations of foreigners under their protection, several at a time; the men to whom state officials presented their humble duty on the eve of their departure to take up the government of a province, and to whom they paid their respects on their return; the men who, without any effort on their own part, seemed to have prætorships and consulates at their beck and call; the men who even when out of office were in power, seeing that by their advice and authority they could bend both the senate and the people to their will. With them moreover it was a conviction that without eloquence it was impossible for any one either to attain to a position of distinction and prominence in the community, or to maintain it: and no wonder they cherished this conviction, when they were called on to appear in public even when they would rather not, when it was not enough to move a brief resolution in the senate, unless one made good one's opinion in an able speech, when pers who had in some way or other incur odium, or else were definitely char with some offence, had to put in an pearance in person, when moreover dence in criminal trials had to be gi not indirectly or by affidavit, but pers ally and by word of mouth. So it that eloquence not only led to great wards, but was also a sheer necessity; just as it was considered great and gl ous to have the reputation of being a g speaker, so, on the other hand, it accounted discreditable to be inarti late and incapable of utterance.

Thus it was a sense of shame quite much as material reward that gave th an incentive. They wanted to be ran with patrons rather than with poor pendents; they could not bear to let herited connections pass into the ha of strangers; and they had to avoid reputation for apathy and incompete that would either keep them from taining office or make their official care a failure. I wonder if you have seen ancient records which are still extant the libraries of collectors, and which even now being compiled by Mucian they have already been arranged and ited in eleven volumes, I think, of P ceedings and five of Letters. They m it clear that Gnæus Pompeius and M cus Crassus rose to power not only warriors and men of might, but also their talent for oratory; that the Len and the Metelli and the Luculli and Curios and all the great company of nobles devoted great care and attent to these pursuits; and that in their no one attained to great influence wi out some gift of eloquence.

There was a further advantage in high rank of the persons who w brought to trial and the importance the interests involved, factors which also in a great degree conducive to quence. For it makes a good deal of ference whether you are briefed to sp

ut a case of theft, or a rule of pro-
ure, and the provisional order of a
gistrate, or about electioneering prac-
s, the robbery of a province, and the
rder of fellow-citizens. It is better,
course, that such horrors should not
ur at all, and we must regard that as
most enviable political condition in
ich we are not liable to anything of
kind. Yet when these things did hap-
, they furnished the orators of the
with ample material. Hand in hand
h the importance of the theme goes
growing ability to cope with it, and
s a sheer impossibility for any one to
duce a great and glorious oration un-
he has found a theme to correspond.
s not, I take it, the speeches which he
nposed in the action brought against
guardians that give Demosthenes his
ne and fame, nor does Cicero rest
claims to greatness as an orator on
defence of Publius Quintius or Licinius
hias. No, it was a Catiline, a Milo, a
rres, an Antonius that made his repu-
ón for him. I do not mean that it
worth the country's while to produce
citizens, just in order that our ora-
s might have an ample supply of
terial; but let us bear in mind the
nt at issue, as I keep urging you to do,
lising that our discourse is dealing
h an art which comes to the front
re readily in times of trouble and un-
t. We all know that the blessings
peace bring more profit and greater
ppiness than the horrors of war; yet
produces a larger number of good
nters than peace. It is the same with
quence. The oftener it takes its stand
the lists, the more numerous the
kes it gives and receives, the more
verful the opponents and the more
nly contested the issues it deliberately
cts, in like proportion does eloquence
ry its head higher and more erect be-
e the eyes of men, deriving ever
ater lustre from the very hazards it
ounters. For men are naturally prone,
while courting security for themselves, to admire whatever has an element of risk.

I pass on to the organization and procedure of the old law-courts. It may nowadays have become more practical, but all the same the forum as it then was provided a better training-ground for oratory. There was no obligation on any speaker to complete his pleading within an hour or two at most; adjournments were always in order; as regards a time-limit, each man was a law to himself; and no attempt was made to define either how many days the case was to take or how many counsel were to be employed in it. It was Gnæus Pompeius who, in his third consulship, first introduced limitations in regard to these matters. He may be said to have curbed eloquence with bit and bridle, without however concelling the provision that everything should be done in court, according to law, and before a prætor. The best proof you can have of the greater importance of the cases dealt with by the prætors in former days is the fact that actions before the centumviral court, which are now considered to outrank all others, used to be so much overshadowed by the prestige of other tribunals that there is not a single speech, delivered before that court, that is read to-day, either by Cicero, or by Cæsar, or by Brutus, or by Cælius, or by Calvus, or in fact by any orator of rank. The only exceptions are the speeches of Asinius Pollio entitled "For Urbinia's Heirs," and yet these are just the ones which he delivered well on in the middle of the reign of Augustus, when in consequence of the long period of peace, and the unbroken spell of inactivity on the part of the commons and of peaceableness on the part of the senate, by reason also of the working of the great imperial system, a hush had fallen upon eloquence, as indeed it had upon the world at large.

My next point will perhaps strike you as trivial and ridiculous, but I shall make

it, even if only to excite your ridicule. Take those gowns into which we squeeze ourselves when we chat with the court, a costume that shackles movement, do we ever reflect how largely responsible they are for the orator's loss of dignity? Or think of the recitation-halls and record-offices in which pretty well most cases are nowadays despatched, have they not also greatly contributed to the emasculation of eloquence? Why, just as with blood-horses it takes a roomy track to show their mettle, so orators need a spacious field in which to expatiate without let or hindrance, if their eloquence is not to lose all its strength and pith. Moreover, painstaking preparation and the anxious effort for stylistic finish are found after all to do more harm than good. The judge often asks when you are going to come to the point, and you are bound to make a start as soon as he puts the question. Just as often he tells counsel to stop (so that evidence may be led and witnesses examined). All the time the speaker has only two or three for an audience, and the hearing goes forward in what is a scene of desolation. But your public speaker can't get along without "hear, hear," and the clapping of hands. He must have what I may call his stage. This the orators of former times could command day by day, when the forum was packed by an audience at the same time numerous and distinguished, when persons who had to face the hazard of a public trial could depend on being supported by shoals of clients and fellow-tribesmen, and by deputations also from the country towns; half Italy, in fact, was there to back them. These were the days when the people of Rome felt that in quite a number of cases they had a personal stake in the verdict. We know on good authority that both the impeachment and the defence of a Cornelius, a Scaurus, a Milo, a Bestia, a Vatinius brought the whole community together *en masse:* so that it would h been impossible for even the most fr of speakers not to be enkindled and on fire by the mere clash of partisan thusiasm. That is why the quality the published orations that have c down to us is so high that it is by t more than by any others that the spe ers who appeared on either side actu take rank.

Think again of the incessant pu meetings, of the privilege so freely corded in inveighing against persons position and influence,—yes, and of glory you gained by being at dag drawn with them, in the days when many clever speakers could not let e a Scipio alone, or a Sulla, or a Pompe and when, taking a leaf out of the b of stage-players, they made public m ings also the opportunity of launch characteristically spiteful tirades aga the leading men of the state: how all must have inflamed the able debater added fuel to the fire of his eloquence

The art which is the subject of discourse is not a quiet and peace art, or one that finds satisfaction moral worth and good behaviour: really great and famous oratory is a ter-child of license, which foolish called liberty, an associate of sedit a goad for the unbridled populace. owes no allegiance to any. Devoid reverence, it is insulting, off-hand, overbearing. It is a plant that does grow under a well-regulated constitut Does history contain a single inst of any orator at Sparta, or at Crete, states whose political system and l lation were more stringent than other on record? It is equally tru say that in Macedonia and in Persia quence was unknown, as indeed it wa all states that were content to live u a settled government. Rhodes has some orators, Athens a great many both communities all power was in hands of the populace—that is to

e untutored democracy. The crowd ed the roost. Likewise at Rome, so g as the constitution was unsettled, long as the country kept wearing it- f out with factions and dissensions and agreements, so long as there was no ace in the forum, no harmony in the nate, no restraint in the courts of law, respect for authority, no sense of pro- ety on the part of the officers of state, e growth of eloquence was doubtless rdier, just as untilled soil produces tain vegetation in greater luxuriance. t the benefit derived from the elo- ence of the Gracchi did not make up what the country suffered from their vs, and too dearly did Cicero pay by e death he died for his renown in ora- y.

In the same way what little our ora- s have left them of the old forensic tivities goes to show that our civil ndition is still far from being ideally rfect. Does any one ever call us law- rs to his aid unless he is either a minal or in distress? Does any coun- town ever ask for our protection ex- ot under pressure either from an ag- essive neighbor or from internal ife? Are we ever retained for a prov- e where robbery and oppression have t been at work? Yet surely it were tter to have no grievances than to need seek redress. If a community could found in which nobody ever did any- ng wrong, orators would be just as perfluous among saints as doctors ong those that need no physician. st as the healing art, I repeat, is very le in demand and makes very little ogress in countries where people enjoy od health and strong constitutions, so tory has less prestige and smaller con- eration where people are well behaved l ready to obey their rulers. What the use of long arguments in the sen- , when good citizens agree so quickly? hat is the use of one harangue after other on public platforms, when it is not the ignorant multitude that decides a political issue, but a monarch who is the incarnation of wisdom? What is the use of taking a prosecution on one's own shoulders when misdeeds are so few and so trivial, or of making oneself unpopular by a defence of inordinate length, when the defendant can count on a gracious judge meeting him half-way. Believe me, my friends, you will have all the eloquence that the times require: if you had lived in bygone days, or if the orators who rouse our admiration had lived to-day,—if some deity, I say, had suddenly made you change places in your lives and epochs, you would have attained to their brilliant reputation for eloquence just as surely as they would show your restraint and self-control. As things are, since it is impossible for any body to enjoy at one and the same time great renown and great repose, let every one make the most of the blessings his own times afford without disparaging any other age.

—William Peterson.

Hannibal Crossing the Alps

silius italicus

[From the *Punica*, Book III]

Silius Italicus (about 25 to 101) withdrew from a successful public career, in which he had reached the consulship, to devote himself to elaborating an epic poem on the historical subject of the second Punic war. He seems to have been the author also of a metrical abridgement of the *Iliad*.

Beyond the Pyrenean's lofty bound,
Through blackening forests shagged with pine around,
The Carthaginian passed; and, fierce, explored
The Volcan champaign with his wasting sword.
Then trod the threatening banks, with hastening force,

Where Rhone high-swelling rolls its sweeping course.
From Alpine heights, and steep rocks, capped with snow,
Gushes the Rhone, where Gaul is stretched below,
Cleaves with a mighty surge the foaming plain,
And with broad torrent rushes in the main.
Swollen Arar mingles slow its lingering tide,
That, silent gliding, scarcely seems to glide:
Caught in the headlong whirlpool, breaks away,
Snatched through the plains, and starting from delay;
Plunged in the deep the hurried stream is tost,
And in the greater flood its name is lost.
Alert the troops the bridgeless current brave,
With head and neck upraised above the wave,
Secure their steely swords; or firm divide,
With sinewy arms, the strong and boisterous tide.
The war-steed, bound on rafts, the river treads;
Nor the vast elephant retarding dreads
To tempt the ford; while scattered earth they strow
O'er the hid planks, that hide the stream below.
Loosed from the banks the gradual cord extends,
And on the flood the unconscious beast descends.
As the trooped quadrupeds, down-sliding slow,
Launched on the stream that, quivering, dashed, below;
Beneath the incumbent weight, with starting tide,
The rapid Rhone poured back on every side:
Tossed its white eddies on the frot strand,
And, sullen, murmured on its chafi sand.
Now stretched the onward host th long array
Through the Tricastine plains; a wound their way
O'er smooth ascents, and where Voc tia yields
The level champaign of her verda fields.
Athwart their easy march Druen spread
The devastation of its torrent bed:
Turbid with stones and trunks of tre descends
The Alpine stream; the ashen fore rends;
Rolls mountain fragments, crumbling the shock,
And beats with raving surge the cha nelled rock.
Of nameless depth its ever-changing b
Betrays the fording warrior's faithl tread;
The broad and flat pontoon is launch in vain,
High swells the flood with deluges rain;
Snatched with his arms the staggeri soldier slides,
And mangled bodies toss in gulfy tid
But now, the o'erhanging Alps, in pr pect near,
Efface remembered toils in future fear.
While with eternal frost, with hailsto piled,
The ice of ages grasps those summ wild.
Stiffening with snow the mountain so in air,
And fronts the rising sun, unmelted the glare.
As the Tartarean gulf, beneath ground,
Yawns to the gloomy lake in hell's p found;

high earth's heaving mass the air invades,
d shrouds the heaven with intercepting shades.
Spring, no Summer strews its glories here,
ne Winter dwells upon these summits drear;
d guards his mansion round the endless year,
ıstering from far around his grisly form
ıck rains, and hailstone showers, and clouds of storm.
re in their wrathful kingdom whirlwinds roam,
d the blasts struggle in their Alpine home.
e upward sight a swimming darkness shrouds,
d the high crags recede into the clouds.
st Hercules those untried heights explored,
d 'midst the aerial hills, adventurous, soared;
e Gods beheld him cleave through many a cloud,
ıile sinking rocks beneath his footsteps bowed:
d striving, leave the vanquished steeps below,
ıere never foot had touched the eternal snow.
d Taurus, piled on Athos, pierce the skies;
d Mimas, heaved on Rhodope, arise;
ɛmus its steepy mass on Othrys roll;
d Pelion, reared on Ossa, shade the pole;
ountain on mountain would in vain be hurled,
d lessening shrink beside the Alpine world.
ingering holy dread the soldier bound;
step hung doubtful, as on sacred ground:
seemed that Nature's self the access denied;
That their invading arms the Gods defied.
But no rude Alp, no terror of the scene,
Moved Hannibal, undaunted and serene:
Indignant sadness only changed his brow;
As with exhorting words he quickened now
Their languid hopes, and hearts: "What shame were ours,
Tired with the favour of the heavenly Powers;
Sick of our long success, those glorious bays
That crowned the labour of our well-fought days;
To turn our recreant backs on mountain snows,
And slothful yield, where only rocks are foes!
Oh! now my friends, e'en now, believe, ye climb
Despotic Rome's proud walls, and tread, sublime,
The Capitol of Jove! thus, thus we gain
The prize of toil, and Tiber owns our chain."
He spoke; nor they delayed: the troops he drew
Up the steep hills, their promised spoil in view:
Transgressed the Herculean road, and made first known
Tracks yet untrodden and a path their own:
Where inaccessible the desert rose,
He burst a passage through forbidden snows;
He, first, the opposing ridge ascending tried,
And bade the unconquerable cliff subside;
Cheered on the lingering troops; and, beckoning high,
Stood on the crag, and shouted from the sky.
Oft, where the slippery path belied the tread,

And concrete frost the whitening cliff bespread;
Through the reluctant ice his arm explored
The upward track, that opened to his sword.
Oft the thawed surface from the footstep shrank;
Sucked in the absorbing gulf the warriors sank;
Or from high ridge the mass of rushing snow
In humid ruin whelmed the ranks below.
On dusky wings the west-wind swept the heaven;
Dull in their face the snowy whirls were driven;
Now from their empty grasp the arms are torn,
And sudden on the howling whirlwind borne;
Snatched on the blast, the wrested weapons fly,
And wheel in airy eddies round the sky.
When, striving o'er the ascent, the height they gain
With planted foot, increasing toils remain:
Yet other heights their upward view surprise,
And opening mountains upon mountains rise.
No joy results from breathless efforts past;
The plains are won, yet still the mountains last:
Repeated summits fright their aching eyes,
While one white heap of frost in circling prospect lies.
Thus in mid-sea, the mariner explores,
With fruitless longing, the receded shores:
When no fresh wind, with spirit-stirring gale,
Bends the tall mast, or fills the flagging sail;
O'er boundless deeps his eyes exhausted rove,
And rest relieved upon the skies abo
O'er jagged heights, and icy fragme
rude,
Thus climb they, 'midst the mount
solitude;
And from the rocky summits, hagga
show
Their half-wild visage, clotted thick w
snow.
Continual drizzlings of the drifting
Scar their rough cheeks, and stiffen
their hair.
Now poured from craggy dens, a he
long force,
The Alpine hordes hang threatening
their course;
Track the known thickets, beat
mountain snow,
Bound o'er the steeps, and hovering h
the foe.
Here changed the scene; the snows w
crimsoned o'er,
The hard ice trickled to the tepid g
With pawing hoof the courser delved
ground,
And rigid frost his clinging fetl
bound:
Nor yet his slippery fall the peril en
The fracturing ice the bony socket re
Twelve times they measured the l
light of day,
And night's black gloom, and ur
through wounds their way;
Till on the topmost ridge their ca
was flung,
High o'er the steepy crags, in airy
stance, hung.

—Thomas Ross

GREEK LEGEND

Medea and Jason

valerius flaccus

[From the *Argonautica,* Book VIII]

Practically nothing is known of Ga
Valerius Flaccus except that he lived

ote in the times of Vespasian. His epic
m called *Argonautica* gives evidence of
ver in the analysis and delineation of
racter, an ability characteristic of many
the writers of the latter part of the
t century.
Romantic love as a theme for literature
rare in Greek and Roman poetry.
lerius Flaccus was influenced, as Virgil
l been before him, by Apollonius of
odes, who is unique among the ancients
his treatment of the motive.

embling within her chamber walls, afraid
her own deeds, remained the Colchian maid.
e threats and furies of her father rise
flitting vision to her wandering eyes:
more the azure deeps inflict dismay,
d no far land to her is far away.
ate'er the bark, whate'er the ocean be,
e pants to climb the deck, nor fears the sea.
en on her virgin fillets she bestowed
ast, last kiss; while tears in torrents flowed:
ng with fond arms round that deserted bed;
d rent her cheeks and hair: for, ere she fled,
e traces of her ancient dream again
se wildering on her melancholy brain.
the prest couch her grovelling form she throws,
d, thus exclaiming, breathes her parting woes.
n did my father these embraces give,
d fondly bless the wretched fugitive!
could'st thou, most revered Æetes! see
ose streaming tears! for not more loved is he;
—trust me, father! not more dear than thee!
that the swelling waves might close above,
d I might perish with the man I love!
My prayers I leave thee: may thy reign endure
To long old age, in placid rest secure:
And other children, oh my father! be
Worthier thy trust, and kinder far than me!"
She said; and drew from caskets, fraught with death,
Drugs prized by Jason to his latest breath:
The magic poisons intricate inrolled
Within her virgin vesture's bosom fold;
With these her jewelled necklace, artful, stored,
And in her mantle wrapped the murderous sword.
Then forth she leaped; as if the Furies urged
Her haste, and with their twisted serpents scourged.
So with scared foot the flying Ino leaps,
Clasping the unheeded babe, among the deeps:
With vain pursuit the husband stretches o'er
The isthmus sands, and raging stamps the shore.
The hero, first, had sought the grove; and stood,
Urged by his anxious hopes, amidst the wood,
Shrouded in shade; yet, seen from far, the grace
Of heavenly beauty flushed his youthful face.
As, while his comrades through the thicket strayed,
The Latmian hunter rested in the shade,
Worthy to draw a goddess from the sky;
And lo! the moon, with crescent veiled, drew nigh.
So, through the mists of overshadowing night,
The bloom of Jason breathed its rosy light;
And, gentle as the moon, amid the grove
Stole the soft form of his expected Love.
Behold! as, trembling, light, on flitting wings

The dove, in darkness, 'gainst the passer springs;
So flew Medea, panting with her fears,
To Jason's arms, and he soft-whispering cheers
The enfolded maid: and "oh!" he soothing cried,
"Oh! of my sacred home the future pride!
Thou, virgin, thou alone art worthy found
Of all our wanderings, the wide seas around;
I ask no fleece; enough if o'er the sea
My vessel waft a prize so fair as thee!
But, since thou canst, let this kind gift increase
Thy rich deservings: grant the golden fleece.
The precious hide must grace our tasked return;
For this my friends in zealous glory burn."
He said: and soft with suppliant kisses pressed
Her finger-tips: sobs heaved the virgin's breast;
And, with new grief, she cried: "for thy dear sake
From country and from realm my flight I take:
I speak not as a queen; my sceptre now
Is fallen; the slave of an enamoured vow!
Keep then the faith which thou hast vowed to me,
The first soft oath, thou knowest, was breathed from thee;
Those oaths the Gods have witnessed from on high;
The stars behold us from the silent sky:
With thee I tempt the seas: with thee explore
Whatever ocean, and whatever shore.
But let me not, on this ill-omened day,
Be torn a culprit from thy arms away;
Nor dragged, with blushes, to my parents' eyes;
Forbid the shame, ye pitying Deities!
Forbid it, oh my guest!" In bound
haste
She rushed, all frantic, through
briery waste.
Close at her side the watchful
pressed,
And pitying saw the struggles of
breast.
When through the gloom the youth
flame surveyed,
And a fierce light shone quiver
through the shade,
"Whence glows the reddening Heave
he, trembling, cries;
"What dismal star is gleaming from
skies?"
The Virgin answered: "Lo! before
gaze
Askance the dragon's eyes terrific bla
And brandished thus, athwart the
nished air,
From his keen crest the lightning sp
dours glare.
Me only he discerns; in fawning mo
Crouching, with softened hiss he cra
his food.
Say now if thou wilt tear the spoil fr
high,
While on his foe is bent that watch
eye;
Or shall my art his glance in slum
shade,
And, first, the serpent at thy feet
laid!"
Silent he stood: the magic maid
pressed
So deep a horror on his heaving bre
The Colchian princess lifts her hands
air,
And scatters towards the stars
streaming hair.
While chanted rhymes barbaric cade
keep,
Her moving lips invoke the Sire of sle
"Hear, mighty Sleep! the Colch
virgin's call!
Where'er thou lingerest on this ear
ball.

id thee haste from all beneath the pole,
d rush collected on the serpent's soul!
have I poured thy horn's oblivious dew
still the rapid lightning, as it flew:
e surging seas; the turbid clouds on high;
e sparkling stars, and meteors of the sky.
call thee now in all thy mightiest power:
me like thy brother death, in this momentous hour.
ard of the golden fleece! let sleep allay
y restless watching: turn thine eyes away.
length 'tis time: what treachery canst thou fear,
e Colchian maid, thy own Medea, near?
rself will guard the grove, and watch the while;
en let repose thy long, long toils beguile."
He not relaxed his weary folds; but feared
e rest permitted, and by toil endeared:
t slumbering felt the cloud of slumber creep,
d from the branches shook the balm of sleep.
é Colchian maid her foaming venoms threw,
d waved the bough, immersed in Lethe's dew:
th chanted rhyme she lulls his drooping eyes,
th hand and tongue the Stygian charm she plies;
d still persists: till whelming slumber holds
e burning wrath that writhes his struggling folds.
falls his crest: he droops his languid head;
And lies, beyond the fleece, in trailing volumes spread:
Like refluent Po, or Nile of sevenfold train,
Or Alpheus winding o'er Hesperia's plain.
But when Medea saw the folds unwound,
And her loved dragon grovelling on the ground;
Cast at her length, her clasping arms she threw;
And, "Ah! not such thou met'st Medea's view,
When yesternight thy opening jaws I fed,
With honeyed cates, and medicated bread.
How moveless is thy weight! how slow thy breath!
At least my hand is guiltless of thy death.
Unhappy serpent! when in evil day
Thy eyes no glittering fleece beneath the bough survey.
Yield to the God; and seek a happier lot
In other groves, the faithless maid forgot.
Nor may thy well-known hiss thy flight pursue
From sea to sea; my keen remorse renew.
But thou, oh Jason! tremble at delay:
Haste, snatch the fleece, and bear thy prize away.
By my pernicious arts, my injured sire
Has seen his brazen-footed bulls expire;
Spell-doomed by me the earth-born giants bled;
Stretched at thy feet the dragon bows his head;
Now may I hope the crown of guilt is won;
Now all is finished; now my crimes are done."
Then, while he questioned how, with grappling hold,
To reach the elm-tree top, that waved with gold;
"On, on," she cried; "and o'er the dragon's mail

With firm-pressed foot the height ascending scale."
He lingered not; but at the maid's behest,
With firm set heel the bulky serpent pressed;
And to the ærial elm ascending clung,
On whose tall boughs the hide resplendent hung:
Like fiery clouds, that flush with ruddy glare,
Or Iris, gliding through the purple air;
When loosely girt her dazzling mantle flows,
And 'gainst the sun in arching colours glows.
Exulting Jason grasped the shining hide,
His last of labours, and his envied pride.
Slow from the groaning branch the fleece was rent;
Of Phryxus' flight the splendid monument
For years long past: the tree reluctant bends,
And sudden darkness o'er its top descends.
Emerging from the wood, they took their way
Through plains that glanced beneath the gleaming ray,
To where the river opened in a bay.
His limbs and back are wrapt in shaggy gold,
His left arm mantled in the glistening fold:
So from Nemea's den Alcides strode,
The lion's yellow spoil around his shoulders flowed.
Now, where his friends their destined station hold,
He breaks the darkness, garmented in gold:
The Thracians shout: instinctive Argo glides
Swift to the bank; self-moving through the tides.
With steps impetuous Jason trod the shore;
The fleece of downy gold he sent before.
Then, with the maid, who shrank wondering fear,
Leaped on the deck, and couched quivering spear.
Dread horrors now the parents' ears fright,
Their fated house, the virgin's fraud, flight:
In sudden arms the brother blazed al
And the moved city poured its gathe throng:
While, nerved with anguish of indign rage,
Æetes flew, forgetful of his age.
With bristling spears in vain the sh are lined;
The darted vessel flies before the w
Distracted on the shore the mo stands,
And towards the boundless ocean spre her hands.
The sister, every mother, every br
Hang round her steps, and hover o'er tide:
Thy sweet companions, oh deluded f
The partners of thy virgin sports there:
Wild, starting from the rest, the mo flies
And fills the air with shrieks and agon
"Stay thy rash flight! and from distant main,
For oh! thou canst, my daughter! again!
Whither depart? the vessel backw steer;
Thy friends, thy still fond father, thee here.
Here is thy own hereditary sway:
Then why to Greece, in trusting r ness, stray?
What place to thee will Grecian m resign;
A foreign virgin, say, what claims thine?
Is this the house? are these the wed ties?
Is this the day to bless my aged e
Oh! might I with a vulture's talons

hat robber's cheeks! His very deck
ascend;
id, audible, in clear and piercing
strain,
emand my daughter at his hands
again?
he Albanian monarch's bride the maid
should be;
o compact, Jason! had we joined with
thee:
o amorous theft did Pelias' lips com-
mand;
o rape of virgins from our Colchian
strand.
hine be the golden fleece! unenvied,
thine!—
ay more—our temple's treasures we
resign.
ut why these wild unjust reproaches
give?
ne is, herself, the willing fugitive:
o glows her breast to guilty love re-
signed;
ow every truth comes thronging on my
mind!
nce the Thessalian vessel touched the
shore,
hy food, sad maid! thy pastime pleased
no more;
hy colour paled; thou would'st in mur-
murs speak;
he flushing red came wandering o'er
thy cheek;
nd the gay smile, that flashed its tran-
sient grace,
ut shone reflected from another's face.
hy was the dreadful mischief not dis-
closed?
hen Jason were our son: nor thou ex-
posed
o shameful flight; or I at least had
known
o share a crime which now is all thy
own;
ad shared thy wanderings o'er the
boundless sea,
nd trod Thessalia's distant soil with
thee:
In what far town that cruel stranger
dwell,
Had I been with thee, it had then been
well!"
She spoke, in loud and passionate la-
ment:
With shrieks the shrilling air the sister
rent:
Alike the damsels to the winds exclaim,
With empty words, and call the nymph
by name:
But thee, far off, the ocean gales convey,
And thy fates waft thee on the destined
way.

—Whyte.

Hypsipyle's Lament

STATIUS

[From the *Thebais*, Book V]

Publius Papinius Statius (about 60 to about 96) was the author of an epic poem entitled *Thebais* and of a fragment of another entitled *Achilleis*. He wrote also a number of occasional poems on contemporary incidents and persons collected under the title *Silvæ*. He was one of a group of poets who secured their standing under Domitian by methods of gross flattery.

As now Hypsipyle, the serpent slain,
Sees her lost infant on the spacious
plain,
Upon a distant eminence she spy'd
The with'ring grass with drops of slaugh-
ter dy'd:
Hither in haste the beauteous mourner
flies,
And soon, too soon the killing object
eyes.
In vain from words she seeks a short
relief,
In vain in tears to vent her swelling
grief;
Short of its course the pearly current
hung,

And to the roof inactive cleaves the tongue.
One while she kisses his discolour'd cheeks,
Then thro' his limbs life's luke-warm passage seeks
In vain, his face and breast misplac'd, are drown'd
In blood, and the whole body seems one wound.
As when the bird, whose nest in search of food
Some serpent climb'd, and crush'd the tender brood,
Returning, finds her clam'rous infants gone,
And blood and scatter'd feathers left alone,
She drops the meat, and spurns the nest away;
The grove responsive echoes to her lay.
Soon as the wretch had in her lap with care
Repos'd his limbs, and dry'd them with her hair,
Her voice, releas'd from sad excess of grief,
A passage found, and thus she sought relief.
"O thou, whose form and features oft have brought
My own dear offspring's image to my thought,
Whose soft caresses could alone abate
The pangs of exile and a servile state:
Say, whence these wounds? what god could thus disgrace
Thy faultless figure, and thy charms efface?
I left thee fresh in life, in beauty gay,
Engag'd in pleasure, and amus'd with play.
Where now are all those sweet attempts to speak,
The sparkling eye and rose-resembling cheek?
Where are those artful smiles, that lisping tone

To me address'd, and known to
alone?
How to procure thee slumbers did I
And talk of Argo, and thy native soil!
How have I press'd thee in my foldi
arms,
And gaz'd and doated on thy buddi
charms?
Thus sooth'd, I could forget I was
slave;
To thee my breast, another's right,
gave:
Now ready to thy mouth descends aga
The middle current, but descends in va
Nor were there omens wanting to d
close
His fate, and warn me of impendi
woes:
Amidst the dusky horrours of the nig
The Cyprian goddess stood confest
sight.
But why should I the fatal act disclai
And to the guiltless gods transfer t
blame?
My speedy death shall for the cri
atone,
'Tis thus decreed, nor seek I death
shun.
Say, could I thus forget my precio
care,
While, urg'd by vain ambition, I decla
My daring country's fortune and
own,
And court the transient blazes of
nown?
Lemnos, no more against thy queen
claim,
Our guilt is equal, our disgrace the sam
If this entreaty merits your regard,
If my past service claims this small
ward,
Lead me, O quickly to the serpent lea
Or with your swords absolve my impio
deed.
Oh! never may these eyes behold aga
The sire, or injur'd partner of his reig
Tho' (what can scarcely merit your
lief)
My own would equal her severest gri

re from these hands she take th' ungrateful load,
h' ungrateful load, unhappily bestow'd,
ay yawning earth a sudden passage rend,
nd let me thro' the dark abyss descend."

—W. L. Lewis.

The Abode of Sleep

STATIUS

[From the *Thebais,* Book X]

ar on the confines of the western main,
Where Æthiopia bounds her wide domain,
here stands a grove, that casts a shade afar,
mpenetrable to the brightest star,
eneath whose hollow rocks a cave descends
f depth immense, and in the mountain ends.
ere all-disposing Nature fix'd th' abode
f Somnus, and secur'd the drowsy god.
oth, who scarce knows an interval from sleep,
est motionless, and dark Oblivion keep
ternal sentry at the gloomy gate:
here listless Ease, and awful Silence sate
ith close-contracted wings, and, still as Death,
epel the winds, and hush each murmur's breath:
o rustling foliage here is heard to move,
o feather'd songsters warble through the grove;
o lightnings glare, no crashing thunders roar,
o foamy waves, rebounding from the shore.
he neighb'ring stream along the valley glides,
nd rolls between the rocks his noiseless tides.
The sable herds and flocks from food abstain,
Or only graze, recumbent on the plain:
Nor stops th' infection here, but spreads around,
And withers herbs just springing from the ground.
Within, a thousand statues of the god
Were grav'd by Vulcan.—Here was seen to nod
Pleasure, with overacted joys oppress'd,
And healthful toil, ne'er physick'd into rest.
There Love from am'rous cares a respite stole,
And Bacchus snor'd o'er a half-finish'd bowl.
Deep, deep within, Death, his half-brother, lies,
His face was void of terror, clos'd his eyes.
Beneath the dew-bespangled cavern lay
The god himself and dos'd his cares away.
The roof was verdant; his own poppies spread
A carpet soft, and swell'd the rising bed.
His mouth, half-shut, breathes soporific steams,
And his warm vests exhale the vap'ry streams.
One hand sustains his head; the horn drops down,
Unheeded, from his other torpid grown.
A thousand various dreams attend their chief,
Truths mix'd with falsehood, joys alloy'd with grief:
The sons of darkness these, and night's black hosts,
On earth they lie, or cleave to beams and posts.
Some slender glimm'rings faintly shine between,
And serve to make the gloom more clearly seen.

—W. L. Lewis.

IV. SATIRIZING THE PRESENT

The Banquet of the Newly Rich[1]

PETRONIUS

[From the *Satyricon*]

Petronius, the author of the *Satyricon,* is now generally identified with the arbiter of taste of the court of Nero. The date of his birth is not known; the manner of his death by suicide in the year 66 is fully described by Tacitus in his *Annals.* His book is the first example in literature of the novel of manners. It narrates the adventures of certain more or less educated unscrupulous roustabouts on a journey in southern Italy. It is in the form of Menippean satire, that is, a somewhat haphazard mixture of prose and verse. In order to obtain an objective view of urban society for the purpose of satirizing it, the author puts the narrative in the mouth of Encolpius, a freedman from a provincial town. Only fragments of the work are extant.

The hero describes a dinner of a certain vulgar untutored Trimalchio, who, having amassed a fortune, sets about aping the fashionable society of the capital in accordance with his conception of it.

At last then we sat down, and boys from Alexandria poured water cooled with snow over our hands. Others followed and knelt down at our feet, and proceeded with great skill to pare our hangnails. Even this unpleasant duty did not silence them, but they kept singing at their work. I wanted to find out whether the whole household could sing, so I asked for a drink. A ready slave repeated my order in a chant not less shrill. They all did the same if they were asked to hand anything. It was more like an actor's dance than a gentleman's dining-room. But some rich and tasty whets for the appetite were brought on; for every one had now sat down except Trimalchio, who had t first place kept for him in the new sty A donkey in Corinthian bronze stood the side-board, with panniers holdi olives, white in one side, black in t other. Two dishes hid the donke Trimalchio's name and their weight silver was engraved on their edg There were also dormice rolled in hon and poppy-seed, and supported on lit bridges soldered to the plate. Then the were hot sausages laid on a silver gr and under the grill damsons and seeds pomegranate.

While we were engaged with these de cacies, Trimalchio was conducted in the sound of music, propped on the tini of pillows. A laugh escaped the unwa His head was shaved and peered out o scarlet cloak, and over the heavy clot on his neck he had put on a napkin wi a broad stripe and fringes hanging fr it all round. On the little finger of l left hand he had an enormous gilt ri and on the top joint of the next finge smaller ring which appeared to me to entirely gold, but was really set all rou with iron cut out in little stars. Not co tent with this display of wealth, he ba his right arm, where a golden brace shone, and an ivory bangle clasped w a plate of bright metal. Then he sa as he picked his teeth with a silver qu "It was not convenient for me to co to dinner yet, my friends, but I gave all my pleasure; I did not like to st away any longer and keep you waiti But you will not mind if I finish game?" A boy followed him with a ta of terebinth wood and crystal pieces, a I noticed the prettiest thing possible. stead of black and white counters th used gold and silver coins. Trimalc kept passing every kind of remark as played, and we were still busy with hors d'œuvres, when a tray was brou

[1] From The Loeb Classical Library, reprinted by permission.

with a basket on it, in which there was
en made of wood, spreading out her
gs as they do when they are sitting.
e music grew loud: two slaves at once
ne up and began to hunt in the straw.
hen's eggs were pulled out and handed
he guests. Trimalchio turned his head
look, and said, "I gave orders, my
nds, that peahen's eggs should be put
ler a common hen. And upon my
h I am afraid they are hard-set by
v. But we will try whether they are
l fresh enough to suck." We took our
ons, half-a-pound in weight at least,
l hammered at the eggs, which were
ls of fine meal. I was on the point of
owing away my portion. I thought a
chick had already formed. But hear-
a practised diner say, "What treasure
e we here?" I poked through the shell
h my finger, and found a fat becafico
ed up in spiced yolk of egg.

Trimalchio had now stopped his game,
l asked for all the same dishes, and in
loud voice invited any of us, who
hed, to take a second glass of mead.
ldenly the music gave the sign, and the
nt dishes were swept away by a troop
singing servants. An entrée-dish hap-
ned to fall in the rush, and a boy
ked it up from the ground. Trimalchio
v him, and directed that he should be
nished by a box on the ear, and made
throw down the dish again. A chair-
n followed and began to sweep out
silver with a broom among the other
bish. The two long-haired Ethiopians
h little wine-skins, just like the men
o scatter sand in an amphitheatre,
ne in and gave us wine to wash our
nds in, for no one offered us water.

We complimented our host on his ar-
gements. "Mars loves a fair field,"
l he, "and so I gave orders that every
should have a separate table. In that
v these filthy slaves will not make us
not by crowding past us."

Just then some glass jars carefully
ened with gypsum were brought on, with labels tied to their necks, inscribed, "Falernian of Opimius's vintage, 100 years in the bottle." As we were poring over the labels Trimalchio clapped his hands and cried, "Ah me, so wine lives longer than miserable man. So let us be merry. Wine is life. I put on real wine of Opimius's year. I produced some inferior stuff yesterday, and there was a much finer set of people to dinner." As we drank and admired each luxury in detail, a slave brought in a silver skeleton, made so that its limbs and spine could be moved and bent in every direction. He put it down once or twice on the table so that the supple joints showed several attitudes, and Trimalchio said appropriately: "Alas for us poor mortals, all that poor man is is nothing. So we shall all be, after the world below takes us away. Let us live then while it goes well with us."

After we had praised this outburst a dish followed, not at all of the size we expected; but its novelty drew every eye to it. There was a round plate with the twelve signs of the Zodiac set in order, and on each one the artist had laid some food fit and proper to the symbol; over the Ram ram's-head pease, a piece of beef on the Bull, kidneys over the Twins, over the Crab a crown, an African fig over the Lion, a barren sow's paunch over Virgo, over Libra a pair of scales with a muffin on one side and a cake on the other, over Scorpio a small sea-fish, over Sagittarius a bull's-eye, over Capricornus a lobster, over Aquarius a goose, over Pisces two mullets. In the middle lay a honeycomb on a sod of turf with the green grass on it. An Egyptian boy took bread round in a silver chafing-dish. . . .

Trimalchio himself too ground out a tune from the musical comedy "Assafœtida" in a most hideous voice. We came to such an evil entertainment rather depressed. "Now," said Trimalchio, "let us have dinner. This is sauce for dinner." As he spoke, four dancers ran up in time

with the music and took off the top part of the dish. Then we saw in the well of it fat fowls and sow's bellies, and in the middle a hare got up with wings to look like Pegasus. . . . Trimalchio was delighted with the trick he had played us, and said, "Now, Carver." The man came up at once, and making flourishes in time with the music pulled the dish to pieces; you would have said that a gladiator in a chariot was fighting to the accompaniment of a water-organ. Still Trimalchio kept on in a soft voice, "Oh, Carver, Carver." I thought this word over and over again must be part of a joke, and I made bold to ask the man who sat next to me this very question. He had seen performances of this kind more often. "You see the fellow who is carving his way through the meat? Well, his name is Carver. So whenever Trimalchio says the word, you have his name, and he has his orders."

I was now unable to eat any more, so I turned to my neighbor to get as much news as possible. I began to seek for far-fetched stories, and to inquire who the woman was who kept running about everywhere. "She is Trimalchio's wife Fortunata," he said, "and she counts her money by the bushel. And what was she a little while ago? You will pardon me if I say that you would not have taken a piece of bread from her hand. Now without why or wherefore she is queen of Heaven, and Trimalchio's all in all. In fact, if she tells him that it is dark at high noon, he will believe it. He is so enormously rich that he does not know himself what he has; but this lynx-eyed woman has a plan for everything, even where you would not think it. She is temperate, sober, and prudent, but she has a nasty tongue, and henpecks him on his own sofa. Whom she likes, she likes; whom she dislikes, she dislikes. Trimalchio has estates wherever a kite can fly in a day, is a millionaire of millionaires. There is more plate lying in his steward's room than other people have in t whole fortunes. And his slaves! word! I really don't believe that one of ten of them knows his master by si Why he can knock any of these yo louts into a nettle-bed if he choo You must not suppose either that he b anything. Everything is home-gro wool, citrons, pepper; you can have co milk for the asking. Why, his wool not growing of fine enough quality. bought rams from Tarentum and them into his flocks with a smack beh He had bees brought from Athens to him Attic honey on the premises; Roman-born bees incidentally will be proved by the Greeks. Within the few days, I may say, he has written a cargo of mushroom spawn from In . . . But do not look down on the ot freedmen who are his friends. They very juicy people. That one you lying at the bottom of the end s has his eight hundred thousand. He quite a nobody. A little time ago he carrying loads of wood on his ba People do say—I know nothing, bu have heard—that he pulled off a gobl cap and found a fairy hoard. If makes presents I am jealous of nobo Still, he shows the marks of his mast fingers, and has a fine opinion of hims So he has just put up a notice on hovel: 'This attic, the property of Ca Pompeius Diogenes, to let from the 1s July, the owner having purchased house.' That person there too who lying in the freedman's place is pleased with himself. I do not bla him. He had his million in his ha but he has had a bad shaking. I beli he cannot call his hair his own. No f of his I am sure; there is no better fel alive; but it is the damned freedmen have pocketed everything. You k how it is: the company's pot goes off boil, and the moment business take bad turn your friends desert you. see him in this state: and what a

de he drove! He was an undertaker. used to dine like a prince: boars ked in a cloth, wonderful sweet things, ne, chefs and confectioners! There d to be more wine spilt under the le than many a man has in his cellars. was a fairy prince, not a mortal. hen his business was failing, and he was aid his creditors might guess that he s going bankrupt, he advertised a sale this fashion: "Caius Julius Proculus l offer for sale some articles for which has no further use."

—Michael Heseltine.

A Practical Education [1]

PETRONIUS

[From the *Satyricon*]

The controversy over the value of the udy of literature in the scheme of edu-ion is at least as old as Petronius.

I have another boy who is no scholar, t very inquiring, and can teach you re than he knows himself. So on holi-ys he generally comes home, and is ite pleased whatever you give him. I ught the child some books with red-ter headings in them a little time ago. want him to have a smack of the law order to manage the property. Law s bread and butter in it. He has ped quite deep enough into literature. he is restless, I mean to have him rn a trade, a barber or an auctioneer, at least a barrister, something that he n carry to the grave with him. So I um it into him every day: 'Mark my rds, Primigenius, whatever you learn, u learn for your own good. Look at ileros, the barrister: if he had not rked, he would not be keeping the lf from the door to-day. It is not so g since he used to carry things round on his back and sell them, and now he makes a brave show even against Norbanus. Yes, education is a treasure, and culture never dies.'

—Michael Heseltine.

The Connoisseur [1]

PETRONIUS

[From the *Satyricon*]

To the newly rich sound appreciation of art is as simple a matter as the adequate acquisition of historical and mythological learning.

The cook too was rewarded with a drink and a silver crown, and was handed the cup on a Corinthian dish. Agamemnon began to peer at the dish rather closely, and Trimalchio said, "I am the sole owner of genuine Corinthian plate." I thought he would declare with his usual effrontery that he had cups imported direct from Corinth. But he went one better: "You may perhaps inquire," said he, "how I come to be alone in having genuine Corinthian stuff: the obvious reason is that the name of the dealer I buy from is Corinthus. But what is real Corinthian, unless a man has Corinthus at his back? Do not imagine that I am an Ignoramus. I know perfectly well how Corinthian plate was first brought into the world. At the fall of Ilium, Hannibal, a trickster and a great knave, collected all the sculptures, bronze, gold, and silver, into a single pile, and set light to them. They all melted into one amalgam of bronze. The workmen took bits out of this lump and made plates and entrée dishes and statuettes. That is how Corinthian metal was born, from all sorts lumped together, neither one kind nor the other. You will forgive me if I say that personally I prefer glass; glass at least does not smell. If it were not so break-

[1] From The Loeb Classical Library, reprinted by permission.

able I should prefer it to gold; as it is, it is so cheap. But there was once a workman who made a glass cup that was unbreakable. So he was given an audience of the Emperor with his invention; he made Cæsar give it back to him and then threw it on the floor. Cæsar was as frightened as could be. But the man picked up his cup from the ground: it was dinted like a bronze bowl; then he took a little hammer out of his pocket and made the cup quite sound again without any trouble. After doing this he thought he had himself seated on the throne of Jupiter, especially when Cæsar said to him: 'Does anyone else know how to blow glass like this?' Just see what happened. He said not, and then Cæsar had him beheaded. Why? Because if his invention were generally known we should treat gold like dirt. Myself I have a great passion for silver. I own about a hundred four-gallon cups engraved with Cassandra killing her children, and they lying there dead in the most life-like way. I have a thousand jugs which Mummius left to my patron, and on them you see Dædalus shutting Niobe into the Trojan horse. And I have got the fights between Hermeros and Petraites on my cups, and every cup is a heavy one; for I do not sell my connoisseurship for any money."

—Michael Heseltine.

Trimalchio's Tombstone [1]

PETRONIUS

[From the *Satyricon*]

Trimalchio is at one with the average Roman in his desire for an elaborate tombstone which shall secure for him the benefits of earthly immortality.

[1] From The Loeb Classical Library, reprinted by permission.

Then he looked at Habinnas and sa
"Now tell me, my dear friend: you v
erect a monument as I have directe
I beg you earnestly to put up round
feet of my statue my little dog, and so
wreaths, and bottles of perfume, and
the fights of Petraites, so that your ki
ness may bring me a life after death; a
I want the monument to have a front
of one hundred feet and to be two hu
dred feet in depth. For I should l
to have all kinds of fruit growing rou
my ashes, and plenty of vines. It is qu
wrong for a man to decorate his ho
while he is alive, and not to trouble abo
the house where he must make a lon
stay. So above all things I want add
to the inscription, 'This monument is n
to descend to my heir.' I shall certai
take care to provide in my will agai
any injury being done to me when I
dead. I am appointing one of the fre
men to be caretaker of the tomb and p
vent the common people from runni
up and defiling it. I beg you to put sh
in full sail on the monument, and me
ting in official robes on my official se
wearing five gold rings and distribut
coin publicly out of a bag; you remem
that I gave a free dinner worth t
denarii a head. I should like a dini
room table put in too, if you can arra
it. And let me have the whole peo
there enjoying themselves. On my ri
hand put a statue of dear Fortunata ho
ing a dove, and let her be leading a li
dog with a waistband on; and my d
little boy, and big jars sealed w
gypsum, so that the wine may not
out. And have a broken urn carved w
a boy weeping over it. And a sundial
the middle, so that anyone who looks
the time will read my name whether
likes it or not. And again, please th
carefully whether this inscription see
to you quite appropriate: 'Here li
Caius Pompeius Trimalchio, freedman

Mæcenas. The degree of Priest of Augustus was conferred upon him in his absence. He might have been attendant on any magistrate in Rome, but refused. God-fearing, gallant, constant, he started with very little and left thirty millions. He never listened to a philosopher. Fare thee well, Trimalchio: and thou too, passer-by.'"

After saying this, Trimalchio began to weep floods of tears. Fortunata wept, Habinnas wept, and then all the slaves began as if they had been invited to his funeral, and filled the dining-room with lamentation. I had even begun to lift up my voice myself, when Trimalchio said, "Well, well, if we know we must die, why should we not live? As I hope for your happiness, let us jump into a bath. My life on it, you will never regret it. It is as hot as a furnace." "Very true, very true," said Habinnas, "making two days out of one is my chief delight." And he got up with bare feet and began to follow Trimalchio, who was clapping his hands.

—Michael Heseltine.

The Lost Arts [1]

Petronius

[From the *Satyricon*]

At every period men locate the golden age in the past. The writers of the first century have so much to say about the decay of this, that, and the other thing, that Petronius is prompted to satirize the whole point of view.

I began to draw on his knowledge about the age of the pictures, and about some of the stories which puzzled me, and at the same time to discuss the decadence of the age, since the fine arts had died, and painting, for instance, had left no trace of its existence behind. "Love of money began this revolution," he replied. "In former ages virtue was still loved for her own sake, the noble arts flourished, and there were the keenest struggles among mankind to prevent anything being long undiscovered which might benefit posterity. So Democritus extracted the juice of every plant on earth, and spent his whole life in experiments to discover the virtues of stones and twigs. Eudoxos grew old on the top of a high mountain in order to trace the movements of the stars and the sky, and Chrysippus three times cleared his wits with hellebore to improve his powers of invention. If you turn to sculptors, Lysippus died of starvation as he brooded over the lines of a single statue, and Myron, who almost caught the very soul of men and beasts in bronze, left no heir behind him. But we are besotted with wine and women, and cannot rise to understand even the arts that are developed; we slander the past, and learn and teach nothing but vices. Where is dialectic now, or astronomy? Where is the exquisite way of wisdom? Who has ever been to a temple and made an offering in order to attain to eloquence, or to drink of the waters of philosophy? They do not even ask for good sense or good health, but before they even touch the threshold of the Capitol, one promises an offering if he may bury his rich neighbor, another if he may dig up a hid treasure, another if he may make thirty millions in safety. Even the Senate, the teachers of what is right and good, often promise a thousand pounds in gold to the Capitol, and decorate even Jupiter with pelf, that no one need be ashamed of praying for money. So there is nothing surprising in the decadence of painting, when all the gods and men think an ingot of gold more beautiful than anything those poor crazy Greeks, Apelles and Phidias, ever did."

Michael Heseltine.

[1] From The Loeb Classical Library, reprinted by permission.

An Explanation [1]

MARTIAL

[*Epigrams* IV, 65]

For Martial, see above, p. 505.

Philænis weeps with just one eye.
Queer, is it not?
You wish you knew the reason why?
That's all she's got.
—Paul Nixon.

To Lupus [1]

MARTIAL

[*Epigrams* XI, 18]

You gave me a farm—so you called it, at least,
In a sort of rhetorical turn—
But I'm forced to relate that the total estate
Doesn't hold as much dirt as an urn.

A grove of Diana, you told me, I think
Was a notable sight on the place:
But beyond one poor beet, overcome by the heat,
Of grove I deny there's a trace.

The wing of a cricket would cover that farm,
And an overfed ant with the gout
Couldn't find enough crops to tickle his chops
To last till the sun flickered out.

Moreover that garden you bragged so about
Proves a worm-eaten rose with one leaf,
And the lawn's yield of grass doesn't greatly surpass
Its produce of gravy and beef.

A cucumber hasn't got room to straight,
And a snake's bound to live there pieces.
A grasshopper hopped just one day a then stopped—
Starved to death, with its stomach creases.

A mole is the sole agriculturist there,
And he's hardly got room to tu round.
Why, a mushroom can't spread, or flower wave its head
Sans trespass on my neighbor's groun

An undergrown mouse when he gets that farm
Makes it look as though hit by t plague,
And my whole crop of hay was carri away
By a thrush hardly out of the egg.

A statue of Pan—minus head, legs, a trunk—
Casts its shade over all the domain;
And the shell of a clam, without sign a jam,
My harvest complete can contain.

Now pardon, my friend, if my praise h been faint—
We can seldom express what we fe
So I merely will add that I'd be migh glad
To swap farm for a thirty-cent meal.
—Paul Nixon.

Tailor Bills [1]

MARTIAL

[*Epigrams* II, 58]

You laughed at my toga, friend Zoilu as worn,
While the new one you wore fai shone.

[1] From *A Roman Wit*, by Paul Nixon, reprinted by permission of the author.

forgot to remark, overcome by your scorn:
"My toga, though worn, is my own."
—Paul Nixon.

A Misunderstanding [1]

MARTIAL

[*Epigrams* II, 41]

) smile, maiden, smile, if you care to be wise,"
The Pelignian bard, I think, said.
you dream, though, this counsel to all girls applies,
Get the notion right out of your head.

ven though he meant all girls he would'nt mean you,
For you know you're no girl now, Maxime:
hy, you've got but three teeth, if you've got more than two;
And they're pitch-covered bone, it would seem.

your mirror and me put unwavering trust;
Dread a smile as rouged Lais dreads rain,
s Priscus, the dandy, dreads wind and the dust,
As Sabella the sun on her stain.

ıdromache's, Hecuba's look wouldn't do.
Why, for you it's too merry by half.
eep from comedies, banquets; be sure and eschew
Doubtful jokes that might tempt you to laugh.

ways sit by some mother who's mourning a son,
By a wife as her loved husband dies.

[1] From *A Roman Wit*, by Paul Nixon, reinted by permission of the author.

Go only to tragedies: gayety shun,
And weep, maiden, weep, if you're wise.
—Paul Nixon.

The Beau [1]

MARTIAL

[*Epigrams* III, 63]

You are everywhere thought just too lovely to live.
You must be: I hear and believe it.
But, Cotilus, pray be so good as to say
What's a lovely man, as you conceive it?

"Well, a lovely man must have his hair combed and curled,
Of perfumes he mustn't be chary,
Must hum the last strain from the Nile and from Spain,
Must dance well and mustn't be hairy.

"He must linger all day by some lady friend's chair,
With murmured remarks must regale her,
Must get billets doux and respond to them, too;
Must be firm and precise with his tailor.

"He must always be posted on every intrigue
And must whirl in the gay social vortex;
Each family tree through all years A.U.C.
He must know from medulla to cortex."

That will do! This will make a man lovely, you say?
I'm not in position to doubt it—
But when I want to pass for a thoroughbred ass
I can see how I'd best set about it.
—Paul Nixon.

From the West [1]

MARTIAL

[*Epigrams* III, 38]

Why, hullo, Sextus! Left the farm?
Well, here's a how-do-do!
What rustic hope or horoscope
Fills Rome with chaps like you?

How's that? You'll be a Cicero?
Surprising legal bent?
Poor C—, you knew. Just his thought, too.
But he can't make his rent.

Indeed! You'll be a poet, then?
Make Virgil's verses seem flat?
See those poor coots in cast-off suits?
They're Virgils all—*verb. sat.*

Oho! You'll sponge on plutocrats?
My boy, you're rather late.
Just three men say they're fed that way;
The rest are losing weight.

You want advice? You're bound to stay?
No scruples, then, but pluck.
And with a share of *savoir faire*
You may exist—with luck.

—Paul Nixon.

A Total Abstainer [1]

MARTIAL

[*Epigrams* IV, 69]

Though you serve richest wines,
Paulus, Rumor opines
That they poisoned your four wives, I think.
It's of course all a lie;
None believes less than I—
No, I really don't care for a drink.

—Paul Nixon.

[1] From *A Roman Wit*, by Paul Nixon, reprinted by permission of the author.

Thermometrical [1]

MARTIAL

[*Epigrams* V, 79]

A full dozen times, Zoilus, during a m
You arise and make slaves char
your clothes.
You perspire, you observe, and wh
damp fear the breeze,—
No matter how lightly it blows.
Don't I, too, perspire, since I'm dini
with you,
And sit at your right as a rule?
No, a poor man is not so affected
heat—
I own but one suit and keep cool.

—Paul Nixon.

Nor a Lender Be [1]

MARTIAL

[*Epigrams* II, 44]

I can't buy a toga, a slave, or some boo
To give to my study a tone,
But an old friend of mine
In the 12 p. c. line
At once fears requests for a loan.

By way of prevention he'll seem m
distrait
When I meet him and stop to conver
In soliloquy he—
But he means it for me—
Will lament the sad state of his pur

"Four thousand due Phœbus, Phile
owed ten,
And Secundus, well, seven, at best—
Eh-eh, what did you say?
Yes, it *is* a fine day—
And I haven't a cent in my chest."

It's mean to refuse one a loan when
asked:
To do so before is too much.

Friend, Sextus, it's shrewd
But it's frightfully rude
To preclude the bare chance of a touch.
—Paul Nixon.

To Lawyer Postumus [1]

MARTIAL

[*Epigrams* VI. 19]

s no case of murder, or poison, or rape
That I've paid you to plead, my dear sir:
It's there in your notes;
I want my three goats
That a near neighbor stole, I aver.

e proof of this claim's what the judge wants to hear:
Kindly let Mithridatic wars drop.
The Cannæ defeat
And Punic deceit
In this case seem rather *de trop.*

Marius, Sulla, and Mucius, I think,
We've dined long enough *table d'hôte:*
Save some of your strength
And struggle at length
To flavor your discourse with goat.
—Paul Nixon.

The Shopper [1]

MARTIAL

[*Epigrams* IX, 59]

hours without stopping
murra goes shopping
Where golden Rome's grand bazaar lies:
Comely slaves he inspects,
Pointing out their defects
As he quite eats them up with his eyes.

His taste far surpasses
The taste of the masses:
Their best girls he tells them to show,
And upstairs in the mart
Studies slaves set apart,
Unprofaned by the gaze of the low.

He then, satiated,
Has tables uncrated;
Iv'ry stands from top shelves bids them get:
A tortoise shell chair,
Thrice measured with care,
He groans is too small for his set.
He appeared to be telling
Corinthian by smelling;
In Myron's art flaws he descried;
Sighed on finding a spot
In a crystalline pot;
Ordered ten agate jars laid aside.

Over old bowls he lingered;
Their chasing he fingered;
Then asked to see cups Mentor wrought.
After counting the gems
On their handles he hems—
And would like to see ear-rings, he thought.
Then the jewel shops he haunted,
Real sardonyx wanted,
And priced one as big as a dome.
Now the day being spent,
He bought two cups—one cent—
Tucked them under his arm and walked home.
—Paul Nixon.

Man's Inhumanity to Man [1]

MARTIAL

[*Epigrams* VIII, 14]

That your trees may be bold
When the weather grows cold;

[1] From *A Roman Wit,* by Paul Nixon, reted by permission of the author.

That their buds may be nipped by no breeze,
In hot-houses faced
To the south they're encased
And enjoy the warm sunlight at ease.
In a cell I am bunked
With one window—defunct;
If he slept there old Boreas would sneeze.
If this is the best
That you'll do for a guest,
Why, the next time I'll visit your trees.

—Paul Nixon.

Outclassed [1]

MARTIAL

[*Epigrams* X, 79]

Torquatus four miles from the city
Owns a country seat costly and grand:
Four miles from the city Otillus
Bought a cot and an acre of land.

Torquatus reared baths of rich marble;
You'd think they were built for a club:
Otillus installed then, undaunted,
A superfine second-hand tub.

Torquatus had laurel groves planted;
Each tree was well-leaved and full grown:
As soon as he saw them Otillus
Had a hundred of fine acorns sown.

Torquatus was next chosen consul:
Otillus was boss of his ward
And inwardly felt more than certain
That now poor Torquatus was floored.

I fear it will end like the fable
Where the undergrown frog had a thirst
To rival the ox in dimensions:
There's danger Otillus will burst.

—Paul Nixon.

[1] From *A Roman Wit,* by Paul Nixon, reprinted by permission of the author.

The Antiquary [1]

MARTIAL

[*Epigrams* VIII, 6]

The antiques of old Auctus will bore to death:
I prefer ware of clay from Saguntu
Of his pedigree'd plate
Wondrous tales he'll relate:
If you thirst till he's through yo affront'm.

"On Laomedon's board were these gob you see,
Bestowed for his walls on Apollo:
With that bowl that dire day
Rhœtus entered the fray—
A Lapith's head left this deep hollo

"You have read of the cups Nes owned: these are they.
You can see where his thumb's w 'em brighter.
And Achilles (II. IX)
Filled this tankard with wine
Of a kind that would make his frie tighter.

"With this beaker at Carthage Æneas pledged
By his hostess, the beautiful Dido'
When he's got you enthused,
Then from jars Priam used
He pours wine that you'd hate to g Fido.

—Paul Nixon

To Septicianus [1]

MARTIAL

[*Epigrams* XI, 107]

You've returned me my book all unrol to the end:
That you've read it is visibly sho

know it. It's true. I believe and
commend—
That's the way I've read four of your
own.
—Paul Nixon.

To Quintus [1]

MARTIAL

[*Epigrams* IX, 53]

Your birthday I wished to observe with
a gift;
You forbade and your firmness is
known.
Every man to his taste:
I remark with some haste,
May the third is the date of my own.
—Paul Nixon.

Un Médecin Malgré Eux [1]

MARTIAL

[*Epigrams* I, 30]

Diaulus now's a body snatcher,
Though a surgeon once.
His clientele, however, left him—
It's for them he hunts.
—Paul Nixon.

A Fair Field for Satire

JUVENAL

[From *Satires* I]

The excuse for satire is always the
ame, that the abundance of material is
esponsible. Juvenal makes the same ex-
lanation that Horace did. Details of
ourse differ; the public recitations of
oets, new in Horace's time, had not then
ecome the insufferable bore they were
ter. For Juvenal, see above p. 500.

Oh! heavens—while thus hoarse Codrus
perseveres
To force his Theseid on my tortured
ears,
Shall I not once attempt "to quit the
score,"
Always an auditor, and nothing more!
Forever at my side, shall this rehearse
His elegiac, that his comic verse,
Unpunished? shall huge Telephus, at will,
The livelong day consume, or, huger still,
Orestes, closely written, written, too
Down the broad marge and yet—no end
in view!
Away, away!—None knows his home
so well
As I the grove of Mars, and Vulcan's
cell,
Fast by the Æolian rocks!—How the
Winds roar,
How ghosts are tortured on the Stygian
shore,
How Jason stole the golden fleece, and
how
The Centaurs fought on Othrys' shaggy
brow;
The walks of Fronto echo round and
round—
The columns trembling with the eternal
sound,
While high and low, as the mad fit in-
vades,
Bellow the same trite nonsense through
the shades.
I, too, can write—and, at a pedant's
frown,
Once poured my fustian rhetoric on the
town:
And idly proved that Sulla, far from
power,
Had passed, unknown to fear, the tran-
quil hour:—
Now I resume my pen; for, since we meet
Such swarms of desperate bards in every
street,
'Tis vicious clemency to spare the oil,
And hapless paper they are sure to spoil.
But why I choose, adventurous, to re-
trace

[1] From *A Roman Wit*, by Paul Nixon, re-
printed by permission of the author.

The Aurunican's route, and, in the arduous race,
Follow his burning wheels, attentive hear,
If leisure serve, and truth be worth your ear.
When the soft eunuch weds, and the bold fair
Tilts at the Tuscan boar, with bosom bare;
When one that oft, since manhood first appeared,
Has trimmed the exuberance of his sounding beard,
In wealth outvies the senate; when a vile,
A slave-born, slave-bred, vagabond of the Nile,
Crispinus, while he gathers now, now flings
His purple open, fans his summer rings;
And, as his fingers sweat beneath the freight,
Cries, "Save me—from a gem of greater weight!"
'Tis hard a less adventurous course to choose,
While folly plagues, and vice inflames the Muse.
For who so slow of heart, so dull of brain,
So patient of the town, as to contain
His bursting spleen, when, full before his eye,
Swings the new chair of lawyer Matho by,
Crammed with himself! then, with no less parade,
That caitiff's, who his noble friend betrayed,
Who now, in fancy, prostrate greatness tears,
And preys on what the imperial vulture spares!
Whom Massa dreads, Latinus, trembling, plies
With a fair wife, and anxious Carus buys!
When those supplant thee in thy dearest rights,
Who earn rich legacies by active nights;
Those, whom (the shortest, surest way to rise)
The widow's itch advances to the skies!-
Not that an equal rank her minion hold;
Just to their various powers, she met her gold,
And Proculeius mourns his scanty shar
While Gillo triumphs, hers and nature heir!
And let him triumph! 'tis the price blood:
While, thus defrauded of the generou flood,
The color flies his cheek, as though h prest,
With unsuspecting foot, a serpent's crest
Or stood engaged at Lyons to declaim,
Where the least peril is the loss of fam
Ye gods!—what rage, what phrens fires my brain,
When that false guardian, with his sple did train,
Crowds the long street, and leaves h orphan charge
To prostitution, and the world at large
When by a juggling sentence damned i vain,
(For who, that holds the plunder, heed the pain?)
Marius to wine devotes his morning hour
And laughs, in exile, at the offende Powers:
While, sighing o'er the victory she wo
The Province finds herself but more u done!
And shall I feel, that crimes like thes require
The avenging strains of the Venusia lyre,
And not pursue them? shall I still repea
The lengendary tales of Troy and Crete
The toils of Hercules, the horses fed
On human flesh by savage Diomed,
The lowing labyrinth, the builder's fligh
And the rash boy, hurl'd from his air height?
When, what the law forbids the wife heir,
The adulterer's Will may to the witt bear,

o gave, with wand'ring eye and vacant face,
acit sanction to his own disgrace;
d, while at every turn a look he stole,
ored, unsuspected, o'er the treacherous bowl!
When he presumes to ask a troop's command,
o spent on horses all his father's land,
ile, proud the experienced driver to display,
s glowing wheels smoked o'er the Appian way:—
r there our young Automedon first tried
s powers, there loved the rapid car to guide;
ile great Pelides sought superior bliss,
d toyed and wantoned with his master-miss.
Who would not, reckless of the swarm he meets,
l his wide tablets, in the public streets,
th angry verse? when, through the midday glare,
rne by six slaves, and in an open chair,
e forger comes, who owes this blaze of state
a wet seal and a fictitious date;
mes, like the soft Mæcenas, lolling by,
d impudently braves the public eye!
the rich dame, who stanched her husband's thirst
th generous wine, but—drugged it first!
d now, more dext'rous than Locusta, shows
r country friends the beverage to compose,
d, midst the curses of the indignant throng,
ar, in broad day, the spotted corpse along.
Dare nobly, man! if greatness be thy aim,
d practice what may chains and exile claim:
Guilt's broad base thy towering fortunes raise,
For virtue starves on—universal praise!
While crimes, in scorn of niggard fate, afford
The ivory couches, and the citron board,
The goblet high-embossed, the antique plate,
The lordly mansion, and the fair estate!
O! who can rest—who taste the sweets of life,
When sires debauch the son's too greedy wife;
When males to males, abjuring shame, are wed,
And beardless boys pollute the nuptial bed!
No: Indignation, kindling as she views,
Shall, in each breast, a generous warmth infuse,
And pour, in Nature and the Nine's despite,
Such strains as I, or Cluvienus, write!
E'er since Deucalion, while, on every side,
The bursting clouds upraised the whelming tide,
Reached in his little skiff, the forked hill,
And sought, at Themis' shrine, the Immortals' will;
When softening stones grew warm with gradual life,
And Pyrrha brought each male a virgin wife;
Whatever passions have the soul possest,
Whatever wild desires inflamed the breast,
Joy, Sorrow, Fear, Love, Hatred, Transport, Rage,
Shall form the motley subject of my page.

—William Gifford.

Rome a Greek City

juvenal

[From *Satires* III]

In imperial times Rome had her problem of the melting-pot. Among the fortune hunters of all races attracted to the capital of the world none was so cunning,

so versatile, so successful as the Greek. The Roman, often outstripped in the competition, felt that that which was his by rights was gradually slipping away from him.

The nation by the great, admired, carest,
And hated, shunned by me, above the rest,
No longer now, restrained by wounded pride,
I haste to show (nor thou my warmth deride),
I cannot rule my spleen, and calmly see,
A Grecian capital, in Italy!
Grecian? O no! with this vast sewer compared,
The dregs of Greece are scarcely worth regard:
Long since, the stream that wanton Syria laves
Has disembogued its filth in Tiber's waves,
Its language, arts; o'erwhelmed us with the scum
Of Antioch's streets, its minstrel, harp, and drum.
Hie to the Circus! ye who pant to prove
A barbarous mistress, an outlandish love;
Hie to the Circus! there, in crowds they stand,
Tires on their head, and timbrels in their hand.
Thy rustic Mars the Trechedipna wears,
And on his breast, smeared with ceroma, bears
A paltry prize, well pleased; while every land,
Sicyon, and Amydos, and Alaband,
Tralles and Samos and a thousand more,
Thrive on his indolence and daily pour
Their starving myriads forth: hither they come,
And batten on the genial soil of Rome;
Minions, then lords, of every princely dome!
A flattering, cringing, treacherous, artful race,
Of torrent tongue, and never-blush face;
Which shifts to every form, and shines all:
Grammarian, painter, augur, rhetorici
Rope-dancer, conjurer, fiddler, physici
All trades his own your hungry Greekli counts;
And bid him mount the sky—the sky mounts!
You smile—was't a barbarian, then, th flew?
No, 'twas a Greek; 'twas an Athenia too!
—Bear with their state who will: for disdain
To feed their upstart pride, or swell th train:
Slaves, that in Syrian lighters stowed, late,
With figs and prunes (an inauspicio freight),
Already see their faith preferred to mi
And sit above me! and before me sign!
That on the Aventime I first drew air,
And, from the womb, was nursed Sabine fare,
Avails me not! our birthright now is lo
And all our privilege, an empty boast!
For lo! where versed in every soot ing art,
The wily Greek assails his patron's hea
Finds in each dull harangue an air, grace,
And all Adonis in a Gorgon face;
Admires the voice that grates upon t ear,
Like the shrill scream of amorous chan cleer;
And equals the crane neck, the narr chest,
To Hercules, when, straining to his bre
The giant son of Earth, his every ve
Swells with the toil, and more than mor pain.
We too can cringe as low, and praise warm,
But flattery from the Greeks alone c charm.

! they step forth, and figure to the life,
e naked nymph, the mistress, or the wife,
just, you view the very woman there,
d fancy all beneath the girdle bare!
longer now, the favourites of the stage
ast their exclusive power to charm the age:
e happy art with them a nation shares,
eece is a theatre, where all are players.
r lo! their patron smiles,—they burst with mirth;
weeps—they droop, the saddest souls on earth;
calls for fire—they court the mantle's heat;
is warm, he cries—and they dissolve in sweat.
-matched!—secure of victory they start,
ho, taught from youth to play a borrowed part,
n, with a glance, the rising passion trace,
d mould their own, to suit their patron's face;
deeds of shame their hands admiring raise,
d mad debauchery's worst excesses praise.
Besides, no bound their raging lust restrains,
ties it breaks, all sanctity profanes;
ife, virgin-daughter, son unstained before—
d, where these fail, they tempt the grandam hoar:
ey notice every word, haunt every ear,
ur secrets learn, and fix you theirs from fear.
Turn to their schools:—yon gray professor see,
eared with the sanguine stains of perfidy!
at tutor most accursed his pupil sold!
at Stoic sacrificed his friend to gold!
rue-born Grecian! littered on the coast,
Where the Gorgonian hack a pinion lost.
Hence, Romans, hence! no place for you remains,
Where Diphilus, where Erimanthus reigns;
Miscreants, who, faithful to their native art,
Admit no rival in a patron's heart:
For let them fasten on his easy ear,
And drop one hint, one secret slander there,
Sucked from their country's venom, or their own,
That instant they possess the man alone;
While we are spurned, contemptuous, from the door,
Our long, long slavery thought upon no more.

—William Gifford.

The New Woman

Juvenal

[From *Satires* VI]

Juvenal had little sympathy with the growing movement making for the greater freedom of women. He could see only vicious motives behind their actions and only disastrous results to society.

Some faults, though small, no husband yet can bear:
'Tis now the nauseous cant, that none is fair,
Unless her thoughts in Attic terms she dress;
A mere Cecropian of a Sulmoness!
All now is Greek: in Greek their souls they pour,
In Greek their fears, hopes, joys;—what would you more?
In Greek they clasp their lovers. We allow
These fooleries to girls: but thou, O thou,
Who tremblest at the verge of eighty-eight,
To Greek it still!—'tis now a day too late.

Foh! how it savors of the dregs of lust,
When an old hag, whose blandishments disgust,
Affects the infant lisp, the girlish squeak,
And mumbles out, "My life!" "My soul!" in Greek. . . .
Women support the Bar; they love the law,
And raise litigious questions for a straw;
They meet in private, and prepare the Bill,
Draw up the Instructions with a lawyer's skill,
Suggest to Celsus where the merits lie,
And dictate points for statement or reply.
Nay, more, they fence! who has not marked their oil,
Their purple rugs for this preposterous toil?
Room for the lady—lo! she seeks the list,
And fiercely tilts at her antagonist,
A post! which, with her buckler, she provokes,
And bores and batters with repeated strokes;
Till all the fencer's art can do she shows,
And the glad master interrupts her blows.
O worthy, sure, to head those wanton dames,
Who foot it naked at the Floral games;
Unless, with nobler daring, she aspire,
And tempt the arena's bloody field—for hire!
What sense of shame is to that female known,
Who envies our pursuits, and hates her own?
Yet would she not, though proud in arms to shine
(True woman still), her sex for ours resign. . . .
But she is more intolerable yet,
Who plays the critic when at table set;
Calls Virgil charming, and attempts to prove
Poor Dido right, in venturing all for love.
From Maro, and Mæonides, she quotes
The striking passages, and, while she notes
Their beauties and defects, adjusts
scales,
And accurately weighs which bard p
vails.
The astonished guests sit mute: gra
marians yield,
Loud rhetoricians, baffled, quit the fie
Even auctioneers and lawyers sta
aghast,
And now a woman speaks!—So thick a
fast,
The wordy shower descends, that y
would swear
A thousand bells were jangling in y
ear,
A thousand basins clattering. Vex
more
Your trumpets and your timbrels, as
yore,
To ease the laboring moon; her sin
yell
Can drown their clangor, and dissolve
spell.

—William Gifford

The Vanity of Human Wishes

Juvenal

[From *Satires* X]

This is ever a favorite theme of
moralist. Juvenal's treatment of it
more like that of an essayist than o
satirist. It is inspired not by direct
servations of life, as in Horace, but
reading and meditation on abstraction

In every clime, from Ganges' dist
stream
To Gades, gilded by the western beam
Few, from the clouds of mental error f
In its true light or good or evil see.
For what, with reason, do we seek
shun?
What plan, how happily soe'er begun,
But, finished, we our own success lam
And rue the pains, so fatally misspent
To headlong ruin see whole houses driv

rsed with their prayers, by too indul-
gent heaven!
Bewildered thus by folly or by fate,
e beg pernicious gifts in every state,
peace, in war. A full and rapid flow
eloquence, lays many a speaker
low:
en strength itself is fatal; Milo tries
s wondrous arms, and—in the trial
dies!
But avarice wider spreads her deadly
snare,
d hoards amassed with too successful
care,
ards, which o'er all paternal fortunes
rise,
o'er the dolphin towers the whale in
size.
r this, in other times, at Nero's word,
e ruffian bands unsheathed the mur-
derous sword,
shed to the swelling coffers of the
great,
ased Lateranus from his lordly seat,
sieged too-wealthy Seneca's wide walls,
d closed, terrific, round Longinus'
halls:
hile sweetly in their cocklofts slept the
poor,
d heard no soldier thundering at their
door.
The traveler, freighted with a little
wealth,
s forth at night, and wins his way by
stealth:
en then, he fears the bludgeon and the
blade,
d starts and trembles at a rush's shade;
hile, void of care, the beggar trips
along,
d, in the spoiler's presence, trolls his
song.
The first great wish, that all with rap-
ture own,
e general cry, to every temple known,
gold, gold, gold!—"and let, all-
gracious Powers,
e largest chest the Forum boasts be
ours!"

Yet none from earthen bowls destruction
sip:
Dread then the draught, when, mantling,
at your lip,
The goblet sparkles, radiant from the
mine,
And the broad gold inflames the ruby
wine.
And do we, now, admire the stories
told
Of the two Sages, so renowned of old;
How this forever laughed, whene'er he
stepped
Beyond the threshold; that, forever wept?
But all can laugh:—the wonder yet ap-
pears,
What fount supplied the eternal stream of
tears!
Democritus, at every step he took,
His sides with unextinguished laughter
shook,
Though, in his days, Abdera's simple
towns
No fasces knew, chairs, litters, purple
gowns.—
What! had he seen, in his triumphal car,
Amid the dusty Cirque, conspicuous far,
The Prætor perched aloft, superbly dress'd
In Jove's proud tunic, with a trailing
vest
Of Tyrian tapestry, and o'er him spread
A crown, too bulky for a mortal head,
Borne by a sweating slave, maintained to
ride
In the same car, and mortify his pride!
Add now the bird, that, with expanded
wing,
From the raised sceptre seems prepared
to spring;
And trumpets here; and there the long
parade
Of duteous friends, who head the caval-
cade;
Add, too, the zeal of clients robed in
white,
Who hang upon his reins, and grace the
sight,
Unbribed, unbought—save by the dole,
at night!

Yes, in those days, in every varied scene,
The good old man found matter for his spleen:
A wondrous sage! whose story makes it clear
That men may rise in folly's atmosphere,
Beneath Bœotian fogs, of soul sublime,
And great examples to the coming time.—
He laughed aloud to see the vulgar fears,
Laughed at their joys, and sometimes at their tears:
Secure the while, he mocked at Fortune's frown,
And when she threatened, bade her hang or drown!
Superfluous then, or fatal, is the prayer,
Which to the Immortals' knees we fondly bear.
Some, Power hurls headlong from her envied height,
Some, the broad tablet, flashing on the sight,
With titles, names: the statues, tumbled down,
Are dragged by hooting thousands through the town;
The brazen cars torn rudely from the yoke,
And, with the blameless steeds, to shivers broke—
Then roar the flames! the sooty artist blows,
And all Sejanus in the furnace glows;
Sejanus, once so honored, so adored,
And only second to the world's great lord,
Runs glittering from the mould, in cups and cans,
Basins and ewers, plates, pitchers, pots, and pans.
"Crown all your doors with bay, triumphant bay!
Sacred to Jove, the milk-white victim slay,
For lo! where great Sejanus by the throng,
A joyful spectacle! is dragged along.
What lips! what cheeks! ha, traitor! for my part,
I never loved the fellow—in my hear
"But tell me; Why was he adjudged bleed?
And who discovered? and who prov the deed?"
"Proved!—a huge, wordy letter ca to-day
From Capreæ." Good! what think t people? They!
They follow fortune, as of old, and ha
With their whole souls, the victim of t state.
Yet would the herd, thus zealous, th on fire,
Had Nurscia met the Tuscan's fond d sire,
And crushed the unwary prince, have combined,
And hailed Sejanus, Master of Mankin
For since their votes have been no long bought,
All public care has vanished from th thought;
And those who once, with unresist sway,
Gave armies, empire, everything, awa
For two poor claims, have long nounced the whole,
And only ask—the Circus and the Do
"But there are more to suffer." " I find;
A fire so fierce for one was ne'er d signed.
I met my friend Brutidius, and I fear,
From his pale looks, there's danger ne
What if this Ajax, in his phrensy, stril
Suspicious of our zeal, at all alike!"
"True: fly we then, our loyalty to sho
And trample on the carcass of his foe,
While yet exposed on Tiber's banks lies"—
"But let our slaves be there," anot cries:
"Yes; let them (lest our ardor they f swear,
And drag us, pinioned, to the Bar) there."

us of the favorite's fall the converse ran,
d thus the whisper passed from man to man.
Lured by the splendor of his happier hour,
ould'st thou possess Sejanus' wealth and power;
e crowds of suppliants at thy levee wait,
ve this to sway the army, that the state;
ıd keep a prince in ward, retired to reign
er Capreæ's crags, with his Chaldean train?
s, yes, thou would'st (for I can read thy breast)
ıjoy that favor which he once possess'd,
sume all offices, grasp all commands,
ıe Imperial Horse, and the Prætorian Bands,
is nature, this; even those who want the will,
ıt for the dreadful privilege to kill:
ét what delight can rank and power bestow,
ıce every joy is balanced by its woe!
ll would'st thou choose the favorite's purple, say?
, thus forewarned, some paltry hamlet sway?
Gabii, or Fidenæ, rules propound,
r faulty measures, and for wares unsound;
ıd take the tarnished robe and petty state,
poor Ulubræ's ragged magistrate?—
You grant me then, Sejanus grossly erred,
ır knew what prayer his folly had preferred:
r when he begged for too much wealth and power,
ıge above stage, he raised a tottering tower,
ıd higher still, and higher; to be thrown,
With louder crash, and wider ruin, down! . . .
But (for 'tis good our humble hope to prove),
That thou may'st, still, ask something from above,
Thy pious offerings to the temple bear,
And, while the altars blaze, be this thy prayer.
O Thou, who know'st the wants of human kind,
Vouchsafe me health of body, health of mind;
A soul prepared to meet the frowns of fate,
And look undaunted on a future state;
That reckons death a blessing, yet can bear
Existence nobly, with its weight of care;
That anger and desire alike restrains,
And counts Alcides' toils, and cruel pains,
Superior far to banquets, wanton nights,
And all the Assyrian monarch's soft delights!
Here, bound, at length, thy wishes. I but teach
What blessings man, by his own powers, may reach.
The path to peace is virtue. We should see,
If wise, O Fortune, naught divine in thee:
But we have deified a name alone,
And fixed in heaven thy visionary throne!

—William Gifford.

The Military Caste

Juvenal

[*Satires* XVI]

In early times the boastful soldier had been a fit theme for jest, but under the militaristic regime of the Empire the superior position occupied by the soldier became a matter for more serious thought on the part of mere civilians.

Who can recount the advantages that wait,
Dear Gallus, on the Military State?—
For let me once, beneath a lucky star,
Faint as I am at heart, and new to war,
But join the camp, and that ascendant hour
Shall lord it o'er my fate with happier power,
Than if a line from Venus should commend
My suit to Mars, or Juno stand my friend!
And first, of benefits which all may share:
'Tis somewhat—that no citizen shall dare
To strike you, or, though struck, return the blow:
But waive the wrong; nor to the Prætor show
His teeth dashed out, his face deformed with gore,
And eyes no skill can promise to restore!
A Judge, if to the camp your plaints you bear,
Coarse shod, and coarser greaved, awaits you there:
By antique law proceeds the cassocked sage,
And rules prescribed in old Camillus' age;
To wit, Let soldiers seek no foreign bench,
Nor plead to any charge without the trench.
O nicely do centurions sift the cause,
When buff-and-belt-men violate the laws!
And ample, if with reason we complain,
Is, doubtless, the redress our injuries gain!
Even so:—but the whole legion are our foes,
And, with determined aim, the award oppose.
"These sniveling rogues take special pleasure still
To make the punishment outweigh th
ill."
So runs the cry; and he must be posse
Of more, Vigellius, than thy iron breas
Who braves their anger, and, with t
poor toes,
Defies such countless hosts of hobnail
shoes.
Who so untutored in the ways
Rome,
Say, who so true a Pylades, to come
Within the camp?—no; let thy tears
dried,
Nor ask that kindness, which must
denied,
For, when the Court exclaims, "Yo
witness, here!"
Let that firm friend, that man of me
appear,
And testify but what he saw and hear
And I pronounce him worthy of th
beard
And hair of our forefathers! You ma
find
False witnesses against an honest hin
Easier than true (and who their fea
can blame?),
Against a soldier's purse, a soldier
fame!
But there are other benefits, my frien
And greater, which the sons of war a
tend:
Should a litigious neighbor bid me yie
My vale irriguous, and paternal field;
Or from my bounds the sacred landma
tear,
To which, with each revolving spring,
bear,
In pious duty to the grateful soil,
My humble offerings, honey, meal, a
oil;
Or a vile debtor my just claims wit
stand,
Deny his signet, and abjure his han
Term after Term I wait, till months
past,
And scarce obtain a hearing at the la
Even when the hour is fixed, a thousa
stays

rd my suit, a thousand vague delays:
cause is called, the witnesses attend,
rs brought, and cushions laid—and
there an end!
itius finds his cloak or gown too hot,
Fuscus slips aside to seek the pot;
s, with our dearest hopes the judges
sport,
when we rise to speak, dismiss the
Court!
spear-and-shield-men may command
the hour;
time to plead is always in their
power;
are their wealth and patience worn
away,
the slow drag-chain of the law's
delay.
dd that the soldier, while his father
lives,
And he alone, his wealth bequeaths or
gives;
For what by pay is earned, by plunder
won,
The law declares, vests solely in the son.
Coranus therefore sees his hoary sire,
To gain his Will, by every art, aspire!—
He rose by service; rank in fields ob-
tained,
And well deserved the fortune which
he gained.
And every prudent chief must, sure, de-
sire,
That still the worthiest should the most
acquire;
That those who merit, their rewards
should have,
Trappings, and chains, and all that decks
the brave.

—William Gifford.

V. EDUCATION OF THE PUBLIC MAN: QUINTILIAN

general system of public education
as exists in America today was not
vn in the Roman Empire. To be sure
e cities seem to have maintained
ol by taxation, and in some places
oup of parents would establish a school
their children. Undoubtedly many of
poor taught their children what they
d at home, and many of the rich en-
ed private tutors. Among all classes
quite certain that knowledge of the
ee Rs" was widespread.
igher education, true to the practical
t of the Romans, aimed to prepare
a public career. It was pursued under
hers to whom the students would pay
ee. The emperors, beginning with
oasian, provided for a few professors
ne higher branches at Rome.
llowing a development from the time
he Republic special stress was laid
ratory. Although there was no longer
possibility of influencing the policy of
state by persuasive speech before the
le, and though, as one consequence
he Imperial form of government, the
of oratory was on the decline, yet
there was within a narrower range need
of ability to speak in law-court and in
senate. In the senatorial class too, and
for that class the higher education was
largely intended, there was considerable
demand for speeches in praise of the
emperor.

It was with reference to the education
of the ruling classes that writers in the
first century produced their treatises.
Their ideal product was still, as in the
days of Cato, "a good man skilled in
speaking." To this end they regarded
as among the essentials wide and careful
reading in great Greek and Latin authors,
both for subject matter and for details of
style of value to a speaker. There was
also much memorizing and reciting of
speeches, much analysis of style and lan-
guage, and much attention to even the
minutiæ of figures of speech. In fact here
the emphasis was too great, for it led
to an affected, artificial style even in
speeches of the law-court. Great atten-
tion was given to developing the student's
ability to debate by the assignment of spe-
cial topics or questions on which all pos-

sible arguments were to be prepared. The method could develop keenness of mind; but the topics assigned had nothing to do with the life of the state, and at best would deal with some historical subject. For example this question was proposed: What would have happened if Hannibal had marched on Rome immediately after his victory at Cannæ?

To balance these criticisms it should be stated that the first and second centuries produced many able senators, great jurists, wise administrators, and a few writers of the first rank. Many of these men undoubtedly were trained in the formal schooling of their day, and to it must have owed some part of their success.

Marcus Fabius Quintilianus was born in Spain about 35 and died in Italy about 95. Quintilian as professor of oratory at Rome exerted a powerful influence on the writers and men of public life in the latter part of the first century and the beginning of the second. Late in life he published an epoch-making book on education. Its very title, *Institutio Oratoria,* reveals the point of view that characterizes the whole system of Roman education, which looked upon the orator as its final and highest product. The book is valuable not only as an excellent treatise on pedagogy, but also for its sane critical judgments on the literatures of Greece and Rome. Quintilian takes Cicero as the model of Latin style, and withholds his approval from the rhetorical peculiarities of Silver Latin which culminated in the affectations of Seneca.

The Training of the Child[1]

[From *The Training of the Orator,* Book I]

The aim of education is to produce the perfect orator; the perfect orator must be first of all a perfect man; education must therefore begin with infancy. The point is emphasized by Quintilian because in his day there was prevalent a tendency on the part of well-to-do parents to relieve themselves of the care of children by turning them over completely to more or less educated slaves.

Above all see that the child's nu speaks correctly. The ideal, accord to Chrysippus, would be that she sho be a philosopher; failing that he desi that the best should be chosen, as far possible. No doubt the most import point is that they should be of g character; but they should speak c rectly as well. It is the nurse that child first hears, and her words that will first attempt to imitate. And are by nature most tenacious of child impressions, just as the flavour first sorbed by vessels when new persists, a the colour imparted by dyes to primitive whiteness of wool is indeli Further it is the worst impressions t are most durable. For, while what good readily deteriorates, you will ne turn vice into virtue. Do not theref allow the boy to become accustom even in infancy to a style of spe which he will subsequently have to learn.

As regards parents, I should like to them as highly educated as possi and I do not restrict this remark fathers alone. We are told that the quence of the Gracchi owed much their mother Cornelia, whose letters e to-day testify to the cultivation of style. Lælia, the daughter of Gaius lius, is said to have reproduced the gance of her father's language, in own speech, while the oration delive before the triumvirs by Hortensia, daughter of Quintus Hortensius, is s read and not merely as a compliment her sex. And even those who h not had the fortune to receive a g education should not for that reason vote less care to their son's educati but should on the contrary show the greater diligence in other matt where they can be of service to th children. . . .

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ill if it should prove impossible to re the ideal nurse, the ideal compan-, or the ideal *pædagogus*, I would t that there should be one person ny rate attached to the boy who has e knowledge of speaking and who if any incorrect expression should be by nurse or *pædagogus* in the pres- of the child under their charge, at correct the error and prevent its ming a habit. But it must be clearly erstood that this is only a remedy, that the ideal course is that indi- d above. . . .

me hold that boys should not be ht to read till they are seven years that being the earliest age at which can derive profit from instruction endure the strain of learning. . . . se however who hold that a child's d should not be allowed to lie fallow a moment are wiser. Chrysippus, instance, though he gives the nurses ree years' reign, still holds the for- ion of the child's mind on the best ciples to be a part of their du- . . .

am not however so blind to differ- s of age as to think that the very ng should be forced on prematurely given real work to do. Above all gs we must take care that the child, is not yet old enough to love his ies, does not come to hate them and d the bitterness which he has once ed, even when the years of infancy left behind. His studies must be e an amusement: he must be ques- ed and praised and taught to rejoice n he has done well: sometimes too, n he refuses instruction, it should iven to some other to excite his envy, mes also he must be engaged in com- ion and should be allowed to be- himself successful more often than while he should be encouraged to do best by such rewards as may appeal is tender years. . . .

t any rate I am not satisfied with the course (which I note is usually adopted) of teaching small children the names and order of the letters before their shapes. Such a practice makes them slow to recognise the letters, since they do not pay attention to their actual shape, preferring to be guided by what they have already learned by rote. It is for this reason that teachers, when they think that they have sufficiently familiarized their young pupils with the letters written in their usual order, reverse that order or rearrange it in every kind of combination, until they learn to know the letters from their appearance and not from the order in which they occur. It will be best therefore for children to begin by learning their appearance and names just as they do with men. The method, however, to which we have objected in teaching the alphabet, is unobjectionable when applied to syllables. I quite approve on the other hand of a practice which has been devised to stimulate children to learn by giving them ivory letters to play with, as I do of anything else that may be discovered to delight the very young, the sight, handling and naming of which is a pleasure.

As soon as the child has begun to know the shapes of the various letters, it will be no bad thing to have them cut as accurately as possible upon a board, so that the pen may be guided along the grooves. Thus mistakes such as occur with wax tablets will be rendered impossible; for the pen will be confined between the edges of the letters and will be prevented from going astray. Further by increasing the frequency and speed with which they follow these fixed outlines we shall give steadiness to the fingers, and there will be no need to guide the child's hand with our own. The art of writing well and quickly is not unimportant for our purpose, though it is generally disregarded by persons of quality. Writing is of the utmost im-

portance in the study which we have under consideration and by its means alone can true and deeply rooted proficiency be obtained. But a sluggish pen delays our thoughts, while an unformed and illiterate hand cannot be deciphered, a circumstance which necessitates another wearisome task, namely the dictation of what we have written to a copyist. We shall therefore at all times and in all places, and above all when we are writing private letters to our friends, find a gratification in the thought that we have not neglected even this accomplishment.

As regards syllables, no short cut is possible: they must all be learnt, and there is no good in putting off learning the most difficult; this is the general practice, but the sole result is bad spelling. Further we must beware of placing a blind confidence in a child's memory. It is better to repeat syllables and impress them on the memory and, when he is reading, not to press him to read continuously or with greater speed, unless indeed the clear and obvious sequence of letters can suggest itself without its being necessary for the child to stop to think. The syllables once learnt, let him begin to construct words with them and sentences with the words. You will hardly believe how much reading is delayed by undue haste. If the child attempts more than his powers allow, the inevitable result is hesitation, interruption and repetition, and the mistakes which he makes merely lead him to lose confidence in what he already knows. Reading must therefore first be sure, then connected, while it must be kept slow for a considerable time, until practice brings speed unaccompanied by error. For to look to the right, which is regularly taught, and to look ahead depends not so much on precept as on practice; since it is necessary to keep the eyes on what follows while reading out what precedes, with the resulting difficulty that the attention of the mind must be divided, eyes and voice being differently enga It will be found worth while, when boy begins to write out words in acc ance with the usual practice, to see he does not waste his labour in wri out common words of everyday oc rence. He can readily learn the planations or *glosses,* as the Greeks them, of the more obscure words the way and, while he is still engage the first rudiments, acquire what w otherwise demand special time to be voted to it. And as we are still disc ing minor details, I would urge that lines, which he is set to copy, should express thoughts of no significance convey some sound moral lesson. will remember such aphorisms even w he is an old man, and the impres made upon his unformed mind will tribute to the formation of his cha ter. He may also be entertained learning the sayings of famous men above all selections from the poets, po being more attractive to children. memory is most necessary to an ora as I shall point out in its proper pl and there is nothing like practice strengthening and developing it. An the tender age of which we are speaking, when originality is impos memory is almost the only faculty w can be developed by the teacher.

—H. E. Butle

Culture and Vocation [1]

[From *The Training of the Orator,* Boo

The standard even for a practical cation is to be fixed not solely on the of utility, but on the basis of the of perfection for which one strives.

I will now proceed briefly to dis the remaining arts in which I think ought to be instructed before b

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ıded over to the teacher of rhetoric: it is by such studies that the course education described by the Greeks as ύκλιος παιδεία or general education will brought to its full completion.

For there are other subjects of edu-ion which must be studied simulta-usly with literature. These being ependent studies are capable of com-tion without a knowledge of oratory, ile on the other hand they cannot by mselves produce an orator. The ques-n has consequently been raised as to ether they are necessary for this pur-e. What, say some, has the knowl-ge of the way to describe an equilat-l triangle on a given straight line got do with pleading in the law-courts speaking in the senate? Will an ac-uintance with the names and intervals the notes of the lyre help an orator defend a criminal or direct the policy his country? They will perhaps pro-ce a long list of orators who are most ctive in the courts but have never sat ler a geometrician and whose under-nding of music is confined to the asure which their ears, like those of er men, derive from it. To such crit-I reply, and Cicero frequently makes same remark in his Orator, that I not describing any orator who ac-lly exists or has existed, but have in mind's eye an ideal orator, perfect vn to the smallest detail. For when philosophers describe the ideal sage o is to be consummate in all knowl-ge and a very god incarnate, as they , they would have him receive in-uction not merely in the knowledge of ngs human and divine, but would also d him through a course of subjects, ich in themselves are comparatively vial, as for instance the elaborate sub-ies of formal logic: not that acquain-ce with the so-called "horn" or ocodile" problems can make a man e, but because it is important that should never trip even in the small-est trifles. So too the teacher of geom-etry, music or other subjects which I could class with these, will not be able to create the perfect orator (who like the philosopher ought to be a wise man), but none the less these arts will assist in his perfection. I may draw a parallel from the use of antidotes and other reme-dies applied to the eyes or to wounds. We know that these are composed of in-gredients which produce many and sometimes contrary effects, but mixed together they make a single compound resembling no one of its component parts, but deriving its peculiar properties from all: so too dumb insects produce honey, whose taste is beyond the skill of man to imitate, from different kinds of flow-ers and juices. Shall we marvel then, if oratory, the highest gift of providence to man, needs the assistance of many arts, which, although they do not reveal or intrude themselves in actual speaking, supply hidden forces and make their si-lent presence felt? "But," it will be urged, "men have proved fluent without their aid." Granted, but I am in quest of an orator. "Their contribution is but small." Yes, but we shall never attain completeness, if minor details be lacking. And it will be agreed that though our ideal of perfection may dwell on a height that is hard to gain, it is our duty to teach all we know, that achievement may at least come somewhat nearer the goal. But why should our courage fail? The perfect orator is not contrary to the laws of nature, and it is cowardly to despair of anything that is within the bounds of possibility.

—H. E. Butler.

Special Aptitudes [1]

[From *The Training of the Orator*, Book II]

Special aptitudes should receive due recognition; but to limit one's training to

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those matters for which one shows liking and ability at a particular stage is to fail to lead one beyond his early limitations to the mastery of things which are worth while even though difficult.

It is generally and not unreasonably regarded as the sign of a good teacher that he should be able to differentiate between the abilities of his respective pupils and to know their natural bent. The gifts of nature are infinite in their variety, and mind differs from mind almost as much as body from body. This is clear from a consideration of the orators themselves, who differ in style to such an extent that no one is like another, in spite of the fact that numbers have modelled their style on that of their favorite authors. Many again think it useful to direct their instruction to the fostering of natural advantages and to guide the talents of their pupils along the lines which they instinctively tend to follow. Just as an expert gymnast, when he enters a gymnasium full of boys, after testing body and mind in every way, is able to decide for what class of athletic contest they should be trained, even so, they say, a teacher of oratory after careful observation of a boy's stylistic preferences, be they for terseness and polish, energy, dignity, charm, roughness, brilliance or wit, will so adapt his instructions to individual needs that each pupil will be pushed forward in the sphere for which his talents seem specially to design him; for nature, when cultivated, goes from strength to strength, while he who runs counter to her bent is ineffective in those branches of the art for which he is less suited and weakens the talents which he seemed born to employ. Now, since the critic who is guided by his reason is free to dissent even from received opinions, I must insist that to my thinking this view is only partially true. It is undoubtedly necessary to note the individual gifts of each boy, and no one would ever convince me t it is not desirable to differentiate cour of study with this in view. One b will be better adapted for the study history, another for poetry, another law, while some perhaps had better packed off to the country. The teac of rhetoric will distinguish such spec aptitudes, just as our gymnast will tu one pupil into a runner, another int boxer or wrestler or an expert at so other of the athletic accomplishments which prizes are awarded at the sac games. But on the other hand, he w is destined for the bar must study one department merely, but must perf himself in all the accomplishments wh his profession demands, even thou some of them may seem too hard for h when he approaches them as a learn For if natural talent alone were sufficie education might be dispensed with. S pose we are given a pupil who, like many, is of depraved tastes and swol with his own conceit; shall we suffer h to go his own sweet way? If a bo disposition is naturally dry and jeju ought we not to feed it up or at any r clothe it in fairer apparel? For, if some cases it is necessary to remove c tain qualities, surely there are oth where we may be permitted to add wh is lacking. Not that I would set mys against the will of nature. No inn good quality should be neglected, defects must be made good and we nesses made strong. When Isocrates, prince of instructors, whose works p claim his eloquence no less than his pils testify to his excellence as a teac gave his opinion of Ephorus and Th pompus to the effect that the for needed the spur and the latter the cu what was his meaning? Surely not t the sluggish temperament of the one the headlong ardour of the other a required modification by instruction, rather that each would gain from an mixture of the qualities of the othe

the case of weaker understandings, ver, some concession must be made they should be directed merely to w the call of their nature, since thus will be more effective in doing the thing that lies in their power. But are fortunate enough to meet with r material, such as justifies us in ope of producing a real orator, we leave no oratorical virtue uncared For though he will necessarily have tural bent for some special depart- of oratory, he will not feel repelled he others, and by sheer application develop his other qualities until they those in which he naturally ex- The skilled gymnast will once provide us with a parallel: if he rtakes to train a pancratiast, he will nerely teach him how to use his fists is heels, nor will he restrict his in- tions to the holds in wrestling, giv- special attention to certain tricks of kind, but will train him in every rtment of the science. Some will no t be incapable of attaining pro- ency in certain exercises; these must alise on those which lie within their rs. For there are two things which ust be most careful to avoid: first, ust not attempt the impossible, sec- y, he must not switch off his pupil what he can do well to exercises which he is less well suited. But if upil is like the famous Nicostratus, n we saw when he was old and we boys, he will train him equally in y department of the science and will e him a champion both in boxing and tling, like Nicostratus himself who the prize for both contests within w days of each other. And how more important is the employment ch methods where our future orator ncerned! It is not enough to be to speak with terseness, subtlety or mence, any more than it would be singing master to excel in the up- middle or lower register only, or in particular sections of these registers alone. Eloquence is like a harp and will never reach perfection, unless all its strings be taut and in tune.

—H. E. Butler.

The Choice of Words [1]

[From *The Training of the Orator,* Book VIII]

Advice to the effect that words are not an end in themselves but a means to an end was very much needed in Quintilian's day.

This does not, however, mean that we should devote ourselves to the study of words alone. For I am compelled to offer the most prompt and determined resistance to those who would at the very portals of this enquiry lay hold of the admissions I have just made and, disregarding the subject matter which, after all, is the backbone of any speech, devote themselves to the futile and crippling study of words in a vain desire to acquire the gift of elegance, a gift which I myself regard as the fairest of all the glories of oratory, but only when it is natural and unaffected. Healthy bodies, enjoying a good circulation and strengthened by exercise, acquire grace from the same source that gives them strength, for they have a healthy complexion, firm flesh and shapely thews. But, on the other hand, the man who attempts to enhance these physical graces by the effeminate use of depilatories and cosmetics, succeeds merely in defacing them by the very care which he bestows on them. Again, a tasteful and magnificent dress, as the Greek poet tells us, lends added dignity to its wearer: but effeminate and luxurious apparel fails to adorn the body and merely reveals the foulness of the mind. Similarly, a translucent and iridescent style

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merely serves to emasculate the subject which it arrays with such pomp of words. Therefore I would have the orator, while careful in his choice of words, be even more concerned about his subject matter. For, as a rule, the best words are essentially suggested by the subject matter and are discovered by their own intrinsic light. But to-day we hunt for these words as though they were hiding themselves and striving to elude our grasp. And thus we fail to realise that they are to be found in the subject of our speech, and seek them elsewhere, and, when we have found them, force them to suit their context. It is with a more virile spirit that we should pursue eloquence, who, if only her whole body be sound, will never think it her duty to polish her nails and tire her hair.

The usual result of over-attention to the niceties of style is the deterioration of our eloquence. The main reason for this is that those words are best which are least far-fetched and give the impression of simplicity and reality. For those words which are obviously the result of careful search and even seem to parade their self-conscious art fail to attain the grace at which they aim and lose all appearance of sincerity because they darken the sense and choke the good seed by their own luxuriant overgrowth. For in our passion for words we paraphrase what might be said in plain language, repeat what we have already said at sufficient length, pile up a number of words where one would suffice, and regard allusion as better than directness of speech. So, too, all directness of speech is at a discount, and we think no phrase eloquent that another could conceivably have used. We borrow figures and metaphors from the most decadent poets, and regard it as a real sign of genius that it should require a genius to understand our meaning. And yet Cicero long since laid down this rule in the clearest of language, that the worst fault in speaking is to adopt a style inconsistent with idiom of ordinary speech and con to the common feeling of mankind. nowadays our rhetoricians regard C as lacking both polish and learning are far superior, for we look upon e thing that is dictated by nature a neath our notice, and seek not fo true ornaments of speech, but for n tricious finery, as though there were real virtue in words save in their p to represent facts. And if we hav spend all our life in the laborious fort to discover words which will at be brilliant, appropriate and lucid, to arrange them with exact precision lose all the fruit of our studies. yet we see the majority of mo speakers wasting their time over the covery of single words and over the orate weighing and measurement of words when once discovered. Eve the special aim of such a practice always to secure the best words, suc ill-starred form of industry would much to be deprecated, since it ch the natural current of our speech extinguishes the warmth of imagin by the delay and loss of self-confi which it occasions. For the orator cannot endure to lose a single wo like a man plunged in griping pov On the other hand, if he will only form a true conception of the princ of eloquence, accumulate a copious ply of words by wide and suitable ing, apply the art of arrangement t words thus acquired, and finally, by tinual exercise, develop strength to his acquisitions so that every wo ready at hand and lies under his eyes, he will never lose a single For the man who follows these ins tions will find that facts and word propriate to their expression will pr themselves spontaneously. But it be remembered that a long course o liminary study is necessary and tha requisite ability must not merely b

red, but carefully stored for use; for anxiety devoted to the search for rds, to the exercise of the critical fac- y and the power of comparison is its place while we are learning, but when we are speaking. Otherwise, orator who has not given sufficient ention to preliminary study will be a man who, having no fortune, lives m hand to mouth. If, on the other ıd, the powers of speech have been efully cultivated beforehand, words l yield us ready service, not merely ning up when we search for them, but elling in our thoughts and following m as the shadow follows the body. ere are, however, limits even to this m of study; for when our words are d Latin, full of meaning, elegantly l aptly arranged, why should we la- ır further? And yet there are some o are never weary of morbid self-criti- m, who throw themselves into an ny of mind almost over separate syl- les, and even when they have discov- d the best words for their purpose k for some word that is older, less niliar, and less obvious, since they not bring themselves to realise that en a speech is praised for its words, implies that its sense is inadequate. ile, then, style calls for the utmost at- tion, we must always bear in mind t nothing should be done for the sake words only, since words were invented rely to give expression to things: and se words are the most satisfactory ich give the best expression to the ughts of our mind and produce the ct which we desire on the minds of judges. Such words will assuredly productive of a style that will both e pleasure and awaken admiration; l the admiration will be of a kind far er than that which we bestow on por- ts, while the pleasure evoked by the rm will have nothing morbid about it, will be praiseworthy and dignified.

—H. E. Butler.

Study and Writing [1]

[From *The Training of the Orator,* Book X]

Quintilian's common sense constantly brings him out in strong relief against the contemporary background of affectation.

The condemnation which I have passed on such carelessness in writing will make it pretty clear what my views are on the luxury of dictation which is now so fashionable. For, when we write, however great our speed, the fact that the hand cannot follow the rapidity of our thoughts gives us time to think, whereas the presence of our amanuensis hurries us on, and at times we feel ashamed to hesitate or pause, or make some alteration, as though we were afraid to display such weakness before a witness. As a result our language tends not merely to be haphazard and formless, but in our desire to produce a continuous flow we let slip positive improprieties of diction, which show neither the precision of the writer nor the impetuosity of the speaker. Again, if the amanuensis is a slow writer, or lacking in intelligence, he becomes a stumbling-block, our speed is checked, and the thread of our ideas is interrupted by the delay or even perhaps by the loss of temper to which it gives rise. Moreover, the gestures which accompany strong feeling, and sometimes even serve to stimulate the mind, the waving of the hand, the contraction of the brow, the occasional striking of the forehead or side, and those which Persius notes when he describes a trivial style as one that

> "Thumps not the desk nor smacks of bitten nails,"

all these become ridiculous, unless we are alone. Finally, we come to the most important consideration of all, that the ad-

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vantages of privacy are lost when we dictate. Everyone, however, will agree that the absence of company and deep silence are most conducive to writing, though I would not go so far as to concur in the opinion of those who think woods and groves the most suitable localities for the purpose, on the ground that the freedom of the sky and the charm of the surroundings produce sublimity of thought and wealth of inspiration. Personally I regard such an environment as a pleasant luxury rather than a stimulus to study. For whatever causes us delight must necessarily distract us from the concentration due to our work. The mind cannot devote its undivided and sincere attention to a number of things at the same time, and wherever it turns its gaze it must cease to contemplate its appointed task. Therefore, the charm of the woods, the gliding of the stream, the breeze that murmurs in the branches, the song of birds, and the very freedom with which our eyes may range, are mere distractions, and in my opinion the pleasure which they excite is more likely to relax than to concentrate our attention. Demosthenes took a wiser view; for he would retire to a place where no voice was to be heard, and no prospect greeted the sight, for fear that his eyes might force his mind to neglect its duty. Therefore, let the burner of the midnight oil seclude himself in the silence of night, within closed doors, with but a solitary lamp to light his labours. But for every kind of study, and more especially for night work, good health and its chief source, simple living, are essential; for we have fallen into the habit of devoting to relentless labour the hour which nature has appointed for rest and relaxation. From those hours we must take only such time as is superfluous for sleep, and will not be missed. For fatigue will make us careless in writing, and the hours of daylight are amply sufficient for one who has no other distractions. It is only the busy man who is driven to croach on the hours of darkness. N ertheless, night work, so long as we co to it fresh and untired, provides by the best form of privacy.

But although silence and seclusion a absolute freedom of mind are devou to be desired, they are not always wit our power to attain. Consequently must not fling aside our book at once, disturbed by some noise, and lament t we have lost a day: on the contrary, must make a firm stand against such conveniences, and train ourselves so concentrate our thoughts as to rise su rior to all impediments to study. only you direct all your attention to work which you have in hand, no sig or sound will ever penetrate to yo mind. If even casual thoughts often cupy us to such an extent that we not see passers-by, or even stray fr our path, surely we can obtain the sa result by the exercise of our will. must not give way to pretexts for slo For unless we make up our mind that must be fresh, cheerful and free from other care when we approach our studi we shall always find some excuse for id ness. Therefore, whether we be in crowd, on a journey, or even at so festive gathering, our thoughts shou always have some inner sanctuary their own to which they may reti Otherwise what shall we do when we suddenly called upon to deliver a speech in the midst of the forum, w lawsuits in progress on every side, a with the sound of quarrels and ev casual outcries in our ears, if we ne absolute privacy to discover the thoug which we jot down upon our tablets? was for this reason that Demosthen the passionate lover of seclusion, used study on the seashore amid the roar the breakers that they might teach h not to be unnerved by the uproar of public assembly.

There are also certain minor det

ich deserve our attention, for there is thing too minute for the student. It is st to write on wax owing to the facility ich it offers for erasure, though weak ht may make it desirable to employ rchment by preference. The latter, wever, although of assistance to the e, delays the hand and interrupts the eam of thought owing to the frequency th which the pen has to be supplied th ink. But whichever we employ, we ust leave blank pages that we may be e to make additions when we will. r lack of space at times gives rise to reluctance to make corrections, or, at y rate, is liable to cause confusion en new matter is inserted. The wax lets should not be unduly wide; for have known a young and over-zealous student write his compositions at undue length, because he measured them by the number of lines, a fault which persisted, in spite of frequent admonition, until his tablets were changed, when it disappeared. Space must also be left for jotting down the thoughts which occur to the writer out of due order, that is to say, which refer to subjects other than those in hand. For sometimes the most admirable thoughts break in upon us which cannot be inserted in what we are writing, but which, on the other, it is unsafe to put by, since they are at times forgotten, and at times cling to the memory so persistently as to divert us from some other line of thought. They are therefore best kept in store.

—H. E. Butler.

THE NEW FREEDOM

SECOND CENTURY

There can be no doubt that the self-centered and suspicious character of t emperor Domitian, whose rule extended from 81 to 96 A.D., was a continual thre against the lives of prominent members of the ruling classes of Rome. So were put to death, and nearly all driven to a servile attitude or to a careful policy silence and inaction. No wonder then that at the accession of Nerva, men felt th they were seeing the dawn of a new era. The pages of melancholy Tacitus and genial Pliny alike reflect the horror of the old and the hope for the new. But is not to be thought that any essential differences in the form of government involvi any diminution of the emperor's powers were introduced. Trajan certainly exercis as much authority as Domitian. Nor was there thought of discarding or annulli the acts of Domitian in the governing of the empire, for the records show th Trajan often confirmed them.

The new era, however, was a very real thing to men of the time. It grew o of a new relation, a new feeling, between emperor and senate. After the murd of Domitian, Nerva succeeded to the throne. He gained his place neither by dynas succession, nor by the sword of the army, but by the deliberate choice of the sena itself. Nerva was an old man no longer possessed of the vigor necessary to ru the Empire. The idea of adopting as his son and ultimate successor a tried a capable administrator was conceived, and, on the advice of leading senators a with the consent of the senate as a body, Nerva adopted Trajan. The policy adoption then successfully inaugurated was continued for several following reig and played no small part in making possible the happiness of the succeeding centu The senate then had actually and freely chosen its emperor. It is noteworthy th there was no talk of a restoration of the Republic, as had at times occurred years past. That is to say, the senate had come to realize the necessity for Imper rule. Time had done its work in teaching this fact, and also had conveniently remov the irreconcilables, and had brought in new blood even from the provinces. T senate was now prepared to work with and under the presidency of any reasonab man. Nerva and Trajan responded to this attitude, publicly treated the senate wi honor, and the individual senators with respect. The splendid tact of Trajan, whi brings Augustus to mind, undoubtedly had much to do with the ensuing era of go feeling. He would have the senate really function as under Augustus, and it show appreciation by unprecedented loyalty.

This was the period which Tacitus hailed as "a rarely happy time when a m thinks what he likes, and says what he thinks." To men of letters this realizati with the general feeling of relief and hope, gave great encouragement. The res was the enriching of Roman literature by two works of real genius, the histori books of Tacitus and the satires of Juvenal, and by the respectable writings of Pli and of Suetonius.

But these were the final products in literature of the true Roman spirit. W the reign of Hadrian, successor to Trajan, set in a literary period of archaism whi clearly marked a decline in originality. The same reign, however, saw the beginni of a great development in the science of law.

I. APPRECIATION OF THE NEW ORDER

The Contrast [1]

TACITUS

[From the *Agricola*]

ıe reign of Nerva witnessed a marked ary revival, which was the result of ncreased freedom of individual writ- o deal with matters of public interest ı which they had been excluded for better part of a century. For Tacitus, above p. 461.

o hand down to posterity the works ways of famous men was our father's om: our age has not yet abandoned ven now, indifferent though it be to wn children, whenever, at least, some t and notable virtue has dominated overpowered the vice common alike mall states and great—misapprehen- of integrity and jealousy.

ut in our fathers' times, just as the g of deeds worth recording was nat- and more obvious, so also there was cement then to the brightest spirits ublish such records of virtue. Partiship was not the motive or ambition: od conscience was its own reward; many men even counted it not preption, but self-respect, to narrate own lives. A Rutilius, a Scaurus, d do so without falling short of beor provoking a sneer; so true is it virtues are best appreciated in those which most readily give them birth; to-day, even though the man whose I am about to write is already gone, ught to have craved an indulgence h I should not have needed, had inve been my purpose; so harsh is the t of our age, so cynical towards ıe.

is recorded that when Rusticus Arulenus extolled Thrasea Pætus, when Herennius Senecio extolled Helvidius Priscus, their praise became a capital offence, so that persecution fell not merely on the authors themselves but on the very books: to the public hangman, in fact, was given the task of burning in the courtyard of the Forum the memorials of our noblest characters.

They imagined, no doubt, that in those flames disappeared the voice of the people, the liberty of the Senate, the conscience of mankind; especially as the votaries of Philosophy also were expelled, and all liberal culture exiled, in order that nowhere might anything of good report present itself to men's eyes.

Assuredly we have furnished a signal proof of our submissiveness; and even as former generations witnessed the utmost excesses of liberty, so have we the extremes of slavery; wherein our "Inquisitors" have deprived us even of the give and take of conversation. We should have lost memory itself as well as voice, had forgetfulness been as easy as silence.

Now at last heart is coming back to us: from the first, from the very outset of this happy age, Nerva has united things long incompatible, Empire and liberty; Trajan is increasing daily the happiness of the times; and public confidence has not merely learned to hope and pray, but has received security for the fulfilment of its prayers and even the substance thereof. Though it is true that from the nature of human frailty cure operates more slowly than disease, and as the body itself is slow to grow and quick to decay, so also it is easier to damp men's spirits and their enthusiasm than to revive them: nay, listlessness itself has a certain subtle charm, and the languor we hate at first we learn to love: what else were possible? For the term

[1] rom The Loeb Classical Library, reprinted ermission.

of fifteen years, a large space in human life, chance and change have been cutting off many among us; others, and the most energetic, have perished by the Emperor's ferocity; while the few who remain have outlived not merely their neighbours but, so to say, themselves; for out of their prime have been blotted fifteen years, during which mature men reached old age and old men the very bounds almost of decrepitude, and all without opening their lips.

But after all I shall not regret the task of recording our former slavery and testifying to our present blessings, albeit with unpractised and stammering tongue.

—Maurice Hutton.

Release from Tyranny[1]

pliny

[*Letters*, VIII, 14]

Gaius Plinius Cæcilius Secundus, known as Pliny the Younger, was born at Comum in the year 62. He owed much in his training to the example and guidance of his uncle, Pliny the Elder, author of the *Natural History*, and to the instruction of Quintilian. He entered the public career, climbed to the consulship, and later became governor of Bithynia. In the public business he displayed special ability in matters of finance. Rich, and generous with his riches, he became interested in various forms of philanthropy, which he practised by methods altogether modern. He died about 114.

Pliny is a worthy representative of the better class among the Roman nobility at the beginning of the second century. His *Letters* show him sober, industrious, a good man and a clever, but with little imagination. They give pleasing pictures of society in marked contrast with those found in the satires of the cynical Juvenal. Unlike Cicero, he collected, arranged, and published his letters himself; indeed, there can be little doubt that they were wr for publication in the first instance. exhibit nothing of the rambling me of the private letter. Rather, they short essays, each, as a rule, dealing but a single theme, and having a mor less formal introduction and conclusio

Pliny finds the most pronounced cha among the many that resulted from new freedom to be the restoration of senate to its proper place in the gov ment of the Empire.

To Aristo:

As you are equally versed in civil constitutional law, which latter inclu the procedure of the Senate, I am ticularly desirous to have your opin whether or no I made a mistake in House the other day. This I request my better instruction, not as to wha passed (for that is now too late), as regards questions of the same na that may hereafter arise.

I can fancy your replying, "Why you ask, what you ought to known?" But our servitude unde former reign cast a cloud of oblivion ignorance over all branches of us knowledge, and not excluding even usages of the Senate; for who is so ta spirited as to desire to learn an ar which he will be debarred the exerc Besides, it is not easy to retain knowledge one has acquired, without ting it in practice. Thus Liberty at return found us ignorant and inex enced; and kindled by her charms, are sometimes impelled to action, er know how to act.

But in the olden time it was an es lished rule that Romans should l from their elders, not only by pre but by example, the principles on w they themselves should one day act, which they should in their turn tran to the younger generation. Hence were inured from boyhood to servic camp, that by being accustomed to c

[1] From The Loeb Classical Library, reprinted by permission.

might learn to command, and by wing others, be trained to play the er. And hence, on becoming candi- s for office, they used to stand in the te-house doors, and were spectators, re they were members of the Coun- f State. The father of each youth ed as his instructor, or, if he had , some person of years and dignity lied the place of a father. Thus were taught by that surest method struction, example, how far the right roposing any law to the Senate ex- ed, what privileges a senator had in vering his opinion; the powers of tors who are magistrates, and the pendence of the rest; where it is er to yield, and where to stand firm; long to speak, and when to be si- ; how to distinguish conflicting mo- s, and how to discuss an amendment. word, they learnt by this means the le conduct of a senator.

is true, indeed, I myself served in army as a young man; but it was at ne when courage was suspected, and rdice at a premium; when the gen- s were without authority, and the sol- s without awe; when there was ner command nor obedience; when whole military system was relaxed, rdered, and actually turned upside n—in short, when it was better to et than to remember its lessons. I wise went as a spectator to the Sen- but a Senate that was mute and fear- since it was dangerous to speak s real sentiments, and infamous to ess any others. What satisfaction in ning, or indeed what could be learnt, n the Senate was convened either for r idleness or for business the most inal; when they were kept sitting er for cruel or ridiculous purposes; when their resolutions were never ous, though often tragical? On be- ing a senator, and a partaker of e miseries, I both witnessed and en- ed them for many years; which so broke and damped my spirits, that they have not even yet been able fully to re- cover themselves. It is but a short time (for every period is shorter, the happier it is) since we could take any pleasure in knowing the rights and duties of our sta- tion, or in putting that knowledge into practice. . . . Farewell.

—Melmoth-Hutchinson.

AN ENLIGHTENED PRINCE

On Complimenting the Prince[1]

PLINY

[*Letters*, VI, 27]

Upon his elevation to the consulship in the year 100, Pliny delivered a speech of thanks to Trajan. The speech, known as the *Panegyric*, is the only one of many by the author which is still extant. In the following letter he is hard put to it to explain away by sophistries its obvious and fulsome flattery.

To Severus

You desire me to consider what turn you should give to your speech in honour of the Emperor, upon your being ap- pointed consul. It is easy to find, but not easy to select, topics of encomium, for this prince's virtues supply them in abundance. However, I will write, or (what I prefer) indicate my views to you in person, only I must first lay my grounds for hesitating before you.

I doubt whether I should advise you to do as I did on the same occasion. When I was consul elect, I refrained from all that customary panegyric which, though not adulation, might yet bear the semblance of it. Not that I affected an intrepid freedom; but as well knowing the sentiments of our amiable prince, and that the highest praise I could offer to him would be to show the world I was

[1] From The Loeb Classical Library, reprinted by permission.

under no necessity of paying him any. When I reflected what honours had been heaped upon the very worst of his predecessors, nothing, I imagined, could more distinguish a prince of his real virtues from these infamous Emperors, than to eulogise him in a different manner. And this point I did not omit or slur over in my speech, lest it might be suspected I passed over his glorious acts, not out of judgment, but forgetfulness.

Such was the method I then observed; but I am sensible the same measures are neither agreeable, nor indeed suitable to all alike. Besides, the propriety of doing or omitting a thing depends not only upon persons, but time and circumstances; and as the late actions of our illustrious Prince afford materials for panegyric, no less just than recent and magnificent, I doubt (as I said before) whether I should persuade you to act in this case as I did myself. In this, however, I am clear, that it was proper to offer to your consideration the plan I pursued. Farewell.

—Melmoth-Hutchinson.

A Visit to the Prince[1]

PLINY

[*Letters*, VI, 31]

A century under monarchical government had wrought a great change, since Cicero's day under the dictatorship of Cæsar, in the attitude of men towards one in a position of supreme power.

To Cornelianus

I received lately the most exquisite entertainment imaginable at Centumcellæ (as it is called), whither our Emperor had summoned me to his privy council. Could anything indeed afford a higher pleasure than to see the sovereign exercising his justice, his wisdom, and affability, and that in retirement, wh they are laid most open to view? Vari were the cases brought before H which showed under several aspects virtues of the judge. That of Claud Ariston came on first. He is an Ep sian nobleman, of great munificence unambitious popularity; having t aroused the envy of persons his oppos in character, they had spirited up an former against him; such being the fa he was honourably acquitted. . . .

Thus you see how honourably and riously we spent our days, which h ever were followed by the most agreea recreations. We were every day invi to Cæsar's supper, which, for a prin was a modest repast; there we w either entertained with interludes, passed the night in the most pleas conversation. On the last day he s each of us presents at our departure, unremitting is the benevolence of Cæs As for myself, I was not only charm with the dignity of the proceedings, honour paid to the assessors, the e and unreserved freedom of the conver tion, but with the place itself.

Here is a villa, surrounded by the m verdant meadows, and overhanging bay of the coast where they are at t moment constructing a harbour. T left-hand mole of this port is protec by immensely solid masonry; the ri is now being completed. An island rising in the mouth of the harbour, wh will break the force of the waves w the wind blows shorewards, and affo passage to ships on either side. Its c struction is highly worth seeing; h stones are transported hither in a bro bottomed vessel, and being sunk upon the other, are fixed by their c weight, gradually accumulating in manner, as it were, of a rampart. It ready lifts its rocky back above ocean, while the waves which beat u it, being tossed to an immense hei

[1] From The Loeb Classical Library, reprinted by permission.

bar prodigiously, and whiten all the sea bund. To these stones are added ooden piles, which in time will give it e appearance of a natural island. This ort will be, and already is, named after its great author, and will prove of infinite benefit, by affording a haven to ships on a long stretch of harbourless coast. Farewell.

—MELMOTH-HUTCHINSON.

II. MEN AND BOOKS: PLINY

LITERARY FRIENDS

SILIUS ITALICUS [1]

[*Letters*, III, 7]

The thought that most frequently presents itself to Pliny in the contemplation of men distinguished in any walk of life is the desirability of earthly immortality together with the industry necessary to attain it.

To Caninius Rufus

I am just now informed that Silius Italicus has starved himself to death, at his villa near Naples. Having been afflicted with an imposthume, which was deemed incurable, he grew weary of life under such uneasy circumstances, and therefore put an end to it with the most determined courage. He had been extremely fortunate through the whole course of his days, excepting only the loss of his younger son; however, that was made up to him in the satisfaction of seeing his elder, who is of a more amiable character, attain the consular dignity, and of leaving him in a very flourishing situation. He suffered in his reputation in the time of Nero, having been suspected of forwardly joining in some of the informations which were carried on in the reign of that prince; but he made use of his intimacy with Vitellius, with great discretion and humanity. He acquired much honour by his administration of the government of Asia; and by his proved behaviour after his retirement from business, cleared his character from that stain which his former intrigues had thrown upon it.

He lived among the nobility of Rome without power, and consequently without envy. He was highly respected and much sought after, and though he was bedridden, his chamber was always thronged with visitors, who came not merely out of regard to his rank. He spent his time in philosophical discussion, when not engaged in writing verses; these he sometimes recited, in order to try the sentiments of the public, but he discovered in them more industry than genius. Lately owing to declining years, he entirely quitted Rome, and lived altogether in Campania, from whence even the accession of the new Emperor did not draw him. A circumstance which I mention as well to the honour of the prince, who permitted such a liberty, as of Italicus, who was not afraid to take it.

He carried his taste for objects of *virtú* so far as to incur reprehension for greedy buying. He had several villas in the same districts, and the last purchase was always the chief favourite, to the neglect of the rest. They were all furnished with large collections of books, statues and portraits, which he more than enjoyed, he even adored; above all the portrait of Virgil, whose birthday he celebrated with more solemnity than his own, especially at Naples, where he used to approach his tomb with as much reverence as if it had been a temple.

In this tranquillity he lived to the seventy-sixth year of his age, with a delicate, rather than a sickly, constitution.

[1] From The Loeb Classical Library, reprinted by permission.

It is remarkable, that as he was the last person upon whom Nero conferred the consular office, so he was the last to die of all those who had been raised by him to that dignity; and again, that the last survivor of Nero's consuls was the one in whose year of office that prince was killed. When I consider this, I cannot forbear lamenting the transitory condition of mankind. Is there anything in nature so short and limited as human life, even in its most extended period? Does it not seem to you, my friend, but yesterday that Nero was upon the throne? and yet not one of all those who were consuls in his reign now remains! But why should I wonder at a circumstance so common? Lucius Piso (the father of that Piso who was infamously assassinated by Valerius Festus in Africa) used to say he did not see one person in the Senate whom he had called upon to speak on the motion before the house when he was consul.

Such multitudes, however strong their vitality, are swept away in so short a space! I am therefore so far from thinking those historic tears of Xerxes need any apology, that in my judgment the story does honour to his character, which informs us, that when this prince had attentively surveyed his immense army, he could not refrain from weeping at the thought that so many thousand lives would so soon be extinct. Let us strive the more earnestly therefore to lengthen out our span of life—life that is poured out like water and falls as the leaf—if not by action (the means to which lie in another's power), yet in any case by study and research; and since it is not granted us to live long, let us transmit to posterity some memorial that we *have* at least *lived*. I well know, you want not any incitement to virtue; but the warmth of my affection for you inclines me to forward you in the course you already pursue; as I have often found myself encouraged by your generous exhortations. "Good is the contention," whe friends thus strive who shall anima each other most in their pursuit of in mortal fame. Farewell.

—Melmoth-Hutchinson.

An Exhortation to Publish[1]

[*Letters*, V, 10]

To Suetonius Tranquillus

It is time you should acquit the promis my hendecasyllabic verses gave to ou common friends, of your works. Th world is every day impatiently inquirin after them, and there is already som danger of their being served with an orde to "produce documents." I am mysel a good deal backward in publishing, bu your slowness and hesitancy are mor than a match for even mine. You mus hasten your hand, however, otherwise th severity of my satiric verses may perhap extort from you those self-same writing which the blandishments of my softe Muse could not obtain. Your work i already arrived to that degree of perfec tion, that the file can only weaken, no polish it. Allow me then the pleasure o seeing your title-page, and hearing tha books of my dear Tranquillus are bein copied out, sold, and read. It is but fai and agreeable to our mutual friendship that I should reap from you the sam pleasure you enjoy from me. Farewell.

—Melmoth-Hutchinson.

A Noble Commerce[1]

[*Letters*, VII, 20]

A number of Pliny's letters are ad dressed to the historian Tacitus. His ad miration and affection for him are eviden We do not know to what extent Tacitu reciprocated, but we do know that o more than one occasion he applied t

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ny for information to be used in his tories.

Tacitus

I have perused your oration, and with the attention I was master of have rked the passages where I think altera- n or excision advisable. For 'tis my bit to speak truth, and yours to hear it dly—very naturally, since none are re patient of censure than those who ve the best claim to applause.

I now expect in return your observa- ns upon the speech of mine which I t you. How agreeable, how noble is ch a commerce! and how am I pleased th the thought, that posterity, if it shall all concern itself with us, will not cease recount in what harmony, what open- ss, what mutual confidence we lived gether! It will be an instance as re- rkable as it is uncommon, that two rsons nearly of the same age and offi- l rank, and of some literary reputation or since I join myself with you, I am liged to speak of your merit with re- rve) should thus foster each other's udies. When I was a very young man, d you already in the prime of your ry and renown, I longed to follow your ps, and to be both really and reputedly ext, but with many a length between," yourself.

There were at that time many cele- ated geniuses in Rome; but you of all hers (owing to a similarity in our dis- sitions) appeared to me the easiest and e most worthy object of my imitation. am the more rejoiced to find that when- er oratory is the topic of conversation, are always mentioned together, and at my name comes up as soon as any- e talks of you. There are some who efer you to me, as others, on the con- ry, give me the advantage; but I care t in what order we are placed, so that are united; for in my estimation, who- er is next to you stands before every- dy else. You cannot but have re- marked that in wills (unless in the case of particular friendship to either of us), we are named side by side, and the lega- cies bequeathed to us are the same in value. Since therefore we are thus closely linked together by our pursuits, manners, reputation, and even by those last in- stances of human judgment, should all this not tend to enflame us mutually with the most ardent affection? Farewell.

—Melmoth-Hutchinson.

An Incident for History[1]

[*Letters*, VII, 33]

Pliny does not go so far in his request of the historian as Cicero did, who ap- pealed to a contemporary writer to over- step the limits of strict truth in order to make his achievements stand out in large proportions.

To Tacitus

I strongly presage (and I am persuaded not falsely) that your histories will be immortal. I ingenuously own therefore, I so much the more covet a place in them. If we are generally careful to have our faces taken by the best artists, ought we not to desire that our actions may be celebrated by an author like yourself? In view to this, I acquaint you with the following affair, which though it cannot have escaped your attention, as it is mentioned in the journals of the public, still I acquaint you with it, that you may be the more sensible how agreeable it will be to me, that my action, greatly heightened by the hazard which attended it, should receive an additional lustre from the testimony of so bright a genius.

The Senate had appointed Herennius Senecio and myself as counsel for the province of Bætica, in their prosecution of Bæbius Massa. He was convicted;

[1] From The Loeb Classical Library, reprinted by permission.

and the House ordered his effects to be placed under official custody. Senecio, having learnt that the consuls were about to sit to hear complaints, came to me, and proposed that with the same unanimity with which we had conducted the prosecution enjoined on us, we should lodge an application with the consuls, that they would not suffer Massa's effects to be dissipated by those whose duty it was to guard them. I answered, "As we were appointed counsel in this cause by the Senate, you had better consider whether we have not done our part, now the Senate's inquiry is over." "You are at liberty," said he, "to prescribe what bounds you please to yourself, who have no particular connections with the province, except what arise from your late services to them; but it is not so with me, who was born there, and enjoyed the post of Quæstor among them." If such, I told him, was his determined resolution, I was ready to attend him, that whatever resentment should be the consequence of this affair, it might not fall singly upon himself.

We went to the consuls; Senecio spoke what was proper to the occasion, to which I subjoined some remarks. We had scarce ended, when Massa, complaining that Senecio had not acted from loyalty to his clients but bitter animosity against himself, desired leave to prosecute him for high treason. The whole assembly was struck with consternation. I immediately rose up; "Most noble consuls," said I, "I am afraid that Massa has tacitly charged me with betrayal of my client's interests, since he has not asked leave to prosecute me likewise." This speech was instantly caught up, and soon afterwards was the talk of the town. The late Emperor Nerva (who while still a subject remarked every worthy action which passed in public) wrote a most impressive letter to me, congratulating not only me, but the age, which had been vouchsafed an example so much in the spirit (as he was pleased to call it) the ancients.

But be my action what it may, yours to heighten and spread the lust of it; not that I require you to exce the bounds of reality. For History oug not to depart from the truth, and t truth is all the praise that virtuo actions need. Farewell.

—Melmoth-Hutchinson.

Fame [1]

[*Letters*, IX, 23]

To Maximus

It has frequently happened, as I ha been pleading before the centumviri, th those judges, after having preserved long as possible the gravity and solemni suitable to their character, have at leng as though overcome and compelled, su denly risen up with one consent to a plaud me. I have often likewise gain as much glory in the Senate, as my utmo wishes could desire: but I never w touched with a more sensible pleasu than by an account which I lately r ceived from Cornelius Tacitus. He i formed me, that at the last Circensi games, he sat next to a Roman knigh who, after much discourse had passed b tween them upon various points of lear ing, asked him if he was an Italian or provincial? Tacitus replied, "Yo acquaintance with literature must ha informed you who I am." "Ay!" 'sa the knight, "Pray then is it Tacitus Pliny I am talking with?" I cannot e press how highly I am pleased to fin that our names, as if they were rath the proper appellatives of letters th of men, are ascribed to literature itsel and that those very pursuits render known to those, who would be ignora of us by any other means.

An accident of the same nature ha

[1] From The Loeb Classical Library, reprint by permission.

ed to me a few days ago. Fabius inus, a person of distinguished merit, placed next to me at table; and above a fellow-townsman of his, who was then come to Rome for the first time. inus desired his friend to take notice me, and fell to expatiating upon the ject of my eloquence; to whom the er immediately replied, "That must loubtedly be Pliny." To own the th, I look upon these instances as a y considerable recompense of my ours. Had Demosthenes reason to be ased with the old woman of Athens ing out on recognizing him "There s Demosthenes!" and may I not be wed to congratulate myself upon the ensive reputation my name has uired? Yes, my friend, I will rejoice t. and without scruple own that I do. I only mention the judgment of ers concerning me, not the opinion I ceive of myself, I am not afraid of urring the censure of vanity; especially m you, who, as you envy no man's utation, so you are particularly zealous mine. Farewell.

—Melmoth-Hutchinson.

Public Recitations [1]

[*Letters*, I, 13]

The practice of public recitations by n of letters had been established in the gustan age for the purpose of encouring literature by providing it a wider lience than the manuscript books could ure. It was not long before abuses of sort or another, such as the removal all restrictions as to those who merited ublic hearing, the substitution of politeis in place of worth as the motive for ndance, hired applause, and the like, pt in to make them little more than a ce. Pliny still takes them quite serily.

To Sosius Senecio

This year has proved extremely fertile in poetical productions: during the whole month of April, scarce a day has passed wherein we have not been entertained with the recital of some poem. It is a pleasure to me to find, notwithstanding there seems to be so little disposition in the public to attend assemblies of this kind, that literary pursuits still flourish, and men of genius are not discouraged from producing their performances. The greater part of the audience which is collected upon these occasions seat themselves in the ante-chambers; spend the time of the recitation in talk and send in every now and then to inquire whether the author is come in, whether he has read the preface, or whether he has almost finished the piece. Not till then, and even then with the utmost deliberation, they just look in, and withdraw again before the end, some by stealth, and others without ceremony. It was not thus in the time of our ancestors. It is reported that Claudius Cæsar, one day hearing a noise as he walked on the Palatine, inquired the occasion of it, and being informed that Nonianus was reciting a composition of his, went immediately to the place, and surprised the author with his presence. But now, were one to bespeak the company even of the most idle man living, and remind him of the appointment ever so often, or ever so long beforehand, either he would avoid it, or, if not, would complain of having *lost a day;* and for no other reason, but because he had *not* lost it. So much the rather do *those* authors deserve our encouragement and applause, who have resolution to persevere in their studies, and exhibit their performances, notwithstanding this indolence or pride of their audience. For my own part, I scarce ever refuse to be present upon such occasions. Though, to say truth, the authors have generally been my friends; as indeed there are few friends of learning who are

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not. It is this has kept me in town longer than I intended. I am now however at liberty to withdraw to my retirement, and write something myself: but without any intentions of reciting in my turn. I would not have it thought that I rather *lent* than gave my attendance; for in these, as in all other good offices, the obligation ceases the moment you seem to expect a return. Farewell.

—Melmoth-Hutchinson.

Minerva and Diana[1]

[*Letters*, I, 6]

To Cornelius Tacitus

Certainly you will laugh (and laugh you may) when I tell you that your old acquaintance is turned sportsman, and has taken three noble boars. What! (methinks I hear you say with astonishment) Pliny!—*Even he.* However, I indulged at the same time my beloved inactivity, and whilst I sat at my nets, you would have found me, not with spear and dart, but pen and tablets by my side. I mused and wrote, being resolved if I returned with my hands empty, at least to come home with my pocket-book full. Believe me, this manner of studying is not to be despised; you cannot conceive how greatly exercise contributes to enliven the imagination. Besides the sylvan solitude with which one is surrounded, and the very silence which is observed on these occasions, strongly incline the mind to meditation. For the future therefore let me advise you, whenever you hunt, to take along with you your tablets, as well as your basket and bottle: for be assured you will find Minerva as fond of roaming the hills as Diana. Farewell.

—Melmoth-Hutchinson.

[1] From The Loeb Classical Library, reprinted by permission.

Town and Country[1]

[*Letters*, I, 9]

To Minicius Fundanus

One cannot but be surprised, that t
any single day in Rome, the reckon
comes out right, or at least seems to
so; and yet, if you take them in the lu
the reckoning comes out wrong. A
anyone how he has been employed
day? he will tell you, perhaps, "I h
been at the ceremony of assuming
manly robe; this friend invited me t
betrothal, this to a wedding; that desi
me to attend the hearing of his cau
one begged me to be witness to his w
another called me to sit as co-assesso
These are offices which, on the day
is engaged in them, appear necessary;
they seem *bagatelles* when reckoned
your daily occupation—and far more
when you have quitted Rome for
country. *Then* one is apt to refl
How many days have I spent on trifl
At least it is a reflection which frequen
comes across me at Laurentum, afte
have been employing myself in
studies, or even in the necessary care
the animal machine (for the body m
be repaired and supported, if we wo
preserve the mind in all its vigour).
that peaceful retreat, I neither hear
speak anything of which I have occas
to repent. I suffer none to repeat to
the whispers of malice; nor do I cens
any man, unless myself, when I am
satisfied with my compositions. Ther
live undisturbed by rumour, and
from the anxious solicitudes of hope
fear, conversing only with myself
with my books. True and genuine li
pleasing and honourable repose! M
perhaps, to be desired than the nob
employments! Thou solemn sea
solitary shore, best and most reti
scene for contemplation, with how m
noble thoughts have you inspired
Snatch then, my friend, as I have,
first occasion of leaving the noisy t

ith all its very empty pursuits, and de-
ote your days to study or even resign
hem to sloth: for as my ingenious friend
tilius pleasantly said, "It is better to do
othing than to be *doing* of *nothing*."
arewell.

—Melmoth-Hutchinson.

The Elder Pliny's Life and Works[1]

[*Letters*, III, 5]

Of the tremendous product of the Elder
liny's pen only his *Natural History*, a
eneral encyclopedia of the arts and
ciences, is now extant.

o Bæbius Macer

It is with much pleasure I find you are
o constant a reader of my uncle's works,
s to wish to have a complete collection
f them; and for that purpose desire me
o send you an account of all the treatises
e wrote. I will fill the place of an index
nd even acquaint you with the order in
hich they were composed: for that, too,
s a sort of information not at all un-
cceptable to men of letters.

The first book he published was a
reatise concerning the *Art of using a*
avelin on horseback: this he wrote when
e commanded a troop of horse, and is
rawn up with equal accuracy and judg-
ent. *The life of Pomponius Secundus*,
n two volumes: Pomponius had a very
reat affection for him, and he thought
e owed this tribute to his memory. *The*
istory of the wars in Germany, in twenty
ooks, in which he gave an account of all
he campaigns we were engaged in
gainst that nation. A dream which he
ad when he served in the army in Ger-
any, first suggested to him the design
f this work. The phantom of Drusus
ero (who extended his conquests very
ar into that country, and there lost his
fe) appeared to him in his sleep, and
conjured him not to suffer his memory to be buried in oblivion. He has left us likewise *The student*, in three books, divided into six volumes, owing to their length. In this work he takes the orator from his cradle and leads him on till he has carried him up to the highest point of perfection in this art. In the last years of Nero's reign, when the tyranny of the times made it dangerous to engage in studies of a more free and elevated spirit, he published *Linguistic queries*, in eight books; *A Continuation*, in one book, of the thirty books of Aufidius Bassus' history; and thirty-seven books of a *Natural History:* this is a work of great compass and learning, and as full of variety as nature herself.

You will wonder how a man so engaged as he was, could find time to compose such a number of books; and some of them too upon abstruse subjects. But your surprise will rise still higher, when you hear, that for some time he engaged in the profession of an advocate, that he died in his fifty-sixth year, that from the time of his quitting the bar to his death he was engaged and trammelled by the execution of the highest posts, and by the friendships of his sovereigns. But he had a quick apprehension, incredible zeal, and a wakefulness beyond compare. He always began to work at midnight when the August festival of Vulcan came round; not for the good omen's sake, but for the sake of study; in winter generally at one in the morning, but never later than two, and often at midnight. No man ever slept more readily, insomuch that he would sometimes, without retiring from his book, take a short sleep, and then pursue his studies.

Before day-break he used to wait upon Vespasian; who likewise chose that season to transact business. When he had finished the affairs which that emperor committed to his charge, he returned home again to his studies. After a short and light repast at noon (agreeably to

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the good old custom of our ancestors) he would frequently in the summer, if he was disengaged from business, repose himself in the sun; during which time some author was read to him, from whence he made extracts and observations, as indeed this was his constant method whatever book he read: for it was a maxim of his that "no book was so bad but some profit might be gleaned from it." When this basking was over, he generally went into the cold bath, and as soon as he came out of it, just took a slight refreshment, and then reposed himself for a little while. Then, as if it had been a new day, he immediately resumed his studies till dinner-time, when a book was again read to him, upon which he would make some running notes. I remember once, his reader having pronounced a word wrong, somebody at the table made him repeat it again; upon which my uncle asked his friend if he understood it? Who acknowledging that he did; "why then," said he, "would you make him go back again? We have lost by this interruption of yours above ten lines:" so chary was this great man of time! In summer he always rose for supper by day-light; and in winter as soon as it was dark; and this was a sort of binding law with him.

Such was his manner of life amidst the noise and hurry of the town; but in the country his whole time was devoted to study without intermission, excepting only while he bathed. But in this exception I include no more than the time he was actually in the bath; for all the while he was rubbed and wiped, he was employed either in hearing some book read to him, or in dictating himself. In his journeys, as though released from all other cares, he found leisure for this sole pursuit. A shorthand writer, with book and tablet, constantly attended him in his chariot, who, in the winter, wore a particular sort of warm gloves, that the sharpness of the weather might not occasion any interruption to his studies; and fo the same reason my uncle always use a sedan chair in Rome. I remember h once reproved me for walking; "Yo might," said he, "not have lost thos hours"; for he thought all was time lo that was not given to study. By thi extraordinary application he found tim to write so many volumes, besides on hundred and sixty which he left me, com sisting of a kind of common-place, writ ten on both sides, in a very small char acter; so that one might fairly reckon the number considerably more. I hav heard him say that when he was comp troller of the revenue in Spain, Larciu Licinius offered him four hundred thou sand sesterces for these manuscripts: an yet they were not then quite so numer ous.

When you reflect upon the books h has read, and the volumes he has written are you not inclined to suppose that h never was an official or a courtier? O the other hand, when you are informe how painstaking he was in his studies are you not disposed to think that h read and wrote too little? For, on on side, what obstacles would not the busi ness of a court throw in his way? An on the other, what is it that such intens application might not perform? I can not but smile therefore when I hear my self called a studious man, who in com parison to him am a mere loiterer. Bu why do I mention myself, who an diverted from these pursuits by number less duties both public and private Where is he, among those whose whol lives are spent in study, who must no blush under the consciousness of bein but a sluggard and a dreamer, compare with this great scholar?

I have run out my letter, I perceive beyond the extent I at first designed which was only to inform you, as yo desired, what treatises he has left behin him. But I trust this will not be les acceptable to you than the books them

es, as it may possibly not only raise r curiosity to read his works, but r emulation to copy his example by e attempts of the same nature. ewell.

—Melmoth-Hutchinson.

Endowing a School [1]

[*Letters*, IV, 13]

There is nothing new in the method giving a dollar for every dollar raised m other sources.

Cornelius Tacitus

I rejoice that you are safely arrived in me; for though I am always desirous see you, I am more particularly so w. I purpose to continue a few days ger at my Tusculum estate in order to ish a little work which I have upon hands. For I am afraid, should I t a stop to this design, now that it is nearly completed, I should find it ficult to resume it. Meanwhile, that I y strike while the iron is hot, I send s letter, like an *avant-courier*, to re- est a favour of you, which I mean rtly to ask in person. But before I form you what my request is, I must you into the occasion of it.

Being lately at my native place, a ung lad, son to one of my fellow-towns- n, made me a visit. "Do you go to ool?" I asked him. "Yes," said he. nd where?" He told me, "At Milan." nd why not here?" "Because" (said father, who was present, and had in t brought the boy with him), "we have teachers." "How is that?" said I; rely it nearly concerns you who are hers" (and very opportunely several the company were so) "that your sons uld receive their education here, rather n any where else. For where can y be placed more agreeably than in their own country, or be maintained in more modest habits and at less expense, than at home and under the eye of their parents? Upon what very easy terms might you, by a general contribution, procure teachers, if you would only apply towards raising a salary for them what you now spend on your sons' lodging, journeys, and whatever a man has to pay for when abroad (which means, paying for everything). Why, I, who have as yet no children myself, am ready to give a third part of any sum you shall think proper to raise for this purpose, for the benefit of our Commonwealth, whom I regard as a daughter or a parent. I would take upon myself the whole expense, were I not apprehensive that my benefaction might hereafter be abused and perverted to private ends; as I have observed to be the case in several places where teachers are engaged by the local authorities. The single means to prevent this mischief is, to leave the choice of the professors entirely in the breast of the parents, who will be so much the more careful to determine properly, as they shall be obliged to share the expense of maintaining them. For though they may be careless in disposing of another's bounty, they will certainly be cautious how they apply their own; and will see that none but those who deserve it shall receive my money, when they must at the same time receives theirs too. Let my example then encourage you to unite heartily in this design; and be assured the greater the sum my share shall amount to, the more agreeable it will be to me. You can undertake nothing more advantageous to your children, nor more acceptable to your country. They will by this means receive their education where they receive their birth, and be accustomed from their infancy to inhabit and affect their native soil. May you be able to procure professors of such distinguished abilities, that the neighbouring towns shall be glad to draw their

[1] From The Loeb Classical Library, reprinted permission.

learning from hence; and as you now send your children to foreigners for education, may foreigners hereafter flock hither for their instruction."

I thought proper thus to lay open to you the rise of this affair, that you might be the more sensible how agreeable it will be to me, if you undertake the office I request. I entreat you, therefore, with all the earnestness a matter of so much importance deserves, to look out, amongst the great numbers of men of letters which the reputation of your genius brings to you, teachers to whom we may apply for this purpose; but it must be understood that I cannot make a binding agreement with any of them. For I would leave it entirely free to the parents to judge and choose as they shall see proper: all the share I pretend to claim is, that of contributing my care and my money. If therefore any one shall be found who relies upon his own talents, he may repair thither; but under the proviso that the said reliance is all he can count upon, so far as I am concerned. Farewell.

—Melmoth-Hutchinson.

The Eruption of Vesuvius [1]

[*Letters*, VI, 16]

The description given in this and the following letter of the external appearance of things and of the conduct of the people on the occasion of the terrible eruption of Vesuvius in the year 79, which destroyed the flourishing cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum, was followed closely by Bulwer Lytton in his *Last Days of Pompeii*.

To Tacitus

Your request that I would send you an account of my uncle's end, so that you may transmit a more exact relation of it to posterity, deserves my acknowlec ments; for if his death shall be c brated by your pen, the glory of it, I aware, will be rendered for ever dea less. For notwithstanding he perish as did whole peoples and cities, in destruction of a most beautiful regi and by a misfortune memorable enou to promise him a kind of immortali notwithstanding he has himself compos many and lasting works; yet I am p suaded, the mentioning of him in yo immortal writings, will greatly contrib to eternize his name. Happy I este those, whom Providence has gifted w the ability either to do things worthy being written, or to write in a mann worthy of being read; but most hap they, who are blessed with both talen in which latter class my uncle will placed both by his own writings and yours. The more willingly do I und take, nay, solicit, the task you set me.

He was at that time with the fl under his command at Misenum. On t 24th of August, about one in the aft noon, my mother desired him to obse a cloud of very unusual size and appe ance. He had sunned himself, th taken a cold bath, and after a leisur luncheon was engaged in study. He i mediately called for his shoes and we up an eminence from whence he mig best view this very uncommon appe ance. It was not at that distance d cernible from what mountain this clo issued, but it was found afterwards to Vesuvius. I cannot give you a mo exact description of its figure, than resembling it to that of a pine-tree, it shot up a great height in the form a trunk, which extended itself at the t into several branches; because, I imagi a momentary gust of air blew it alo and then failing, forsook it; thus ca ing the cloud to expand laterally as it d solved, or possibly the downward pr sure of its own weight produced t effect. It was at one moment white,

[1] From The Loeb Classical Library, reprinted by permission.

ner dark and spotted, as if it had ed up earth or cinders.
y uncle, true savant that he was, ied the phenomenon important and n a nearer view. He ordered a light l to be got ready, and gave me the ty, if I thought proper, to attend I replied I would rather study; as it happened, he had himself n me a theme for composition. As vas coming out of the house he re- ed a note from Rectina, the wife of sus, who was in the utmost alarm at imminent danger (his villa stood below us, and there was no way to pe but by sea); she earnestly en- ted him to save her from such deadly l. He changed his first design and t he began with a philosophical, he sued with an heroical turn of mind. ordered large galleys to be launched, went himself on board one, with the ntion of assisting not only Rectina, many others; for the villas stand ex- nely thick upon that beautiful coast. tening to the place from whence ers were flying, he steered his direct rse to the point of danger, and with freedom from fear, as to be able to e and dictate his observations upon successive motions and figures of terrific object.

nd now cinders, which grew thicker hotter the nearer he approached, fell the ships, then pumice-stones too, stones blackened, scorched, and ked by fire, then the sea ebbed sud- ly from under them, while the shore blocked up by landslips from the ntains. After considering a moment ther he should retreat, he said to the tain who was urging that course, rtune befriends the brave; carry me Pomponianus." Pomponianus was at Stabiæ, distant by half the width he bay (for, as you know, the shore, nsibly curving in its sweep, forms a receptacle for the sea). He had ady embarked his baggage; for though at Stabiæ the danger was not yet near, it was full in view, and certain to be extremely near, as soon as it spread; and he resolved to fly as soon as the contrary wind should cease. It was full favourable, however, for carrying my uncle to Pomponianus. He embraces, comforts, and encourages his alarmed friend, and in order to soothe the other's fears by his own unconcern, desires to be conducted to a bathroom; and after having bathed, he sate down to supper with great cheerfulness, or at least (what is equally heroic) with all the appearance of it.

In the meanwhile Mount Vesuvius was blazing in several places with spreading and towering flames, whose refulgent brightness the darkness of the night set in high relief. But my uncle, in order to soothe apprehensions, kept saying that some fires had been left alight by the terrified country people, and what they saw were only deserted villas on fire in the abandoned district. After this he retired to rest, and it is most certain that his rest was a most genuine slumber; for his breathing, which, as he was pretty fat, was somewhat heavy and sonorous, was heard by those who attended at his chamber-door. But the court which led to his apartment now lay so deep under a mixture of pumice-stones and ashes, that if he had continued longer in his bedroom, egress would have been impossible. On being aroused, he came out, and returned to Pomponianus and the others, who had sat up all night. They consulted together as to whether they should hold out in the house, or wander about in the open. For the house now tottered under repeated and violent concussions, and seemed to rock to and fro as if torn from its foundations. In the open air, on the other hand, they dreaded the falling pumice-stones, light and porous though they were; yet this, by comparison, seemed the lesser danger of the two; a conclusion which my uncle arrived at by bal-

ancing reasons, and the others by balancing fears. They tied pillows upon their heads with napkins; and this was their whole defence against the showers that fell round them.

It was now day everywhere else, but there a deeper darkness prevailed than in the most obscure night; relieved, however, by many torches and divers illuminations. They thought proper to go down upon the shore to observe from close at hand if they could possibly put out to sea, but they found the waves still run extremely high and contrary. There my uncle having thrown himself down upon a disused sail, repeatedly called for, and drank, a draught of cold water; soon after, flames, and a strong smell of sulphur, which was the forerunner of them, dispersed the rest of the company in flight; him they only aroused. He raised himself up with the assistance of two of his slaves, but instantly fell; some unusually gross vapour, as I conjecture, having obstructed his breathing and blocked his windpipe, which was not only naturally weak and constricted, but chronically inflamed. When day dawned again (the third from that he last beheld) his body was found entire and uninjured, and still fully clothed as in life; its posture was that of a sleeping, rather than a dead man.

Meanwhile my mother and I were at Misenum. But this has no connection with history, and your inquiry went no further than concerning my uncle's death. I will therefore put an end to my letter. Suffer me only to add, that I have faithfully related to you what I was either an eye-witness of myself, or heard at the time, when report speaks most truly. You will select what is most suitable to your purpose; for there is a great difference between a letter, and an history; between writing to a friend, and writing for the public. Farewell.

—Melmoth-Hutchinson.

Escape from Vesuvius[1]

[*Letters*, VI, 20]

To Cornelius Tacitus

The letter which, in compliance your request, I wrote to you concer the death of my uncle, has raised, say, your curiosity to know not only w terrors, but what calamities I endu when left behind at Misenum (for t I broke off my narrative).

"Though my shock'd soul recoils, tongue shall tell."

My uncle having set out, I gave rest of the day to study—the ob which had kept me at home. A which I bathed, dined, and retired short and broken slumbers. There been for several days before some sh of earthquake, which the less alar us as they are frequent in Campa but that night they became so vio that one might think that the world not being merely shaken, but tur topsy-turvy. My mother flew to chamber; I was just rising, meaning my part to awaken her, if she was asl We sat down in the forecourt of the ho which separated it by a short space f the sea. I know not whether I sh call it courage or inexperience—I not quite eighteen—but I called fo volume of Livy, and began to read, even went on with the extracts I making from it, as if nothing were matter. Lo and behold, a friend of uncle's who was just come to him f Spain, appears on the scene; obser my mother and me seated, and tha have actually a book in my hand, sharply censures her patience and my difference; nevertheless I still went intently with my author.

It was now six o'clock in the morn the light still ambiguous and faint.

[1] From The Loeb Classical Library, repri by permission.

ildings around us already tottered, and ugh we stood upon open ground, yet the place was narrow and confined, re was certain and formidable danger m their collapsing. It was not till then resolved to quit the town. The com- n people follow us in the utmost con- rnation, preferring the judgment of ers to their own (wherein the extreme fear resembles prudence), and impel onwards by pressing in a crowd upon r rear. Being got outside the houses, halt in the midst of a most strange d dreadful scene. The coaches which had ordered out, though upon the st level ground, were sliding to and , and could not be kept steady even en stones were put against the wheels. en we beheld the sea sucked back, and it were repulsed by the convulsive tion of the earth; it is certain at least e shore was considerably enlarged, and w held many sea-animals captive on e dry sand. On the other side, a black d dreadful cloud bursting out in gusts igneous serpentine vapour now and ain yawned open to reveal long fan- stic flames, resembling flashes of light- ng but much larger.

Our Spanish friend already mentioned w spoke with more warmth and in- ncy: "If your brother—if your uncle," id he, "is yet alive, he wishes you both ay be saved; if he has perished, it was s desire that you might survive him. hy therefore do you delay your es- pe?" We could never think of our own fety, we said, while we were uncertain his. Without more ado our friend rried off, and took himself out of nger at the top of his speed.

Soon afterwards, the cloud I have scribed began to descend upon the rth, and cover the sea. It had already girt the hidden Capreæ, and blotted m sight the promontory of Misenum. y mother now began to beseech, ex- rt, and command me to escape as best might; a young man could do it; she burdened with age and corpulency, would die easy if only she had not caused my death. I replied, I would not be saved without her, and taking her by the hand, I hurried her on. She complies reluct- antly and not without reproaching herself for retarding me. Ashes now fall upon us, though as yet in no great quantity. I looked behind me; gross darkness pressed upon our rear, and came rolling over the land after us like a torrent. I proposed while we yet could see, to turn aside, lest we should be knocked down in the road by the crowd that followed us and trampled to death in the dark. We had scarce sat down, when darkness overspread us, not like that of a moon- less or cloudy night, but of a room when it is shut up, and the lamp put out. You could hear the shrieks of women, the crying of children, and the shouts of men; some were seeking their children, others their parents, others their wives or hus- bands, and only distinguishing them by their voices; one lamenting his own fate, another that of his family; some praying to die, from the very fear of dying; many lifting their hands to the gods; but the greater part imagining that there were no gods left anywhere, and that the last and eternal night was come upon the world.

There were even some who augmented the real perils by imaginary terrors. Newcomers reported that such or such a building at Misenum had collapsed or taken fire—falsely, but they were credited. By degrees it grew lighter; which we imagined to be rather the warning of approaching fire (as in truth it was) than the return of day: however, the fire stayed at a distance from us: then came darkness, and a heavy shower of ashes; we were obliged every now and then to rise and shake them off, other- wise we should have been buried and even crushed under their weight. I might have boasted that amidst dangers so appalling, not a sigh or expression of fear escaped from me, had not my support

been founded in that miserable, though strong consolation, that all mankind were involved in the same calamity, and that I was perishing with the world itself.

At last this dreadful darkness was attenuated by degrees to a kind of cloud or smoke, and passed away; presently the real day returned, and even the sun appeared, though lurid as when an eclipse is in progress. Every object that presented itself to our yet affrighted gaze was changed, covered over with a drift of ashes, as with snow. We returned to Misenum, where we refreshed ourselves as well as we could, and passed an anxious night between hope and fear; though indeed with a much larger share of the latter, for the earthquake still continued, and several enthusiastic people were giving a grotesque turn to their own and their neighbours' calamities by terrible predictions. Even then, however, my mother and I, notwithstanding the danger we had passed, and that which still threatened us, had no thoughts of leaving the place, till we should receive some tidings of my uncle.

And now, you will read this narrative, so far beneath the dignity of a history, without any view of transferring it to your own; and indeed you must impute it to your own request, if it shall appear scarce worthy of a letter. Farewell.

—Melmoth-Hutchinson.

Virginius Rufus[1]

[*Letters*, II, 1]

To Voconius Romanus

Rome has not for many years beheld so striking and memorable a spectacle as was lately exhibited in the public funeral of Virginius Rufus, one of her greatest citizens, and no less fortunate than illustrious. For he lived thirty years after achieving fame, he read his actions in t pages of poets and historians, and th made one among his survivors. He w thrice raised to the dignity of Cons that he who refused to be the first princes, might at least be the highest subjects. He escaped the resentment those emperors to whom his virtues h rendered him suspect, and even odiou and left the best, the most amicable princes firmly seated on the throne, as providence had purposely preserved hi to receive the honour of this publ funeral. He arrived, in full tranquilli and universally revered, to the eight fourth year of his age, still enjoyi robust health, excepting only a paralyt disorder in his hands, which however w attended with no pain. His passage death, alone, was severe and tedious; b even this was matter for praise. As h was rehearsing his speech of thanks to th Emperor, who had raised him to th consulship, a volume, which chanced be inconveniently large for him to hol escaped by its sheer weight the grasp th his age and his upright posture doubl enfeebled. In hastily endeavouring recover it, he missed his footing on th smooth slippery pavement; fell dow and broke his hip-bone; which fractur as it was unskillfully set at first, and ha ing besides the infirmities of age to co tend with, could never be brought to uni again.

The funeral obsequies paid to th memory of this great man have do honour to the Emperor, to the prese age, and also to Eloquence herself. Th consul Cornelius Tacitus pronounced h funeral oration: for the series of his felic ties was crowned by the applause of th most eloquent of orators. He died fu of years and of glory, as illustrious by th honours he refused, as by those he a cepted. Still, however, he will be miss and lamented by us, as the bright mod of a bygone age; especially by mysel who not only admired him as a patri

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t loved him as a friend. We were not
ly natives of the same province, and of
ghbouring towns, but our estates were
ntiguous. Besides, he was also left
ardian to me, and treated me with the
ection of a parent. Whenever I offered
yself as a candidate for any employ-
ent, he constantly honoured me with his
pport; though he had long since re-
unced friendly services of this nature,
would always hasten from his rural
tirement to attend my formal entry
on an office. At the time when it is
stomary for the priests to nominate
ch as they judge worthy to be received
to their sacred office, he constantly
oposed me. Even in his last sickness,
eing apprehensive he might be named
ne of the five commissioners appointed
y the senate to reduce the public ex-
enses, he fixed upon me, young as I am,
carry his excuses, in preference to so
any other friends of superior age and
gnity; and in a very obliging manner
ssured me, that had he a son of his own,
would nevertheless have employed me
that office.

Thus I am constrained to lament his
eath, as if it were immature, and pour
it the fullness of my grief in the bosom
my friend; if indeed it be permissible
grieve at all upon this occasion, or to
ll that event *death,* which to *such* a
an, is rather to be looked upon as the
eriod of his mortality, than of his life.
or he lives and will continue to live for
er; and his fame will be spread farther
y the recollection and the tongues of
en now that he is removed from their
ght.

I had many other things to write to
ou, but my mind is so entirely taken up
ith this subject, that I cannot call it off
any other. Virginius is constantly in
y thoughts; the vain but lively impres-
ons of him are continually before my
es, and I am for ever fondly imagin-
g that I hear him, converse with him,
nd embrace him. There are, perhaps, and possibly hereafter will be, some few Romans who may rival him in virtue; but not one, I am persuaded, that will ever equal him in glory. Farewell.

—Melmoth-Hutchinson.

Arria's Life and Death[1]

[*Letters,* III, 16]

To Nepos

Methinks I have observed, that amongst the actions and sayings of distinguished persons in either sex, those which have been most celebrated have not always been the most illustrious; and I am confirmed in this opinion by a conversation I had yesterday with Fannia. This lady is granddaughter to that celebrated Arria, who gave her husband not only consolation, but an example, in the hour of death. She informed me of several particulars relating to Arria, not less heroical than this famous action of hers, though not so well known; which I am persuaded will raise your admiration as much when you read, as they did mine when I heard them.

Arria's husband, Cæcina Pætus, and her son, were both at the same time attacked with a seemingly mortal illness, of which the son died. This youth, who had a most beautiful person and was as modest as he was beautiful, had endeared himself to his parents no less by his other claims on their affection than by his relation to them. His mother managed his funeral so privately that Pætus did not know of his death, nay, more, whenever she came into his bed-chamber, she pretended her son was better; and as often as he inquired after his health, would answer that he had rested well, or had eaten with an appetite. When she found that she could no longer restrain her grief, but her tears were gushing out,

[1] From The Loeb Classical Library, reprinted by permission.

she would leave the room, and having given vent to her passion, return again with dry eyes and a serene countenance, as if she had dismissed every pang of bereavement at her entrance. The action was, no doubt, truly noble, when drawing the dagger she plunged it in her breast, and then presented it to her husband with that ever-memorable, I had almost said that divine expression, "It does not hurt, my Pætus." It must however be considered, when she spoke and acted thus, she had the prospect of immortal glory before her eyes to encourage and support her. But was it not something much greater, without the view of such powerful motives, to hide her tears, to conceal her grief, and cheerfully play the mother when she was so no more?

Scribonianus had taken up arms in Illyria against Claudius, but being slain, Pætus, who was of his party, was brought prisoner to Rome. When they were going to put him on board a ship, Arria besought the soldiers that she might be permitted to go with him: "Of course," said she, "you mean to give a consular, as he is, a few slaves to wait upon him at his table and toilet; but if you will take me, I alone will perform their whole duties." This favour, however, she could not obtain; upon which she hired a small fishing-vessel, and pursued that great ship in a mere cockle-shell. At her return to Rome, she met the wife of Scribonianus in the emperor's palace, who had turned evidence for the prosecution: "What," said she, "am I to suffer you to address me, who saw your husband murdered even in your very arms, and yet survived him?" An expression which plainly shews, that the noble manner in which she put an end to her life, was no unpremeditated effect of sudden passion.

When, too, Thrasea, who married her daughter, was dissuading her from her purpose of destroying herself, and among other arguments which he used, said to her, "Would you then advise your daughter to die with me, if my life we to be taken from me?" "Most certain I would," she replied, "if she had lived long and in as much harmony with y as I have with my Pætus." This answ greatly heightened the alarm of h family, and made them observe her f the future more narrowly; which, wh she perceived, "you are wasting yo trouble," said she, "you can oblige n to die a painful death, but you cann prevent me from dying." She had scar said this, when she sprang from her chai and running her head with the utmo violence against the wall, she fell dow in appearance dead. But being brough to herself, "I told you," said she, "if yo would not suffer me to take the eas path to death, I should make my way t it through some more difficult passage.

Now, is there not, my friend, som thing much greater in all this, than th so-much-talked-of "Pætus, it is not pain ful," to which these actions led the way and yet this last is the favourite topic fame, while all the former are passed ov in profound silence. Whence we mus infer, what I observed in the beginnin of my letter, that the most famous actio are not always the most noble. Far well.

—Melmoth-Hutchinson.

Ghost Stories[1]

[*Letters*, VII, 27]

To Sura

The present recess from busines affords you leisure to give, and me t receive, instruction. I am extremely de sirous therefore to know your sentimen concerning spectres, whether you believ they actually exist and have their ow proper shapes and a measure of divinity or are only the false impressions of terrified imagination?

[1] From The Loeb Classical Library, reprinte by permission.

What particularly inclines me to give it to their existence, is a story which ard of Curtius Rufus. When he was w circumstances and unknown in the d, he attended the newly-made gov- r of Africa into that province. One rnoon as he was walking in the public ico he was extremely daunted with figure of a woman which appeared to , of a size and beauty more than nan. She told him that she was the lar Genius that presided over Africa, was come to inform him of the future nts of his life:—that he should go k to Rome, where he should hold e, and return to that province in- ed with the proconsular dignity, and e should die. Every circumstance this prophecy was actually accom- hed. It is said farther, that upon his val at Carthage, as he was coming out he ship, the same figure accosted him n the shore. It is certain, at least, t being seized with a fit of illness, ugh there were no symptoms in his e that led his attendants to despair, he antly gave up all hope of recovery; ging, it should seem, of the truth of future part of the prediction, by that ch had already been fulfilled; and of misfortune which threatened him, by success which he had experienced.

To this story, let me add another as arkable as the former, but attended i circumstances of greater horror; ch I will give you exactly as it was ted to me. There was at Athens a e and spacious, but ill-reputed and ilential house. In the dead of the nt a noise, resembling the clashing of , was frequently heard, which, if you ened more attentively, sounded like rattling of fetters; at first it seemed a distance, but approached nearer by rees; immediately afterward a phan- appeared in the form of an old man, emely meagre and squalid, with a beard and bristling hair, rattling the es on his feet and hands. The poor inhabitants consequently passed sleepless nights under the most dismal terrors imaginable. This, as it broke their rest, threw them into distempers, which, as their horrors of mind increased, proved in the end fatal to their lives. For even in the day time, though the spectre did not appear, yet the remembrance of it made such a strong impression upon their imaginations that it still seemed before their eyes, and their terror remained when the cause of it was gone. By this means the house was at last deserted, as being judged by everybody to be absolutely uninhabitable; so that it was now entirely abandoned to the ghost. However, in hopes that some tenant might be found who was ignorant of this great calamity which attended it, a bill was put up, giving notice that it was either to be let or sold.

It happened that Athenodorus the philosopher came to Athens at this time, and reading the bill ascertained the price. The extraordinary cheapness raised his suspicion; nevertheless, when he heard the whole story, he was so far from being discouraged, that he was more strongly inclined to hire it, and, in short, actually did so. When it grew towards evening, he ordered a couch to be prepared for him in the fore-part of the house, and after calling for a light, together with his pen and tablets, he directed all his people to retire within. But that his mind might not, for want of employment, be open to the vain terrors of imaginary noises and apparitions, he applied himself to writing with all his faculties. The first part of the night passed with usual silence, then began the clanking of iron fetters; however, he neither lifted up his eyes, nor laid down his pen, but closed his ears by concentrating his attention. The noise increased and advanced nearer, till it seemed at the door, and at last in the chamber. He looked round and saw the apparition exactly as it had been described to him: it stood before him,

beckoning with the finger. Athenodorus made a sign with his hand that it should wait a little, and bent again to his writing, but the ghost rattling his chains over his head as he wrote, he looked round and saw it beckoning as before. Upon this he immediately took up his lamp and followed it. The ghost slowly stalked along, as if encumbered with its chains; and having turned into the court-yard of the house, suddenly vanished. Athenodorus being thus deserted, marked the spot with a handful of grass and leaves. The next day he went to the magistrates, and advised them to order that spot to be dug up. There they found bones commingled and intertwined with chains; for the body had mouldered away by long lying in the ground, leaving them bare, and corroded by the fetters. The bones were collected, and buried at the public expense; and after the ghost was thus duly laid the house was haunted no more.

This story I believe upon the affirmation of others; I can myself affirm to others what I now relate. I have a freedman named Marcus, who has some tincture of letters. One night, his younger brother, who was sleeping in the same bed with him, saw, as he thought, somebody sitting on the couch, who put a pair of shears to his head, and actually cut off the hair from the very crown of it. When morning came, they found the boy's crown was shorn, and the hair lay scattered about on the floor. After a short interval, a similar occurrence gave credit to the former. A slave-boy of mine was sleeping amidst several others in their quarters, when two persons clad in white came in (as he tells the story) through the windows, cut off his hair, as he lay, and withdrew the same way they entered. Daylight revealed that this boy too had been shorn, and that his hair was likewise spread about the room. Nothing remarkable followed, unless it were that I escaped prosecution; prosecuted I should have been, if Domi (in whose reign these things happen had lived longer. For an informa lodged by Carus against me was fo in his scrutore. Hence it may be c jectured, since it is customary for accu persons to let their hair grow, that cutting of my servants' hair was a s I should defeat the peril that hung c me.

I beg, then, you will apply learning this question. It merits your prolon and profound consideration; and I not myself an unworthy recipient of y abounding knowledge. And though y should, after your manner, argue on b sides; yet I hope you will throw y weightiest reasons into one scale, lest y should dismiss me in suspense and unc tainty, whereas I consult you on purp to determine my doubts. Farewell.

—Melmoth-Hutchinson

The Same Wine for All[1]

[*Letters*, II, 6]

To Avitus

It would be a long story, and of importance, were I to recount too pa cularly by what accident I (who am at all fond of society) supped lately w a person, who in his own opinion lives splendour combined with economy; according to mine, in a sordid but exp sive manner. Some very elegant dis were served up to himself and a few m of the company; while those which w placed before the rest were cheap a paltry. He had apportioned in sm flagons three different sorts of wine; you are not to suppose it was that guests might take their choice: on contrary, that they might not choose all. One was for himself and me; next for his friends of a lower order (

[1] From The Loeb Classical Library, reprin by permission.

must know, he measures out his adship according to the degree of ity); and the third for his own d-men and mine. One who sat next took notice of this, and asked me if I roved of it. "Not at all," I told him. ay, then," said he, "what is your hod on such occasions?" "Mine," I rned, "is, to give all my company the e fare; for when I make an invitation, to sup, not to be censored. Every whom I have placed on an equality myself by admitting him to my table, eat as an equal in all particulars." en freed-men?" he asked. "Even n," I said; "for on these occasions I ard them not as freed-men, but boon panions." "This must put you to at expense," says he. I assured him at all; and on his asking how that ld be, I said: "Why you must know freed-men don't drink the same e I do—but *I* drink what *they* '

nd certainly if a man is wise enough moderate his own gluttony, he will not find it so very chargeable a thing to entertain all his visitors in general as he does himself. Restrain and, so to speak, humble that failing, if you would be an economist in good earnest. You will find your own temperance a much better method of saving expenses, than affronts to other people.

What is my drift in all this, do you ask? Why, to hinder a young man of your excellent disposition from being imposed upon by the self-indulgence which prevails at some men's tables, under the guise of frugality. And whenever any folly of this nature falls within my observation, I shall, in consequence of that affection I bear you, point it out to you as an example which you ought to shun. Remember therefore, nothing is more to be avoided than this modern conjunction of self-indulgence and meanness; qualities superlatively odious when existing in distinct characters, but still more odious where they meet together in the same person. Farewell.

—Melmoth-Hutchinson.

III. ROMANS AND CHRISTIANS

Concerning the early history of Chris ity no Latin writer of the first cen y has anything to say. All the more nificant then for the Roman point of w are the brief passages from the ks of Tacitus and Pliny, and the regu ons of the emperors Trajan and drian in the first quarter of the second tury.

These records, which are here presented full, bring out clearly certain facts; wide spread of Christianity in the t, the unpopularity of the Christians in e sections among the non-Christian ples, the decision of the Roman gov ment to treat confessed Christians as thy of death because disloyal to the e. Difficulties had arisen from a sim and yet fundamental, difference in point of view. The government demanded of the provincials formal worship of the Roman gods, not as an act of religion, but as a sign of loyal allegiance to the Roman state. The Christian, no matter how loyal to Rome he might be, could not bring himself to bow down and worship strange gods, even though a mere form of homage alone was demanded. Hence arose Rome's belief that Christians were disloyal. A traitor was always worthy of death in a Roman's eyes. Finding, however, that the Christians engaged in no acts of hostility against the state, a policy was adopted not to hunt them down; but, if they were openly accused in court on the initiative of individual provincials and were convicted by their own admission of being Christian, they were to be put to death.

The Burning of Rome

TACITUS

[From The *Annals*, Book XV]

While Tacitus has no sympathy with the early Christians, and in fact was not at pains to inform himself thoroughly about them, still his sense of fairness does not allow him to acquiesce in Nero's effort to place the responsibility for crimes like the burning of Rome on their shoulders. Whatever the cause of the great fire of the year 64, it furnished the occasion for the first persecution, which was not therefore the result of any systematic plan for the suppression of the new religion. For Tacitus, see above, p. 461.

And now came a calamitous fire—whether it was accidental or purposely contrived by the Emperor, remains uncertain: for on this point authorities are divided—more violent and more destructive than any that ever befell our city. It began in that part of the Circus which adjoins the Palatine and Cælian hills. Breaking out in shops full of inflammable merchandise, it took hold and gathered strength at once; and being fanned by the wind soon embraced the entire length of the Circus, where there were no mansions with protective walls, no temple-enclosures, nor anything else to arrest its course. Furiously the destroying flames swept on, first over the level ground, then up the heights, then again plunging into the hollows, with a rapidity that outstripped all efforts to cope with them, the ancient city lending itself to their progress by its narrow tortuous streets and its misshapen blocks of buildings. The shrieks of panic-stricken women; the weakness of the aged, and the helplessness of the young; the efforts of some to save themselves, of others to help their neighbours; the hurrying of those who dragged their sick along, the lingering of those who waited for them—all made up a scene of inextricable fusion.

Many persons, while looking be them, were enveloped from the fron from the side; or having escaped to nearest place of safety, found this to possession of the flames, and even pl which they had thought beyond t reach in the same plight with the At last, not knowing where to turn what to avoid, they poured into the r or threw themselves down in the fie some having lost their all, not ha even food for the day; others, tho with means of escape open to them, ferred to perish for love of the dear whom they could not save. And n dared to check the flames; for there w many who threatened and forced b those who would extinguish them, w others openly flung in torches, saying they had their orders;—whether it really so, or only that they wanted plunder undisturbed.

At this moment Nero was at Anti He did not return to the city until flames were approaching the man which he had built to connect the P tine with the Gardens of Mæcenas; could they be stopped until the wi Palatine, including the palace and ev thing around it, had been consun Nero assigned the Campus Martius the Agrippa monuments for the relie the fugitive and houseless multitude. threw open his own gardens also, and up temporary buildings for the accom dation of the destitute; he brought provisions from Ostia and the neighb ing towns; and he reduced the price corn to three sesterces the peck. popular as these measures were, t aroused no gratitude; for a rumour got abroad that at the moment when city was in flames Nero had mou upon a stage in his own house, and way of likening modern calamities ancient, had sung the tale of the sac Troy.

Not until the sixth day was the fire got der, at the foot of the Esquiline hill, demolishing a vast extent of buildings, as to present nothing but the ground, d as it were the open sky, to its con-aued fury. But scarcely had the alarm bsided, or the populace recovered from eir despair, when it burst out again in e more open parts of the city; and ough here the loss of life was less, the struction of temples and porticoes of easure was still more complete. And e scandal attending this new fire was e greater that it broke out in the prop-ty owned by Tigellinus, in the Æmilian uarter; the general belief being that ero had the ambition to build a new ty to be called after his own name. For the fourteen regions into which Rome as divided only four remained intact. hree were burnt to the ground; in the ther seven, nothing remained save a few agments of ruined and half-burnt ouses.

To count up the number of mansions, tenements, and of temples that were estroyed would be no easy matter. mong the oldest of the sacred buildings urnt was that dedicated by Servius Tul-us to the Moon, and the Great Altar and ne raised by Evander to the Present ercules. The temple vowed by Romulus Jupiter, the Stayer of Flight; the Royal alace of Numa; the Temple of Vesta, ith the Household Gods of the Roman eople, were all destroyed; added to ese were the treasures won in numerous attles, and masterpieces of Greek art, s well as ancient and genuine monuments Roman genius which were remembered y the older generation amid all the lendour of the restored city, and which ould never be replaced. Some noted at the nineteenth of July, the day on hich the fire began, was also the day on hich the Senonian Gauls had taken and urnt the city; others were so curious in eir calculations as to discover that the vo burnings were separated from one another by exactly the same number of years, of months, and of days.

Nero profited by the ruin of his country to erect a palace in which the marvels were not to be gold and jewels, the usual and common-place objects of luxury, so much as lawns and lakes and mock-wildernesses, with woods on one side and open glades and vistas on the other. His engineers and masters-of-works were Severus and Celer; men who had the ingenuity and the impudence to fool away the resources of the Empire in the attempt to provide by Art what Nature had pronounced impossible.

For these men undertook to dig a navigable canal, along the rocky shore and over the hills, all the way from Lake Avernus to the mouths of the Tiber. There was no other water for supplying such a canal than that of the Pontine marshes; and even if practicable, the labour would have been prodigious, and no object served. But Nero had a thirst for the incredible, and traces of his vain attempt to excavate the heights adjoining Lake Avernus are to be seen to this day.

The parts of the city unoccupied by Nero's palace were not built over without divisions, or indiscriminately, as after the Gallic fire, but in blocks of regular dimensions, with broad streets between. A limit was placed to the height of houses; open spaces were left; and colonnades were added to protect the fronts of tenements, Nero undertaking to build these at his own cost, and to hand over the building sites, cleared of rubbish, to the proprietors. He offered premiums also, in proportion to the rank and means of the owners, on condition of mansions or tenements being completed within a given time; and he assigned the marshes of Ostia for the reception of the rubbish, which was taken down the Tiber in the same vessels which had brought up the corn. Certain parts of the houses were to be built without beams, and of solid stone, Gabian or Alban, those stones be-

ing impervious to fire. Then as water had often been improperly intercepted by individuals, inspectors were appointed to secure a more abundant supply, and over a larger area, for public use; owners were required to keep appliances for quenching fire in some open place; party walls were forbidden, and every house had to be enclosed within walls of its own.

These useful measures added greatly to the appearance of the new city; and yet there were not wanting persons who thought that the plan of the old city was more conducive to health, as the narrow streets and high roofs were a protection against the rays of the sun, which now beat down with double fierceness upon broad and shadeless thoroughfares.

Such were the measures suggested by human counsels; after which means were taken to propitiate the Gods. The Sibylline books were consulted, and prayers were offered, as prescribed by them, to Vulcan, to Ceres, and to Proserpine. Juno was supplicated by the matrons, in the Capitol first, and afterwards at the nearest point upon the sea, from which water was drawn to sprinkle the temple and image of the Goddess; banquets to the Goddesses and all-night festivals were celebrated by married women.

But neither human aid, nor imperial bounty, nor atoning-offerings to the Gods, could remove the sinister suspicion that the fire had been brought about by Nero's order. To put an end therefore to this rumour, he shifted the charge on to others, and inflicted the most cruel tortures upon a body of men detested for their abominations, and popularly known by the name of Christians. This name came from one Christus, who was put to death in the reign of Tiberius by the Procurator Pontius Pilate; but though checked for the time, the detestable superstition broke out again, not in Judea only, where the mischief began, but even in Rome, where every horrible and shameful iniquity, from every quarter of the world, pours in and finds welcome.

First those who acknowledged thes selves of this persuasion were arreste and upon their testimony a vast numb were condemned, not so much on t charge of incendiarism as for their hatr of the human race. Their death w turned into a diversion. They we clothed in the skins of wild beasts, a torn to pieces by dogs; they were fasten to crosses, or set up to be burned, so as serve the purpose of lamps when daylig failed. Nero gave up his own garde for this spectacle; he provided also Ci censian games, during which he mingle with the populace, or took his sta upon a chariot, in the garb of a charioteе But guilty as these men were and worth of direst punishment, the fact that the were being sacrificed for no public goo but only to glut the cruelty of one ma aroused a feeling of pity on their behalf

Meanwhile Italy was ransacked f contributions. The provinces and allie peoples were rifled, as well as the stat which are called "free." Even the Go had to submit to being plundered. Th temples in the city were despoiled, a emptied of the gold consecrated triumphs, or vowed by past generatio in times of panic or prosperity. As f Asia and Achaia, not offerings only, b the very images of the Gods were carrie off by Acratus and Secundus Carrina who were sent out to those provinces f the purpose. The former was a freedma ready for any kind of villany; the latt was a man whose lips were tinged wi Greek learning, but who had no real cu ture in his heart.

We are told that Seneca craved leave withdraw to a remote country retreat avoid the odium of such sacrilege; on th being denied him he pretended to be su fering from some muscular ailment, a shut himself up in his own chambe Other accounts say that Nero order poison to be administered to him by o

is own freedmen, called Cleonicus; that Seneca escaped the trap, either he man's avowal, or by his own pre- ion in adopting a simple diet of ral fruits, and slaking his thirst n running water.

—G. G. Ramsay.

The State and the Christians

PLINY

[*Letters*, X, 96]

t the time Pliny made this report to emperor (about 112 A.D.), he was ernor of the province of Bithynia, the rthern section of Asia Minor. The ac- nt is the earliest by a Roman of the ristians and their practices. Although ny may fail to understand their point view, he leaves no doubt whatever of honest desire to deal fairly with them. Pliny, see above, p. 598.

the Emperor Trajan

It is a rule, Sir, which I inviolably ob- ve, to refer myself to you in all my ubts; for who is more capable of guid- my uncertainty or informing my orance? Having never been present any trials of the Christians, I am un- quainted with the method and limits be observed either in examining or nishing them. Whether any differ- e is to be made on account of age, or distinction allowed between the ungest and the adult; whether repen- ce admits to a pardon, or if a man been once a Christian it avails him hing to recant; whether the mere pro- sion of Christianity, albeit without nes, or only the crimes associated rewith are punishable—in all these nts I am greatly doubtful.

n the meanwhile, the method I have erved towards those who have been denounced to me as Christians is this: I interrogated them whether they were Christians; if they confessed it I repeated the question twice again, adding the threat of capital punishment; if they still persevered, I ordered them to be executed. For whatever the nature of their creed might be, I could at least feel no doubt that contumacy and inflexible obstinacy deserved chastisement. There were others also possessed with the same infatuation, but being citizens of Rome, I directed them to be carried thither.

These accusations spread (as is usually the case) from the mere fact of the matter being investigated and several forms of the mischief came to light. A placard was put up, without any signature, accusing a large number of persons by name. Those who denied they were, or ever had been, Christians, who repeated after me an invocation to the Gods, and offered adoration, with wine and frankincense, to your image, which I had ordered to be brought for that purpose, together with those of the Gods, and who finally cursed Christ—none of which acts, it is said, those who are really Christians can be forced into performing—these I thought it proper to discharge. Others who were named by that informer at first confessed themselves Christians, and then denied it. True, they had been of that persuasion but they had quitted it, some three years, others many years, and a few as much as twenty-five years ago. They all worshipped your statue and the images of the Gods, and cursed Christ.

They affirmed, however, the whole of their guilt, or their error, was, that they were in the habit of meeting on a certain fixed day before it was light, when they sang in alternate verses a hymn to Christ, as to a god, and bound themselves by a solemn oath, not to any wicked deeds, but never to commit any fraud, theft or adultery, never to falsify their word, nor deny a trust when they should be called upon to deliver it up; after which it was

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their custom to separate, and then reassemble to partake of food—but food of an ordinary and innocent kind. Even this practice, however, they had abandoned after the publication of my edict, by which, according to your orders, I had forbidden political associations. I judged it so much the more necessary to extract the real truth, with the assistance of torture, from two female slaves, who were styled *deaconnesses:* but I could discover nothing more than depraved and excessive superstition.

I therefore adjourned the proceedings, and betook myself at once to your counsel. For the matter seemed to me well worth referring to you,— especially considering the numbers endangered. Persons of all ranks and ages, and of both sexes, are, and will be, involved in the prosecution. For this contagious superstition is not confined to the cities only, but has spread through the villages and rural districts; it seems possible, however, to check and cure it. 'Tis certain at least that the temples, which had been almost deserted, begin now to be frequented; and the sacred festivals, after a long intermission, are again revived; while there is a general demand for sacrificial animals, which for some time past have met with but few purchasers. From hence it is easy to imagine what multitudes may be reclaimed from this error, if a door be left open to repentance.

—Melmoth-Hutchinson.

The Emperor's Reply[1]

TRAJAN

[Pliny's *Letters,* X, 97]

Acknowledgment of the gods of the Roman state amounted to evidence of allegiance to the Roman government. Trajan, Emperor from 99 to 117, is willing to make every concession possible, but that he must insist upon such acknowlment, not for religious reasons but reasons of state. This rescript to P contains the outlines of the policy lowed by the government towards Ch tianity for more than a century therea

To Pliny

The method you have pursued, dear Pliny, in sifting the cases of th denounced to you as Christians is tremely proper. It is not possible to down any general rule which can be plied as the fixed standard in all ca of this nature. No search should be m for these people; when they are nounced and found guilty they must punished; with the restriction, howe that when the party denies himself to a Christian, and shall give proof that is not (that is, by adoring our Gods) shall be pardoned on the ground of pentance, even though he may ha formerly incurred suspicion. Inform tions without the accuser's name su scribed must not be admitted in evide against anyone, as it is introducing a ve dangerous precedent, and by no mea agreeable to the spirit of the age.

—Melmoth-Hutchinson.

Hadrian's Decision

HADRIAN

The policy which Trajan had initiat in dealing with the Christians his succe sor Hadrian, emperor from 117 to 1 probably adopted. In the following r script to Minicius Fundanus, governor Asia about 124, the emperor emphasiz the point that public, not anonymous, a cusations alone will be heard in Rom courts, and that false charges will severely punished.

I received a letter from your illustrio predecessor Serenus Gratianus, and I not wish to leave his inquiry unanswere

[1] From The Loeb Classical Library, reprinted by permission.

innocent men be troubled and false
users seize occasion for robbery.
If the provincials are clearly willing to
ear in person to substantiate suits
inst Christians, if, that is, they come
mselves before your judgment seat to
fer their accusations, I do not forbid
m to prosecute. But I do not permit
m to make mere entreaties and prot-
ations. Justice demands that if any
e wishes to bring an accusation, you should make due legal enquiry into the charge. If such an accusation be brought and it be proved that the accused men have done anything illegal, you will punish them as their misdeeds deserve. But, in Heaven's name, take the very greatest care that if a man prosecute any one of these men by way of false accusation you visit the accuser, as his wickedness deserves, with severer penalties.

—Bernard W. Henderson.

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